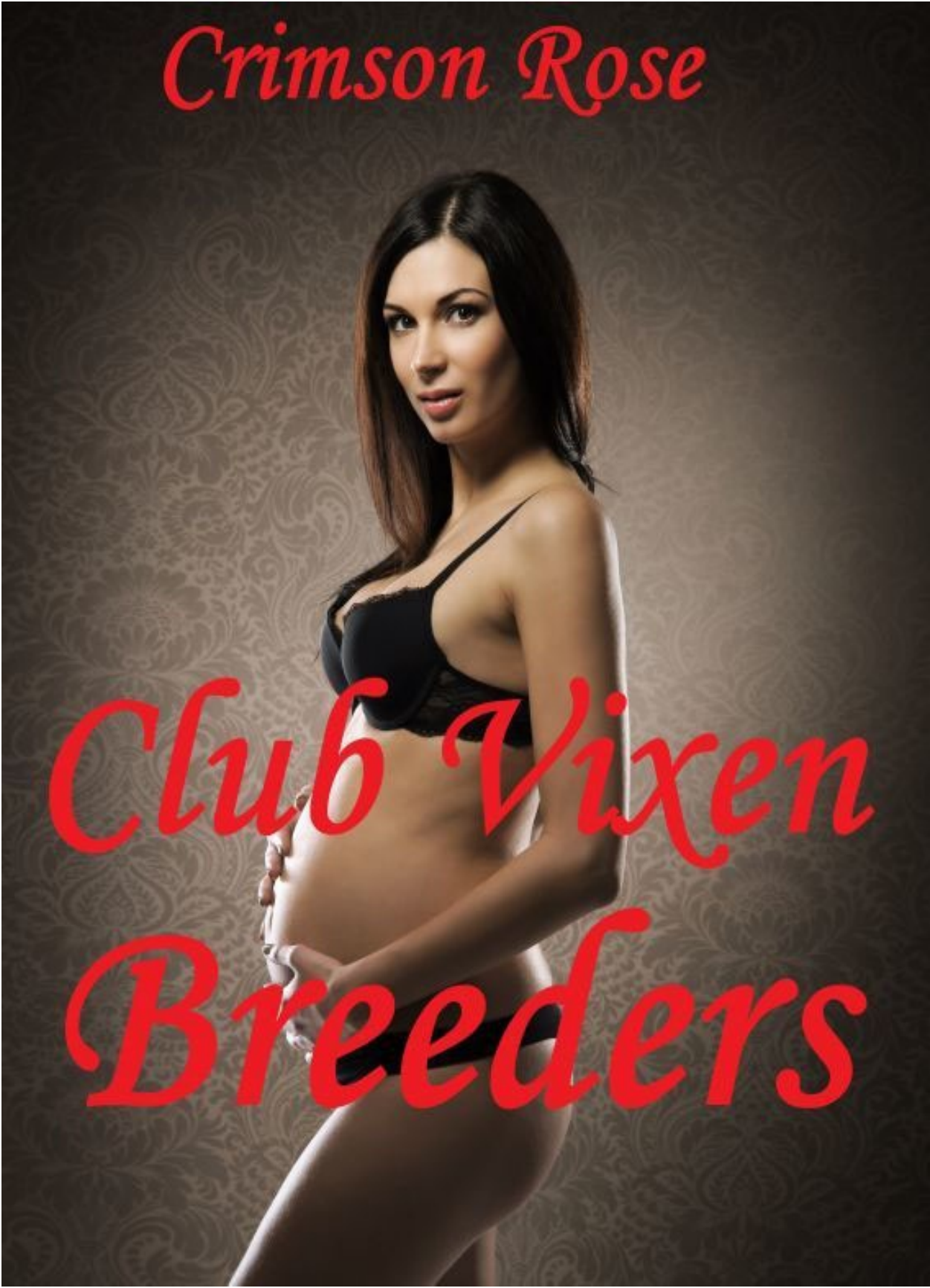


Crimson Rose

A pregnant woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace bra, is shown from the waist up. She is holding her belly with both hands and looking towards the camera. The background is a dark, textured wall with a subtle floral pattern.

*Club Vixen
Breeders*

Crimson Rose

A pregnant woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace bra, is shown from the waist up. She is holding her belly with both hands and looking towards the camera. The background is a dark, textured wall with a subtle pattern.

*Club Vixen
Breeders*

Club Vixen Breeders

By: Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Club Vixen Breeders

By Crimson Rose

This story is Copyright© 2013 by Crimson Rose. All rights reserved.

Club Vixen Breeders is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

Crimson



Erotica

Smashwords Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to CrimsonRoseErotica.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Chapter 1: Kim's Doctor Visit

Kim sat on the edge of the tub, legs spread slightly, leaning forward with elbows on her shaking knees. In her left hand she held the results of her forth pregnancy test in as many days. As the three previous, this one read positive. She couldn't understand how this was possible. Three months ago she got a prescription for birth control and had taken her pill religiously every morning. She attributed missing her first two periods due to the activities she engaged in at Club Vixen – the bdsm club she and her parents belonged to. It was only when she missed a third one that she really began to worry. And with good reason.

She stared at the little blue plus symbol, tears forming in her eyes. I'm only 19, she thought I'm not ready for children yet. "Oh god," she wailed, covering her tear-soaked face with her hands. "I...I...who'll want a...knocked up whore...like me," she sniffed. She thought back on who the father might be. It has to be someone at the club, she thought. But who? Fuck, it's such a long damn list I'd have to get paternity tests from fifty men. She hung her shoulders and continued to sob.

Knock...knock...knock. "Are you going to be in there all day?" came the voice of her mother Gina from the other side of the door.

"I'll be out in a minute," Kim replied, wiping her eyes and composing herself as best she could. She turned on the faucet and washed her face and hands, dried them, and then opened the door. She took in her mother's naked body, still shocked at the rings, tattoos, and brand that marked her as big a slut as her daughter.

"So," her mother asked "what is the result?"

"Of what? Kim replied.

"You can't hide it from me young lady," Gina replied. "I know you've been taking pregnancy tests. What is this now, the fifth one this week?"

"Four," Kim replied softly.

"And?"

"All four were positive. I don't understand it. I've been taking my pill every morning. I don't even get off the bed until I've taken it. How can I be pregnant?"

"It is still possible to get pregnant while taking the pill," Gina replied. "A slim chance granted, but it is possible. Perhaps you should pay a visit to Dr. Grey."

"I've already made an appointment, but I don't know what good it'll do. I've missed three periods. There's no way I'm not pregnant."

"It's ok, sweetie," Gina said wrapping her arms around her daughter to comfort her. "We'll get through this together. I've been waiting to tell your father this, but I learned last week that I'm pregnant."

"Are you serious, mom?" Kim asked wide-eyed.

"Yes," Gina replied with a smile. "Who'd have thought an old lady like me still had it in her?"

"You're hardly old, mom," Kim said looking at her 38 year old mother; a woman that looked more like 28 with her still firm large breasts, nearly flat belly, round hips and ass, that any man, or woman would die for. "When are you planning on telling dad?"

"When is your doctor's appointment?"

"This afternoon."

"Why don't we tell him we're pregnant together when you get home?"

"So you're not mad that I'm pregnant? You're really ok with it?"

"Honey," Gina said standing back but keeping her hands on her daughter's shoulders "I would never get mad at you for getting pregnant. Bringing a life into this world is a wonderful thing and you'll make a wonderful mother."

"Thanks mom," Kim said giving her mother a hug. "You better go to the bathroom before you piss on the floor. We can talk more about it later." She walked down the hallway to her bedroom, mildly cheered up from her mother's

pep talk.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"The doctor will see you now, Miss Holcomb," called out the receptionist.

Kim stood up and smoothed out her skirt before heading through the door to see Dr. Emilia Grey. This was her second visit in four months and she was as embarrassed as ever. She never knew why seeing Dr. Grey embarrassed her so much. It wasn't because she was a woman. Kim was very much bisexual and found the 35 year old Dr. Grey to be quite attractive. It wasn't really even the exam. She had done a whole lot more humiliating things at Club Vixen. And yet, every time she stood in the presence of her Ob-gyn, she got all flustered and sported a full-body blush.

"Not more rough sex I hope," Dr. Grey said as Kim stepped behind the screen to strip out of her clothes.

"No," Kim replied "I'm pregnant."

"Have you been taking your birth control pills?"

"Every morning since you prescribed them. So how can I be pregnant?"

"Well, it is uncommon, but it is possible to still get pregnant while taking the pill. Perhaps you missed a few days. How far along do you think you are?"

"Well," Kim said stepping out in the short, flimsy hospital gown "I've missed three periods since I started taking them."

"That would put it clear back when I prescribed you the pills," Dr. Grey said perplexed. "You didn't happen to bring them with you today did you?"

"As a matter of fact I did," Kim answered. She didn't know why she brought them, but at the last second tossed the pill case in her purse before she left the house. "The case is in my purse."

"I'd like to take the pills and have them examined if you don't mind."

"Why would I mind?" Kim shrugged. "It's not like I need them now anyways."

"Well, since you've missed three periods and have taken four home pregnancy tests and they were all positive, you are most likely pregnant. I can do a more thorough test if you want, but it will only confirm what you already know."

"Might as well do it while I'm here," Kim replied. Better give me the full treatment seeing as how I'm with child now. I need to make sure there's nothing wrong."

"That's the attitude to have," Dr. Grey smiled. "We can also take care of all your prenatal care needs. Go ahead and get up in the chair and we'll get the exam started."

Kim got up in the dreaded chair and placed her bare feet in the cold metal stirrups.

"Do you know who the father is?" Dr. Grey asked as she gathered her instruments.

