

Heart's Desire

An Erotic Tale from the Hellfire Club

Amber entered the Hellfire club with one goal in mind - to have all of her kinkiest fantasies come true.

Crimson Rose

Heart's Desire

An Erotic Tale from the Hellfire Club

Amber entered the Hellfire club with one goal in mind - to have all of her kinkiest fantasies come true.

Crimson Rose

Heart's Desire

An Erotic Tale from the Hellfire Club

By: Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Heart's Desire

By Crimson Rose

This story is Copyright© 2014 by Crimson Rose. All rights reserved.

Heart's Desire 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 sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

Crimson



Erotica

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 your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

Chapter One

Friends with Benefits

~ ~ ~

Amber hated and feared driving at night. Her hatred came from the headlights blaring into her eyes from the cars racing in the opposite direction. She feared in that brief moment of temporary blindness she would crash and burn. Although she could see perfectly well during the daytime, her night vision left a lot to be desired. She couldn't make out road signs worth a damn and got lost more times than she cared to remember. So when she got the call shortly after midnight from her best friend Emily to come pick her up at the bar she almost told her to walk home. She thanked god when she was finally safely parked in the lot of the club.

Emily stumbled out of the club tripping over her own feet. She was giggling to herself and smiling happily drunk. Amber watched from a distance as her friend stumbled about like a drunken idiot. She watched as another woman – a tall blonde with large breasts, wide hips, and ruby red lips wearing a dress three sizes too small, stepped behind Emily and grab her by the waist to steady her.

Amber slammed her car door and stomped in the direction of her drunk friend. She couldn't remember how many times she tried to get Emily to lay off the alcohol, but it seemed to be getting worse as of late. She wasn't against drinking, far from it. She just believed in moderation – a term foreign to her raven-haired friend.

"For god's sake Emily," Amber said in her angry mother tone "don't you have any willpower?"

"Oohhh," the blonde woman purred. "Look, babe, I think she likes you. You gonna join our party, sexy?" she said giving Amber a wink.

"No offense," Amber said "but I don't know who you are. I'm here to take my friend home."

"Ah...ok," the blonde smiled. "I'm going home with her. We're going to have sex you know. Wanna join us?"

"I'll pass," Amber said. She was trying her best not to blow her top, but it was getting increasingly harder to do. She hated seeing her friend like this and to have some strange woman hitting on her pissed her off to no end. She wasn't against same-sex relationships, but such things were not her cup of tea. She didn't know her best friend swung that way either and it upset her for no good reason.

"I'm going to...hic...fuck her brains out," Emily said leaning a little too far forward as she whispered loudly to Amber. "You're so fucking sexy, babe," she said running a finger up Amber's arm. "Wanna...threesome?" She staggered back into the blonde's arms and started giggling hysterically.

"Come on," Amber said shaking her head in disgust "let's get you home." She wrapped her arm around Emily's shoulders and steadied her. As she walked slowly to her car she realized the blonde woman was following them. "I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are. You'll have to find your own way home."

"I'm Heather," the blonde said thrusting her hand out towards Amber to shake. "We... we're lovers," she said with a playful slap to Emily's ass.

"Never heard of you," Amber said in irritation. She slapped Emily's roving hand that was attempting to squeeze her right breast. "I'm taking my friend home now." She helped Emily into the passenger seat and put the seatbelt on her before walking around the car and getting in the driver seat. As she drove off she could see Heather standing there looking surprised and hurt.

Emily was horny and drunk and in desperate need of sex. Sitting next to her was a sexy woman wearing a skirt and blouse and high heels – her long red hair pulled back in a ponytail. She reached up and touched one of the light freckles on Amber's cheek. She loved her friend's freckles. Her sexy freckles. Her hand was pushed away but that didn't deter her.

"I love you," Emily said with her hand gripping Amber's right knee. "Do you love me?"

"Of course I do," Amber said. "Why else would I get out of bed and come pick you up every time you get drunk?"

"I'm sorry," Emily said sadly. "I love you." Her hand snaked its way up Amber's toned leg to the hem of her skirt.

"Stop it," Amber yelled and slapped her friend's hand. "This is the last time dammit! Next time you feel like getting drunk leave me the hell out of it!"

Emily's roving hands would not be deterred. She reached up and gently squeezed Amber's breast. Amber freaked out. The Car swerved. There was a thunderous boom as the car nosedived into a deep ditch. The airbags deployed, preventing both Amber and Emily from suffering any damage other than a red face from the force of impact.

"Fucking son of a bitch!" Amber yelled at the top of her lungs. "What in the hell's wrong with you?"

"Titties," Emily cooed and then passed out.

Amber looked for her phone to call the police and a tow truck, but soon realized she left home without it. She rooted through Emily's purse for her phone and found it near the bottom under a vibrator and a dildo. She wiped it off as best she could and made the phone call to the police. After an hour of explanations and field sobriety tests, Amber's car was towed and she and Emily were dropped off at home.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Amber refused help from the tow truck driver as she nearly dragged Emily into the house. She could see the filthy man staring at her ass as she slammed the door shut and locked it. "I want you," Emily slurred. "You're pretty." She cupped Amber's face in her hand.

"And you're drunk," Amber answered. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Do to," Emily said moving in to give her friend a kiss. Amber stepped back and caught Emily before she fell face-first to the floor. "Come on, gimme just one kiss. I know you want to." She grabbed Amber's ass and pulled her close, puckering up and making kissing noises. "I want you so bad, Amber."

"I'm not a fucking dyke!" Amber yelled and pulled away. "Now stop acting like an idiot and let me help you to the couch."

Emily passed out again before her head hit the small throw pillow and Amber was thankful. She stomped up the stair to the bedroom and slammed the door. She stripped out of her skirt and blouse and climbed back into bed. It took more than an hour, but she finally drifted off to sleep.

Amber woke to the feeling of an arm draped over her side and her breast being groped. She looked down at the long, thin fingers gently massaging her breast. She felt the body pressed firmly against her back and she jumped out of bed, her bra pushed up to expose her breasts. She stared at the bed and her friend Emily that was laying there smiling.

"Come back to bed, lover," Emily purred. "I want to make love to you properly this morning,"

"What are you talking about?" Amber yelled. "We're not lovers. Fucking hell, are you still drunk?"

"I'm not drunk, you're drunk," Emily giggled. "Last night was amazing. It was the best sex of my life. Don't tell me you regret it now."

"You must have been dreaming," Amber said. "We never made love." A cool breeze blew through the open window and Amber realized for the first time that she was not wearing panties. "Where are my panties? I had them on when I went to bed. Did you take them off of me?"

"No," Emily answered. "You took them off yourself. You also begged me to fuck you with my dildo."

"I did no such thing! What in the fuck did you do to me? Get out of my bed right now, damn it!"

"You were yelling for me to fuck you," Emily said. "I heard it all the way down stairs. You woke me up with all the moaning and screaming you were doing. I came up to see you rubbing yourself while saying my name."

"I think you've lost your damn mind," Amber said angrily. "I did no such thing!"

"You did. I licked your pussy and fucked you with my dildo while you moaned and begged me to fuck you harder." She could see the confused look on her friend's face and wondered if she really didn't remember it. "Do you honestly not remember any of it?"

"NO! Because it never happened!" But there was a small part of her brain that was telling her it was the truth. She used to sleepwalk when she was a kid and when she woke would never remember anything she did the night before. She wondered if it was possible she was so stressed out that it happened again.

"You had three orgasms," Emily smiled. She reached a hand out to feel the bed where Amber was laying moments ago. "The bed is still damp from it. Come feel if you don't believe me." The whole bed was damn, really. It got hot in the middle of the night and they both sweated.

Amber leaned over and felt the sheets. They were damp and smelled heavily of sex. She smelled of sex. "Did I...um...do you too?" she asked, her voice shaky.

"No," Emily replied. "I licked you and fucked you with the dildo like you begged me to and then you curled up and fell asleep. I got in bed with you and fell asleep too."

"I think I was sleepwalking," Amber explained. "Remember when I did that as a kid?"

"Yeah, but I thought you outgrew it? Besides, you weren't up walking around."

"I don't have to be," Amber went on. "You've seen the recordings my parents made when I didn't believe them. How many times did we watch as I made something to eat and sat down in front of the TV to watch some late night horror movie only to wake the next day with no recollection of it? I've made phone calls, had conversations, done all sorts of things no sleeping person should be able to and could never recall any of it. Hell, without my parents recording it I still wouldn't believe it was possible."

"Well that sucks," Emily sighed. "I finally get a chance to make love to you and you don't fucking remember it. Damn, now I feel like some kind of predator."

"It's not your fault," Amber said. "If I was begging for it like you said, you had no way of knowing I was sleepwalking. I don't blame you."

"Want to do it while you're awake?"

"You know I'm not into women."

"Then why did you beg me for it last night?"

"I wasn't awake. I don't know what I was doing."

"Some small part of you must have wanted it though," Emily reasoned. "Why else would you scream out for it?"

"I don't know. The mind does funny things."

"That's not really an answer. Come on, you did it last night so what harm is there in trying it today? If you don't like it I will never mention it again. All I want to do is make love to you."

"When did you turn bisexual? You never told me before."

"Because I thought you would freak out. Heather and I have been lovers for two years now. Like you, I wasn't into women until I tried it with Heather. Her tongue was very convincing. Also, you haven't been with anyone in months. You've got to have all kinds of pent up sexual frustration."

"I do," Amber replied "but that's beside the point."

"No, that's exactly the point. I'm offering you the time of your life. All you have to do is trust me. I promise I won't disappoint you."

"But I don't remember doing it last night."

"Your wet pussy and the damp sheets don't lie," Emily replied. "Come back to bed and let me make love to you. If you don't like it at any point, I'll stop and we'll never talk about it again. Deal?"

Amber stood there staring at her naked friend, weighing the pros and cons of the options laid out before her. In the pros column went her long friendship with Emily and the fact they already made love once. She also put Emily's good looks in there despite how shallow it made her feel. In the cons column were some pretty big negatives. The first of which was she didn't remember making love to

her best friend. The second was her fear that she would hate it and lose her best friend over it. A wet pussy and damp sheets don't lie, she added to the pros.

"Alright, it's a deal. But if I tell you to stop then I expect you to stop."

"You have my word," Emily smiled.

Amber crawled back into bed and into her best friend's arms. Emily moved in slowly, kissing Amber gently on her full lips. Amber panicked and pulled away.

"Stop," she screeched.

"Oh, come on," Emily sighed. "You didn't even give it a chance."

"Sorry. I panicked. I'm ok now. You can kiss me again."

"Are you sure? You're not going to yell stop the second I do, are you?"

"No. It's ok, really. It felt nice, I just panicked is all. I've never kissed another woman before. I promise I won't tell you to stop unless I really mean it."

"I want you to prove you are committed to this," Emily said.

"And how do you want me to do that?"

"I want you to kiss your way down my body and lick my pussy. If you can lick my pussy for five minutes without running away in terror I'll believe you really want to do this. But to be honest, I don't really thing you do."

"I want to do this," Amber said weakly. "I'm just afraid."

"Well prove to me that your heart is in it by doing as I asked," Emily said laying back against the headboard, her legs parted slightly.

Amber gave her friend a long look. The seriousness in her eyes told her all she needed to know. It was now or never. She either did as Emily asked, or walk away a liar. Amber Rayne was anything but a liar. She leaned in and initiated the next kiss. And the next as she slowly made her way down Emily's body. She cupped Emily's breasts in her hands and squeezed them gently, tweaking the nipples between finger and thumb. She looked Emily in the eyes – eyes that now

sparkled with lust-filled hope, as she took a nipple into her mouth and sucked it.

Amber sucked Emily's nipple long and hard. Something filled her mouth and she instinctively swallowed. She sucked again. Again she got a mouthful of sweet nectar. "Are you lactating?" she asked with raised brow.

"I am. Do you like the taste of it? I love it."

