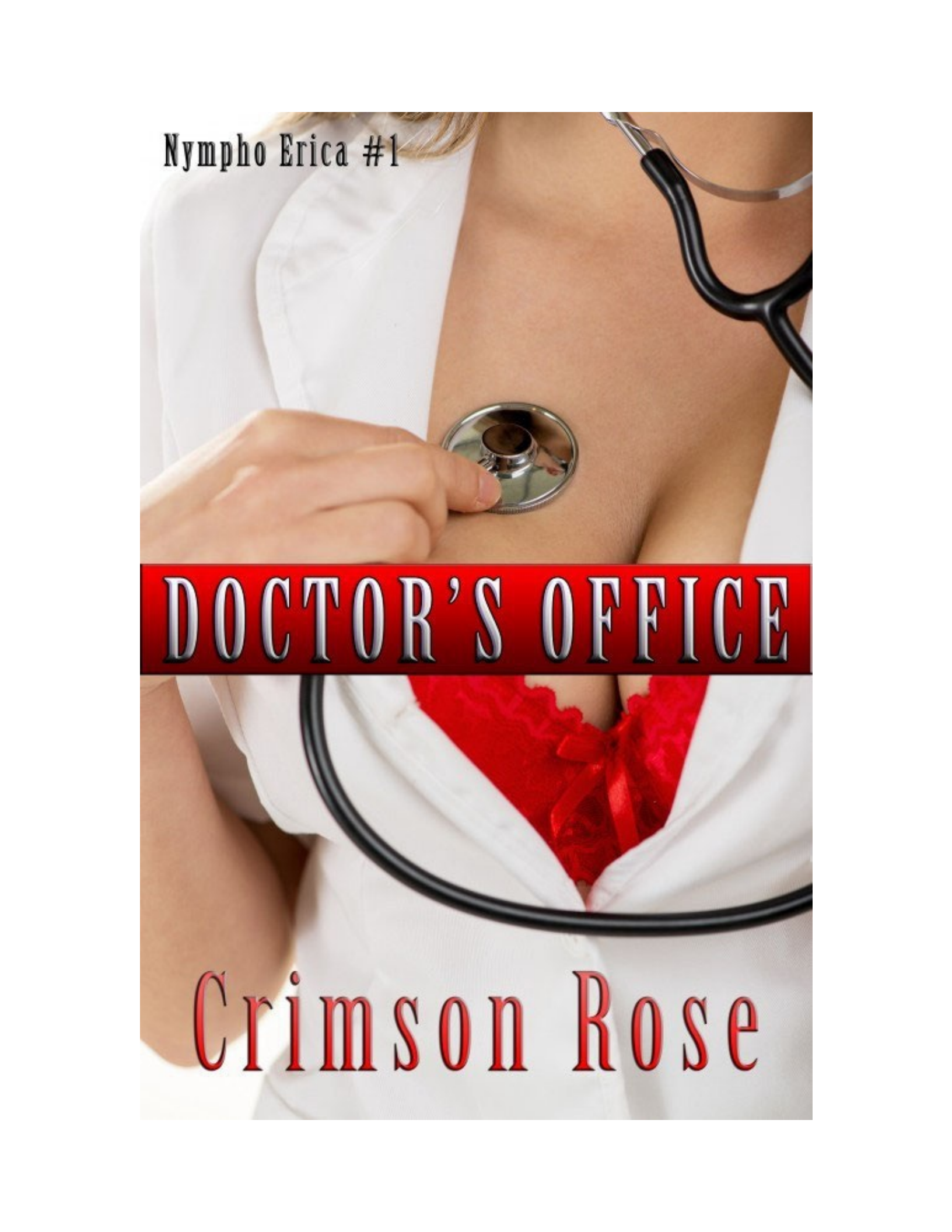




Nympho Erica #1

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Crimson Rose



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Dr. Erica Wilson has owned and operated the ‘Wilson Health Center’ for nearly 5 years now and in all that time she has seen the gambit of patients – from scraped kneed and broken bones to laceration needing stitched and objects needing removed from places they had no right being inserted into, and she treated them all with the same level of professionalism. But on rare occasion, she would get a patient that gave off a certain vibe and she knew in the pit of her stomach that she could push the envelope and give everyone involved a good time.

It was nearing closing time and after restocking the tongue depressors and placing a new box of latex gloves in the table next to the examination chair, she walked out into the front to lock up when she saw one last patient sitting quietly in the shadows of the far corner looking about as nervous as a bank robber at a police convention. And Dr. Wilson got one hell of a vibe from the twenty-something brown-haired, doe-eyed woman.

God, I hope this isn’t another case of domestic abuse, Dr. Wilson thought as she took in the woman’s long-sleeved shirt and jeans – an odd choice of fashion this time of year when most attractive young women wore barely enough to not get arrested for indecent exposure. Add to that, the woman’s fidgeting hands and nervous demeanor and her stomach began to knot up.

Picking up the sign-in sheet, Dr. Wilson saw there were no new named added – all patients had been seen. “Can I help you with something?” she asked, almost laughing when the young woman nearly jumped out of her seat. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. You didn’t sign in so I thought I was done for the night.”

“Oh. I’ll go then.”

“Now hold on a minute. I didn’t say I wouldn’t see you. What’s your name?”

“Amelia.”

“That’s a pretty name. Come on back.” Watching Amelia closely, she noticed the poor woman was walking funny and the thought of abuse came pouring back.

“Are you alright to walk? I can get a wheelchair if you need it.”

“I’m okay. Just a little...sore.”

In the examination room, Dr. Wilson closed the door. “What seems to be the problem?”

“Oh god, this is so humiliating. I think...maybe I should just go home. I’m sorry if I wasted your time.”

Gently taking her patient by the arm, Dr. Wilson prevented her from leaving. “I’m sorry, Amelia, but I cannot in all good conscience let you leave until you’ve been examined. If something were to happen to you because of injuries I could have treated then I may be held accountable. Please, tell me what’s wrong. And don’t worry about being embarrassed. I’ve seen and heard it all a million times.”

Letting out a long, pitiful sigh, Amelia walked over to the paper covered examination table and sat down – squirming uncomfortable as she did so. “The problem is...you see, I was...that is, my boyfriend and I were doing some things,” she stammered nervously, her voice trembling.

“Were these things of a sexual nature?”

Amelia nodded, her face turning bright pink.

“Was it your first time?”

“Yes...well no, not exactly.”

“Can you please clarify that for me, Amelia?”

“Well, we were...oh god doc, this is so embarrassing. He put it in my butt and it hurt and I think he tore something,” Amelia finally blurted it out. Eyes growing wide, she slapped a hand over her mouth and started crying – not from any real pain, but from the humiliation of admitting she had anal sex.

“It’s okay. There’s nothing to be ashamed of. But if you think he may have torn something then I will have to examine the area. Was there blood?”

“Yes.”

“A lot?”

“I don’t know. I was bleeding for a couple of minutes after he pulled out.”

“I see. I need you to be honest with me, Amelia, did he force you to have anal sex?”

“What? No! I wasn’t too keen on the idea, but he would never force me to do anything I didn’t want to.”

“I meant no offence. I am obligated to ask these questions when it comes to matters of sex-related injuries.” Grabbing a gown from a cabinet, she handed it to her patient. “I’ll need you to strip out of all of your clothes and get into that. You may change behind that screen,” she said pointing to a decorative screen in the opposite corner of the room.