"Not exactly," Kim replied. "I'd rather not talk about that if that's ok."

"Well, the more we know the better, but it's your choice. We'll test for STD's just to make sure."

"Oh, no one at the club has any STD's," Kim let slip to her immediate regret.

"And what club might this be that you're so sure no one has any diseases? Do you know the sex lives of everyone that walks through the door?"

The can of worms was opened and there was no use in trying to close it now. "Everything I tell you is confidential, right?"

"Of course," Dr. Grey replied "I hold doctor patient confidentiality in the highest regards. Nothing you tell me will ever leave this room unless I am legally obligated to do so."

"Well," Kim started and then paused as the speculum slid into her canal. "I belong to a very special club. I'm pretty sure it's at this club that I got pregnant."

"How can you be so sure? Have you had sex exclusively at this club, or have you had sex outside of the club as well?"

"If I am as far along as I believe I am," Kim continued "then it happened at the club."

"Is this some kind of swingers club?"

"Something like that. Suffice it to say, we are very intimate with each other and all members get tested on a regular basis."

"Well at least their partially safe about it," Dr. Grey said.

"What do you mean, partially safe?" Kim asked.

"Well, if they used condoms you wouldn't be pregnant right now would you?"

"I guess not, but I assumed I was safe since I was on the pill."

"What else do you do at this club?"

"It's a bdsm club," Kim let slip.

"Ah, I see. I am going to ask you a very personal question and I would like an honest answer. Are you still using large toys and getting fisted?"

"Yes," Kim replied honestly. "I've actually done a lot of fisting. A whole lot. I think it was during one of my shows that I got knocked up."

"One of your shows? Would you care to explain what exactly that means?"

"Is it really that important?"

"Everything is important when it comes to the health of you and your baby."

"You see the tattoo on my mound?" Kim asked referring to the FIST ME PLEASE tattoo on her pussy mound just above her clit. "I got that one night a few months ago just before I put on a fisting show. I only intended for a few people to participate, but I apparently lost my mind. Afterwards my friend Nina told me that 37 people fisted me and more than a dozen guys came in my open pus...vagina. I guess I told Nina to open my cervix so all the cu...semen would go into my womb."

"That really wasn't a bright idea," Dr. Grey replied. "With that much semen

deposited directly into your womb you were asking to get pregnant. The pill would have been useless at that point. You're probably right, that's most likely when you got pregnant."

"Why is that so important?"

"Like I said, everything is important. Besides that, I noticed that your labia were quite stretched. I opened the speculum all the way and you didn't even flinch. That's three and a half inches wide by the way. There is no bruising or tearing that I can see. That most likely means your vagina is getting used to the extreme stretching. Is it easy for you to take a fist or large toys?"

"Yeah," Kim replied, seeing no reason not to answer the doctor's inappropriate question. "I can actually slide my entire hand in either hole. People at the club love it."

"I bet they do," Dr. Grey replied staring into Kim's stretched hole. She suddenly had the urge to ram her fist in there to see if it was true, but managed to maintain her professionalism. Although she did sneak a few quick rubs of her own pussy while she was positioned so her patient couldn't see. "So is that all you do at this club, have sex and fist yourself?"

"No, I do pretty much anything. I love getting spanked and they have all kinds of cool specialty rooms that cater to just about anything."

"Sounds like a crazy place. What exactly do these rooms cater to?"

"Do you know what fetishes are?" Kim asked.

"Of course," Dr. Grey replied. "I've seen my fair share of patients into the kinkier side of sex. Present company included."

"Well, the rooms cater to different fetishes. For example, there is a room for pee play and enemas, a room for gang bangs, a room for pretty much any fetish you can think of I think. I haven't tried them all, but I plan to eventually."

"I have to say, I think you are the most adventurous patient I have to date. I've heard a few tell me stories, but no one that has done everything you've done. Aren't you worried of getting burned out?"

"Not really," Kim replied "Take no offense Doc, but to be honest, if we weren't in the middle of an exam I'd jump off this table and screw you too. I love sex of all kinds and can never get enough."

"You are my last patient until after lunch," Dr. Grey said, testing Kim's eagerness to jump her right then and there.

"What are you saying Doc, that you want to have sex with me?"

"I'd say yes, but that would be wholly inappropriate."

"Inappropriate my ass," Kim replied. "If you want to have sex with me just say so. We're both adults here."

"I want to shove my fist into you," Dr. Grey blurted out. I've never fisted anyone before and you have such a beautifully stretched pussy for it."

"Then by all means fist me," Kim replied. "Have you ever been fisted before?"

"Never."

"Then here's the deal, you can fist me if I can fist you in return."

"But I've never been fisted before. There's no way I'd be able to take your entire hand."

"You of all people know that's not true Doc," Kim replied. "A baby comes out of there, a fist is nothing compared to that. That's my deal. How bad do you want to fist me?"

"Can we do this somewhere else? Somewhere we'll have more time and privacy?"

"Nope," Kim grinned wickedly. "It's now or never."

"Then I have no choice but to agree," Dr. Grey replied. "You can attempt to fist me after I fist you. Can you really take a fist in the ass?"

"Yes," Kim answered. "You can fist my ass too if you want, but I get to do to you whatever you do to me." She could feel the speculum retracting and pull free of

her glistening slit. She was so turned on right now she was barely able to contain herself.

"So how do I do this?" Dr. Grey asked.

"I am wet enough you should be able to push it right in. Remember the patient you told me about? The one you used the muscle relaxant on and pushed your hand into? Do that, but without the muscle relaxant.

Dr. Emily Grey stared into Kim's crotch and shook with excitement and nerves. She was taking a huge risk in doing what she was about to do. She would lose her license if caught and her life would be ruined. She brought her shaking hand closer to Kim's wet slit. She scrunched her fingers together, aimed, and in one thrust her hand was wrist deep in Kim's pussy.

"HOLY FUCKING HELL!" Emily gasped as her hand slid in with ease. "You weren't kidding. I'm all the way in. My hand is buried in you. How does it feel?"

"It feels amazing Doc," Kim cooed "move it in and out now. Fuck me with it."

"Please, call me Emily," Dr. Grey replied as she pulled her hand halfway out and pushed it back in with a squishing noise.

"I need something to use as a gag," Kim said "unless these walls are soundproofed. I tend to scream and moan pretty loudly."

Emily pulled her hand out of Kim's pussy and looked around for something to use as a gag. Then she got a wicked idea. She reached up under her knee-length skirt and pulled off her panties. She balled them up as tight as she could and moved to stand next to Kim. "Open wide," she said.

Kim opened her mouth only to have it stuffed with a pair of panties. The smell and taste was intoxicating to Kim who accepted the gag willingly. Once Kim was fully gagged Emily knelt back between her spread legs and pushed her fist back in place.

"Can I lick you too?" Emily asked, looking up to see Kim's reaction. Kim nodded her head emphatically. Emily smiled and leaned in closer, taking a long sniff of Kim's scent before flicking her tongue across her patient's clit. She may not have fisted anyone before, but Dr. Grey sure has licked a lot of pussies in her

time. Kim was writhing in the chair, her vaginal muscles clenching tightly around Emily's wrist.

"Can you take it in the ass this easy?" Emily asked, once again looking up to see Kim's response." Again Kim nodded her head. Emily pulled her hand from Kim's pussy and aimed it at her asshole. She pressed the tips of her fingers in place and then shoves. Inch by inch her hand disappeared into Kim's bowels. She brought her other hand up and pushed into Kim's pussy so that she was fisting both holes at once. Kim wiggled and writhed in the chair, the panty gag kept the moans to a minimum as Emily's face was covered with Kim's juices.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"Are you ready for this?" asked Kim, getting up from the chair after being fisted for nearly twenty minutes in both holes.

"I still don't think I'll be able to take your entire fist," Emily replied. "Plus I don't think I have time. I need to prepare for my next patient."

"You're not backing out now, Emily," Kim replied. "We had a deal, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I know you are busy and short on time so I'll only fist one hole today. I'll fist the other one tomorrow. You'll schedule me in as your last patient so I can do it properly. So what hole will it be today?"

"My pussy I guess," Emily replied as she stripped out of the rest of her clothes.

"Damn Emily," Kim exclaimed "I knew you had a smoking hot body under that lab coat." She reached out and cupped Emily's breasts in her hands, tweaking the nipples. "Mmmm," She moaned excitedly "nice tits. Go ahead and get in the chair so we can get this party started. I hope you don't mind using my panties as a gag," she said as Emily plopped down in the gyn chair.

Kim wasn't only an expert at taking a fist, she was also very skilled at fisting others. She had fisted more than twenty women at Club Vixen in the past few months. Some had been fisted before, but for many it was the first time. Kim had the technique down to a science and was capable of fully inserting her hand into the pussy of a fisting virgin in under fifteen minutes.

Kim pulled out the small bottle of emergency lube she carried in her purse at all times and squirted some of her fingertips. She massaged it into Emily's quivering

slit and then applied more lube to her fingers. This time she pushed two fingers into the doctor's pussy slow and steady. She would have loved to have more time, but that wasn't an option at this point and so she continued to push her two fingers in and out, occasionally adding more lube as she did so. She waited for the telltale sign that Emily's muscles were relaxing, a sign she was getting more comfortable with the idea of being fisted.

When Emily's muscles relaxed, Kim quickly added a third finger, pushing it in and out alongside the other two. Emily's legs shook in the stirrups, her back arched and she screamed into the gag as Kim's fingers rotated inside of her, occasionally grazing her g-spot.

Kim learned that another perfect opportunity to add fingers was during an orgasm and she wasn't about to waste this one. As Emily bucked and writhed in the chair, Kim added a forth finger to the mix and continued her assault on Emily's pussy. In her many fisting adventures she learned that going from four fingers to full fist was the hardest part. Getting past the knuckles was a bitch for some first time fisters and so she learned to slow down at this point to allow the one being fisted time to adjust to being stretched open.