"But how are you producing breast milk? You've never been pregnant."

"You don't have to be pregnant to produce breast milk," Emily explained. "Keep on sucking my nipples if you like the taste. It feels really good when someone drinks straight from the source."

Amber latched onto the other nipple and gave it several sucks before she was rewarded with the savory liquid. She swallowed it down as fast as it squirted in her mouth, alternating between breasts until she had her fill. Licking her lips, she kissed each erect nipple and then moved ever so slowly down Emily's body.

Amber stopped again when she reached Emily's shaven mound. It was a very neat mount, Amber found herself thinking. The outer labia were full and puffy, the inner barely visible. She smelled sweet, like a fine wine; and earthy, like a forest after a hard rain. There was a hint of rose and jasmine in there too from her soap and perfume. Amber looked up into her friend's eyes. She saw the hope, the longing, and the love of years of friendship.

It was enough to make her want to cry, but she couldn't cry. Not now. She took a deep breath and kissed Emily's neat little slit. She licked the dampness off her lips, savoring it. She kissed Emily's pussy again, this time staying longer, her tongue sliding along the folds.

"Mmmm," Emily moaned. "That feels really good. Keep doing that babe." She was rewarded with another lick and a tongue pressing deeper, the folds of her womanhood parting like a flower in bloom.

"You taste really good," Amber said. "Do you believe I want to do this now?"

"Has it been five minutes already?"

"No, but maybe I want you to lick me while I lick you. It's only fair."

"Do you really want that?"

"Maybe."

"No maybes. I want a straight answer out of you or we stop this right now. Do you want me to lick your pussy? Yes, or no?"

"Mmm hmm, I mean, yes," Amber replied. "I really do want you to lick my pussy. Please do it before I change my mind."

"Alright. Get on top of me in a '69' position and we'll lick each other. Feel free to use your fingers too. Do you want me to finger you too?"

"Hell yes I want you to finger me. I want you to ram them in me hard and fast until I'm squirting all over the place."

"Then climb aboard," Emily smiled. "You're in for a hell of a ride."

Chapter Two

Talk about fantasies

~ ~ ~

"That was...WOW!" Amber exclaimed. "I mean...just fucking WOW!"

"I'll admit I didn't really think you were going to do it," Emily replied "but when you started licking my pussy I never wanted you to stop. So, tell me what you think about sex with another woman now."

"I'm sorry I ever doubted you," Amber said kissing the tip of Emily's nose. "I was a bit grossed out at first to be honest, but once I tasted your breast milk and licked your pussy I knew it wasn't so bad. Speaking of which, how in the hell are you lactating?"

"I induced it about a year ago."

"Uh huh," Amber said with skepticism. "And how exactly did you do that?"

"Lots of pumping, breast massages, and people sucking my nipples," Emily explained. "Why? Are you interested in doing it?"

"Not really. Where on earth would you get the idea to do something like that? Nevermind, let me guess. The internet?"

"Nope. I learned about it at a club I go to. It's where I met Heather actually."

"Oh? What club is this?"

"The Hellfire Club."

"Never heard of it."

"I'd be surprised if you had. It's not around here and caters to a, shall we say...darker side of sex."

"I see."

"No, hun, you probably don't," Emile said. "It's a fetish club unlike anything I've ever experienced. It's a place where you can be yourself without worry of prejudice."

"When you say fetish..." Amber started to say.

"I mean in a very much sexual way," Emily replied. "As in learning to induce lactation amongst other things."

"Such as?"

"Think of a fetish. Are you thinking of one?"

"Yes."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Gang bangs," Amber said biting her lower lip nervously.

"Happens all the time at the Hellfire club. Think of something else. The kinkiest thing you can think of and they do it there. It's very liberating having a place to go where no one will judge you for what you do. I've been going there nearly three years now and I'll never stop going until I die, or the place burns to the ground."

"So, why haven't you ever told me about this place before?"

"You were so closed minded you thought sex with another woman was a gross and horrible thing to do, I shudder to think how you would have reacted if I told you about the club before we had sex."

"Well, maybe I'm kinkier than you think," Amber bit back, her feelings a little hurt.

"Are you? No offence, but I think I know you well enough to know that's not the case."

"Maybe I don't tell you everything about my sex life either."

"Ok, then tell me one kinky thing you've done other than sex with me."

"I did a gang bang once," Amber blurted out.

"You did not."

"Did too. It was in college. I went to a frat party with a friend from one of my classes and we ended up getting fucked by most of the guys there."

"How do I know if you're telling the truth or not? You could be lying."

"You remember Brianne? The girl I hung out with when I wasn't hanging out with you?"

"The skinny redhead with the huge breasts?"

"That's her. I still talk to her. I'll let you call and ask her. She won't lie about it. Hell, she does gang bangs all the damn time and asks me to join her."

"And have you?"

"Only once since college. She does far too many men for my liking."

"Ok, say I believe you, how many men did you do at these gang bangs?"

"Ten or so in college and we shared about twenty at the one gang bang I did after college. Call her, if you don't believe me. I'll get her number."

"That's ok. I believe you. I've done a few gang bangs in my time. Not as many as twenty men, but close enough. You can do them at the Hellfire Club all day long if you want. Would you like that?"

"Not really. I mean, not all day long. You kind of get sore and tired after a few hours and just want to stop. So what's the kinkiest thing you've seen at this club?"

"I once saw a woman punished for disobeying her Mistress. She was flogged, paddled, and caned for over an hour. Her entire body was red and covered in welts from it."

"FUCKING HELL!" Amber groaned just from the sound of it. "Have you done anything like that?"

"Hell no! I cry like a baby when I get stung by a bee. I'm sure as hell not going to let someone tie me up and torture me like that. So tell me, if you could make three sexual fantasies come true what would they be?"

"Hmm," Amber said in thought. "Tough choice. I have a lot of unfulfilled fantasies. I guess one would be to see what it felt like to be fisted."

"Pussy or ass?"

"Both. At the same time," Amber said to her friend's shock. "I also want to have sex in public."

"Well, it doesn't get much more public than a club full of people," Emily said. "And your third fantasy?"

"I want to be gang banged by a group of black men. I've never done a black man before."

"You can do all of those things at the Hellfire club," Emily said. "The question is, are you interested in making your fantasies come true, to accomplishing your heart's desires? Or are you just telling me what you think I want to hear?"

"They are my real fantasies," Amber replied. "I may not be as open-mouthed about my sexual exploits as you are, but I do have them from time to time. I'm not a freaking nun you know."

"Well then, why not make those fantasies come true?"

"I don't know. It is one thing to have fantasies, but to actually do them is another story altogether. I'm not sure I could do them in public."

"Um, isn't one of your fantasies to have sex in public?"

"And that's why it's a fantasy. I love to imagine it, but when it comes right down to it I don't think I could ever do any of them. Other than maybe the gang bang with black guys."

"How about a compromise then? You come with me to the club and see what it's all about. There's absolutely no pressure for you to do anything but walk around and watch. In fact, there are rules in place that everyone must follow."

"Rules? What kind of rules?"

"For starters, no means no. If someone asks you to do something and you say no, then that's the end of it. Same if you ask someone to do something. Politeness and respect are mandatory. If, for instance, someone said they wanted to tie you up and spank you like a redheaded step-child, and that offended you, you simply say 'No thanks' and walk away. There is no need to ever make a scene unless someone is trying to force you to do something and that rarely, if ever, happens. I guess the point I'm trying to make is, just because you're not into something doesn't mean everyone else is as well."

"Has anyone ever tried to force you to do anything you didn't want to?" Amber asked.

"No, but I have seen it happen. It's usually men new to the club that either don't understand the rules, or think such rules are beneath them. When it happens the bouncers deal with them and they are banned for life."

"I see. Any other rules to this club of yours?"

"It's not my club," Emily replied "I just go there. And yes, there are a couple more. The most important is the use of safe words. Are you familiar with what safe words are?"

"Isn't that something you do during bondage or something?"

"Mostly, yes. But they should be used during any scene you do. At the club they use the traffic light system of safe words. Green means everything is great and the scene can continue. Yellow means you need things to slow down. And red means stop immediately. Safe words are the most important thing to remember as it will often be the only way someone knows what you really want from the scene. And finally, there is a bit of a dress code. It's nothing outrageous like

dressing up in costume, although they do have events where that takes place. A nice dress, or skirt and blouse will do fine. Pants are ok if they are dress pants. Jeans, shorts, t-shirts, and things like that are not allowed."

"I'm allowed to wear bra and panties though, right?"

"If you want to. So, want to give it a go?"

"And I don't have to do anything at all sexual?"

"Not if you don't want to. Just remember, be polite. Don't lose your head and make a scene or they will escort you out. And don't be afraid to talk to people. Ask them for sex if that's what you want. Trust me, there's more men there than even you can handle; women too."

"Alright, I'll give the place a shot, but I can't promise I'll do anything sexual."

"You surprise me, Amber Rayne," Emily said giving her friend and new lover a quick peck on the lips. "There is one more thing you need to know about the club. It is a strip club and they have half a dozen stages. The rule is, if you get up on stage for any reason, you do a strip dance to five songs. You have to be down to bra and panties after the second song, naked after the third. If you are not naked by the end of the third song you'll get a few swats on the ass as a reminder to get the clothes off."

"Well, I guess it's best to stay off stage then."

"Your choice. I've danced on them a few times. It's purely voluntary and all money you make you keep. It's like getting paid under the table."

"Really? And how much have you made dancing?"

"It varies. I've done it five or six times now and I never made less than a couple hundred for the five song routine. If you're wildly popular, or can get an act together doing kinky stuff you can make a shitload more."

"So, what are your fantasies?" Amber asked. "I've told you mine so it's only fair you tell me yours."

"You've already made one come true," Emily smiled and kissed Amber's full lips

again. "I've been fantasizing about having sex with you for years and to be honest I thought it was the one thing I'd never see realized."

"Want to do it again?" Amber purred as she rolled on top of her new lover. She didn't wait for an answer. She leaned in and latched onto Emily's nipple - suckling at the milk-filled breast like a newborn baby.

Chapter Three

Driving to the Hellfire Club

~ ~ ~

Amber walked around the house practically nude but for the pink hip hugger panties and three inch heels she wore. She eyed the three dresses hanging down the mirrored closet door, still unsure which one to wear. There was the halter style open front mini black dress with barely enough material to cover her ass; a strapless hunter green dress with sheer sides; and a navy blue, open front dress that did very little to contain her breasts.

"Emily!" she yelled to her friend that was still in the shower."

"WHAT!" Emily yelled back.

"Black, green, or blue?" Amber yelled.

"For what?"

"My dress."

"Wear the green one!" Emily hollered from the bathroom.

"Good choice," Amber said at a more normal level. It was her favorite dress, but she wasn't sure if it was sexy enough for a place like the Hellfire club. She was tempted to grab the blue one, but went with the green instead. No sense in showing off all the goods, she thought as she slipped into the form-fitting garment.

"Damn!" Emily exclaimed from the bedroom door way. "That dress id fucking

hot on you. Makes me kind of want to rip it off and fuck you silly."

"Again?" Amber said looking back over her shoulder. "Wasn't three time enough for one day?"

"Hell no, and you know it. I see the look in your eye, the way you're looking at my milk-filled breasts. You can suck them again if you want. I know how much you like it," she said squeezing her nipples. Milk shot out but didn't quite make it the distance between them."

"You're right," Amber smiled "I do like drinking your breast milk. We can add that to my growing list of kinks, but aren't we going to be late for the club?"

"Late? It's not like they ever close. We have all night to fuck like lust-filled bunnies."

"I don't want to get all fucked out before going to the club."

"Plan on getting lucky, are you?"

"Maybe. And if not, then I can always count on you, right?"

"I'm here whenever you need a piece of ass," Emily smiled.

"What about Heather? Won't she mind you cheating on her?"

"Nope. We have an open relationship. Besides, she wants to fuck you too so, if you're willing, we can do a threesome sometime. I do have one request though."