After a few minutes, Amelia emerged from behind the screen. “Is this really necessary?” she asked as she sat back on the table.

“I know this is embarrassing, but it is very important that we make sure no lasting damage was done and that there is no risk of the tears opening back up. There are a lot of nasty bacteria in that area and the last thing you want is an infection. If you prefer, I can give you an anesthetic so that you’ll be out for the whole thing.”

“No, that’s okay. What do I need to do?”

“Ready for things to get even weirder? I need you to scoot up on the table and position yourself on all fours.”

“What? Really?”

“Unless you’re able to take your ass off and hand it to me, yes. I need to be able to examine the entire area and all fours is the best position for it. Are you sure you don’t want the anesthesia?”

“I’m considering it. Anything else I need to do?”

“When you are on all fours I’ll need you to place your head on the pillow and then spread your legs until they hit the bars on either side.”

Too humiliated to speak, Amelia did as she was told – feeling vulnerable, exposed and more than a little humiliated at the situation she put herself in to please her boyfriend. Vowing to never let him anywhere near her ass again, she chewed on her lower lip and waited for the examination to begin.

Fighting the urge to dive right in there and rain pleasure down on her patient's nether region, Dr. Wilson took a deep breath and smiled, the aromas of honey and rose emanating from Amelia's pussy causing her clit to throb. Looking down the front of the gown at Amelia's large breasts smashed against the table, she wondered if she had big, suckable nipples. "Oh dear," she exclaimed, as she gave her patient's rear end a cursory examination. "The entire area seems to be slightly swollen and inflamed. And are those handprints?"

"Y-Yes."

"Did your boyfriend spank you?"

"Yes. But I wanted him to. He did not force me."

"It must have been a pretty hard spanking for the handprints to still be visible after all this time. How many times did he swat you?"

"Is that really important?"

"Everything is important, Amelia. Please answer the question honestly. If you do not know the exact number then an approximation will do."

"He gave me fifty hard swats."

"Was it just for the hell of it, or as part of a punishment?"

"I was being punished," Amelia let slip.

"It's okay. Was this the first time he's punished you?"

"No."

Pulling on a pair of latex gloves, Dr. Wilson retrieved a tube of gel and a speculum from a drawer. "Was this punishment bdsm related?"

“Yes.”

“And you consented to it?”

“Yes.”

“This may be a little cold. I need to apply a soothing balm to your pubis region that will alleviate the swelling and ease the discomfort. I will be using my fingers to rub it in. Are you okay with that?”

“I suppose so.”

Not wasting any time, Dr. Wilson squirted a generous amount of gel onto the fingers of her right hand and then placed them gently against Amelia’s vulva. Using a slow circular motion, making sure to give special attention to the clit, she rubbed the gel in before squirting more on her fingers and applying it to Amelia’s ass. “There are obvious signs of trauma around your sphincter, Amelia. How rough did your boyfriend get with you?”

“Kind of rough, I guess Dr. Wilson. We got a little carried away, I suppose.

“Please, call me Erica. To determine the seriousness of the damage I’ll need you to tell me exactly what the two of you have done to cause this damage.” This was a lie, of course, but she was counting on the woman being too humiliated to question her authority on the matter. “There may also be some internal damage which means I’ll have to examine you internally as well. Please relate your story while I get the necessary equipment.”

Amelia’s voice shook. “Equipment? What equipment?”

“I’ll need to open up your anus and vagina with a speculum in order to get a look inside. It’s the only way to determine if anything was torn. As I’ve said, there are visible exterior signs of rough sex and that greatly increases the chances of internal damage as well. Now please tell me what he did to cause such damage.”

“It was mostly just normal sex, honest. He is...on the large side. I’ve never done anal before and it hurt like hell, but I allowed him to keep going until he finished. He spanked me during and after.”

“Did he use anything other than his penis?” Erica could see her patient visibly

shivering and knew it wasn't because the room was cold. Unlike other doctors, she kept her exam rooms on the warm side so her patients didn't freeze their buns off while wearing the paper-thin hospital gowns.

"He used a few dil...toys on me. Do I really have to tell you this?"

"Unfortunately, yes. He may have used something that causes specific infections and I need to know what to check for."

“Alright, I’m going to begin with the vaginal inspection first. I’ll make sure to apply plenty of gel to make it go more smoothly. Are you ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.”

Smearing more gel onto Amelia’s vulva, Dr. Wilson then coated the speculum and brought it to her patient’s vagina. Using the fingers of her left hand to spread Amelia open, she gently pushed the clear speculum in about an inch. “Please continue with what happened. It’ll help take your mind off of the examination.”

“To prepare me for anal sex he put a plug up my butt while he had sex with me. He said it wasn’t that big but it felt huge. And when he put his...penis, in my butt he used toys in my...vagina.”

Erica pressed the speculum in further and then started to slowly click it open. “Ok, Amelia, I’m going to slowly open the speculum in you now. I want you to stop me when I’ve opened it as much as the largest object he used in your vagina, unless you know its exact size and can tell me that.”

Her patient remained silent as the speculum opened – first to one inch and then two. Finally at just over two-and-a-half inches Amelia suddenly yelped. “That... that feels about right,” she groaned. “God it feels like you’ve got me stretched open a mile!”

“Nope, only a little more than two-and-a-half inches.” Using a flashlight to get a better look inside, she closely examined the area for abrasions and found nothing that would not heal after a few day rest. “I do not see anything serious. I’m going to repeat the process with your anus now. Ready?”

“Yes.”

After lubing and inserting the speculum in Amelia’s ass, Dr. Wilson slowly clicked it open. Click. Click. Click. One after the other. One inch...two...two-and-a-half. “Are you awake?”

“Yes.”

“Just making sure. We’re not there yet?”

“No.”

Click. Click. Click. “You do remember that you’re supposed to tell me when to stop, right?”

“I...know,” Amelia said biting her lower lip. “W-We’re not there yet.”

“I see.”

Click. Click. Click. Click

“OKAY! Okay, stop! I...that f-feels about right. H-How b-big is it?”

“Hmm, looks like three-and-a-quarter inches. No wonder you were in pain. I don’t see any lasting damage in her either. There is some very minor tearing, but nothing that won’t heal on its own given a few days. I suggest that if the two of you are going to continue with the rough sex and using larger toys, you should learn patience and take it a lot slower to prevent this from happening again in the future. There’s no need to rush things. In fact, opening yourself up like this too quickly can cause much more serious problems than you’ve already experienced. Can I ask what he was opening you up so much for?”

“He said he wanted to fist my ass, but he didn’t get a chance.”

“I see. Well, I suggest taking it a lot slower. Allow yourself time to get accustomed to taking larger and larger toys over time instead of just ramming them in there one after the other.”

“How did you know that’s what he did?”

“Not my first rodeo, dear. Look, I really shouldn’t be telling you this, but I am something of an expert when it comes to fisting and using large toys, so please take my advice.”

“You can take a fist up the butt?”

“I can. Like you, I first tried with my boyfriend. I was eighteen and he was twenty-four and he really wanted a girlfriend that was as into it as he was. I wasn’t exactly thrilled with the idea of being stretched open that much, but I loved him more than anything else in the world so I let him do it. And, like your boyfriend he just rammed increasingly larger toys up my ass until he was finally able to get his hand in there. I think it took something like an hour and I was being fisted. Long story short, I suffered way worse tearing than you and spent three days in the hospital.”

“DAMN! Did you ever let him fist you again after that?”