Kim leaned in and licked and sucked Emily's clit while she continued to work her fingers in and out, rotating them side to side as she did so. That was a trick Nina taught her. It helped open the pussy, or ass more evenly and thus made fisting a lot easier.

Nearing the twelve minute mark, Kim made her final move. She waited until Emily was relaxed and in the throes of orgasm. She bunched her fingers tightly together, thumb tucked safely in the palm of her hand. As Emily let loose the torrent, Kim pushed swift and hard. Her hand disappeared completely.

Emily's body went rigid when Kim's hand went in. She could feel the knuckles sliding back and forth on her g-spot and the orgasms were intense and non-stop.

"My entire fist is in you now, Dr. Grey," Kim said to the still orgasming doctor. "How does it feel? I told you I could work my entire hand into you no problem. I haven't met a pussy yet that I wasn't able to fist. Ready for the best part?"

Kim looked up to see Emily nodding her head in agreement. The best part, at least in Kim's mind was what was commonly referred to as 'punch fisting'. That's where the fister makes a fist and 'punches' is in and out of the pussy or ass in

quick jabs. In and out, in and out, until the fistee is driven out of their mind.

Kim made a fist while still buried wrist deep in Emily's pussy. She pulled out and pushed back in quickly. Out...in...out...in...out...in, in fast, strong bursts that had Emily going wild in the chair. Emily's left leg slipped out of the stirrup and landed on Kim's shoulder. Kim never missed a beat. Her fist continues to punch in and out of Emily's pussy until the doctor was tapping the arms of the chair in submission.

"Oh my fucking god!" Emily exclaimed after pulling Kim's panties out of her mouth. "Please...please stop. I can't take it anymore." She looked down at Kim's fist still punching in and out now with incredible ease.

Kim pulled her fist out for the last time and leaned in to kiss Emily's clit. "So, how did you like your first fisting?"

"That was...that was fucking amazing," Emily replied. "I can't believe you worked it in me so damn fast. How in the hell did you do that?"

"I have a lot of practice fisting people," Kim answered with a grin. "Wait until you have a fist in both holes at the same time."

"I can't wait," Emily panted in reply. "I need to prepare for my next patient, but I don't think I'll be able to stand for a while."

"When is her appointment?" asked Kim.

"1:45," Emily replied.

Kim looked at her watch. It was 1:26, leaving the doctor only 19 minutes to get cleaned up and dressed before her next appointment. "I wish you all the best Dr. Grey. I better get dressed and leave you to your work. I'll be seeing you tomorrow. Please call with the time."

"I'll see you tomorrow," Emily smiled in reply. Getting up from the chair to get cleaned up and dressed.

Chapter 2: Breeder Kim

"Hey mom," Kim said answering the phone "what's up?"

"Are you still at Dr. Grey's office?" her mother asked.

"I just left. I'm on my way home now. Is dad there?"

"Everyone is waiting for you. Hurry home."

"I'll be there as soon as I can." Kim hung up the phone, thinking about how her father would react to the news that his little princess was pregnant. "Ha, little princess," Kim huffed. "More like little slut."

Kim walked in the house to see her brother Ben and her parents sitting in waiting. Her mother Gina looked particularly anxious.

"Finally," Gina said standing up. "Are you ready to tell them the good news?"

"Just as soon as I get out of these damn clothes," Kim answered, pulling her blouse off. Once she was fully nude and more comfortable she moved to stand beside her mother.

"Kim and I have some good news," Gina beamed. "Do you want to tell them, or would you prefer I do it?" she asked Kim.

"We're both pregnant," Kim blurted out, wanting to get over the suspense.

"OH MY GOD!" Greg exclaimed. "THAT IS WONDERFUL NEWS!"

"You're both pregnant? Ben asked. "How far along are you?"

"About three months," Kim replied, excited for the first time about being pregnant. "Mom said we're kicking you out of your room to turn it into a nursery," she teased her brother. "You'll have to live in the basement."

"There's the spare bedroom off the office," Ben complained. "Use that for your nursery."

"It's not big enough. We need your room. There's no use in arguing about it. Go start packing your things."

"Are you really going to make me move to the basement?" Ben asked his mother.

Kim doubled over in laughter as their mom answered. "No, Ben, we are not going to make you move to the basement. Your sister is just having fun with you."

"That's not funny," Ben said giving his sister a playful slap on her ass on his way to the stairs leading up to his bedroom.

"So I take it you both got pregnant at the club?" Greg asked.

"Most likely," Gina replied, still hugging her husband tight. "I mean, it's possible it's Mike's, but I doubt it.

"I'm pretty certain I got pregnant at the club," Kim replied. "Taking a dozen loads directly into my womb will have that effect." She picked her clothes up off the floor and slung them over her arm. "Well," I'm going to my room unless there's anything else you need. It's been a long day."

"You go rest sweetie," her father said. "We can talk more about this later." He was thinking of the night in the club where he came in his daughter. He was worried it might be his baby. But then again, the thought was making him extremely horny. An effect that didn't escape the attention of his ever attentive wife.

Kim dropped her clothes in the hamper and jumped onto her bed, resting her head on the stack of pillows. If pillows could be a fetish, Kim certainly suffered from it. She had more than a dozen of them, most of which ended up on the floor during the night. She wasn't in her room more than five minutes when the door opened and in walked her brother Ben.

"What's up bro?" Kim asked.

"We need to talk about you being pregnant," Ben said shutting the door behind him.

"It's wonderful isn't it? I was scared at first, but now I couldn't be happier I'm pregnant," Kim exclaimed.

"Um...er...yeah," Ben stuttered "I guess so. But what if it's mine?"

"So what if it is?" Kim shrugged. Honestly she never considered the possibility that the baby could have been her brother's, or her father's for that matter. "Will you love me any less if it was?"

"No, but mom and dad don't know that we had sex do they?"

"No. I never told them. If it eases your mind, it could also be dad's. I had sex with him too."

"I still don't believe that one. So you are really ok with having my baby then?"

"As long as the baby is healthy I don't care who it belongs to. I'm just happy to be bringing another life into this world. Of course you're going to have to spoil him or her no matter who she belongs to. That's what uncles are for, right?"

"Now that that's out of the way, when can we have sex again? It's been months. You don't know how badly I've wanted to just bend you over and take you where you stood."

"You should have," Kim smiled. "It would have been fun. So how are things between you and Mike? I haven't seen him around lately."

"Things couldn't be better," Ben replied. "I'm going to his house later. He said something about going to another gang bang."

"My brother the queer," Kim giggled, tossing a pillow at her brother.

"You're one to talk," Ben said throwing the pillow back. "Lori won't shut up about you. I think she's in love with you."

"Have you had sex with her yet?"

"Not even close," Ben sighed. He'd been after his best friend's sister for years now, but she was a lesbian through and through and never gave him a chance to get close.

"Well," Kim yawned, stretching her arms out to the side "I'm going to take a nap if you don't mind. It's been a long day."

"Sure sis," Ben said. He gave his sister's naked body one last look and left for his room.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

If it wasn't for her phone ringing, Kim would have continued to sleep. Through still sleepy eyes she looked at the number. It was Susan from Club Vixen. She quickly answered it. "Hi Susan," Kim said answering her phone. "What's up?"

"I'd like to talk to you at the club tonight if you aren't busy."

"Sure," Kim replied "what time?"

"Whenever you can get here," Susan replied.

"Ok. I can be there in half an hour."

"See you then."

Kim hung up the phone and dropped it on the night stand next to her bed. She rubbed her eyes in an attempt to wake up, but it wasn't working out too well. She looked at the clock. 8:53. "Shit," she exclaimed "How could I have slept for five hours?" She got out of bed and went to her closet to find something to wear to the club. "None of this is going to fit me in a few months," she sighed as she went through one outfit after another.

Kim opted to wear something a bit different. She picked out a pair of sexy chaps, with a matching halter top. She didn't bother with panties as they would just get lost at the club anyways. After a quick shower she got dressed, put on a long coat to cover her naked ass, and drove to the club.

Once in the door the coat came off. Susan was at her normal location sitting behind her desk letting those with memberships pass and directing those few new to the club to the side. Twenty-seven year old Susan Randal was a beautiful woman by any measure of the word. She was intelligent, self-confident, and had a wicked sense of humor. She and Kim had become very good friends in the past few months with the former desiring to take the latter on as her submissive. That

is why she asked Kim to the club tonight.

It was an hour before Susan was free to finally talk to Kim. For her part, Kim sat quietly and waited. She picked a chair that was somewhat behind Susan so she could take in the Mistress' stunning body. Susan stood 5 feet 4 inches and weighed 110 pounds. She had perfectly sculpted 34B breasts with pierced nipples, a flat belly, and tight little ass. On her right hip was a tattoo of the triskelion yin yang – a symbol of the bdsm community.

"Sorry about that," Susan said as she called Kim over to her.

"That's ok," Kim smiled. "I don't mind waiting for you."

"That's very nice of you to say, Kim. Before you head into the club...you are headed into the club aren't you?"

"I might," Kim replied. "I came mostly because you wanted to talk to me."

"Ok, well what I wanted to talk to you about was me taking you on as my submissive. Have you given it any more consideration?"

"I've thought a lot about it for the last two months," Kim replied. "I think we've gotten to know each other well enough now that I've made up my mind. I want you to be my Mistress."

"Are you certain? This is not something I take lightly. Before you answer let me explain a few things to you. There are a great many types of submission and I want to make sure we pick the right one for you."

"What kinds of submission are there? Asked Kim. "Don't I just obey your every command and do whatever you order me to do?"