"Oh?"

"You seriously need to buy some toys. Toys make sex so much more fun. I can bring mine if you're too embarrassed to buy your own."

"I'm not embarrassed," Amber replied. "I just never had the need for them."

"The least you can do is buy a nice strap-on. Get a Feeldoe brand one. They're strapless and feel amazing for both partners," she said looking at the two dressed hanging on the closet door. "I think I'll wear the blue one. I love the open front design."

"I can hardly keep my tits in it, "Amber giggled."

"I don't plan on keeping mine covered all night," Emile said with a wink.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"Good grief," Amber exclaimed. "When you said the club wasn't around here you weren't kidding were you? We've been driving for hours."

"It's only been an hour and a half, keep your panties on. We're just about there."

"Maybe I don't want to keep my panties on."

"Well then take them off."

"Maybe I will," Amber said sticking her tongue out and scrunching up her nose at her friend.

"Yeah right," Emily laughed. "You don't have the guts."

Amber didn't like to be challenged. She lifted her ass and reached under her short dress, pulling the pink hip huggers down and off. She held them hooked on her index finger.

"You'll just put them back on when we get to the club."

Amber rolled down the window and with a flick of her wrist her panties were gone, flying through the air in the opposite direction of the car. "Now I can't put them back on, "Amber said, only mildly regretting tossing her favorite pair of panties out the car window.

"You don't have the guts to take your dress off either," Emily giggled.

"No, no I don't. And I'm certainly not tossing it out the window even if I did take it off."

"How about pulling it up so I can finger your pussy? Are you brave enough to do that?"

I think I can manage that," Amber said, once again lifting her shapely ass off the seat to hike up the hem of her dress. "But remember, no more than two fingers."

"I thought you wanted to get fisted? You'll have to take a lot more than two fingers if you want that fantasy to come true."

"Um, what I meant to say was start with two fingers."

"Why only two? Emily asked, cupping her right hand over her best friend's moist mound. "I know you can take at least three." She bent her middle finger inward, sliding it between the pink folds of Amber's pussy.

Amber pushed against Emily's hand and invading finger. She wanted them inside of her more than she wanted anything. She wanted to feel them stretching her open as they slammed in and out. She reached down and tried to force the fingers deeper but Emily pulled back.

"Not so fast sweetie," Emily said pulling her fingers from the warm confines of Amber's moist pussy. "There's no need to be so greedy, I'll finger you all night long if that's what you want, but you need to learn some self-control."

"Please don't tease me," Amber cooed.

"But teasing is what makes it so enjoyable," Emily replied, flicking her index finger back and forth on Amber's growing clit. "So sit back and let me tease you. But no cumming. I want you to be so turned on when we get to the club that you'll orgasm at the slightest touch."

"You're cruel," Amber huffed, sliding forward to a more comfortable position. Cruel or not, she wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to be fingered by her friend and lover. She had discovered the joys of sex with another woman only that morning, and she had a lot of lost time to make up for.

"You love it and you know it," Emily said pushing two fingers into Amber's wet hole, her thumb gently massaging the clit.

"You're right," Amber said looking at her friend. "I do love your fingers in me, but do you know what I like even more?"

"Sucking on my milk-filled breasts?"

"Well yes, but I was going to say licking that sweet pussy of yours. I'm really glad you talked me into giving it a try. I don't think I could have done it with any

other woman."

"This might be a very bad time to mention this, but I have a confession to make."

"Let me guess...hmm...ah fuck that feels good," she moaned as Emily's fingers hit that magic spot. "I wasn't sleepwalking last night was I?"

"How did you know?" Emily asked, her thrusting fingers coming to a stop.

"I haven't sleepwalked in fifteen years. No reason I would have started last night. And who told you to stop fingering me?"

"You...you're not mad at my deception?"

"No. What I'm getting mad about is your fingers not moving."

"So...you really did want to have sex with me? What made you change your mind after all these years?" she asked thrusting her fingers harder and faster.

"The look on your face? The way you held your hand out to me? The desperate, lust-filled tone of your voice as you wove your story about me sleepwalking?" Amber said pushing hard against the fingers fucking in and out of her sopping wet pussy. "For the first time since you started asking me twenty years ago I saw real love and passion in your eyes and I felt my pussy tingle with anticipation and excitement. So I thought to hell with it and went for it."

"I'm so glad that you did," Emily said pinching Amber's clit between finger and thumb.

"Mmmm, me too, but you might want to slow down before I orgasm."

Chapter Four

Amber Submits

~ ~ ~

Emily pulled into the parking lot of the Hellfire club, pulling her fingers from Amber's dripping wet pussy. She brought the wet fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean, savoring the taste of her friend's juices. From the outside, the Hellfire club was nothing more than a two-story brick building. The back of the club – the side facing the parking lot, was painted in a very realistic mural of women dancing amid a hellish inferno of red, orange, and yellow flames.

"Welcome to the Hellfire club," Emily said "you ready to get kinky?"

"I'm so fucking turned on right now," Amber purred "you might not make it into the club before I fuck your brains out."

"Just the response I was going for," Emily smiled.

The inside of Hellfire reminded Amber of a massive strip club. To her immediate left upon entering from the back hallway, was the bar area where patrons sat drinking and topless waitresses collected trays of liquor-filled glasses. To her right was a stage set against the wall with stairs leading up to the second floor. Straight ahead there was a large central stage surrounded by cheering men and women.

Amber didn't know who they were cheering for, the cute pale-skinned redhead on her knees, or the dark-haired, leather clad woman binding her in bright red rope. Beyond the central stage were three smaller stages, but Amber's attention was fixed on the scene unfolding before her on the center stage.

"I think this is where we part ways," Emily said. "Have fun sweetie!"

"You too," Amber said moving through the crowd of people to get a better look at the center stage. She had never seen anyone tied up before, let alone so intricately. She stood transfixed, her eyes wide and unmoving. It could be me up there, she thought, comparing herself to the woman being bound in rope – its bright red color a stark contrast to the woman's pale ivory skin.

"Like what you see?" a man whispered in her ear, his body pressed suddenly, intimately against her back. His powerful arms wrapped around her, his hands folding over hers made her tremble even more. She could feel the bulge in his pants and wiggled her ass against it. "Don't turn around. I want to know, do you like what you see taking place on stage?"

"Mmm hmm," Amber said biting her lower lip nervously. All her life she was the responsible one, the one always in control. She was the designated driver when her friends wanted to go out drinking, and the shoulder they all cried on through their alcohol-induced confessions. She worked her way through college, started a career, and grew up while many of her friends hopped from job to job like teenagers without a care in the world. This was a new sensation for her, not being in control.

"Would you like to feel the ropes biting into your delicate skin?" He pulled her arms behind her back, holding them together at the wrists in his large, powerful hand. "I think the ropes would suit you," he said running a finger down her spine. "So tell me, have you ever been bound before?"

"No," Amber answered, her voice trembling.

"Do you want to give it a try?"

"Yes," she said weakly, her knees threatening to give out on her. She had given up control to a man whose name she didn't know, a man whose face she had never seen. With every step towards the stage the fear, anticipation, and excitement grew stronger. Her panties grew wetter.

"Yes what?" he said, his voice commanding.

"Yes I want you to tie me up," Amber replied.

"Yes what?" he repeated. "Think about where you are before answering."

"I don't know what you want me to say."

"Don't you?" His free hand slapped hard against Amber's ass causing her to jump and squeal. "Perhaps I got you all wrong. Maybe you're not ready for this kind of play." His grip on her wrists relaxed, but he maintained the hold.

Amber looked around the club to the men and women sitting around tables in conversation. To the waitresses walking around in their barely-there uniforms. Her eyes went back to the stage where the cute redheaded woman bound in rope was hungrily lapping at her Mistress's pussy. Oddly, the thought of looking back at the man holding her never crossed her mind. It was the unknown that had her so turned on, so excited to please the stranger holding her.

"Yes...Master. I want you to tie me up."

His grip tightened. He had her. Now it was time to see just how far she was willing to go. "What is your name?"

"Amber."

SMACK! His hand his hard against her ass again.

"My name is Amber, Master," She said quickly. This was a new game for her, one that she was quickly beginning to enjoy. Master, she thought. Just thinking the word made her pussy tingle with excitement. She never considered herself submissive, but after spending her life always in control, it felt good to surrender to another.

"Have you ever been to the Hellfire club Amber?"

"This is my first time."

SMACK!

"Ahgh, that hurts!" She screeched. "Master! This is my first time, MASTER!" She felt her juices trickling down her thigh.

"It's supposed to hurt. It wouldn't be punishment if you enjoyed it. What are you

looking for at the club?"

"I want to make my fantasies come true, Master."

"And what fantasies are those?"

"I want to be fisted, fucked by a group of black men."

SMACK!

"Oowww! Please stop smacking my ass!"

SMACK!

"MASTER! MASTER!" she yelled. "Please don't spank me, MASTER!"

"Remember to call me Master and I won't have any need to spank you. How else is a forgetful submissive going to learn her lesson? Or, you can use the safe words. You know about safe words, yes?"

"Yes Master. My friend told me about them."

"Do you wish to use any of the safe words?" he asked as they stepped up on the left side of the center stage.

"Green, Master," she said using the safe word that meant she wished to continue with things as they were.

"Very good," he said letting go of her left wrist and spinning her around to face him. "My name is Master Sebastian, but you can continue to call me Master."

"Yes...Master," Amber stammered, staring into his dark green eyes. She felt her heart flutter and her juices flow faster down her thighs and was glad she tossed her panties out the window. He was a handsome man, late forties with jet black hair slightly greying at the sides. His strong jawline, hidden behind a few day's growth, gave him a bad boy look that Amber found appealing. She wanted to press her lips against his, but dared not move for fear her knees would buckle.

"Turn around and put your arms at your sides, spread your legs shoulder width apart."

"Yes Master," Amber said quickly. She turned as ordered, her head the last to comply. She didn't want to stop looking into those intoxicating eyes. Goosebumps covered her skin from head to toe. She trembled visibly from fear and anticipation. She heard the zipper of her dress as it slowly slid down; felt the material as it slid down her arms and hips. She stepped out of her dress, now standing there in front of hundreds of men and women wearing only her high heels.

Master Sebastian held a length of blue rope in his hand. "You have a very sexy, rosy red ass," He said squeezing an ass cheek in his hand. "I can't wait to spank it some more. Now put your arms behind your back, wrists together."

Amber didn't say a word, too afraid now to speak. She moved her arms behind her back as ordered. When Master Sebastian wrapped the looped end of the rope around then and cinched it tight, she jumped. In seconds she could feel the rope biting into her skin as her Master skillfully wrapped it up her arms to the elbows. She cringed when he pulled her elbows closer together. They didn't quite touch, but they were damn close.

"So, you want to be fucked by a group of black men, huh?"

"Yes Master."

"How many black men would you like to fuck you?"

"I don't know Master. I never thought about it," Amber lied. She thought about it at great length, but was too embarrassed to say it with so many people now watching her.

"How about every black man here then? Would that satisfy your hunger for big black cock?" He asked as he moved her to where several chains hung from the ceiling. He pressed firmly between the shoulders, bending her over at the waist.

"I don't know Master. How many are here?"

"Let's find out shall we?" He hooked her arms to one of the chains and gave another dangling chain a pull causing her arms to raise. "Tell me when it starts to hurt," he said as he continued to pull her arms up away from her body.

"There Master. It is starting to hurt there," Amber said, her arms now almost

perpendicular to her back.

"This is what we call the 'Screw me strappado' position. As you can see, all of your holes are on display. Anyone wishing to fuck you now has easy access to penetrate you however he likes. I'll be right back."