“Nope. Once I got out of the hospital I dumped him and moved on. But I’ve been with other partners that have been far more experienced that taught me how to do it properly without pain or bleeding.”

“I wish I had someone like that to teach me. All he wants to do is dominate me and turn me into his personal fucktoy.”

“Is that what you want?”

“I’m submissive so I don’t mind that part. I just wish he would stop and consider my feelings before going ahead with whatever he wants to do to me.”

“I’m going to give you some advice right now that you’re not going to want to hear, but you’ll be far better off for following it. When you get home I would like for you to take a piece of paper and divide it into three columns. In the first, write down every fetish that you will do willingly without being asked. In the next, write down all the fetishes that you would rather not do, but will if certain conditions are met. And then in the third put all the things that you would never do no matter what. Then, give your boyfriend the list and make him understand that if he does not abide by it you’ll leave him.”

“Leave him!?”

“You heard me. Trust me, if he is any kind of Master he’ll honor your limits. And if he starts having you do things on the soft limit list without meeting the set conditions, or anything on the hard limit list then you know he’s only in it for his own pleasure with little regard for your safety. If you are going to be his submissive then the one thing you should know, and take to heart, is that he has absolutely no power over you that you don’t let him have. Do you use safewords

during bdsm play?”

“Safewords?”

“Oh dear lord! You honestly don’t know what safewords are?”

“No.”

“Does he tie you up?”

“Yeah. He mostly uses handcuffs, but sometimes uses rope as well.”

“How does he know when to stop? Or if he’s hurting you?”

“I tell him when it hurts.”

“And does he always stop when that happens?”

“Not always.”

“Then he is no Master. He’s in it for his own pleasure and your safety be damned. Please take my advice and stop letting him use you like that or it will only get worse.”

“Are you a Dominant...a Mistress?”

“I am not. I’m submissive like you, but I know when to turn tail and run the hell away from a Dominant that has no clue what he or she is doing.”

“How long have you been submissive?”

“Nearly fifteen years.”

“So, what are safewords?”

“Safewords are words or short phrases used to let your Dominant know how the scene is progressing and if you need it to stop. I strongly, strongly suggest you look them up, familiarize yourself with them and demand their use. If he refuses, he’s looking for a sex slave, not a submissive and I’d be incredibly leery about giving him free reign to tie you up.”

“Thank you so much, Dr. Wil...Erica. You’ve given me a lot to think about. Um, can you take the speculums out now, or do you still need them in me?”

“I can take them out. But if you’re looking to be fisted I’d leave them in a while longer and give them a few clicks when you’re ready to be opened up even more.”

“I thought you were closing up for the night?”

“I am, but it’ll take a few days for you to return to normal,” Emile giggled. “I guarantee your ass is more than ready to take a fist. A small one anyways. And your vagina is nearly there.”

“Will you help me?”

“Help you how?”

“Help me open my holes to more easily take a fist.”

“And how exactly do you want me to help with that?”

“C-Can you...open the speculums for me? And then fist me when you think I’m ready?”

“You want me to fist you?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“In the ass?”

“And in the pussy.”

“I see. You do know that I can lose my license and go to jail for doing that, right?”

“I’m sorry. Forget I said anything. I just know my boyfriend will want to fist me when I get home and I want to be ready for it.”

“If he’s willing to fist you when you’re not ready then he’s not a man you want to be with, Amelia. How long have you been together?”

“Three months.”

“Do you live together?”

“Not yet, but he’s talking about moving in with me.”

“Do you want my honest opinion?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t let him. Break off the relationship and find a partner that’ll treat you like a human being and not a piece of meat to be used and abused. Has he threatened violence or retribution of any kind if you break up with him?”

“No, but I’ve never talked about breaking up with him before. You really think I should?”

“That is ultimately a decision you’ll have to make on your own, but, based off what you’ve told me so far I don’t think it would be a bad move on your part if you did.”

“Thank you, Erica. So, about that fisting? Will you help me out?”

“Not tonight. Give yourself a few days to rest and heal. I’ll schedule you in for Friday at five for a follow-up exam and we can talk about it then if you’re still interested.” Hitting the release latch on the vaginal speculum, she closed and withdrew it – dropping it into a trash can before seeing to the anal speculum. “You take care of yourself and don’t let him pressure you into anything you don’t want to do.”

“Thanks, Erica. I was going to get up and leave so many times, but I’m glad I stuck around.”

“Me too. No go home and rest and no sex of any kind until Friday. Understood?”

“Yes, but my boyfriend isn’t going to be happy about it. He wants to fuck me every day of the week.”

“Well, he’s just going to have to go four days without.”

“What’s this?” Derrick asked, taking the paper from Amelia.

“It’s a limit list.”

“A what?”

“A limit list. The first column are the things I’ll do without needing asked, the middle one are things I’ll do under the described conditions and the last one are things I’ll never do under any circumstances.”

“Pfft,” Derrick said crumpling the paper up and tossing it into the trash can. “You’ll do what I say or you’ll be punished. Do you have the plug in like I told you?”

“No. I took it out when I went to the clinic. Erica...Dr. Wilson told me I had some minor tearing and shouldn’t have sex for a few days.”

“Did I give you permission to remove it?”

“No, but I couldn’t exactly wear it to the doctors.”

“And who told you to go to the clinic? You trying to get me into trouble?”

“What? No. I was hurting after what you did to me and I needed to see a doctor. Why did you throw my list away?”

“Because I have no interest in your stupid list. You’ll do exactly what I say, when I say it or you’ll be punished. I think fifty swats for removing the plug, fifty more for going to the doctors behind my back and another fifty for thinking you can give me orders. One way or another you’ll learn who’s in charge here. Now get out of your clothes and into position.”

“No. I think you should leave now.”

“That’s what you think, huh?”

“Yes. Erica was right, you’re not good for me. Please leave now and don’t come back. We’re through.”

“Because of some silly list?”

“That list is important if we’re going to be in that sort of relationship. And then we need to talk about safewords.”

“Oh, for the love of...did Erica put that nonsense in your head as well?”

“She did. And after reading about it online I am going to have to require we use them.”

“Require?” Derrick said, his face scrunching up in anger. “There you go making demands of me again.”

“Look, if you’re not going to abide by the list, or use safewords – which by the tone of your voice and the look on your face you’re not, then we’re done. Please get out and don’t come back.”

“Not until you’ve been punished,” Derrick said taking a step towards his girlfriend.

“Don’t come near me,” Amelia said holding up her phone with 911 already dialed with her thumb hovering dangerously close to the send button. “Leave now, or I’ll make the call. You’re not a good man, Derrick,” she said holding back the tears “and I pity the next woman to cross your path. Now get out!”

“This isn’t over,” Derrick scowled, slamming his fist against the wall.

“Yes, it is. If you’re looking for someone to be your punching bag, you’re looking in the wrong place. I’ve made up my mind. If I see you anywhere near my house again I’ll call the police. And if I have to I’ll get a restraining order.”

“Bitch, you’re fucking crazy!”

“Says the man who thinks he can do whatever the hell he wants to me without permission.”

“Hey, you’re the one that agreed to be my submissive and that means doing everything I tell you, when I tell you or face the punishment.”

“Within the confines of my limits. And since you are obviously not going to

honor my limits, or even use safewords I have no interest in being with you. I'm done talking about it. Please don't make this any harder than it already is."