"No, no, no," Susan said shaking her head. "That is not it at all. What you're describing is sexual slavery. That is of course one option, but I don't think that's a good fit for you."

"Why not?"

"Are you prepared to surrender yourself completely to me? Obey my every command, give up on your life outside of what I want from you? Are you

prepared to give up on having your own thoughts and ambitions?"

"Not exactly," Kim replied a little shocked.

"Then slavery is not for you. What I would like from you is a complete list of everything sexual that you've tried so far, what you are willing to try, and what is off limits. As a submissive you have your own life to live. You are your own person, whereas with slavery, you belong to your dominant 100%. As a submissive you dictate what you are willing to do and when you are willing to do it. Once you come up with a list of things you like and don't we can discuss setting up times for your sessions."

"Do you want me to do this right now?" Kim asked.

"No, no, take your time. I suggest trying more of the specialty rooms to find out what you like and don't."

"There is something I need to tell you now," Kim said. "I'm pregnant."

"Congratulations," Susan replied. "That is wonderful news. Wait until those breasts start swelling with milk. You'll be more popular than ever around here. How far along are you?"

"My best guess is about three months," Kim replied. "I was devastated at first, but now I'm so happy I can barely contain it."

"So you like being pregnant?"

"I absolutely do," Kim smiled.

"What would you say about getting pregnant again soon after this baby is born?"

"How soon?"

"As soon as possible," Susan replied. "How many babies would you like to have?"

"I don't know," Kim answered. "I've always wanted at least three, but who knows. I wouldn't say no to having a fourth."

"Hmmm," Susan replied. "Would you be willing to have say...five or more babies in a row? Getting pregnant as soon as possible after each one is born?"

"Damn, Susan," Kim gasped "what do you want me to do spit them out like a machine?"

"Only if you want to. I think you'll look so sexy with a swollen belly and you definitely have the body for it."

"Body for what?"

"Breeding, Kim. You have the perfect body for breeding. How does that make you feel?"

"To be honest I really don't know," Kim replied. "You want to use me for breeding?"

"Only if it's what you want, sweetie. As with everything else at the club, no one will force you to do that."

"Five or more babies?"

"The minimum is three babies within six years."

"And the maximum?"

"There is no maximum."

"Has anyone ever done this before?"

"Oh, many women love getting used for breeding," Susan replied. "A little before my time there was a woman here that agreed to the terms of breeding and had fourteen babies in nine years."

"Holy shit!" Kim exclaimed. "How is that even possible?"

"She had a baby nearly every year. Plus she had three sets of twins and a set of triplets. If you are interested go to the breeding room. It's down the main hall, take the second left, first right, and it'll be the third door on the left."

"But if I enter the room I have to abide by the rules of the room or be kicked out

of the club for good," Kim replied.

"The breeding room is the exception to that rule," Susan assured her. "You can go in and read the rules for yourself. If you agree to the terms you'll start breeding sessions right away. Which for you isn't going to matter since you're already pregnant."

"I think I'll go into the club now if you don't mind," Kim said. "I do want you as my Mistress too. I'll have that list to you as soon as I can."

"No hurries hun. I want you to be absolutely sure."

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Kim entered the main dungeon and looked around. Although it was only 9:30 there were fifty or so people already in the main dungeon that Kim could see. That didn't count anyone in the play rooms or specialty rooms. She wasn't going to go to the breeding room, but she found herself walking in that direction despite her intentions.

Kim opened the door to the small empty room and stepped inside. The only decoration was a frame hanging on the wall. Behind the glass was a piece of paper with words typed on it. It read:

Welcome to the breeding room. The rules of this room are simple and differ from those of other rooms in that you are free to leave without repercussions of any kind. Breeding is a terrifying, beautiful, and wonderful thing. There is nothing more precious than the gift of life, and for those few women strong enough... brave enough to allow herself to be used for breeding, the rewards are without measure.

RULE 1: Being a breeder takes commitment. If you agree to become a Club Vixen Breeder you are in for the long haul. There is no backing out. If you agree to the terms of breeding and back out before suck terms are complete, your membership to Club Vixen will be irrevocably cancelled.

RULE 2: The minimum number of babies a breeder must have is 3. If you are not willing to have at least 3 babies within the next 6 years, please leave the room now. Twins, or other multiple births count towards your total based on how many babies you have. For instance, twins count as two births, triplets three, so if you have a bunch of multiple births it is possible to finish your breeding contract in much less time.

RULE 3: Once you have determined how many babies you wish to have, remember the minimum is 3, See Susan Randal at the receptionist's desk to finalize your agreement.

Kim read the rules three times before she began pacing the floor. Her stomach was filled with butterflies at the thought of being used for breeding. What would her family and friends say after she had so many babies? How would her body look after giving birth so many times? Who'd want a used up hag? She finally opened the door and stepped out. She walked the halls still deep in thought. She returned to the main dungeon and back out to Susan. She took a seat in the empty chair and sighed.

"I just came from the breeding room," Kim said. "The rules seemed pretty simple. Have a set number of babies in a set number of years, or lose club membership."

"Are you going through with it then?" Susan asked, barely able to contain herself.

"Yes," Kim replied. "I think I am going to go through with it."

"Excellent," Susan exclaimed. "And how many babies do you want to have?"

"Well the minimum is five," Kim replied.

"So you're going with the minimum of five babies in ten years?"

"I don't know," Kim answered, "A part of me is saying to go for broke. A part of me is saying to have as many babies as humanly possible."

"That could be a lot of babies. You're what, 19?"

"Yes."

"You could potentially have babies well into your forties. Is that what you want? Do you want to have ten, fifteen, or more babies? It's entirely possible to have a baby every year. Are you willing to have twenty or thirty babies?"

"Is that even possible?"

"Sure it is," Susan replied. There are records of one woman having more than eighty babies. Granted it was mostly twins and triplets, but she was confirmed to have been pregnant at least thirty-five times."

"When was this?" asked a skeptical Kim. "I don't remember ever hearing about it."

"I'd be surprised if you had. It happened in the 1700's. A more modern example are the Dugger's. I believe they are up to nineteen children now. Just remember, whatever number you agree to, is the number you'll be expected to have. Unless you want to lose your membership for good."

"Can I add more later on, or do I have to give you an exact number now?"

"You must tell me now how many you wish to have."

"Hmmm," Kim moaned. "For some reason the number twelve keeps popping into my head."

"Are you absolutely sure you want to commit to having that many babies?" Susan asked, more than a little shocked. "Once I put all this into the system it can't be changed."

"No, no, no," Kim replied. "That's just the number running through my head. I want to be used for breeding until I have five babies."

"Very well then, five it is. You're one hell of a brave woman, you know that? Not

many want to be used for breeding, let alone to have a five babies. So this is how it will work, you will come to the club at least three times per week to participate in a breeding gang bang. Each gang bang will consist of five to ten men. You'll do this every week until you are confirmed pregnant. In order to confirm pregnancy we need to see something from your doctor. Once you are confirmed pregnant you no longer need to do the breeding parties until after the baby is born. Once the baby is born you have one month to rest and recover before the next round of breeding parties begins. This will continue until you've had a minimum of five babies. Is that completely understood?"

"Yes," Kim replied. "So does my current baby count since I got pregnant at the club?"

"Technically no, but I'll make an exception and put it in the computer as your first breeding once you bring me proof of pregnancy from a doctor."

"I'm going back to see my ob-gyn tomorrow," Kim replied.

"I guess we can add breeding to that list of yours now," Susan smiled.

"Yep," Kim replied "right alongside gang bangs, spanking, and fisting. I'm quite the crazy slut if I do say so myself."

"No arguments here," Susan giggled. "There is one more minor detail we have to get out of the way."

"What's that?"

"It's the matter of your brand."

"What brand? I don't have any brands."

"I know, but you will need to get one. It is required of all club breeders."

"Now you tell me," Kim huffed. "What is this brand I'll be getting?"

"Go to the Body Shop and talk to Stephanie. Tell her you are there to get the club breeder mark. She'll know what you're talking about and explain it all to you."

"Alright," Kim replied. "I'll go ahead and do that now. Is there anything else I

need to know?"

"Not as far as the breeding is concerned," Susan answered. "It's pretty cut and dry. You come in, get gang bang until you are pregnant, and rinse and repeat until you've fulfilled your obligation. After you get your brand please come back and see me. There's one other thing I want to tell you, but it can wait until you are done at the Body Shop."

Kim entered the Body Shop – the place all piercings, tattoos, and brands were done for the club. "Hi Stephanie," she greeted the large breasted woman sitting behind the counter."

"Hello yourself," Stephanie replied. "Are you here for more work? What'll it be this time?"

"I'm here for the club breeding mark."

"Oh my," Stephanie gasped. "I haven't given that one in a while. Come on back."

Kim followed Stephanie into the back room where all the work was done. She took a seat on the table and waited for further instructions.

"Did Susan tell you what the mark was?"

"She said it was a brand and that you'd explain it to me."

"It will be multiple brands actually," Stephany explained. "The first will be the words Club Vixen Breeder branded into your right hip. After that you'll receive a brand of a hash mark to denote how many babies you've had as a club breeder. How many did you agree to?"

"Five," Kim replied, suddenly wishing she'd gone with the minimum number.

"Holy hell woman, are you insane?"

"Sometimes I wonder," Kim replied.

"Well, lay down on your left side and I'll strap you in place. We can't have you moving around ruining it now can we?"

"I suppose not," Kim agreed, moving to her left side.

"I branded your mother, you know. She let me do whatever I thought would make her look sexy."

"You did good work," Kim said. "She looks amazing with everything you did to her."

"I could do some more work on you if you'd like? I think larger rings in your nipples would look sexy. Perhaps something in the vaginal area too?"