Amber watched as Master Sebastian walked off the stage and disappeared into the crowd. She looked around at all the men and women watching her. She didn't see Emily and wondered where her friend had gotten off too.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Master Sebastian said over the loudspeaker. "May I have your attention please? If you would kindly turn your attention to center stage you will see Amber tightly secured in the screw me strappado position. Amber's fantasy is to be fucked by a group of black men. Would ALL available black men please go center stage so Amber can decide how many she wants. That is all."

Amber could see at least a half-dozen black men on the side of the club she was facing. How many were in other parts she could only guess at, but one thing she knew for sure, there were probably way more than she was willing to fuck in one go. The six she saw were quickly on stage in front of her. Five more followed minutes later. Then six more and Master Sebastian.

"So, seventeen black men," Master Sebastian said. "Is this enough for a dirty little slut?"

"Yes Master," Amber answered. "It's too many Master."

"Then make up your mind. How about if they start fucking you while you think about it?"

"Yes Master," Amber replied, licking her lips.

"You heard her men."

It was a mad dash as men scrambled to be the first at either end. Amber was jerked around, pain shot through her shoulders. She felt hands on her hips and a cock pressing into her. Another was offered to her mouth. She opened wide to accept it.

Emily was talking to a couple of men when Sebastian got on the loudspeaker. "I'll be right back guys, I have to see if that's my friend up there," she said rushing towards center stage. She smiled brightly when she saw it was, in fact, her friend Amber up on stage, bound in the strappado position. As she moved closer to the stage she saw the black men arrive. The look on her friend's face told her everything she needed to know. She was up there of her own accord and couldn't wait for the men to start fucking her.

"Hey Amber!" Emily yelled to her friend up on stage.

Amber saw her friend and smiled. She opened her mouth to say something back when a long, black cock prevented her from doing so. She smiled with her eyes and bobbed up and down on the long pole. Her eyes grew wide with the pounding of the large cock into her pussy.

"Hey babe," a man said to Emily's right "wanna suck my cock?"

"Sure," Emily shrugged, dropping to her knees in front of the man. If Amber could fuck more than a dozen men on stage then she sure as hell could suck the cock of one of the watchers. Then she got an even better idea. "Sorry," she apologized to the man as she headed for the stage.

"Excuse me gentlemen," she said to the group of black men lining up at both ends of Amber. "How would you like me to suck your cocks to keep you nice and hard to fuck my friend?"

"Hell yeah," one of them exclaimed.

"No fucking me though. All you get is my mouth and hands," she said taking hold of a semi-erect cock. "These bad boys are reserved for her holes."

"I got no problem with that," the man whose cock now rested in Emily's right hand said.

One by one the men took their turns fucking into Amber's pussy, ass, and mouth. She tastes two loads and felt another three shoot in her before she was getting too sore to go on. It wasn't her pussy or jaw that ached though. It was her shoulders. The constant jerking back and forth in that position had her nearly

in tears. "YELLOW! She cried out. The men stopped fucking her and stepped back.

"Are you alright?" Emily was the first to ask, never taking her hands from the large cocks she was jerking.

"Master," Amber yelped. "Can you lower my arms some? The pain is too much."

"Is that all?" Master Sebastian said. "Have you decided how many men you want to fuck you? You've already taken five."

"I'd like five more to fuck me Master. Then I need a rest."

Sebastian lowered the chain hooked to the ropes around Amber's arms. She gave a loud sigh of relief. "Is that better?"

"Yes Master, thank you."

"The rest of the men not fucking amber can fuck me," Emily said, offering herself to the seven men not going to fuck the sexy redhead. She let go of the cocks and moved to all fours, her ass high in the air for any of them to take.

Chapter Five

Amber & Emily's Dance

~ ~ ~

"I think you're off to a great start in fulfilling your fantasies," Emily said stepping out of the shower. "You tackled a black man gang bang and public sex in one go. Now all you have left is fisting. Should be pretty easy considering how thick some of them were."

"I still can't believe what just happened."

"Are you ok?"

"Oh, I'm fucking fantastic," Amber exclaimed. "That was the most exciting thing I've ever done in my life." She rubbed the rope marks snaking up her arms, her fingers gliding over the little ridges and indents left behind. "I let some strange man tie me up. I can't fucking believe it."

"Did you want him to tie you up?"

"Yes. He was so strong, commanding. I don't think I could have resisted him if I tried. I'm just glad you hopped up on stage and offered to let the others fuck you. I was tempted to let them all take me, but I think that would have been too much."

"I don't know," Emily joked "I kind of liked seeing all that cum oozing out of you. You're still on birth control I hope."

"I am. You?"

"Of course. You have to be if you visit a place like this on a regular basis. Unless

your goal is to get knocked up, that is."

"No, no, that's not my goal. As much as I love kids I'd rather get impregnated by the man I love than a group of strangers at a club."

"What if it's a woman you love?" Emily said running a finger down Amber's naked side.

"Then I guess we'd have to talk about our options. Still don't want to get knocked up from doing a gang bang though."

"So, did you enjoy being tied up like that?"

"I did. Except when it really started to hurt like hell. I thought for a moment my shoulders were going to pop out of their sockets. I'm glad Master decided to loosen up the ropes."

"You don't have to call him Master anymore. The scene is over. And you did look pretty fucking hot tied up and bent over. Those were some lucky men that got to fuck you."

"About as lucky as the ones that fucked you," Amber smiled. She finished drying off and got back into her dress. Why, she couldn't say. Everyone had already seen her naked, but that small modest part of her brain told her to get dressed and she listened. "He kept spanking my ass, you know."

"Who?"

"Master Sebastian. Every time I forgot to call him Master he slapped my ass hard."

"Did you use a safe word, or tell him not to spank you?"

"No."

"So you liked it then?"

"A little, yeah. I never let anyone take control of me like that. I was dripping wet before we even reached the stage. Hell, I never even saw his face until he turned me around on stage."

"Pretty daring on your part."

"I know, right. Not like me at all. But I could feel from his body pressing against mine that he was fit. I could see the muscles in his arms when they wrapped around me. I guess he could have been as ugly as a troll, but to be honest I really wasn't thinking about that."

"Sounds like you might be a little submissive. What do you think about that?"

"I think it's something I plan on looking into. Being in control all the time sounds like a good thing, but I have to tell you it's not. And if that's what giving up control now and again will get me then I'm all for it."

"Don't go jumping in over your head," Emily warned. "You did a very risky thing letting Sebastian dominate you like that. It's best to get to know the person first, know what each other likes and expects out of a scene."

"Sounds like you're speaking from experience."

"I've dabbled a bit. So, what's next? Going to find someone to fist you?"

"Eventually. I think I need a good long rest though. I was thinking about getting up on one of the dance stages. From what I've seen only the center stage has sex stuff happen on it, right?"

"Mostly. It all depends on the dance routine you do."

"Want to join me? You know more about stripping than I do."

"I don't know about that. You were pretty quick to get out of your clothes for Master Sebastian. You might teach me a thing or three." Emily giggled.

"I thought we didn't have to call him Master?"

"I thought you liked to?"

"Fair enough," Amber giggled. "It does give me the tinglies if you know what I mean. So what do you say to a bit of dancing?"

"Sure. You want to get kinky, or just do a simple strip tease?"

"Good question. We might as well get kinky considering where we're at."

"That's fine by me. The kinkier we get the more money we'll make. And you having done a gang bang center stage will definitely help. The people here love them their kinky bitches."

"Speaking of gang bangs," Amber said "how did you like taking on seven black men?"

"I loved it. That's the most men I've ever let fuck me at once. One day I might work up to being the gang bang slut that you are."

"Ha, ha, very funny. I only did three more men than you."

"In two hours. The night is still young. How many more men will drop a load in you before you've had enough?"

"No idea. Maybe one, maybe a hundred. Dancing! I want to talk about dancing."

"OK, I've got a few ideas we can discuss before getting up on stage."

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

If there's one thing the Hellfire club has in spades – other than extremely horny and kinky men and women, its costumes. Schoolgirl, teacher, secretary, nurse, nun, policewoman, and a hundred others in latex, leather, and lace. Not to mention the huge amount of animal costumes to satisfy the furry fetishist. To accompany the costumes was a vast amount of toys – ropes and cuffs for retraining, half a dozen variety of gags to keep the screaming submissive quiet, countless dildos and plugs, and even more instruments of punishment.

"Remember," Emily said "we have to be naked by the end of the third song or we'll be punished."

"I don't see how that's a problem considering neither of us is wearing bra and panties," Amber replied.

The music changed to a fast beat as Amber and Emily took the stage. The former dressed as a hoodlum, the latter a sexy policewoman. Amber ran to the end of the runway like stage and grabbed hold of the pole. She spun around it several

times before raising her arms and lifting herself up into the air.

Emily caught up in time to reach up and snag Amber's baggy pants, pulling them down over her bare ass to the excited cheers of those watching. "You've got nowhere left to run," she said in her best commanding voice. "Come down from there and accept your punishment!"

"NEVER!" Amber yelled from her place high on the pole. She straightened her legs and shimmied higher, her pants now fully in Emily's hands. She wrapped a leg around the pole and locked it behind the other for stability. She leaned back, sticking out her tongue to give Emily the raspberries.

Emily caught hold of Amber's shirt and gave it a yank in an attempt to pull the fugitive down. Instead, all she got was another article of clothing. The crowd cheered. Amber covered her breasts in mock surprise and lifted herself back to the pole and hugged it as if afraid for her life.

Emily climbed the pole until her head was inches from Amber's ass. She gave the unprotected behind a pinch, Amber scooted further up the pole. Emily Kicked out, holding herself perpendicular to the pole as if she were a flag at half-mast. She did a very graceful move that involved her twisting her body around and raising her legs up and over Amber's head. She locked her legs together and lifted up so she was now above Amber. She lowered herself down until almost face to face with her chase.

"Give up while you still can," Emily said. "If you keep resisting it'll only get harder on you."

"I'll never surrender!" Amber yelled, reaching out to pinch Emily's nipples before sliding down the pole. The crowd was laughing and clapping hysterically as the two women danced about the stage. The bills were flying steadily.

Emily slid down the pole and grabbed Amber by the waist. She pulled her back in an embrace, her hands groping Amber's naked breasts. "I've got you now!" she said in triumph. She bent Amber over at the waist, twisting her arm behind her back so she couldn't go anywhere without it hurting like hell.

Emily drew her arm back and brought it down hard on Amber's naked ass. "Ahgh!" Amber squealed and jumped. Another slap landed on the other cheek. It was followed by five more. Amber's ass was a nice shade of pink as she twisted

herself around and ripped Emily's top off. She grabbed hold of Emily's bare nipples and pinched them hard, pulling them away from her body as far as they would go without popping off. She was rewarded with two squirts of breast milk. The audience went wild.

"You can't do that to me," Emily protested. "I'm a police woman!"

"And I'm a criminal," Amber said giving the nipples another tweak "I can do whatever I like. She leaned in and kissed Emily hard on the lips, her hands pulling down her black latex panties. Emily fought to pull her panties up, but lost the struggle as they toppled over backwards. It wasn't part of their routine. But both women went into improve mode.

Amber pulled Emily's panties off and tossed them into the crowd where they were pocketed by an older man in a business suit. She rolled on top of the would-be policewoman and pushed her ass back towards her face while she spread Emily's legs open. Emily gave Amber's ass another round of spankings before they rolled around the stage. Stopping with Emily on top.

"Turnabout's fair play!" Amber exclaimed as she began spanking Emily's ass. Emily's tongue flicked across Amber's clit. The spanking stopped. The licking and fingering began. Emily almost easily pushed four fingers into Amber's sopping wet pussy, pumping them in and out furiously. The well-endowed black men stretched her holes more than either of them realized.

They rolled around some more. Amber on top this time. Emily's fingers never leaving her pussy. Emily pulled her fingers out and moved them around so those watching could see the juices coating them. She bunched her fingers together and pushed them into Amber's ass. They went in to the knuckle ridge and stopped, but Emily would not be denied. She scrunched up the fingers of her other hand and pushed them into Amber's pussy.