Trembling, her thumb still poised over the send button, Amelia stared into her now ex-boyfriend's icy eyes and for the first time since meeting him saw his true self. For a brief moment she thought he was going to pounce, but he only scowled, hit the wall one more time and then stormed out. Locking the door behind him – a moot point considering he had a key, she peeked through the window as he got into his car and drove away.

Erica was closing up for the night when a familiar face appeared in the window two days early. Unlocking the door, she poked her head out. “Amelia?”

“I’m sorry to bother you Sr. Wilson, but I didn’t know where else to go.”

“Come on in.”

“Thank you.”

“Your appointment isn’t for another two days. Did you and your boyfriend get rough again?”

“No. When I went home I did like you said and made a list and looked into safewords. When he came home that night he was pissed I wasn’t wearing the plug and that I came to the clinic. It was clear to me that he had no intentions of following the list so I broke up with him and had all the locks changed on my house.”

“So, what can I help you with? If its sex related it’ll have to wait until Friday when you’ve had a chance to fully recuperate.”

“I know. And that’s fine. The thing is...you said you’ve been submissive for a long time and I was wondering if you knew anywhere I could go, or someone I could speak with to learn more in person. I’ve been reading about it as much as I can, but it’s hard separating what’s true from what isn’t. I’d talk to you about it, but you’re really busy and I don’t want to be a bother.”

“It’s no bother. But as it is, I do know someone you can talk to about it. And she knows a place you can go to experience it firsthand. My daughter Lana has a lot of experience with the lifestyle and I’m sure she’ll be glad to talk to you about it.” Going over to the reception area, she grabbed a piece of paper and wrote down an address. “Here, be at that address tonight at eight and I’ll make sure she’s there and ready to answer any questions you might have.”

“Thank you so much Dr. Wil...Erica. You know, I am feeling much better. Do

you think you can give me another exam with the speculums?”

“You like being stretched open?”

“Not when Derrick did it.”

“Derrick? Was that your boyfriend?”

“Yeah. It hurt like hell when he forced me open, but you were slow and gentle and I appreciated that a lot. He never asked me to tell him when to stop like you did either. So, will you give me another exam to see how the healing goes?”

“Since you asked so nicely, come on back. But if there are still any signs of tearing we’re done until Friday. Understood?”

“Yes.”

Once in the examination room, Erica closed the door and turned to her patient.
“Take off your clothes and get on the table.”

“No gown?”

“No gown. If we’re going to do this, you’re going to be completely naked. And I may grope those big tits of yours this time as well. Do you have a problem with that?”

“No,” Amelia said, pulling her shirt off over her head and letting it drop onto the cold tiled floor. “Do you do this with all your patients?”

“Rule number one if we’re going to do this: no talking about other patients. My god you’ve got amazing tits!” To test Amelia’s resolve, she walked across the room, leaned down and latched onto her right nipple like a nursing baby while gently tweaking the left between index finger and thumb.

“Aahhhh, that...that feels really fucking good,” Amelia moaned. “Can I suck on yours?”

“Absolutely.” Popping open the buttons of her white lab coat, Erica took it off and laid it over the back of a chair before undoing the buttons of her blouse and removing it along with her bra.

Amelia latched onto Erica's right nipple and flicked her tongue over it several times before sucking. Almost immediately her mouth was filled with a warm, sweet liquid which she gulped down before taking a step back and looking at the doctor in wide-eyes fascination. "Oh my god! You...you're..."

"Lactating? Yes. Do you like the taste?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Then feel free to drink more. But after you're naked. You really are a stunningly beautiful woman, Amelia."

"I can say the same thing about you," Amelia replied as she added her jeans to the floor. They were quickly followed by her thong and she once again began sucking the milk from Erica's breasts – alternating back and forth as if to give each side fair attention. "I can't believe how amazing it tastes," she said after about five minutes of drinking. "I can honestly say that's the first breast milk I've ever had. And I love it."

"You weren't breastfed as a baby?"

"Not according to my parents."

"Get up on the table and I'll get the equipment."

Easing the clear lubed speculums into Amelia's pussy and ass, Erica opened them one click at a time until they were once again opened to two-and-a-half and three-and-a-half inches respectively. Using a small flashlight, she looked inside but did not see any visible signs of trauma. Giving the vaginal speculum another click, she hit the release on the anal one and withdrew it – tossing it into the garbage after which she lubed her hands.

"I'm going to fist your ass now, Amelia," she said. "Are you okay with that?"

"Oh god yes! H-How close is my pussy to being able to take a fist?"

"I'd like to open you up at least another half inch, but an inch would be better. Are you feeling any pain or discomfort?"

"No. I mean, I feel really full, but there's no pain."

“Good. If it ever starts to hurt I need you to tell me right away, understood?”

“Yes. You can open it a little more if you want. I’ll tell you when it starts to hurt too much.”

“Are you sure? There’s no need to rush it. We have all night if that’s how long it takes.”

“I’m sure.”

Click. Nothing. Click. More silence. Click. Amelia’s breathing was becoming a little more rapid and her body began to shake. “Are you alright?”

“Mmm hmm. P-Please keep going. I...I’m get...Uuhhnnn!” she moaned as she had her first orgasm. “Holy fuck that was amazing!”

“We’re only getting started sweetie.” Click, click. “We’re at three inches now for your pussy. Are you okay?”

“T-Two more clicks.”

Erica gave the speculum two more clicks – opening Amelia up to three-and-a-quarter inches. Applying more lube to her hands, she scrunched her fingers together into a cone shape and then eased her right hand in up to the wrists. “My right hand is un your ass now. I’m going to pull it out and push the left one in. Then I’m going to alternate between hands while slowly increasing the speed. Feel free to moan and orgasm as much as you want.”

“WOW! I can’t believe how easily it went in! Are you sure your entire hand is up my ass?”

“Up to the wrist. Are you okay with me working my hands in and out now or do you need a few minutes to get used to it?”

“You can fist me, but please start slow.”

“Of course. And when you’re ready to have your pussy opened a little more just reach back between your legs and give the handles of the speculum a squeeze. You’re already over three inches so you don’t have far to go before I can just as easily fist your pussy. In fact, I can probably already get my hand in there. Do

you want me to try? Do you want me to double fist you?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Say it. Tell me what you want me to do.”

“Please double fist me, Dr. Wilson! I want to feel your hands slamming in and out of my pussy and ass. You can lick me as well if you want to.”

“Is that all you want?”

“I want to drink more of your milk and to lick and fist you too if you’ll let me.”

“I think that can be arranged,” Erica said releasing the speculum in Amelia’s pussy and pulling it out – quickly replacing it with her hand. “How does that feel?”

“MARRY ME!” Amelia exclaimed. “Oh my motherfucking god I’ve never felt anything like it in my life!”

“Alas, I am already married, but I’m more than happy to play with you anytime you want,” Erica said sliding her other hand back into Amelia’s ass. “And I’m also pretty sure my husband would gladly fuck you as well if you are into threesomes. And my daughter will just eat you up.”

“Sounds like you’ve got a kinky family.”

“Something like that. I think you’ll really get along with Lana and her friend Amy, but that can wait until later. For now I want to give you as many orgasms as my fists can give you. And then you can return the favor. Deal?”

“OH MY GOD YES!”

“Are you sure about this, mom? I don’t even know this woman.”

“Amelia is a kinky young woman looking to learn more about the lifestyle. She’s had a rough time of it with her now ex-boyfriend and needs guidance.”

“Then why don’t you guide her?”