"I think the brand will be enough," Kim replied.

"This is going to hurt like hell so feel free to scream bloody murder. The room is sound-proofed so no one outside these walls will hear you," Stephanie said as she wheeled over the small branding machine and flipping it on. "It'll take a few minutes to get to the proper temperature. Are you sure I can't interest you in another tattoo?"

"What do you think would look sexy on me?"

"Well, your soon to be a mommy so why not something to commemorate that?"

"Sure," Kim agreed, liking the sound of that. "What's your idea?"

"Not telling you. I'll do it once you're branded. Hold very still now," she said lifting the branding iron. "I'm going to count to three and then press it into the flesh of your hip. One," she moved the hot iron closer to the smooth skin of Kim's hip. "Two..."

Kim bit her lip in anticipation. She could feel the heat of the iron getting closer.

"Three," Stephanie pressed the branding iron firmly into place. Kim screamed and cried from the immense pain. She tried to move away from the torturous device, but she was secured tightly. Although it was over in a matter of seconds, the pain would linger on for days.

Stephanie applied some special cream to the branded area and then covered it up to keep it from getting infected. She then unstrapped Kim and helped her sit up. "Are you ready for your tattoo?"

"Yes," Kim replied weakly.

"Are you sure? I know how painful a brand is. I wouldn't blame you for not wanting anything else done right away."

"It's ok," Kim lied. "It's not so bad."

"That's a lie if I ever heard one. I've been branded. You can't tell me it didn't hurt that bad."

"Yeah," Kim grunted, moving to sit in the chair next to the table "that fucking hurt like hell. So what are you going to tattoo on me and where?"

"I was going to blindfold you so it is a surprise, but what the hell, I'm going to put MILK ME with a little arrow pointed at your nipple on your left breast," Stephanie replied.

"Oh, ok," Kim replied. "Sounds good to me. I'm ready when you are."

The tattoo was nothing compared to the searing pain of getting branded. Kim was so happy with the tattoo that she also allowed Stephanie to talk her into increasing the size of her nipple rings from a 14 gauge to 12 gauge, and to pierce her clit hood with a matching 12 gauge ring.

Chapter 3: Kim's Fetish List

"Do you have a piece of paper and something to write with?" Kim asked Stephanie. "Also, access to the internet would be helpful."

"I can help you with all three," Stephanie replied. "What are you looking up?"

"I need to find a list of all the fetishes there are."

"What for?"

"I'm making a list for Susan. She's going to be my new Mistress and she wants a list of the things I like and don't."

"Oh how cool," Stephanie smiled. "Susan is wonderful. I've had her give me a lesson or three. She's very good at what she does. You don't need the internet to find a list. I can help you with that if you want."

"Sure," Kim replied. "I need all the help I can get. I'm pretty sure I'm not even close to knowing all the fetishes."

"Trust me, hun," Stephanie replied "not many people do. Ok," she said handing Kim a piece of paper and a pencil "I'd divide that into three columns labeled 'things I love to do', 'things I'd never do', and 'boundary pushers'."

Kim did as she was told, drawing two lines down the piece of paper and labeling them accordingly. "I already know a few that are going in the 'love to do' column," Kim said as she started to write.

"There are hundreds of fetishes," Stephanie explained. "Chances are you'll never do them all, but it's nice to go through them just in case." She pulled a folder out from behind the counter and slid it over to Kim. "Inside that folder is a list of every fetish known to man. Or at least the ones I was able to find on the net. They are in alphabetical order with descriptions and in a lot of cases pictures so you can get a better idea of what the fetish entails. Feel free to go through it at your leisure."

"Thanks," Kim replied, flipping the folder open. One by one she went down the list of more than a hundred fetishes. One by one the three columns began to fill. Some were easy choices such as exhibitionism, voyeurism, and anal sex. Others, like scat and blood play went right into the 'never going to do' column. Other fetishes, such as erotic asphyxiation were a hard choice and so she put them in the 'boundary pusher' column for now.

With the work on the list complete, Kim stood on weak legs, bid farewell to Stephanie, and returned to Susan. It was getting close to midnight and the night crowd was pouring in. Kim took a seat in her favorite chair and waited for the members to enter the club before bothering Susan.

As the numbers waiting to get into the main dungeon dwindled, Kim moved into the seat opposite Susan's desk. "So what did you want to see me about?" she asked her soon to be Mistress.

"I have something to show you that I hope makes you very happy." Susan said pushing her chair back from the desk to stand up. She walked around next to Kim and unzipped her latex miniskirt. On her right thigh was a piece of gauze much like the one Kim sported. Susan slowly peeled back the tape and gauze.

Kim's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "OH MY GOD!" she exclaimed. "You're one of the Club's breeders?"

"I am," Susan replied. "As you can see it is still fresh. I got it earlier today after nearly six months of debating it."

"How many are you going to have? I didn't know you were submissive. HOLY HELL! That is so fucking cool."

"I agreed to be bred until I have four babies," Susan replied. "I am mainly dominant, but I have been known to switch to being submissive on occasion and for the right person. So it looks like we'll be getting gang banged together."

"That is going to be a lot of fun," Kim smiled. "I can't wait. I have something for you too," she said handing her list of fetishes over.

Susan looked at it, reading each neatly written column carefully. "Are you sure this is the list you want to go with?"

"Why?" Kim asked. "What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing. Nothing's wrong with it at all. I just want to be sure this is where you wish to begin. You'll be doing everything on your 'loves to do list' and I would like to see you try the 'boundary pushing' items at least once. I'm actually a little surprised at a few of them. Most people would have put bestiality right in the 'no way in hell pile.'"

"Well, as we've already discovered, I'm not most people," Kim replied. "Considering everything else I've done, how bad could doing it with a dog be? Sounds kind of exciting in a weird, twisted sort of way. I guess that's why it appeals to me. Do you have any experience with that?"

"I do," Susan replied. "I live on a farm with a lot of different animals. If it is something you find you like, I have a nice selection to choose from. Well this looks like a very good list to base your training off of. Now all we need is to set a time and place for your sessions."

"Can't we do them here?" Kim asked.

"We can if that is what you want," Susan replied "but I was hoping for something a little more intimate, at least to start with."

"I start classes again in three weeks. I'm free every night after five and until ten except for Saturday. I'm free all day and night on Saturday."

"Friday and Saturday are the busiest days here at the club as I'm sure you've seen," Susan replied. "How about we start slowly and work up to longer sessions as your training progresses? How does Mondays and Wednesdays from six to eight sound?"

"Sounds good to me," Kim replied. "So I guess from now on I should call you Mistress?"

"Not yet," Susan replied. "You don't need to start calling me that until after the collaring ceremony."

"What's that?"

"The collaring ceremony is when I officially offer you my collar and express my

desire to be your Mistress. Only when you express your desires to be my submissive and accept my collar will you have to call me Mistress."

"I can't wait until Monday," Kim smiled. "Speaking of which, when do you start on your breeding?"

"After work tonight," Susan replied. "I believe there will be ten men waiting to breed me."

"Can I join in?"

"Not this time I'm afraid. It's already set up for me alone, but I can schedule the next one to be for the both of us even though you are already pregnant, you can still participate in the breeding parties if you want."

"It's not like they can knock me up twice," Kim giggled as she stood up. "I'd love to chat all night, but I have an early day tomorrow. Goodnight, Mistress," she smiled. It felt good to call Susan Mistress. It felt...right somehow.

"Goodnight Kim," Susan replied.

Chapter 4: Kim Goes to the Doctor

It was after 1am when Kim got home. Her brother and parents were in bed and so she followed suit – walking as quietly as she could up the stairs to her bedroom. Although she was tired, her mind was racing with the decisions she'd made in the last twenty-four hours, and the ramifications of those choices. She not only embraced her pregnancy, she agreed to be used for breeding. As she turned from her back onto her right side she bit back a scream as the gauze rubbed against the still fresh brand on her right hip. She quickly rolled to her back again, breathing heavily against the pain.

The full weight of her quickly made, hormone induced decision came crashing down on her in that moment. I'm going to be used for breeding like some common farm animal, the thought ran through her mind. What in the hell was I thinking? Five babies! I agreed to have FIVE babies! I could always back out, the reasonable part of her brain told her. It's not like they're forcing me to do it. I'd just never be able to go to the club again. She soon started having an internal argument with herself that went something like this:

"I love going to the club," Kim said to herself

"You love being treated like a common whore," Reason replied. "That's all you are you know."

"I'm not a whore...am I? Why am I a whore just because I like sex?"

"You don't just like sex you silly girl. You're addicted to it. You're being used for breeding. You're going to spread your legs for God knows how many men so they can impregnate you over and over again!"

"Not like I haven't been gang banged already," Kim replied weakly. Even she knew it was a poor reply to the argument, but she continued with it. "Who cares if I'm used for breeding? Women are meant to have babies or we wouldn't have been given the capabilities."

"That doesn't mean you have to pop them out left and right. You're no better than a fucking cow standing in a field all day getting mounted by the bulls without complaint. You're a god damn breeding cow! Why don't you get that stamped on your body too? It'll look great alongside all the other crap!"

"It's not crap! It's who I am."

"You can be who you are without advertising it to the world," Reason said bluntly.

"I'm proud of who I am. And who cares if the world sees it? People can either accept me for who I am, or piss off. I'm a breeder damn it," Kim said defiantly. "And I'm proud of it!"

"And how are you planning on taking care of five babies?" asked Reason "Last time I checked, you barely had enough to pay for college. You're still living with mommy and daddy. And I'm pretty sure you won't make much on a submissive's salary."

"Mom said she'd take care of the baby while I was at school," Kim replied.