Amber, four fingers in pussy and ass, squealed in excitement. She pushed back on the invading digits, fucking herself on them as hard as she could while still keeping her tongue buried in Emily's pussy. She didn't know how many fingers were in her. All she knew was the pleasure they were bringing as they slowly stretched her open.

"I'm going to fist you!" Emily yelled loud enough for the back of the audience to hear. "When I'm done I'll be wearing you like a fucking puppet!" The crowd

laughed their asses off and leaned in closer to get the best view possible of the action.

"Fist me, you fucking bitch!" Amber yelled just as loud, thinking Emily was going to try pushing her hand into her pussy. She wasn't thinking about the equal number of fingers buried in her ass. Amber wasn't the only one stretched by big black cocks as she soon discovered. She pushed three fingers into Emily with ease. A fourth quickly followed. "I'm going to fist you too, you dirty fucking cop! I've already got four fingers in your pussy!"

"You wouldn't dare!" Emily screeched.

"Wouldn't I?"

"I've got four fingers in your pussy and ass," Emily rebutted. "You fist me and both of mine go in you!" She really didn't want to be fisted, but knew where this little game of theirs was headed. She hoped the threat of anal fisting would scare her friend away from fisting her. If only she knew the kinky frame of mind Amber was in she wouldn't have made such a threat.

The two lovers rammed fingers in and out harder and faster. Amber's ass and Emily's pussy took the fist at the same time. Both women froze momentarily and then rolled around hysterically in an attempt to get away from the initial burning pain of being so stretched open. All they accomplished was Emily's hand popping into Amber's pussy while the one in her ass was sucked in deeper.

Emily withdrew her hand from Amber's ass and watched the gaping hole slowly close. She pushed her fist back in and pulled out of Amber's pussy. Into Amber's pussy, out of her ass. Into her ass, and out of her pussy. She alternated fisting her friend's holes. Amber trembled, teetering on the edge of orgasm. When it finally struck everyone thought she was having a fit. Emily pulled her hands free out of concern, but that was quickly abated when Amber squirted all over her face and chest.

Amber returned the favor by punch fisting Emily until she erupted in orgasm. After they licked each other clean they stood on shaky legs and took a bow. They collected their take and disappeared backstage.

"Fucking hell!" Amber exclaimed as they once again found themselves in the costume department. I can't believe you fucking fisted me. And in the ass no

less."

"I warned you," Emily replied. "And I'm the one that's shocked. I could have went my entire life without getting fisted."

"So you didn't like it then?"

"Oh hell yes I liked it. I liked it a lot. What did it feel like taking a fist in both holes at the same time like that?"

"It hurt like hell at first, but then it didn't and I started to really enjoy it. Just so you know, we're not even until I get my fist in your ass."

"Never going to happen."

"I bet you though that about getting your pussy fisted too," Amber smirked. "So, how much did that little show make us?"

"You count what you picked up and I'll count what I have and we'll see."

"I've got \$1,326." Amber said after a few minutes of counting.

"And I have \$2,620." Emily added.

"Fucking hell! You weren't kidding about the kinky shit paying off. That's \$3,346.

"\$1,823 apiece," Emily smiled. "Not bad for less than an hour's work."

"Not bad? That's more than I make in three weeks."

"Considering a change of careers?" Emily giggled.

"No, but I wouldn't mind doing it again for the extra spending money."

"I think we should call it a night as far as the club is concerned. I don't like leaving this kind of money sitting around where anyone can come in and steal it."

"I agree. Besides, I think I'm finally fucked out for one day."

Chapter Six

Amber goes shopping

~ ~ ~

"I don't want anything to do with that fucking bitch!" Heather yelled.

"First of all, that's my best friend you're talking about," Emily said in Amber's defense. "And second, what the hell's gotten into you? Only last week we were discussing how we'd like to fuck her silly together."

"That was before she left me standing in the parking lot looking like an idiot. She brushed me off like I wasn't even there."

"That's what this is all about?" Emily huffed. "She snubs a woman she doesn't know and suddenly she's the worst person alive?"

"She could have given me a damn ride. I was with you after all. I bet you've been screwing her all this time haven't you? If you wanted her all to yourself all you had to do was say something."

"As I told you, yesterday was our first time together. And although I mentioned the Hellfire club, it was her choice to go. I'm not going to argue about this anymore. She's my best friend. We've known each other for more than twenty years, please don't make me choose between you."

"So you're leaving me for her, is that it? FINE! Take the fucking bitch and leave me alone!"

"Really?" Emily gasped. "What in the hell is wrong with you Heather? I came here to tell you Amber wants to do a threesome with you and me and this is how

you react?"

"You've made your decision," Heather snapped back. Just go."

Emily left Heather's house totally confused. She thought her girlfriend...ex-girlfriend, would be thrilled. It's all they talked about for weeks. She was woefully unprepared for the reaction she got.

Heather sank into the sofa and cried. Talk of fucking Amber was just that. She wanted nothing to do with any other woman, but Emily. With everything Emily told her about Amber, she never thought in a million years that she would agree to a threesome. Now, she alone, her girlfriend gone. And she had Amber to blame.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"So, how did it go?" Amber asked excitedly. "When are we doing the threesome?"

"We're not," Emily replied. "I don't know what's gotten into her, but Heather wants nothing to do with you. Or me now for that matter."

"What? I thought she wanted this as much as you did?"

"I thought so too. I'll give her some time to cool down and then talk to her again."

"Maybe I should talk to her."

"Might not be a bad idea. You might want to apologize for leaving her stranded at the club the other night. She seems really upset about it."

"Really? I didn't mean to upset her. I was just pissed and I didn't know who she was. I'll talk to her. But right now I think I'll head out and do a little shopping."

"Want me to come with you?"

"Nah, that's ok. I want it to be a surprise." Amber answered. She was finally taking her friend's suggestion to go toy shopping and wanted to do it alone. Not out of any sense of embarrassment, she just knew that Emily would talk her into

buying more toys than they needed.

Amber pulled the door open to Midnight Fantasies and stepped inside. It was her first time in an adult toy shop and she felt oddly exposed despite being covered in t-shirt and jeans. There were four others in the small shop – the slightly chubby brunette woman sitting behind the counter; a tall, thin blonde examining the large dildos she held in each hand; and two gay men – one in his thirties, the other late twenties. They were handsome men, manly-looking men. Amber wouldn't have believed them gay except for the way they held hands and knowingly smiled at each other.

The woman sitting at the counter gave Amber a polite nod and went back to reading her magazine. Amber caught the name BIZARRE written across the top. Dildos she thought. I need dildos. And butt plugs. Can't forget the butt plugs. Vibrators would be good too, her mind went on as she browsed the shelves. She picked up a purple silicone dildo. Then a slightly longer and fatter red one. She tucked the red one under her arm and grabbed a black one off the shelf. It reminded her of the cocks that fucked her silly at the Hellfire club.

"We have baskets," the woman at the counter shouted. Amber looked back to see her pointing to the stack of red baskets sitting by the door.

"Um, thanks," Amber smiled. She dropped her toys into the top basket and lifted it from the pile. There were so many toys Amber really didn't know what to choose. She simply tossed whatever looked interesting in the basket as she worked her way along the shelves. "A strap-on," she screeched. "I need a strap on!" She was suddenly aware of eight pairs of eyes on her. She caught the smile of the blonde woman and the wink from one of the men.

"Excuse me," Amber said to the woman behind the counter "do you sell strapless strap-ons here?"

"Over by the gentlemen," the woman replied. "Middle shelf."

"Thanks," Amber smiled. Along the way a pack of butt plugs in various sizes, a fist-shaped dildo, and three sets of large anal beads went into the basket. She picked out a purple Feeldoe brand strapless strap-on, thinking it was such a silly name. If there are no straps, she thought how in the hell can it be a strap-on? She plopped it down in the cart along with a larger black version.

Amber moved away from the normal toys and into the section geared towards the kinky. There were gags, paddles, crops, blindfold, canes, and clamps. She wasn't sure about most of them but for shits and giggles ticked out a couple ball gags and a rubber imprint paddle with the word SLUT cut into it in big block letters.

"Looks like you're planning a hell of a party," Teresa said. Now that she was at the counter Amber could see the woman's name tag.

"Nah, these are for me and my girlfriend," Amber replied. "She suggested I buy some toys so...here I am!"

"Still, looks like a lot of fun. You ever use anything this big?" she asked holding up the fist-shaped dildo.

"My girlfriend has fisted me. I think it'll fit."

"I'm liking you more and more," Teresa smiled as she rang up the purchase.

"Thanks," Amber smiled. I've been bisexual all of two days now and I'm really enjoying it."

"Well, I wouldn't mind using a few of these on you myself. Care to give it a go?"

"Perhaps another time," Amber replied. "When you don't have as many customers."

"That's ok, if you're game I can call Jake out from the back to watch the store."

Amber gave Teresa the once over. She had a cute, round face with a button nose and large bluish grey eyes. Although she was a little chubby she was far from fat. "It's really tempting, but I don't feel comfortable doing it without talking to my girlfriend first."

"I understand," Teresa said a little disappointed.

"I'll talk to her. If she's ok with it you'll be seeing me again," Amber smiled.

Chapter Seven

Talk of the future

~ ~ ~

"Oooh, what'd you buy?" Emily asked when Amber walked in carrying three bags from Midnight Fantasies.

"A whole bunch of toys to fuck you with," Amber replied sitting the bags down on the coffee table. "There's one in particular I can't wait to use on you."

"Oh? Is it a dildo? Butt plug? What?"

"You really want to know?" Amber purred.

"Hell yes I want to know!"

"Then get up off the sofa and bend over with your hands on the coffee table," Amber commanded. "And keep your eyes closed tight. No peeking."

"Yes Ma'am," Emily giggled, hopping up off the plush sofa to get into position. She closed her eyes tight and spread her legs in anticipation. She was hoping it was a nice big strap-on.

Amber picked up the bag she was looking through and stepped behind and to the right of Emily's naked ass. She pulled the item she was looking for from the plastic bag, drew her arm back and let it drop hard, the paddle biting painfully into Emily's unprotected flesh.

"Ahgh! What the fuck?" Emily yelped, jumping onto the wooden coffee table. "What the hell did you hit me with? Why the hell did you spank me?"

"I wanted to see what this looked like," Amber said doubled over with laughter. She held up the imprint paddle. "You have slut written across your ass!"

"You little bitch!" Emily said with mock anger. "I'm going to tan your hide with that thing!"

"Not if I tan yours first," Amber giggled, waiving the paddle about menacingly. "Come back here slut and get the spanking you deserve!"

"Deserve?" Emily said jumping from the coffee table to the sofa. "What did I do to deserve a spanking? You're the one that needs a good spanking!"

"You're probably right," Amber said stepping around the coffee table towards her prey "but I'm the one holding the paddle! Come on, you know you want it!"

"You're out of your mind! You know I don't like pain."

"I won't hit you that hard. I just want to see the word slut written across your ass"

"It's already there! How about I do it to you now?"

"OK!" Amber said tossing Emily the paddle. "Give me a good hard swat and then we can get to the rest of the goodies." She turned around and bent over, placing her hands on the coffee table as Emily had only moments ago. "FUCK!" she screeched when the paddle slapped hard against her ass. She reached back and grabbed her ass.

"Who's the slut now?" Emily giggled, watching the letters forming in white within the rosy red paddle mark. She was tempted to give it another swing, but opted instead to toss it on the coffee table. She bent over and kissed Amber's red ass. "I think we need to talk," she said.

"About what?" Amber asked looking back over her left shoulder.

"Us. The future. Let's get the toys you bought into the dishwasher and then we can talk."

"The dishwasher?"

"It's the perfect place to clean and sterilize new toys," she said grabbing the bags. "Damn, woman!" she exclaimed when she dumped the bags on the kitchen table. "Do you think you bought enough? Oh ho, what's this then?" she said holding up one of the ball gags. "Ball gags, nipple clamps, cuffs. Where's the rope?"