“Because you’re more her age. Please do this for me Lana. She’s in a very fragile place in her life right now and I’m afraid what’ll happen if she falls in with the wrong crowd. You and Amy go to the clubs and can introduce her to the right way of being in a Dom/sub relationship.”

“Fine, when will she be here?”

“Any minute now. All you have to do is answer any questions she might have and then take her to one of your clubs and show her a good time. Make her understand that not every Dominant out there is in it for their own sadistic pleasure.”

Knock, knock.

“That’ll be Amelia,” Erica said getting up from the couch to answer the door. “Hi Amelia, come on in. This is my daughter Lana, she’s here to answer any questions you might have.”

“Whoa, you’re naked!”

“We are. This is a nudist home, but you are under no obligation to take your clothes off. Can I get you anything to drink?”

“I wouldn’t mind some milk if you’ve got it.”

“Sure thing. Drink as much as you like.”

“Thanks. I honestly can’t get enough of it.” Latching onto Erica’s left nipple, Amelia drank and drank and drank some more. And then she switched to the

right side and drank again, savoring every mouthful as if it would be her last.
“Thank you for that.”

“No, thank you. I was going to go pump while you and Lana talked, but now I won’t have to. I’ll be upstairs if you ladies need anything.

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“Well, you and my mother certainly do get along.”

“Your mother is the best. Not only did she help me out at the clinic, but she got me out of an abusive relationship before it was too late. I can never thank her enough for that.”

“She is a good woman. So, how long have you been drinking her milk? What else have you done with her?”

“I’m not sure I should talk about that. I don’t want to get her in trouble.”

“Trust me, you’re not the first pretty woman to fall for my mother’s charms. So, mom tells me you’re a submissive looking to learn more about the lifestyle.”

“Yeah. I was sort of in the beginning of a Dom/sub relationship with my now ex-boyfriend, but it became readily apparent that he was more interested in a sex slave. Or more likely someone he could use and abuse as he saw fit. I came up with a limit list and told him I wanted to start using safewords and he got angry.”

“Yeah, best to steer clear of those types unless you’re a real masochist.”

“Masochist?”

“Someone that gets off on pain and humiliation. So, you’re submissive?”

“Yes. I love being tied up during sex, being told what to do and being punished for disobedience.”

“That’s a great start. You mentioned a limit list and safewords so that’s good. Most new submissives have no idea what they like and don’t and tend to get in way over their heads.”

“Erica tells me that you’re submissive?”

“I am. I’m somewhat new to it myself, having been in the lifestyle for only about two years. But it was a trip to Tijuana with my best friend Amy that really set me on the path. That’s where I got my piercings and tattoo.”

“Tattoo? I don’t see a tattoo.”

“It’s on my ass.” Standing up, Lana turned around so that Amelia could see the tattoo of a rose entwined around a horseshoe around which was written: PROPERTY OF THE DRUNKEN BURRO on her ass.

“What is the drunken burro?”

“It’s a bar in Tijuana that puts on special shows. Amy and I paid it a visit and were roped into performing. Anyways, do you have any questions about the lifestyle?”

“Where do I find a good Dominant?”

“I can help you there. But you shouldn’t just jump in and go with the first Dominant that pays you some attention. You should get to know and trust whomever you ultimately decide to serve. To that end, I know of a few places you can go to learn a great deal about the lifestyle, have fun performing in scenes and possibly find a dominant if that is what you’re looking for.”

“That’s exactly what I’m looking for. I want to find someone that I can trust to follow my limits, use safewords when we play and generally knows how to be dominant without causing me undo pain and suffering.”

“I can take you to the club tonight as my guest, but if you want to go back after that you’ll need to buy your own membership.”

“How much does that cost?”

“There are a few options. You can pay by the month, year or get a lifetime membership. In terms of price, it’s three-hundred a month, three thousand if paying by the year, or ten-thousand and five pieced of work for a lifetime membership.”

“WOW! Um, what do you mean by pieces of work?”

“You will be tied spread-eagle for all to see while an expert gives you piercings, tattoos or brands in whatever combination he or she wants.”

“OH! I take it not many go for that option?”

“More than you’d think. I pay by the year myself as it saves me about six-hundred bucks.”

“I don’t have that kind of extra money. I don’t even think I can afford to pay for a single month. Maybe I should look elsewhere.”

“There are alternatives to paying, but you might not like them. Do you have a job?”

“Yeah. I’m a vet. But money is pretty tight right now.”

“I understand. Do you have days off that you could work another job?”

“I don’t think I could make it long working two jobs.”

“You don’t have to do it full time. I know another place we can go where you can make some serious cash putting in one or two days a week.”

“What kind of serious cash? And what would I have to do to earn it?”

“We can talk about that later. I think you should go to the club first to see if it’s even something you want to pursue and then we can talk about earning some extra money afterwards.”

“Sounds like a good idea. So, where’s this club at?”

“It’s about an hour drive from here. Do you own any fetish clothes?”

“Not really, no.”

“Hmmm, you’re about my mother’s build. Why don’t we see if she’ll lend you something for the night? And then we can go to my place so I can change and then we can hit the club.”

“Why do I need fetish clothes?”

“Because we’re going to a fetish club and they have a strict dress code. At least for entering the club. Once inside, you’ll most likely find yourself with little or nothing on at all while performing for the various Dominants.”

“What’s the name of this club?”

“Passion’s Retreat. Are you okay with fifty to a hundred people watching you have kinky sex? Come on, let’s go see what my mom has you can wear.”

“Come back for more milk?” Erica asked with a smile at Amelia.

“Sure. I could drink it all day long.”

“Not right now. My mom can bottle some for you to take home later. Amelia needs to borrow something for Pleasure’s Retreat.”

“Help yourself. And whatever you pick out you can have as my gift to you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely. It’s my pleasure helping out a new submissive. And I’ll have a couple bottles of milk for you when you ladies come home. Assuming you make it home, that is.”

“Um, meaning what exactly?”

“Meaning we might be there a while, or may find someone worth going home with,” Lana replied. “There are no clocks at the club so one tends to lose track of time. Especially when there’s so much to partake in.”

“The closet is right through those sliding doors there. Pick out whatever outfit you want and it’s yours. Why don’t you give her a hand, Lana?”

Sliding the left door to the right, Lana motioned for her new friend to enter the massive walk-in closet. A small bedroom when the house was built in 1990, and serving as such until the Wilsons bought the place in 2005, it was quickly converted into the closet it is today. Though the addition of all the fetish clothes and toys was a recent addition.

“HOLY HELL!” Amelia gasped. “Is this a closet or a store?”

“My mother does love her clothes. Why don’t you go ahead and get out of yours and we’ll see what we can find for you to wear? My mother said to give you a hand. Based on the tone I can only assume she meant for me to fist you. Can you take a fist, Amelia?”

“I can thanks to your mother. She stretched me open and fisted me for the first time earlier today. You can fist me if you want to,” Amelia said, tossing her bra out into the bedroom. Quickly removing her jeans and panties, she got onto her hands and knees, back arched with her head close to the floor. “I can take a fist in my pussy and up my ass at the same time.”

“Hmm, I have another idea. Stay put.” Walking to the back of the closet, Lana grabbed two, three-and-a-half inch butt plugs and a bottle of lube from a shelf and then stopped at another shelf on her way back and picked up a pair of purple latex panties. Sitting the panties and one of the plugs on Amelia’s back, she lubed the second one. “I’m going to push a large plug up your ass while another plug and a pair of panties sit on your back. If the plug or panties fall off your back you’ll be punished by ten swats of the cane. If both fall off them it’ll be twenty-five. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes.”