"THE baby," Reason bit back. "THE, as in ONE. She said she'd take care of one baby. How do you think she's going to feel when you tell her you plan in having five in a row?"

"I don't know," Kim said with sudden doubt. How others would take the news, and the hardship it might impose on them never factored into her making the decision.

She sighed, rolled onto her left side, and tried desperately to fall asleep. She eventually did, but woke half a dozen times when she rolled onto her right side, or she moved the blankets in just the right way to irritate the brand. She woke to the sound of her phone ringing. It was Dr. Grey.

"Hello," said Dr. Emily Grey "can I please speak to Kim Holcomb?"

"Speaking," Kim replied.

"Hi Kim, this is Dr. Grey calling. Is it possible for you to come to my office today?"

"Sure doc. What time?"

"I can schedule you in at four o'clock if that time works for you."

"Works for me," Kim replied. "See you at four."

"See you at four," Dr. Grey confirmed.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Now that she was awake there was no going back to sleep. Her mind once again started racing. It shifted from the breeding argument she had last night to her coming visit to Dr. Grey's office where she planned on continuing the good Doctor's fisting lessons. She rolled out of bed, the brand still aching pretty badly. She went to the bathroom to do her morning business before heading downstairs.

Her brother Ben was already gone, her parents were at the kitchen table drinking coffee and talking openly about Gina's next gang bang at Club Vixen.

"Are you sure you want to do that many men?" Greg asked as Kim walked into the kitchen.

"I'm sure," Gina replied. "I thought you liked seeing me getting screwed every way possible by as many men as possible?"

"I do hun, I just want to make sure you're doing it because it's what you want and not what you think I want to see."

"Morning sweetie," Gina smiled at Kim "cup of coffee? Your father and I were just discussing how many men I want to gang bang next week at the club. What do you think? Is fifty men to many?"

"HOLY HELL mom," Kim gasped "that is a lot of men. Are you sure you can handle that many?"

"I think I can," her mother replied "and if not, I'm going to give it one hell of a go."

"Then go for it," Kim smiled. "If it's what you want, I say go for it no matter what it is. Speaking of which, I have some news for the two of you. As you may or may not have noticed, I've had some more work done at the Body Shop last night." She pointed to the larger rings in her nipples, the MILK ME tattoo on her left breast, the ring adorning her clit hood. She peeled back the tape and gauze covering the brand and showed it to them.

"OH MY GOD!" Greg was the first to respond. "Does that mean?"

"Yes," Kim replied. "I agreed to be a breeder for the club."

"How many babies?"

"Five. Susan is allowing my current pregnancy to count so I have one out of the way and four more to go."

"Um, what exactly are you talking about?" asked Gina.

"Our daughter has agreed to be a Club Vixen Breeder," Greg answered. "She's agreed to have five babies for the club."

"You're going to give your babies over to the club?" her mother asked in disbelief. "How could you do something like that?"

"Oh God no," Kim replied. "You misunderstand. I'm not giving my babies to anyone. They are mine to love and take care of and that's exactly what I plan on doing. Basically I agreed to participate in breeding parties at the club until I have five babies."

"And what if you don't want five babies?"

"It's what I agreed to mom. The minimum to be a club breeder is three, but I want to have five. If I decide later to back out, then I forfeit my club membership and can never go back."

"And this is what you want to do?" her mother asked. "No one is forcing you to do this are they?"

"It is absolutely what I want to do," Kim replied. "If I wasn't serious about it I wouldn't have agreed to the terms and I certainly would never have been

branded. It still fucking hurts like hell."

"It'll hurt for several days," Gina replied, knowing from experience. Since she was branded a few months ago, hers had healed nicely. The letters were crisp and clear and the scarring evenly raised. She was clearly marked as GREG'S VIXEN.

"There's more," Kim continued "I've agreed to be Susan's submissive. I begin my sessions with her next week once I accept her collar."

"OH MY GOD SWEETIE!" her mother gasped "That is great. I know how much the two of you like each other. I'm glad you waited until you got to know her before making such a life-changing decision."

"You didn't hear this from me," Kim continued "but she's also a Club Vixen Breeder. She agreed to have four babies. Apparently she was branded only a few hours before I was."

"HOLY HELL!" Greg replied. "Susan is a breeder? Susan Randle? Oh man, I've got to get in on that!"

"Whoa there," Gina said. "You want to impregnate another woman?"

"You got knocked up by another man," Kim replied. "Why can't dad impregnate another woman? Sounds only fair to me."

"That's not the point," Gina said. "What do we do when he knocks up half a dozen women and they come looking for child support?"

"What happens when you go after the men that knock you up?" Kim asked in return.

"That's not going to happen. I don't give a shit about them. I can provide for my own children."

"But they don't know that. Hell, at the club no one knows who knocks up who unless they have a couple dozen paternity tests to prove what sluts they are."

"She's got you there, hun," Greg said smugly, secretly thanking Kim for being on his side.

"She doesn't have me anywhere you pathetic wimp. I don't want to see or hear about you screwing other women. You'll sit there and watch me take as many cocks as I desire and you'll like it, is that understood?"

"I understand," Greg replied in defeat. He had never felt hornier in his life.

"Well, ok then," Kim said. "I'm just going to go...do that thing...have fun." She backed out of the kitchen and went back to her room where she passed the day looking up various fetishes online until she had to leave for her appointment with Dr. Grey.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

At 3:00 Kim shut off her computer and grabbed her little bag of goodies she had packed for her planned activities with Dr. Grey. She left the house, her parents were again in the kitchen talking about club activities and how things were going to change around the house.

She arrived at Dr. Grey's office ten minutes early. She signed in and took a seat in the empty waiting room. The place was like a ghost town. Not even the receptionist was in. At 4:12 Dr. Grey and a very pregnant woman exited the back. Dr. Grey appeared to be comforting the woman as she escorted her to the door.

"You can come on back with me now," said Dr. Grey after locking the door and switching the sign to closed. They walked back to the exam room. Kim instinctively started to strip out of her clothes.

"You might as well strip naked too," Kim said to Emily. "I can't fist you with your clothes on."

"Before we get to that," Emily replied "we need to talk about your birth control pills. We discovered what happened."

"And what was that?" Kim interrupted.

"Apparently there was a mix-up at the pharmacy. Your prescription was mixed up with another customer's and..."

"Are you kidding me?" Kim shouted in disbelief. "What in the hell have I been

taking for the last three months?"

"Luckily you've only been taking sugar pills – a placebo. It wouldn't have caused you any harm."

"But it sure as hell could have. I could have died because you wrote the wrong damn prescription. I should fucking sue your incompetent ass. HOLY SHIT!"

"I wrote the correct prescription," Dr. Grey replied. I can show you a copy of it if you wish. I've talked to the pharmacy and they admitted their mistake. The blame lies with them. So if you plan on suing anyone, then sue them. Perhaps we should stop here for the day and do the other part another time."

"I wouldn't think of it," Kim replied. "I'll be looking into the matter with the pharmacy, but for now I want you out of those clothes and on all fours so I can get to work."

Emily stripped out of her blouse and skirt, laying them neatly over the arm of the chair. She then unhooked her blue lacy bra and let it slide down her arms. It joined her other clothes on the exam chair. Last was her matching thong. With the last piece of clothing removed and out of the way, she got on all fours on the cold floor.

"You are so sexy," Kim said to her naked doctor. "I'm going to thoroughly enjoy this. Spread your legs open and put your head on the floor with your arms stretched out past your head. I want your ass nice and high so I can ram my fist in deep."

"Do you really have to fist my ass?" asked Emily, her shaky voice giving away her fear. "Can't you just fist my pussy again?"

"Oh, I'm going to do that and a whole lot more. We're going to have a lot of fun together."

"W...what are you planning on doing? I only agreed to let you fist me."

"Where's the fun in that? Trust me Doc, you're going to enjoy this just as much as I am."

Emily repositioned herself as Kim had instructed, shivering as her warm flesh

made contact with the much cooler floor. Kim opened her bag of goodies and pulled out one of her newest favorite items of all time – an extra-large Feeldoe strapless strap-on. Not only did it have a large 10 inch long, 2 inch wide dildo as any strap-on, it also had a bulb at the other end that slipped into the wearer for skin-to-skin action. The bulb on this particular model was larger than most to keep it in place during those hard fucking sessions. The bulb has the added effect of stimulating the g-spot, while the vibrating egg stimulates not only your clit, but your partners as well.

Kim slowly worked the bulb end into her already moistening vagina. Although she had been fisted a lot, she still had incredible muscle control and was amazingly tight. The seven inch long, 2 1/2 inch thick bulb was shaped in such a manner to make it harder to accidentally slip out.

"Have you ever had anal sex?" Kim asked as she took in Emily's tight, puckered hole.

"Yes," Emily replied, but not that often. Whatever you plan on doing please go slow."

Kim moved to stand behind Emily, the long silicone cock protruding from her groin bouncing up and down menacingly. She grabbed Emil's ass and squeezed it, giving her a playful slap on the right cheek. She poured some lube in the palm of her hand and rubbed it along the length of her new cock, coating it generously. She placed the bulbous head against Emily's puckered hole and gave a few test pushes to test for resistance. There was a considerable amount.

"Take deep breaths and try to relax," Kim said. Emily did her best to comply, but she could feel the size of the monster attempting to penetrate her ass, and involuntarily clenched tighter.

"If you don't relax," Kim said "this is going to be much more painful than is necessary." She reached under Emily's shaking body and found her clit. She pinched it lightly and rubbed it. She inserted two fingers in Emily's pussy and fingered her slowly while rubbing her clit with her thumb. It was starting to have the desired effect. She could see Emily's ass starting to relax.

Kim continued to concentrate on Emily's clit while keeping the head of the strap-on pressed firmly against her ass.