"I didn't see any at the shop or I would've gotten it," Amber replied, opening the dishwasher. "So what's going on? What do you want to talk about?"

"I just want to make sure we're not making a mistake," Emily replied. "We've been through a lot these past couple of days."

"Are you doubting we should be together?" Amber said with worry.

"Not at all. I only want to make sure it's what you really want. If anything happened to drive us apart I would be devastated. You're my best friend first and foremost."

"The woman at Midnight Fantasies wanted me to go to the back with her for a bit of fun," Amber said.

"And did you?"

"No. I told her I wouldn't do anything like that without talking to you first."

"I appreciate you thinking of my feelings, but there's one thing you need to know about me. I am not a jealous woman."

"So you're saying I should have had sex with her?"

"Did you want to?"

"Sure. She looked like she could be a lot of fun."

"Then go for it if that's what you want."

"What if I only want you?"

"Kind of late for that now don't you think?" Emily asked. "I mean, you did get fucked by ten black men at the club. I like having an open relationship, but if that's not what you want then we need to talk about it now."

"I think I'm ok with it as long as I always have you to come home to," Amber said. "I don't want to do anything to jeopardize our relationship and friendship either. To be honest I didn't want you to go all Heather on me. We can have an open relationship on two conditions."

"Ok, what are the conditions?"

"First, I want to hear about all of your sexual exploits. Everything you do without me there. And I'll tell you mine, agreed?"

"I love talking about sex, so yeah," Emily smiled.

"And second, if either of us feels any jealousy, no matter how small, we take a break from the open relationship and spend our time together."

"I can live with that. What about Hellfire?"

"What about it?"

"Do you want to go there again, or was it a onetime deal now that your fantasies have been fulfilled?"

"Oh, honey, my fantasies are far from fulfilled. Those were just a few of them. So yeah, I want to go back again. I wouldn't mind dancing up on stage with you again. SON OF A BITCH!" she exclaimed picking up the fist-shaped dildo.

"What's wrong?"

"I forgot the fucking lube," Amber said putting the huge dildo in the dishwasher.

"Sounds like the perfect excuse to go back and fuck the woman behind the counter," Emily grinned. "But that can wait. We can use all the other toys once they are cleaned."

"I want to talk about Heather."

"What's there to say about her?"

"I feel like it's my fault that the two of you are no longer together," Amber replied. "I want to talk to her, see if I can work things out between us."

"And if she doesn't want to talk to you?"

"Then at least I know I tried. I know you like her as much as she likes you. And I really do want to do a threesome with the two of you. But before that can happen I need to at least be her friend."

"If you really think talking to her will help then I'm all for it, but I'm with you now. I'm your girlfriend, not hers. So at the end of the night it'll be your arms I want wrapped around me, not hers."

"I guess the question is, do you even want me to talk to her?" Amber asked. "Are you comfortable doing a threesome with her after what happened?"

"I honestly don't know," Emily said. "I tend not to get involved with past relationships, but if it's what you really want then I'm willing to give it a go."

"Forget it," Amber said. "I don't want to be the cause of any tension. Besides, I'm pretty sure we can find a woman at the club willing to do a threesome with us."

"You're probably right," Emily purred "but for tonight it's just you and me."

Chapter Eight

Heather's Revenge

~ ~ ~

Heather lay in bed staring up at the textured ceiling, thoughts of that bitch Amber and what she wanted to do to her for stealing her girlfriend running rampant through her mind. She barely knew the pale-skinned redhead and yet she wanted nothing more than to kick the shit out of her for stealing Emily. Revenge, she thought and grinned wickedly. I'll get my fucking revenge.

Heather woke late the next morning, the sun beating down on her face through the crack in the curtains. She hopped out of bed and ran down the stairs, thoughts of revenge still fresh on her mind. She ran through the living room to the kitchen like a kid in a candy store told to get whatever they wanted. She jerked the basement door open and descended, skipping every other step on her way down into the darkness.

She raised her hand, found the pull string, and gave it a tug illuminating the large open room in soft white light. Wading through boxes of old things she no longer needed, but was too sentimental to throw away, she opened the rickety door to a small room at the back of the basement. When the house was build back in the twenties it served as the coal room, but now it lay empty, the walls still stained black with soot.

"This is perfect," she smiled, the wicked thoughts of revenge making her pussy tingle in excitement. She slammed the door shut. It threatened to drop off its hinges, but stayed for now in the hopes that it would one day see the tender loving care it so desperately needed.

Heather left the house with a smile on her face. It was still there three hours later

when she returned. She carried bags and boxes of supplies into the house and down the basement stairs. She may be a woman, but she had a handy father and three brothers that taught her how to use a hammer and paintbrush. She set to work cleaning the small room for Project Amber.

The phone rang incessantly. She ignored it. She was elbow deep in soot and didn't want to bother with washing up to answer a phone call most likely from a telemarketer. With the generous use of cleaners, the black walls were a dull grey after three hours. Loose paint was scraped off and swept into an empty box to be discarded later.

Slightly dizzy from the fumes, Heather washed in the basement utility tub and went upstairs for lunch. She looked at her phone, six missed calls from a number she didn't recognize. She set the phone on the table and took another bite of her ham and Swiss cheese sandwich. No sooner had she picked up the glass of coke to wash it down then the phone rang again. Same number as the last six times.

"Listen asshole," she yelled into the phone "I don't know who the hell you are, but stop calling me!" She was about to hit the end button when she heard a voice coming through the tiny speaker.

"WAIT! Heather, it's me! Amber!"

"Oh! Sorry Amber," Heather mocked apology. "I didn't recognize the number. What can I do for you?" She wanted nothing more than to reach through the line and strangle her, but for now she had to play nice.

"Emily told me what happened yesterday. I'd like to get together with you and talk. I feel we got off to a bad start and it's all my fault."

"Oh! Um, I'm going to be pretty swamped with work the next few days. Why don't you drop by on Friday? Say, seven? We can talk as much as you'd like to then."

"Sounds good," Amber replied. "I'll see you Friday." She got her address and hung up the phone in a good mood. She was afraid Heather wouldn't want to talk to her. Heather finished her lunch and set off to the basement, determined to work the night away if she had to in order to get the room done before she met Amber on Friday.

"So what did she say?" Emily asked.

"She said she was going to be busy but asked me to drop by on Friday to talk."

"Really? And you're sure this is what you want to do?"

"If you don't want me to go I can call back and cancel. I don't want to be the cause of any problems between the two of you, or the two of us."

"No, no, it's ok. I just want to make sure you want to do this. If Heather is willing to sit down and talk like an adult about it without blowing up then so am I. You did tell her I was coming, right?"

"No, I thought it might be easier if I was the only one there. That way there was no chance either of you could go at each other's throats."

"I see. Are you sure you don't want her all to yourself?" Emily joked. Unfortunately it came out sounding like jealousy.

"I thought you weren't the jealous type?"

"I'm not. If you want to go fuck her brains out I'm fine with it. I was trying to be funny, but I guess it came out wrong."

"How about we forget about Heather for tonight and try out some of the new toys. I'm interested in seeing how those strapless strap-ons work."

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

For Amber and Heather, Friday couldn't come fast enough. Amber wanted to sit down and talk, clear the air between them so they could potentially move on to more interesting things. Heather wanted only revenge. And she spent every waking moment thinking about it, every sleeping moment dreaming about it.

Heather finished the basement room late Thursday night. She was proud of the work she did on her own. The walls were freshly painted, the floor scrubbed, and the old busted up door replaced with a newer heavier model. Along the right wall she installed shelves that were now lined with nearly all of her sex toys and many new ones she bought for the occasion. Bolted to the left wall was a large wooden X with wide leather cuffs at the four corners. Although you couldn't see

them unless you were looking, there were several D-rings bolted to the ceiling.

Amber arrived at Heather's shortly before seven. Her initial excitement gave way to fear that she would say the wrong thing and make matters worse than they already were between them. She knew Emily still had feeling for Heather even if she wasn't willing to admit it. They would never be girlfriends again, but that didn't mean they couldn't still be lovers. She took a deep breath and stepped out of the car and walked up onto the small front porch with its large cushioned swing. No sooner had she knocked than the door opened.

"Ah, Amber! Come on in," Heather said as if greeting an old friend come by to visit after a decade of absence. "Would you like something to drink? I have a bottle of Merlot we can open if you like wine."

"That sounds nice," Amber smiled. So far, so good, she thought. "I want to apologize for leaving you at the club last week. I was tired and upset, and I wasn't really myself."

"Water under the bridge," Heather replied. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable and I'll go grab the wine and a couple of glasses?" She said disappearing into the kitchen. Amber took a seat on the sofa and tried to relax. The Heather she imagined all week was a far cry from the real thing.

"I'm really glad we're finally sitting down to talk," Heather said sitting the glasses on the coffee table. She opened the bottle of red wine and poured some into each glass. "I've heard a great deal about you from Emily." She handed Amber a glass and with the other in hand took a seat in the chair.

"Nothing bad, I hope," Amber joked.

"Nothing but good things," Heather smiled. "To be honest I was surprised when she told me how much you've changed in a few short days. I almost didn't believe her."

"Oh? What didn't you believe?"

"So you are really into women now?"

"I am. Very much so, actually."

"And you visited the Hellfire club?"

"I did. I was tied up center stage and gang banged by ten very well endowed black men. Emily got fucked by seven others."

"DAMN! She told me about it, but I still can't believe it. I guess that means you like being tied up?"

"I do. That night at Hellfire was my first taste of being tied up, but I really enjoyed surrendering myself to another. Something about it made my juices flow. Did Emily tell you what we did on the dance stage?"

"She did. I have to say I'm pretty envious of you. Not only were you able to take a fist in both holes at the same time, but you were also able to get a fist into Emily. Not sure how you managed that one, but glad someone was finally able to convince her to do it."

"It didn't take much. She threatened to fist both of my holes if I fisted her pussy. I thought it was worth the risk."

"And since then? Have you done it anymore?"

"We have. I even bought a toy shaped like a fist and arm. We use it on each other every day now. Emily won't admit it, but she loves getting her pussy fisted. I haven't fisted her ass yet, but I'm working on it."

"Well it sounds like the two of you are having a lot of fun together. I'm glad for the both of you."

"Thank you," Amber smiled. "The reason I wanted to talk to you is because I really want to do a threesome with you and Emily. It's something she's wanted to do for a long time, but until recently I was not into. Now, I would like to make that happen. I'd also really like to get to know you. I know we got off to a really bad start, but I think we could be good friends if we gave it a shot."

"I'd like that," Heather lied. All she could think about was getting Amber to the basement where the revenge would commence. She was playing nice to a degree that was starting to make her feel sick so she needed to move this in a sexual direction sooner rather than later. "Have you done any more bondage stuff since visiting the club?"

"No. Emily isn't really into it and I haven't had time to go back to the club. I'd love to do it again though."

"Well, how about tonight? I have a very special room in the basement for such occasions."

"Really?"

"Yep. It's my own private little dungeon. It's nothing fancy, I did all the work myself, but it suits my needs. Want to go down and check it out?"

"Sure. Emily never told me you had a dungeon."

"That's because she doesn't know. It's a recent addition. I put it in for when I entertain certain friends. Follow me. I think you'll like it." She led Amber through the kitchen and down the stairs to the basement. The boxes of old junk were now stacked neatly along the far wall so there was room to walk and the floor and ceiling had been swept clean of dirt and cobwebs. At the back of the main room hung the new door which Heather pulled open.

"HOLY SHIT!" Amber exclaimed when she stepped into the mini dungeon. "You weren't kidding were you?"

"Nope. I have everything in there to make for some very interesting scenes. Want to play one out?"

"What is that thing over there?" Amber asked pointing to the wooden X with the cuffs at the corners.

"That is a homemade Saint Andrews cross," Heather explained. "It's currently latched to the wall, but it can be brought to the center of the room. Want to give it a go?"