“And do you agree to the terms of the punishment?”

“Yes M-Mistress,” Amelia said getting back onto her hands and knees and holding as still as possible.

“If at any time you want me to slow down, then just say yellow and I’ll take inserting the plugs slower. If you want me to stop say red and it’ll stop immediately. This only applies to putting the plugs in your pussy and ass. You cannot stop the punishment if it comes to that. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Placing the generously lubed tip of the plug against Amelia’s ass, Lana applied a steady pressure, smiling as the toy effortlessly made its way in. “You’re doing great. It’s more than halfway in already. How’s it feeling?”

“It feels really good.” Showing off a little, Amelia took a deep breath and then rocked her hips back, taking the rest of the fat toy in one go. “Aahhh, god that’s so fucking big!”

“Are you okay? Do you want me to take it out?”

“Yes! I mean, no! I’m fine, leave it in.”

“My mother must have done a real number on you earlier. Do you need a minute to get used to it, or are you ready for more?”

“I’m ready for more. Will you fuck me with them?”

“Sure. Once they are both in I’ll fuck you with them for a few minutes and then we can look for some clothes to wear. I like how compliant you are. You’ll be very popular at the club.”

“No sooner was the tip of the plug against Amelia’s pussy then she shoved herself back on it, taking it as easily as the first, her body trembling as it pressed against her g-spot.

“Damn! You took that like a champ. You sure today was your first time taking a fist?”

“I can attest to that,” Erica said from the bedroom. “But I did give her a good stretching so she’s probably still loose from that. Tell her how much I stretched your holes out, Amelia.”

“She got her hand and four fingers up my ass and a fist and three fingers in my

pussy. Your mom said I had the most elastic, easy to stretch holes she had ever seen.”

“Very nice. If that’s the cane then it sounds as if you’re well on your way to taking two fists in the same hole at the same time. Any other fetishes you like or are willing to try?”

“A few. I don’t remember everything I put on the lists. Aahhhh, oh my god yes!” Amelia moaned when the toys were suddenly yanked from her pussy and ass and shoved back in. “AGAIN! Please fuck me harder! HARDER! T-That’s it! Uhn... uhn...HARDER! FASTER! Uhn...I...I’m getting close. PLEASE! Please fuck me harder, Mistress! Mmmmm,” Amelia purred as the orgasm overtook her. Falling flat on the carpeted floor, breathing heavy, she looked back over her shoulder at the panties stuck to her sweaty back and smiled. “Thank you so much for that. I love getting fucked hard, but my ex-boyfriend didn’t know how to do it. That...that was amazing.”

“You’re going to be very popular at the club for sure. Go on and drink some milk and I’ll show you where the bathroom is so you can take a shower. But the plugs remain in until we get to the club. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You don’t have to call me Mistress. I’m not a Dominant.”

“Sorry.”

“No need to apologize. Now, milk and then shower. I’ll be waiting for you in the bathroom. It’s the second door on the right out of the bedroom.”

“Is it okay if I drink more of your milk Dr. Wilson?”

“Absolutely. But the more you drink now, the less I’ll have for you when you get back from the club. I’ll make you a deal if you’re interested.”

“I’m listening.”

“Come by my office every day at a quarter to five and let me and my husband have sex with you and in exchange I’ll give you a full days’ supply of milk. That’s about fifty ounces.”

“Hell yeah I’m in. I’ll see you tomorrow at the office then.” Crawling up on the bed, Amelia kissed her way up Erica’s thighs to her pussy, giving her clit a few more kisses before sucking it into her mouth and gently nibbling on it. Moving up her body, she latched onto Erica’s right nipple, gulping down three mouthfuls before switching to the left and doing the same. “We’ll pick this back up tomorrow,” she said pulling back.

“Can’t wait. Are you on any form of birth control?”

“No.”

“Hmm, probably better if my husband doesn’t fuck you then. He does not wear condoms and will only cum in your pussy. Unless, of course, you want him to knock you up. Speaking of which, the men at the clubs will most likely want to breed you as well. Make sure to tell them to wear a condom otherwise they won’t. You won’t have that luxury with my husband though so if you don’t want him filling you with huge loads of cum you had better tell me now.”

“I could always get on birth control.”

“We can talk about it at the clinic tomorrow. You better get in the bathroom with Lana. I’m almost certain she has something else planned for you before you leave for the club.”

“I sure hope so. I like her. You’ve both been really good to me and I appreciate that more than I can ever express. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Crawling her way back down Erica’s body, she gave her one last kiss on the clit before hopping off the bed and going to the bathroom to see what Lana had in store for her.

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If you’re going to the club you need to be clean inside and out,” Lana said when Amelia finally entered the bathroom. “Have you ever had an enema?”

“No.”

“Well, tonight you’re going to have about half a dozen to endure you’re completely clean. The good thing about having your asshole stretched so far open is that it’ll make taking a shit a whole lot easier. Get on the floor with your ass up and head down and I’ll set up the first enema. The rules of this scene are

simple. I will administer each of the six enemas and you will keep them in for at least fifteen minutes each. If you release it before time runs out you get ten swats of the cane times the number of the enema. So, if you release the first one early you get ten swats, twenty for the second, and thirty for the third and so on. Do you understand and agree?”

“I understand and agree, Mistress. Do I call you Mistress when we’re doing scenes?”

“You may if you want, but it isn’t necessary since I’m not dominant. I’m just showing you the ropes, so to speak. There is one more fetish I can show you since we were already in the bathroom if you want to learn.”

“I’m open to learning new things.”

“Do you know what golden showers are?”

“Um, isn’t that like pee play or something?”

“It is. Interested in giving it a try?”

“I suppose I can give it a try. What do I need to do?”

“Get up on your knees and put your mouth over my pussy. I’ll start peeing and you’ll let it fill your mouth. Feel free to swallow if you think you can keep it down.”

Getting into position, Amelia placed her mouth over Lana’s pussy, sticking her tongue out and licking along her slit. When she felt the first blast of pee fill her mouth she relaxed her gag reflex and gulped it down – continuing to do so with the next and the next after that until every last drop was in her belly. She then licked Lana’s pussy clean.

“Um, that was definitely not your first time.”

“Not even close,” Amelia said sitting back on her heels. “My ex made me drink his every time he had to go and if I spilled a drop I was severely punished. I quickly learned to drink every last drop. It’s actually on my list of fetishes I’ll do without condition.”

“Nice. If you’ve got to pee let me know. I can drink it down just as easily thanks to my time in Tijuana. If you’re ready for your enemas then get back into position.”

“Yes Mistress.”

After filling the enema bag with hot water and hanging it on the shower curtain rod, Lana attached the free end of the hose to a butt plug. Next, she pulled the plug from Amelia’s ass and pushed the enema plug in. “The plug I put up your ass is inflatable. I’m going to pump it up to about the same size as the other plug and then let the water flow. Remember, you must keep the water in for ten minutes after the bag is empty.”

“I understand, Mistress. Oh, that feels weird,” she added as the hot water began filling her bowels for her first enema. And almost as soon as it began, the cramps started. The cramping was followed by an overwhelming urge to use the bathroom and despite the threat of punishment, she yanked the plug from her ass and ran to the toilet – barely making it before everything came pouring out.

“That’s ten swats of the cane. I’m a little disappointed you couldn’t hold it in at least until the bag was empty. You barely took half of it.”