"Aaahhgghhh," Emily screamed as the head of the dildo finally slipped inside. "OH GOD TAKE IT OUT!" she pleaded. "It's too big!"

"Shhh," Kim replied. "Just relax and take deep breaths. I'll give you time to adjust to it before continuing."

"I'm not sure I can get used to that thing in my ass," Emily grunted between deep breaths.

"Sure you will. It'll take a minute, but you'll get used to it and more. You'll soon be taking my fist so I hope you get used to it." She applied some more lube and pushed another inch in. "Mmmm," she moaned as the bulb deep in her tickled her g-spot. "How's it feeling now?"

"It...it's starting to feel a little better," Emily replied. "You can push a little more in, but please go slow."

Kim pushed a little more in and pulled back until only the head remained inside. She pushed in again, adding a little more than the previous thrust. She repeated this process until half of the 10 inch beast was buried in Emily's ass. She continued adding lube while she fucked the dildo in and out of Emily's ass. She could feel the pressure building for her own orgasm as the bulbous head deep within her pussy continued to stimulate her g-spot.

"I'm ready," Emily said after nearly ten minutes of getting her ass slowly stretched open. "You can...can fuck me faster now."

Kim grabbed Emily's hips and pushed all ten thick inches into her ass. She pulled back and shoved in deep. She fucked harder and faster as her own orgasm threatened release. She loved the strapless strap-on. It made her feel like she had a real cock. The feeling of slamming into another woman, feeling skin-on-skin contact – something impossible with a normal strap-on and the annoying harnesses, was empowering.

Kim held back her orgasm for as long as she could. Every time she got close she would stop fucking until the pressure subsided enough for her to continue. She was driving herself crazy, but she told herself it would be worth it in the end.

There was another reason Kim loved this particular toy and Emily was about to find out what that reason was. Kim poured a generous amount of lube on her

right hand, rubbing it around to make sure every inch was covered. She scrunched her fingers tightly together, thumb in palm. She brought her clenched fingers close to Emily's ass and in one smooth motion withdrew the dildo and replaced it with her entire hand.

"Aahgh," Emily groaned as Kim's hand pushed into her ass. "Oh my fucking god! Are you using a bigger dildo?"

"No," Kim replied "That is my fist you feel in your ass. How does it feel?" The reason Kim loved her huge strapless dildo is because it is only a quarter of an inch narrower than her bunched up hand. That made fisting after using the toy much easier. It had become her favorite method of introducing many men and women to the wonderful world of fisting.

"OH MY GOD!" Emily gasped. "Are you serious? Your hand is in my ass?"

"Look back and see for yourself. I told you I was an expert at fisting. I've yet to meet a hole I couldn't conquer."

Emily looked back between her legs. All she could see was Kim's wrist. The rest of her hand was indeed buried in her ass. "That is fucking...WOW! I never thought it would be so easy."

"The fun is just beginning," Kim said, bunching up the fingers of her left hand and bringing them to Emily's slit. "Are you ready?"

"You're not thinking of fisting me in both holes are you?"

"That's exactly what I aim to do. You should still be loose enough from getting fisted yesterday. My hand should slide right in." To prove her point she started pushing her left hand into Emily's pussy. She made it up to the knuckles before encountering any real resistance. She pulled her hand from Emily's ass. Her left hand was able to slide into her pussy. She pulled out of Emily's pussy and back into her ass.

Emily writhed and moaned on the floor as Kim alternated between fisting her ass and pussy. Kim punched her fists in and out of Emily's gaping holes one at a time, decreasing the time between insertions until she was slamming both fists in and out at the same time. Emily suddenly rose to all fours, back arched painfully, head thrown back as the orgasm struck. It was mind-blowingly orgasmic. She

clenched every muscle in her body so hard she was seeing stars as her juices squirted out to cover Kim's arm.

"So how do you like getting fisted now, you dirty fucking bitch? Kim asked as she continued to work Emily's holes.

"Oh fuck, it...it's so...fucking...good," Emily moaned through a series of small, but intense orgasms.

"Wait until I have my arm up to the elbow in your ass," Kim said with a wicked grin.

"WHAT? No way. That's going too far. You'll rip me open! You can't seriously be thinking of doing that."

"Of course I'm thinking about it," Kim replied. "But don't worry, it won't be today. It takes much longer to work up to that kind of fisting, but we'll get there eventually. Are you ready to return the favor?"

"You want me to fist you?"

"I want you to fist me and lick me while I do the same to you. After that, the sky's the limit. Like I said earlier, we're going to be having a lot of fun today. I hope you don't have anywhere to go because we're going to be here for a while."

"Will I get to fuck you with that strap-on?"

"In both holes if you want," Kim replied, pulling her hands from Emily's holes and flipping her over on her back. Kim climbed on top, placing her pussy and ass in Emily's face. "Go ahead and start licking me, Doc. When you've got me nice and wet you can start fisting me." She brought her mouth down to engulf Emily's clit, sucking her inner labia into her mouth. She pushed her hand back into Emily's ass while she continued to lick her pussy.

Emily could see that Kim was already dripping wet so she skipped a few steps and slid her left hand in to the wrist. She pumped it in and out several times to make sure it was thoroughly coated before moving it to Kim's ass. With her fist firmly embedded, she snaked her tongue out and flicked it over Kim's clit, wild thoughts of what they would do to each other running freely through her mind.

Chapter 5: Kim's First Lesson

When Kim arrived at Susan's house for her first training session things weren't as she expected. She expected to walk into a mini version of Club Vixen – a dimly lit dungeon with walls lined with fetish toys, and bdsm devices scattered about the room. Instead she entered a living room sparsely decorated with modern, neutral-toned furniture, a few abstract painting hanging on the walls.

"Come in," Susan said, motioning for Kim to enter her home. "I'm so glad you could make it."

"I wouldn't have missed this for the world," Kim replied. "I've thought about nothing else for the last week."

"Would you like something to drink?"

"No thank you. I was wondering how the collaring ceremony took place. Are we having it here? I don't see any equipment or toys. And I don't see any collars."

"Please take a seat," Susan said with a wave of her hand in the direction of the sofa. Kim took a seat without question. "We will not be having the collaring ceremony today," Susan continued. "I thought it would be best to go over some things first before we both commit to such an important aspect of our relationship."

"Oh, I see," Kim replied sadly.

"Don't worry, sweetie I still want you as my submissive. It's just that I prefer my submissives to know about the lifestyle and what they are getting themselves into. To that end I'm going to explain things to you using the tried and true alphabet. Are you ready to learn?"

"I'm ready," Kim replied eagerly.

"Very well then. We'll start with A. 'A' stands for attention and being attentive. Two traits that I believe a submissive should always display towards their dominant. You should make sure you listen to what I say and where possible try

and go the extra mile. 'B' stands for Bondage. Bondage is without doubt one my great loves and fetishes. I will teach you all of the positions from simple breast bondage to the most complex suspensions. 'C' stands for Collars, Cuffs, Crops and Canes. What a choice, right? Collars within BDSM are laden with symbolism and what bondage session would be complete without cuffs? And last but not least, crawling. Crawling is a wonderful submissive act I think, to approach a dominant. There is something primal of approaching a dominant, all low and slinking over the floor. 'D', well that just screams out Dominants does it not, those wonderful, devious, evil, sadistic and yet caring people who love to be in charge because submissives like you choose to let them be. Of course the 'D' has multiple meanings in the abbreviation BDSM. Not just Domination but also discipline. Discipline is perhaps best described as the art of psychological restraining, with the use of rules and punishment to control overt behavior and the counterpart to the earlier mentioned bondage. Do you understand so far what I'm trying to tell you?"

"I think I understand," Kim replied. "Please continue."

"Very well, 'E' stands for Eroticism, that's what causes feeling of arousal. Well BDSM is certainly full of that. Not to mention all the erotica and erotic paraphernalia that surrounds it. Of course what one person finds erotic might be a complete turn off for another person. That brings me to the letter 'F'. 'F' stands for fetish. That's why I asked you to make that list. We'll work on those fetishes you like, and I'll push your boundaries as much as you're willing to allow me. You can be safe in the knowledge that I will never ask you to do anything you've marked as a hardline limit. 'G' stands for Gags – be it a ball, bit, penis, panel, or ring gang. I love seeing a submissive gagged and helpless. 'H' is one of my most favorite letters of this little lesson. Humiliation; that so misunderstood art of erotic and sensual embarrassment. Something that has a lot more psychological depth than most people realize and so often is portrayed so wrongly by the media. Properly done humiliation can be a look, a touch, a soft spoken word that plays against another person's psyche rather than just randomly calling names. And while that features into humiliation as well, it is not always necessary. 'I' stands for insertions. Now, I know you are already queen of insertions at the club, but I'll still be training you in that area as well. I will teach you proper muscle control until you are able to be virgin tight for any man. 'K' is another of my favorite letters. Kneeling. Kneeling at your Dominant's feet is one of the most submissive acts a submissive can do in my opinion. 'L' stands for limits. As I've mentioned before, limits are the boundaries that define what we do. They are

the no-go areas of our psyche that protect us from doing things we do not want to do for various reasons. BDSM has both hard and soft limits, the latter which can be pushed but only in specific circumstances with very trusted dominants. Hard limits are literally no-go areas. I won't go there ever. Last but certainly not least; Love. For me BDSM is ripe with love. The connection you have with your dominant and I with my submissive, that deep love, lifts the relationship above all. There is nothing more amazing than looking into my submissive's eyes when they tell me they love me and seeing them look into mine and seeing their love reflected. There is nothing that beats that feeling."