"How does it work?"

"Help me get it to the center of the room and I'll show you," she replied, surprised how easy this was going to be. Together they unlatched the device and moved it in position in the center of the room where Heather secured it in place by bolting it to D-hooks in the floor and ceiling. "Go ahead and put your arms and legs in position and I'll strap you in."

Amber leaned up against it and spread her arms and legs to the corners. Heather quickly cuffed her in place, pulling the cuffs tight enough there was no way she was slipping out of them without taking a hand or foot off in the process. She could feel the excitement building.

"Did Emily ever tell you what I did for a living?"

"She said you worked at Hellfire, but not what you did there."

"I have two jobs at the club," Heather said picking a crop up off its peg. "First and foremost I am a trained Dominatrix. It is my job to train submissives as well as put them through the scene's they desire." She tapped the floppy end of the crop against Amber's nipples playfully. "For instance, you are bisexual, love to get fisted, and enjoy gang bangs with big black men. I could make all of those things happen during a scene. But that's not why you're here."

"Then why am I here?" Amber said nervously. She caught the subtle change in Heather's voice and it was starting to scare her.

"You're here because you're the fucking cunt that stole my Emily away from me!" Heather hissed, bringing the end of the crop down hard on Amber's right nipple. "I built this room just so I could get my revenge for what you did to me!" SMACK! The tip of the crop bit hard into Amber's left nipple.

"Ahgh!" Amber yelped. "Let me out of this thing! You're out of your damn mind!"

"I'm not letting you go until Emily is mine again! If that means keeping you here forever then so be it, but I will have her back!" SMACK! The crop slapped painfully against Amber's bare mound.

"You're fucking insane!" Amber screeched. "Let me go right now and I won't call the police! Do you want to go to prison for kidnapping and torture?" she said struggling against her bonds, but they weren't budging.

"It's not kidnapping and torture of you ask for it."

"You really are a nutcase aren't you? I never asked for this. Let me out and we can go back upstairs and talk. There's no need for this." She was desperately trying to diffuse the situation before it went too far, but the look she saw in

Heather's eyes told her she was doomed.

"I have all these new toys I bought just for you," Heather grinned wickedly. I can't let you go until you've tasted the sting of them all." She dropped the crop to the floor and grabbed a rattan cane from the pegboard where it hung. "I'm going to beat you. I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to do things to you that you make your worst nightmares seem like pleasant dreams." THWACK! The cane slammed across Ambers breasts.

"Aahgh!" Amber wailed. "Please stop this Heather. You don't have to do this. We can be friends. Just let me out so we can talk it through."

"Friends? FRIENDS! Why would I ever be friends with a girlfriend stealing whore like you? When I'm done with you, no one will ever want your used and ruined body ever again. My sweet Emily will see what a worthless piece of shit you are and come back to me."

"She'll come looking for me," Amber said in desperation. "Lie to her all you want. We've been friends all our lives. She'll involve the police. Is this really worth spending the rest of your life in prison?"

"I've heard enough out of you!" Heather yelled as she pushed the penis gag into Amber's mouth.

Chapter Nine

Amber's Torment

~ ~ ~

"You may be thinking ' how am I going to give the safe word if my mouth is gagged?' the answer is simple...you don't. This isn't a club scene. This isn't a scene at all. Ok, it is a scene, but you have no say over what I do to you, no control what happens to that lovely body of yours, but I promise you this; when I'm done with you, that body won't be so pretty anymore." She pulled three pairs of cloverleaf clamps from their resting spot on the pegboard. The first set – held together by a thin silver chain, she attached to the bound woman's nipples. The other two, half the size of the first, she clamped to each of Amber's inner labia. Next she picked up several small metal teardrops and hooked them to the various clamps.

"These are going to stretch your nipples and labia. It won't be much at first, but I'll continue to add weights until your pussy lips reach your fucking knees." She picked up the cane and slashed it across Amber's inner right thigh.

Amber screamed into the gag, but nothing more than muffled cries escaped. The weights added to the clamps caused them to draw even tighter – pinching her nipples and labia painfully. But the bite of the cane was even more excruciating. She jerked and twisted to free herself, but the cuffs held firm. Her head dropped in defeat as the tears rolled down her face.

Heather drew the cane back for another strike. It landed hard on Amber's left thigh. Another smacked across the top of her breasts. "I know just where to hit you to make it the most agonizing thing you've ever imagined," she hissed. "And I can do this all night long." THWACK, another lashing across the breasts. "I'll

be right back. I have something to do before our fun continues.

Amber felt enraged. She had never been so disgusted with herself or another human being in all her life. She felt humiliated at falling for Heather's act of understanding, and scared for her life. For all she knew she would die bound in the basement of a madwoman. Her only hope was for Emily to come looking for her.

In her brief moment of reprieve, Amber heard a car pulling out of the driveway. Then another. A car pulled back in. The garage door opened then closed. She pulled and twisted her wrists in a feeble attempt at escape. She felt a slight giving in the leather, but it wasn't enough to allow her hand to slip free. She heard another car pull in the driveway and then someone enter the house. A minute later she was once again face to face with her captor and tormentor.

"Your car is now parked in the garage so if Emily does come looking for you she won't see it," Heather said. "And this is your phone. I'm shutting it off now so we won't be disturbed by any unwanted calls. So, where was I?" she said once again picking up her cane.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Amber lost count of how many times the cane gnawed at her flesh. She dropped in and out of consciousness more than once, but that didn't stop Heather from swinging. On occasion she felt the clamps draw tighter as more weights were added.

"I think that's enough for one night," Heather said. She walked over to the toy shelf and picked up a knife and waved it in front of Amber's terrified face. "I'm going to remove your gag so you don't choke and die in the middle of the night," she said pressing the point painfully into Amber's belly. "If you do anything louder than breathe I'll come down here and things will get a whole lot messier. Do you understand me?" Amber nodded her head in compliance. Anyone crazy enough to kidnap someone and torture them was definitely insane enough to start cutting.

"Sleep tight, I'll be back after breakfast to continue our little game." She gave Amber a kiss on her forehead. "You're such a good plaything. I'm so glad you wanted to play with me."

FUCKING HELL! Amber screamed inside her head. She's fucking insane! The door slamming shut might as well have been her coffin lid. The darkness consumed her and she cried. She wanted desperately to scream out for help, but the fear of being cut, or worse scared her even more.

Amber cried until there were no more tears left. Her survival instinct kicked in and she once again set about freeing herself from the Saint Andrews cross. She bunched her fingers together as much as she could and pulled, but the leather wouldn't give. She had another idea then. Instead of pulling her arm down, she pushed it up in the hopes it would help loosen the cuff.

With a final triumphant pull, Amber's hand slipped free of the cuff. She almost yelled out in victory – slapping her hand over her mouth to prevent from doing so. She had no idea how long she was at it, her only thoughts were on escaping the hellish nightmare. She started to unbuckle the other wrist when she heard footsteps up above.

"Fuck!" Amber whispered harshly to herself. She weighed her options. If I free myself it's possible I can escape, she thought. But if that psycho bitch catches me then I'm screwed. She looked at the empty cuff and sighed. One more day Amber. You can make it one more day. She heard the door to the basement open. Against everything her mind was telling her, she pushed her wrist back through the cuff and hung her head.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Heather opened the door to her dungeon and flipped on the light. Amber was surprised to see her carrying a tray of food. "I brought you breakfast," Heather said. "We can't have you dying now can we? I mean, what would be the fun in that?"

Amber ate the few bites of cold egg that Heather fed her, and washed it down with warm water. "I have to pee," she said in the hopes her tormentor would unbuckle her. She had no such luck.

"Then pee. There's a drain right below you," Heather said holding out another bite of egg.

"You want me to take a crap down the drain too?" Amber yelled.

"Or hold it in. Your choice. I don't really care. Now eat your damn eggs it might be all you get today." Amber stopped while she was ahead. If one could call her predicament being ahead. At least she was getting food and water.

"Oh, look at how stretched your pussy is now!" Heather exclaimed. "I think you need more weights. What do you think?"

"I think you need to let me go. You can't keep me here forever."

"I don't plan to. Once I get bored with you I'll let you go. By then you'll be a broken, useless piece of meat. Ok, that's enough food. I have a lot planned for you today," Heather said sitting the tray on the floor by the door. "Let me just get this gag back in your mouth and we can begin. Isn't this so exciting?" she giggled happily.

Amber and Heather both stopped dead at the sound of knocking from up above. Heather quickly buckled the gag in place and ran through the basement and up the stairs into the kitchen. She slowed down and walked through the living room and peeked out the peephole in the front door. It was Emily.

"Hey Emily," Heather said opening the door. "What brings you by? I didn't think I'd ever hear from you again."

"I'm looking for Amber. She never came home last night and she's not answering her phone," Emily replied. "She isn't still here is she?"

"Nope. She came by last night, we talked, and she left. I told her then as I'll tell you now, I want no part of either of you. You made the choice to be with her and not me, so just leave me alone."

"Well, if you see again tell her to call. I'm worried to death she got in an accident or something."

"I told her not to bother me anymore so I doubt she'll be back. I hope I can say the same thing about you," Heather said slamming the door in Emily's face. She watched out the peephole until she saw the car pull out of her driveway and drive off down the street before she returned to the basement.

"Emily says to give her a call," Heather said picking up a few more teardrop-shaped weights. She unclamped the clamps and moved them to a fresh spot

before shutting them back in place. She added the new weights and then tended to the ones pinching Amber's nipples. "I'll leave these off for a while to let the blood start flowing again," she said to Amber's relief.

Chapter Ten

The Search for Amber

~ ~ ~

Emily left Heather's house more worried than ever. It wasn't like Amber to not come home, and for her to not answer her phone after all this time was a sure sign something was wrong. She had hoped Amber and Heather made up and the former stayed the night at the latter's house for a night of sex, but that wasn't the case.

Stopped at a red light, Emily grabbed her phone and dialed 911.

"911, what is the emergency?" the dispatcher said.

"I need to report a missing person," Emily replied.

"Who's missing, and for how long?"

"My girlfriend. I was expecting her home last night, but she never made it. I went to the last place I knew her to be, but she wasn't there, and no one has seen her," Emily said, slipping into panic mode despite trying to remain calm.

"What is your girlfriend's name?"

"Amber Rayne."

"And her age?"

"She's thirty."

"Alright, when was the last time you saw her, and where?"

"She left her house about 6:30 last night to go to a sort of mutual friend's house to talk."

"What is your name?"

"Emily Collins," Emily replied.

"It sounds like you are in traffic Emily. Are you driving?"

"I am. I'm on my way back to Amber's."

"That's good. And where does Amber live?"

"1414 Hanover Court. I should be there in about ten minutes."

"When you get there please stay in your car. I'm sending the police to that location. They will want to question you."

"Of course." Emily hung up the phone and turned the corner. She would have to do a bit of speeding to make it to Amber's in ten minutes, but that was a risk she was more than willing to make. When she turned the corner onto Hanover Court she could see the police cars already in the driveway and lining the street. It looked more like what you'd see at a murder scene than a missing person's case.

Emily parked behind a police car on the street and exited her car. She made it eight feet into the yard when she was stopped. "Sorry ma'am," Officer Finley said "you can't come up here."

"My name is Emily Collins. I'm the one that called 911 about my missing girlfriend?"

"I see," Officer Finley replied walking towards Emily. "Do you have identification?"

"Yes sir. It's in my purse in my car. Want me to get it?"

"That's ok. You just stay right there. I'll go get your purse."

"I'm not going anywhere," Emily replied. "She knew he was just doing his job,

but it still hurt to think she was a suspect in her own girlfriend's disappearance.

Officer Finley returned with the small red and black purse. "If I open this up I'm not going to find any weapons am I?"

"No sir. I have nothing to hide. Go ahead and open it. My license is in the wallet."