“I’m sorry. I had to go and couldn’t hold back any longer.”

“Well, I hope you can do better next time, or you’re in for a long night of punishment.”

“I’ll try harder.”

“Remember, you can always say the safeword to end the scene if you want to, but you’ll still receive the ten swats you’ve got coming.”

“I’ll give it another go.”

“To make it interesting I’ll increase the size of the plug a little bit with each enema to make it harder to pull out. Do you agree?”

“Yes.”

“Get back into position. I’ll give you ten swats and then we’ll move on to the

next enema, rinse and repeat – pun definitely intended.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah, it’s nothing worse than my ex gave me. Though sixty was a bit much.”

“You took it well. Still want to go to the club?”

“More than ever.”

“Then let’s get dressed.”

Picking out a sheer, black bandage dress and thong for herself and a purple and black, form-fitting latex corset dress and matching panties for her new friend, Lana and Amelia got dressed – finishing off the outfits with thigh-high boots, sleek metal collar and matching metal wrist cuffs.

“I thought collars were only for those with a Dominant?”

“Not necessarily. At the club collars are worn by all submissives so that everyone knows who’s submissive and who isn’t.”

“How’s your ass?” Erica asked Amelia.

“Sore. The panties pressing tight against it isn’t helping, but I’ll survive. You know, I always dreaded when my ex punished me because he did it for no reason at all. This time I wasn’t just told I would be punished, I also agreed to it and knew exactly what I was being punished for. That really makes a difference.”

“Punishment without cause is abuse,” Lana said shaking her head in disgust. “It’s good that you got away from him when you did. Come on, the night isn’t getting any younger.”

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“Um, this is the club?” Amelia asked as Lana pulled into a long, shrub-lined driveway leading towards a beautiful stone mansion designed to look like a castle right out of the Middle Ages. “It looks more like some rich person’s

house.

“It’s both, actually. Trust me, this place caters to every legal fetish known to man. Before we go in, there are a few rules you must abide by or we’ll both be kicked out and possibly banned depending on what happens. First, be respectful at all times. If you are approached by anyone not wearing a collar you will call them Master, Mistress, Sir or Ma’am. Do you understand?”

“Perfectly.”

Second, if anyone, Dominant or submissive alike asks you to do anything that you are not comfortable doing then politely tell them no thanks. Avoid making a scene at all costs. No one will force you to do anything here so be polite and move on and that’ll be the end of it. Understood?”

“Got it.”

Third, and this is the most important rule of them all. The main part of the club is the ball room and the basement, however, there are rooms throughout the mansion clearly marked with fetishes. If a Dominant or submissive asks you to perform something in the main club you may politely decline. However, if you willingly enter one of the fetish rooms you are required to complete that fetish before leaving no matter what it is. If you leave before finishing it both of us will be severely punished and banned for life. Do you understand?”

“I thought you said no one would force me to do anything I don’t want to do?”

“And they won’t. By entering one of the fetish rooms you are letting everyone know that you are going in and participating of your own free will. No one will make you go into one of the rooms so if you do, it’s on your shoulders. And since you’re my guest tonight, it’s also on mine. So please, for the love of everything kinky do not enter one of those rooms unless you are damn sure you want to do whatever’s inside.”

“Understood.

“And remember, make the men wear a condom, or they will attempt to breed you. Personally, I think you would look incredibly sexy with a pregnant belly, but that’s just my opinion. And with milk-filled tits my mom could drink yours in exchange for you drinking hers.”

“You know, that does sound appealing, but I’m not entirely certain I’m ready for kids just yet.”

“Your decision. Ready to go have some fun?”

“Absolutely.”

Greeted at the door by a handsome, well-dressed man, Lana showed him her membership ID. “This is Amelia. She’ll be my guest tonight, Sir.”

“Make sure to register her before entering the club.”

“Of course, Sir. Come with me Amelia. Once you’re registered we can go in and have some fun.”

“Registered?”

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing nefarious. They’ll just get your information, take your picture and then give you a guest tag to put on your collar.”

“Okay.”

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After going through a fifteen minute registration process where the woman took all of her information and went over the rules, Amelia hooked the gold guest tag on to the d-ring of her collar and then followed Lana through the house. “Up those stairs are the fetish rooms I told you about,” Lana explained. “Do you want to check them out first?”

“Sure.”

Leading the way, Lana took her guest up the wide staircase and down a hallway to the left – stopping in front of the first door they came to which had a sign hanging on it reading: FISTING in large letters. Below that was written: All participants must take a fist in their pussy and asshole before leaving. “As you can see by the sign, this room is all about fisting. Not a problem for you, I know.”

The next door read: GOLDEN SHOWERS. All participants must allow five

people to piss on them. Drinking not required. Turning to the opposite side of the hallway, Lana showed Amelia a door whose sign read: NEEDLE PLAY. All participants must endure thirty minutes of needle play with double nipple piercings required upon completion.

“Double nipple piercings?”

“They will place two piercings in each nipple. One horizontal and one vertical. It can either be two barbells or a barbell and a ring.”

Staring at the door, Amelia felt her pussy tingling at the thought of having some random stranger pierce her nipples. Glancing at Lana, she bit her nervously chewed her lip for a few seconds and then reached out to open the door.

“Whoa, hold on a minute,” Lana said grabbing Amelia by the wrist. “If you go in there they are going to use needles on you for half an hour before piercing you. Are you sure that’s something you’re ready for?”

“It’s on my conditional limit list. I’ll do it if given no other choice. If I enter the room I have no choice but to complete it or be banned, right?”

“Correct, but this is an extreme first kink to jump into.”

“I understand. I want to do it, please let go of my arm.”

“I’ll wait out here for you.”

“Thanks.”

“And you’re absolutely certain you want to do needle play? From what I hear it can be incredibly painful. Not to mention you’ll have your nipples actually double pierced.”

“I’m sure. You brought me here to see what this lifestyle is all about, right? Well, I’m ready to learn all I can.”

Suit yourself, but don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Taking a deep breath, Amelia turned the knob, opened the door and stepped into the room where she saw two thin chains hanging from the ceiling, a mirrored back wall, and a cabinet to the right. Closing the door behind her, she stepped further in and was greeted by a petite brunette wearing a cupless corset and short latex skirt that barely covered her ass.

“A new face,” the Woman smiled. “I’m Mistress Selina and I’ll be your piercer this evening. What’s your name?”

“A-Amelia, Mistress” Amelia answered, suddenly feeling very foolish for having entered the room.

“That’s a very pretty name. Have you ever done needle play before, Amelia?”

“No, Mistress. This is my first time. First time at this club as well. My friend was showing me around and I thought I wanted to do this.”

“And now?”

“Now, I’m not so sure. But I know the rules and I’m not leaving until it’s done, Mistress.”

“It makes me happy that you’re so willing to obey the rules. Please stand under the chains facing the mirrored wall and strip out of your clothes.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Since we only have half an hour, I’m going to work quickly placing needles all over your body. I will avoid placing them above the neckline, below the knees and directly through the nipples as I’ll be piercing those at the end. Your nipples, that is.” Mistress Simone said, grabbing a box of sterile hypodermic needles and a box of nitrile gloves from the cabinet and placing them on a metal cart. “Do you have any blood-related diseases?”

“No Mistress.”

“Do you have an aversion to needles?”

“Not really, no, Mistress. I don’t think I would be here if I did.”