Kim stared into Susan's eyes, taking in every word that her soon to be Mistress spoke. She could see the love in her eyes already, hear the sincerity in her voice, and she knew she had made the right decision in choosing her to be her first Mistress. "Can I ask you a question?" she asked, interrupting Susan's lesson.

"Of course," Susan replied. "You can ask me anything."

"How many submissives have you had?"

"I've had three so far. You'll be my forth. But I wasn't always a Dominant. I started in this lifestyle in much the same position you are now in. I was lucky to find a very caring Mistress that taught me a great deal not only about the lifestyle, but about myself as well. Although we are no longer together, I promised I would teach my submissives in the same manner she taught me."

"What happened to your other submissives?"

"The first decided this lifestyle wasn't for her anymore and moved on with her life. The second got pregnant and married her boyfriend. Out of fear she too left the lifestyle. The third took a job across the country. Last I heard she was very happy with her new Master."

"Thank you for telling me," Kim said. "Please continue with your explanation."

"Where were we? Ah yes, 'M'. The first word that comes to mind of course, Mistress. Of course there are other dominant titles that begin with a 'M', Miss, Master, Mister, Maestro to name a few. Then there is of course, masochism, which is the tendency to derive sexual gratification from one's own pain or humiliation. I wouldn't call myself a huge masochists, but I hear you're well on your way."

"I like to be spanked, flogged, and caned, if that counts," Kim replied.

"It certainly does. We will explore that aspect of your training some more to find out just what your pain threshold is. Hopefully that will take us to 'O'. Orgasms are of course much more fun when you're allowed to have them, rather than when they are denied. You will be denied orgasm until you go out of your mind in frustration. You'll learn to orgasm on command or be punished. Speaking of punishment, that's what 'P' stands for. If you are disobedient you will be punished. 'P' also stands for Pee Play. That is gaining enjoyment from being peed on or peeing on others. With 'R' comes restraint and being restrained; ravaged and revered. You will be bound by cuffs, zip ties, sleeves, and rope. You will be ravaged by me and those I choose to let play with you and you will revere me always. When it comes to the letter 'S' submission, submissives and slaves are the words that come to mind. Of course what list of BDSM topics would be complete without these? Submitting and giving your submission is one of the most beautiful things you can do for someone you love. And while all slaves are submissives, do remember that not all submissives are slaves. In fact I would say that only a small subgroup would, or could be classified as slaves.

And of course there's sex. While BDSM does not have to be sexual, there is no denying that there is a huge sexual element to it. And of course there are those evil people, the sexual sadists. These are probably some of the nicest, laid back people you may meet in the scene. But do not mistake their laid back attitude for them not being capable. Because once they have you tied up on the cross or whatever their implement of choice is, you are at their mercy. And when you see their eyes lighting up with a glint...you know you're in trouble and it is way too late.

And of course what glossary of BDSM terms would be safe without mentioning safewords? A safeword is codeword a submissive can use to regulate play activity. The most popular and well known version of safewords is the traffic light signal system we use at the club. Violation of safewords is seen as a very bad thing within the BDSM community, and is something I take very serious in and out of the club. 'T' stands for training and Toys. Training is the act of forming and molding a submissive to a Dominant's wishes and desires. Something that some Dominants take for granted and see as if training is a single quantitative state. Sure, there are probably aspects of training that are common independent of whatever dominant does the training, but I see it as following. A dominant trains a submissive to act, learn and do and react in a certain way. That way is

aimed at how they want things done. Therefor training, while overlapping, is in essence an entirely personal thing, used to create and strengthen the bond between dominant and submissive. Toys are any and everything from dildos and butt plugs to gags, clamps, and floggers. During your training you will experience a wide variety of toys. Some you will love, others hate, but the only way to know is to try, right?"

"And I'm eager to learn," Kim replied, hanging onto Susan's every word as if it were gospel.

"That'll end today's lesson," Susan continued. "You have a lot to take in. I want you to go home and think on what I've said. Determine if this lifestyle is something you still desire with all of your heart. If there is any doubt, even the smallest nagging voice in the back of your mind, then do not proceed. I will understand and not be offended in any way. This lifestyle is not for everyone."

"I don't need to think about it anymore," Kim replied. "I've thought of little else for weeks. I know this is what I want and I know I want you as my Mistress."

"Then come to the club on Friday at midnight and we'll proceed from there. I want you to wear a white, form-fitting corset dress and heels. And wear your hair up."

Chapter 6: Kim's Collaring Ceremony

Kim kept the news of her collaring ceremony secret from the rest of her family. She assumed that's why Susan asked her to the club at that specific time and day, but she couldn't be 100% certain until she got there and she didn't want to tell her parents about it just in case she was wrong.

When Friday finally rolled around, Kim was a nervous wreck. She could barely contain her excitement at what she hoped would finally be her official collaring. To calm her nerves she spent the day pampering herself with a day at the spa followed by a manicure and trip to the hairstylist. She wanted to be perfect for the ceremony.

Kim arrived at Club Vixen a few minutes before midnight dressed exactly as Susan requested. For the first time since she joined the Club, the reception area was not worked by Susan. No, tonight Stephanie was in charge of letting members in the main dungeon, turning away troublemakers, and processing those wishing to join.

"You look lovely," Stephanie said to Kim. "You can go right in."

"Thank you," Kim replied. "Where's Susan tonight? I don't think I've ever seen anyone else work the desk since I joined. Is she sick or something?"

"No, she's not sick that I know of. She had more important things to attend to tonight."

"Oh, ok. Well, I guess I'll see you later." Kim pulled open the door leading to the main dungeon and stopped in her tracks. She had a feeling her collaring ceremony would be tonight, but she never imagined it would be this elaborate.

Starting at the door and extending to the center of the large room was a purple carpet lined on either side by tall candle stands burning candles scented with incense. In the center of the room the carpet was a ten foot square. The members, normally preoccupied with dancing, talking, or using one of the dozen or so pieces of equipment, were now seated on either side of the carpet walkway.

Standing in the center of the square section of carpet was Susan Randal, dressed in a black and purple corset dress. Beside her was an ornate pillow-topped stand. Kim almost broke out in tears. Everything Susan told her during their last meeting came pouring into her mind at that moment.

Kim dropped down to her knees and then all fours. She looked side to side at her fellow club members. She saw the look of pride and joy in their eyes as she began crawling towards Susan. She saw her parents sitting front and center at the right side of the room. They never looked prouder. When she reached Susan she leaned back into a kneeling position, looking up into her soon to be Mistress's eyes.

Susan smiled proudly as she picked up a thin leather collar from the pillow. "Submissive, I give you this collar as a symbol of my ownership. I pledge to love you, stretch your limits, keep you safe and offer you the discipline and affection that you need. Thank you for accepting this collar. Wear it with pride and know that your Mistress is proud to call you her submissive."

Kim never broke contact with Susan's eyes. She didn't know what to say so she said the first thing that came to mind. She spoke from the heart when she said: "Mistress, I humbly accept this collar as a symbol of your ownership of me. To you I pledge my love, my obedience and my servitude. I know that, as your property, I will be looked after and tended to with the utmost care. I know that I will receive both the affection and the discipline that I require. In return, I offer to you the gift of myself. Thank you for allowing me to serve you."

Susan placed the collar around Kim's neck and fastened it in place. The hundred or so members of Club Vixen erupted in cheer and clapping. Many broke out in tears of joy. Susan offered Kim her hand and helped her to her feet.

"I am so proud of you," Susan said to Kim.

"Thank you Mistress," Kim replied, finally being able to call Susan Mistress bringing a tear to her eyes.

"Your training will begin soon," Susan said caressing her new submissive's cheek lovingly. "But for now enjoy the rest of the celebrations. I believe your parents would like to see you."

"Thank you, Mistress," Kim replied "but I would prefer to spend my time with

you."

"Spend some time with your parents and fellow club members. When the party is over, come find me in one of the special rooms for some training."

"Yes, Mistress," Kim replied, a little sad that she couldn't get started on her training right away. "What if the other members want to play with me?"

"The decision is yours tonight. If you wish to play with the other members then by all means do so. I've already let everyone know that it is still ok to play with you tonight. However, after tonight you'll need my permission to play with anyone. That means at the club or outside of it. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress," Kim replied, wondering if she'd still be able to play with Dr. Grey, or even Ben. She joined the other club members, getting congratulations from all she greeted as she made her way to her parents.

"Congratulations sweetie," Kim's mother said when they finally met up.

"Thanks mom," Kim replied.

"I'm really proud of you," her father said, giving his daughter a hug. "It takes a very special kind of person to submit to another. Have you talked to your new Mistress about your limits? It's very important that you both understand what you will and won't do."

"Mistress Susan asked me to make a list and Stephanie helped me with it," Kim replied. "Mistress knows everything I will and won't do and even those things that would seriously push my boundaries, but am willing to do under the right circumstances."

"Well it sounds as if you've got everything already worked out," her mother added. "When does your training begin?"

"Mistress Susan said my training would begin soon, but she wanted me to enjoy the celebrations."

"Your mother and I are going to do a gang bang in one of the private rooms after the party," her father said "would you care to join us?"

"This will be my biggest gang bang yet," her mother added. "I think every man here is participating."

"You go on ahead," Kim replied. "I'm going to go find my Mistress. She said she'd be in one of the special rooms, but I have no idea which one."

"So how do you feel about surrendering yourself to another?" her father asked.

"It's the most amazing feeling in the world," Kim replied. "I can't really explain it, but it just feels right. I can't wait for my training to begin."

"Then go find your Mistress," her mother said. "I don't think anyone here will mind."

"Thanks mom." Kim gave both of her parents a hug and then went off in search of her new Mistress. There were more than thirty Special Rooms at Club Vixen, each catering to a different fetish. Kim had no idea where her Mistress was hiding, but she wasn't going to stop until she found her.