“You are an incredibly beautiful woman, Amelia. Big tits, flat belly, nice round hips and ass. I think I could play with you all night long.”

“I would like that, Mistress, but we only have half an hour.”

Lifting Amelia’s right arm over her head, Mistress Simone secured it in place by hooking the chain to her wrist cuff. When the left arm was also in place, she put metal cuffs around her ankles and hooked them to the floor – keeping her spread eagle and unable to move. After putting on a pair of the puncture-resistant gloves, she opened the box of needles and showed it to Amelia.

“This is what I’m going to use during our session together, but first I need to give you a quick washing with antibacterial soap. The plugs will have to come out until the scene is over.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Reaching down, Mistress Simone tugged the plug from Amelia’s pussy and stared at it wide-eyed. “My god! You do like it big, don’t you?”

“Yes Mistress. The one in my ass is the same size.”

“Have you been to the fisting room yet?”

“No Mistress. My friend and I only got here a few minutes before I entered this room, but I did see it across the hall.”

Going back to the cabinet, Mistress Simone picked up a much longer and flatter box, a luffa and some liquid antibacterial soap and carried it all over to the cart. On the opposite side of the room, she grabbed a hose and tested the water to make sure it wasn’t ice cold. Making sure everything was out of the way, she sprayed Amelia down and then proceeded to wash and rinse her three times to make sure she was as clean as possible before the scene was to begin.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Opening the longer box, Mistress Simone put on a new pair of gloves, picked up an extremely long needle and held it up for Amelia to see. Placing the beveled tip against Amelia’s left breast, and applying pressure to the capped end she slowly pushed it into her breast until it came out the other side.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh my fucking god that hurts!” Amelia wailed as the needle presses agonizingly slowly through the tender tissue of her breast. But the torture did not stop. Another needle was pushed through in the opposite direction – a third from the top down, and a fourth from the left side to the right – forming a sort of compass rose in her breast.

Moving to the box of smaller needles, Mistress Simone proceeded to pinch a small section of skin on Amelia’s belly and push it through. Then another, and another after that – continuing the pattern through all of Amelia’s grunts and groans until the star design was complete. After that, she placed more of the long, thin needles through her right breast before moving to the back where, putting nearly a decade of experience to use, she placed the needles in such a way as to form a butterfly.

Growing somewhat accustomed now to the pain of being repeatedly pierced, Amelia hung her head and panted as Mistress Simone created a corset piercing down the front of each thigh and then three smaller stars inside of the larger one on her belly. As time ran out, she watched as Mistress Simone placed one end of a barbell in the hollow end of a much thicker needle and then push it horizontally through her right nipple. The left was done next followed by a longer vertical barbell through each.

Amelia’s body shook. Her head whipped back and her mouth opened wide, but nothing came out. But something did shoot out of her pussy and for a moment, Mistress Simone thought her bottom was peeing until she realized she was actually having an orgasm. Her body going limp, Amelia hung there panting and trembling as tiny aftershocks rocketed through her like jolts of electricity – each causing her to squirt a little more.

“Well done, Amelia. Well done indeed. Not many women orgasm like that from needle play. May I give you a special gift?”

“W-What sort of gift, M-Mistress?”

“Just a little mark on your hip to remind you of our time together. You are under no obligation and may say no without consequence.”

“You can do it, Mistress,” Amelia said – the euphoria of the moment still clouding her judgement.

Going back to the cabinet, Mistress Simone quickly grabbed the necessary equipment and placed it all on the cart. Dipping the needle into the tiny paper cup of ink, she got to work on the tattoo. And, thirty-five minutes later it was done. Looking down, Amelia saw a hypodermic needle going through her skin with the words NEEDLE NYMPHO written above and below. What made the whole thing amazing was how realistic it looked. Had she not watched it being done she would have sworn it was an actual needle sticking through her hip.

“You truly are a remarkable woman, Amelia,” Mistress Simone said cleaning up the mess. “Thank you for allowing me to give you that tattoo.”

“No, thank you, Mistress,” Amelia purred. “I’ve never felt so alive in my life. And thanks to you I can honestly say this will definitely not be my last time with needle play.”

Once she was washed and wiped off with betadine and iodine wipes, Amelia was released from her bonds and allowed to dress. Opening the door, she stepped out into the hall to see a very worried Lana leaning against the opposite wall.

“What in the hell happened in there? You were supposed to be out almost an hour ago!”

“Sorry. Mistress Simone used a bunch of needles on me – she pushed them through my breasts, Lana. THROUGH MY BREASTS! Afterwards she asked to give me a mark and I agreed.” Lifting the hem of her dress, Amelia showed Lana her new tattoo.

“HOLY SHIT! From the way you were screaming in there I thought she was murdering you. Are you alright?”

“More than alright. Oh my god, Lana I had such intense orgasms my head is still spinning. Did you wait out here for me the entire time?”

“I did.”

“I’m sorry it took so long. The time didn’t start until the first needle went in and then it took a while for her to do the tattoo and wash me. Is there somewhere I can sit down for a minute?”

“Yeah. Why don’t we go to the club proper and you can rest while I have some fun?”

“Sounds like a good idea. I could also use something to drink.”

“We can get that in the club proper as well. Follow me.”

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Amelia followed Lana back down the hall, down the stairs and through the house to a set of large double doors. Opening one, Lane led her kinky new friend from the relatively normal mansion and into the heart of Passion’s Retreat. Chandeliers were replaced with multi-colored neon lights, expensive couches and chairs for bdsm furniture. To the left were several tables and small bar and to the right a DJ station where a busty raven-haired beauty spun out a hypnotic beat. At best guess, Amelia figured there were about thirty or forty people in the massive ballroom turned club as she was led to one of the empty tables.

“You can rest here for a while and when you are ready feel free to join the fun. At the back of the room is a door leading down to the basement and the rest of the club. I’ll probably be down there. We’ll meet outside at three.”

“Um, how will I know what time it is? There are no clocks and I don’t have a watch.”

“Actually, you do. Press the little button on the right cuff.”

Pressing the tiny button, a small section of the cuff flipped open revealing a digital watch within. “Cool. I guess I’ll see you in a few hours.”

“Have fun.”

“You too.” Leaning back in the chair, Amelia raised the hem of her dress up over the fresh tattoo and popped her breasts out of the corset top to relieve the mild pain in her newly pierced nipples. And it did not take long before she noticed both men and women glancing in her direction. Tugging her panties down, she

pushed the plugs out and sat them on the table – giving her holes a much needed break. Closing her eyes, she drowned herself in the moans, groans and conversations going on around her and could have drifted off to sleep if not for those same sounds.

After a good fifteen minutes, Amelia inhaled deeply and let it out slow. Shoving the fat plugs back into her pussy and ass, and putting her panties on, she stood up and walked deeper into the club – passed half-naked men and women engaged in everything from spanking good old fashioned anal sex. Although she saw plenty to do, she metaphorically heard the fetish rooms calling her name and so, after circling around the club one more time, she left the ballroom and walked back through the house and up the stairs.

Passing by the fisting and golden showers door, she traced the letters of the needle play sign before continuing down the hall. Bondage. Gang bang. Pain. Discipline. Every room a different fetish that Amelia considered. Remember, she heard Lana's voice in her mind if you go into one of the fetish rooms you must complete it before being allowed to leave. Stopping in front of a door marked BREEDING she smiled. Make them wear condoms or they will breed you. "I can't make them wear condoms if I have no choice," she said reaching for the knob.