Finley opened the purse, pulled out the wallet and retrieved the driver's license within. He compared the picture to Emily, wrote down some information on a notepad and put everything back in the purse. "Why don't you come with me into the house so we can get your story?"

"It's about damn time," Emily huffed. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I know you're doing what you need to do."

"How long has Amber been missing?"

"She left home at about 6:30 last night to go talk to someone and has not returned."

"Who is this someone she went to talk to?"

"My ex-girlfriend Heather Tate."

"Any particular reason she would do that?"

"It's complicated."

"It's also best if you tell us everything up front," Officer Finley said sternly.

"Amber and I have been friends for over twenty years, but only recently started dating. When she finally agreed to sex I was more than excited. Anyways, I was with Heather at the time and we talked about doing a threesome together. When I went to talk to Heather about it she blew up despite all the talks we had about doing it. We broke up and I started officially dating Amber. Amber felt bad about how she and Heather got off on the wrong foot and wanted to go talk to her, to smooth things over between us all if she could. That's why she went over there last night."

"And she has not been home at all?"

"No. I slept here last night waiting for her to come home. When I woke up and she still wasn't home I figured she got lucky with Heather and stayed over there. I called and called her phone but she never picked up. I went to Heather's and she claimed Amber left last night. I didn't see her car in the driveway so I left."

"Do you think Miss Tate was hiding something?"

"I really don't know. She was awful quick to get rid of me, but that could be because she no longer wants to see me."

"Have you looked for her anywhere else? Other friends, family perhaps?"

"I called every friend and family member I could. No one has seen her. She didn't show up for work this morning either."

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"I bet your wondering what my second job at Hellfire is, aren't you?" Heather said as she set several tiny plastic cups on a tray alongside several small bottles and some sort of electric device. "When there's demand, I also do work as a tattooist and piercer. I'm going to do both to you today. Isn't that exciting?"

Amber stared at heather with more hatred than even she thought possible. If there was one person whose murder she could get away with it would be Heather Tate's. She steeled her mind for the oncoming pain, her mind for the humiliation. She didn't imagine the tattoos would be butterflies and rainbows.

Heather put the tray down on a cart and locked the wheels in place. She picked up what at first appeared to be a pair of long scissors. Amber was relieved to find out they were tongs of some sort. Heather clamped the tongs onto Amber's right nipple, picked up a long tapered needle, and pushed it unceremoniously through the nipple.

Amber screamed into the penis gag and jerked around from the pain coursing through her aching nipples. Heather removed the tongs, leaving the needle in place. She quickly did the same to Ambers left nipple and then put the rings in place. Amber could see small golden tags dangling from the platinum rings, but she couldn't make out what they said.

"Once these beauties are screwed shut they will never open," Heather said. "You'll have to cut them off. I'm going to pierce your pussy too, but not right now. I have something special planned for that hole. I know how much you enjoy fisting so I'm going to stretch your holes out so large you'll be able to take three fists in either hole with ease. And just think, if you ever have babies they'll pop right out of you."

Heather rolled over a massive dildo attached to what looked like a piston and motor. She placed it directly beneath Amber's pussy and with a few adjustments the tip was pressed firmly in place. "I borrowed this from Hellfire. It's a most ingenious device. You see, once I turn it on the piston will push the dildo in and out of you nice and slow. As you can see, the dildo is tapered. I don't think anyone has ever made it to the bottom, but I'm betting a nasty girlfriend stealing whore like you will do it with ease.

Amber tried to raise herself up higher, but the cuffs around her ankles prevented her from moving far. It did, however, give her a believable reason to pull at the cuffs. She was hoping one would snap off so she could kick Heather in the head while she was bent over, but luck had abandoned her once again. The cuff held firm.

"The dildo is eighteen inches from tip to base," Heather continued after flipping the machine on. She watched the two inch wide tip vanish into Amber's pussy and smiled. "Its two inches at the tip, diameter of course, and seven inches at the base. The lowest anyone has ever gone was about the ten inch mark which is over four inches thick. I'm really rooting on you going the distance."

Amber screamed into the gag as the dildo pushed slowly upwards. Her pussy was far from wet making it excruciatingly painful. "You'll want to hold still for this next bit," Heather warned. "Unless you want a bad tattoo." She picked up the tattoo gun and plugged it in. she hit the trigger and it made a loud buzzing sound that echoes through the small dungeon room.

"Hmm, what does one tattoo on a filthy fucking whore? Fuck! That's perfect. I'll start with that." She dipped the tip of the needles into the tiny cup of black ink and turned the gun on again. This time she pressed it into Amber's right breast. Amber squirmed at first contact, but then gave up. No matter what she did she was not going to stop Heather working so she held her breath through the pain and accepted it.

"Ah," Heather sighed after an hour of working on Amber's breast. "Now everyone will know what you are. Now what to put on the left? You know what? I'll get back to that." She dipped the needles into the ink again and knelt down to tattoo Amber's pussy. She got as far as CUM DEPOSIT when she heard a knock at the door. She sat the tattoo gun down and turned off the dildo machine, leaving the dildo five inches in Amber's pussy.

Fear set in when she looked through the peephole to see two uniformed policemen standing on her front porch. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and opened the door. "Can I help you officers?" Heather asked politely. If being a dominatrix for more than a decade taught her anything it was how to act, and she perfected the art long ago.

"Would you mind stepping out of the house?" Officer Daniels said. Officer Daniels was a large, intimidating man. His nickname, the Runner, came from his years on the high school and college track team.

"What is this all about?" Heather asked as she stepped out onto the front porch.

"We're here in regards to one Amber Rayne. Have you seen her?"

"Not since last night. She dropped by to talk and then left."

"About what time was this?"

"She arrived shortly before seven and left about ten...ten-fifteen."

"Do you mind if we take a look around the house?"

"I don't mind at all," Heather said, barely maintaining composure.

"If you'll wait out here with Officer Hardy I'll go ahead and look inside," Officer Daniels said.

"Go ahead," Heather replied. Panic was setting in for the first time. If he went into the garage, or the basement dungeon the game was over for her. She leaned up against the railing and tried not to look suspicious.

"Is there anyone else in the house? A husband or boyfriend we should know about?"

"No sir. I live alone."

Daniels entered the house with his gun drawn just in case. The living room was clear. He moved to the kitchen and cleared it as well. Off the living room was a small office, and across the hall a bathroom, all clear. He walked up the steps to the second floor, opening doors and clearing rooms as he went down the hall. With everything clear he returned to the first floor and the kitchen. He opened the basement door, descending the stairs slowly. He checked the large open room and the smaller side room where the washer and dryer were located.

"All clear," he said when he returned to the front porch. "If you see or hear from Miss Rayne please give us a call," Officer Daniels said handing Heather his business card.

"Will do, Officer," Heather replied. She stood on the porch and watched them drive away. When they were long out of sight she went back inside thanking her lucky stars. Making sure the door was locked tight she returned to the basement.

"That was the police," she grinned. "They came looking for you and I know it was that fucking bitch Emily that sent them. I think when I'm done breaking your worthless ass I'll invite her over." She picked up the tattoo gun and finished working on Amber's pussy. When it was done it said CUM DEPOSIT BELOW with a little arrow pointing down.

Tattooed, pierced, and with her pussy being slowly stretched to the limit, Amber hung her head and cried. The police came and went without finding her. There was little chance they would be back. Her only hope of getting out of this intact was to make it till nightfall when Heather went to bed. Unfortunately that was still many hours away.

"I think your pussy has had enough for now. Time to put that monster up your ass. While I finish working on that grossly gaping pussy of yours. My god!" Heather gasped. "That is hideous. I think a bit of jewelry will make it look so much prettier, don't you?" She didn't wait for an answer. She moved the machine and lubed the dildo generously – something that surprised Amber. The machine was flipped on and the dildo slowly rose up and into Amber's ass.

Chapter Eleven

Amber's Escape

~ ~ ~

Nighttime couldn't come fast enough to suit Amber. As bad as the previous night was, it had nothing on the pain and humiliation she suffered on day two. Her holes were stretched and aching, she had piercings in her nipples, clit hood, and at least five in both inner and outer labia. Not to mention tattoos on her breasts, hips, ass and pussy mound.

Throughout the day the humiliation was interspersed with more canings and floggings. At some point she passed out again. She must have been out for a while because when she awoke she was facing the opposite direction and she could feel the tattoo gun on her ass.

It was to her benefit that Heather turned her around. In doing so she didn't tighten the cuffs like before and slipping her hand free was much easier. She unbuckled the other cuffs and dropped to the floor. Every nerve was on end. Every muscle and joint ached from being cuffed in the same position for two days.

Amber's first thought was to sneak into Heather's bedroom and kill her for what she did, but there were two problems with that scenario. First, she didn't know where Heather's bedroom was' and second, death was too good for her. She wanted her to suffer as she had, but that meant first escaping from the house. She thought about stealing Heather's car, but thought that would wake the woman up. The last thing she wanted was for her tormentor to get away before the police arrived. She turned the doorknob to find it locked from the outside.

Amber picked up several pairs of handcuffs, the knife, and a spare rod for the

machine that fucked her holes out of shape. Instinct told her to run for it, but another part of her mind was forming a plan. She set the handcuffs on the counter by the door, held the knife in one hand and the rod in the other, and waited.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Amber fell asleep at some point from sheer exhaustion. As with the previous day she woke to the sound of Heather walking around up above. She grabbed the knife and the rod and got ready. She stood to the side of the door and waited, her stomach churning from hunger, fear, and hate. She gripped the rod so tight her knuckles turned white. When she heard Heather cross the basement she took a deep breath.

Heather put the key in the lock and opened it. She pushed the door open and stepped inside. Amber struck, the metal rod slamming with all her might to the back of Heather's head. Heather dropped the tray of food and stumbled forward, dropping to the floor a foot from where Amber was bound for two days. She rolled over, vision blurred. The last thing she saw was a heel speeding towards her face.

Amber kicked Heather in the nose and face several times. She wanted to smash her face in, but a nagging voice told her it wasn't worth it. She handcuffed Heather's hands behind her back and put another pair around her ankles. She then grabbed her by the hair and dragged her through the basement and up the stairs, making sure to bang her around as much as possible.

When she reached the kitchen she dropped Heather to the floor and called the police. The next several hours was a blur for which she was thankful. The police arrived. Heather was arrested. Amber was rushed off to the hospital to be checked out and interrogated. Emily was called and told the good news, but was also told to stay away from the hospital for the night.

Emily called all of Amber's family and friends and spread the word that she was found. She then got into her car and headed straight for the hospital. If the cops want to arrest me for seeing my girlfriend in her time of need then so be it, she thought.

"So you're saying you were inside Miss Tate's house for over two days?" Officer Daniels asked feeling like a complete rookie for not checking the garage, or the

rest of the basement.

"That's right," Amber replied. "If you had done your job I wouldn't look like I do now. I suffered unimaginable pain and humiliation because you were too fucking lazy to do your damn job, so you won't mind if I'd rather not talk to you."

"We have to get your statement," Officer Daniels replied. Just tell me everything that happened from the beginning.

"Go to hell!" she said rolling over in the hospital bed. "Send in a real cop and I'll talk to them. I don't have anything to say to you. And I want to see my girlfriend. Why isn't she here yet?"

"We told her to stay home tonight. You need to rest."

"No, I need Emily to comfort me," Amber hissed. "Who are you to tell me who I can and can't see? Get her in here right now or I'm going home!"

"I'll see what I can do," Officer Daniels said. He shook his head in disgust and left the room. His anger and disgust weren't aimed at Amber. He felt lower than he ever had. "You're right," he said standing in the doorway. "I messed up and you suffered for it, but I'll make sure Miss Tate goes away for a long time." He stepped out into the hall, closing the door behind him. He could hear Amber softly crying within.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Amber woke with a scream. She sat upright, confused by her surroundings. Emily was there gently holding her hand. "It's alright," Emily said in her soothing voice. "I'm here." She stood up and wrapped her arms around her girlfriend and hugged her tight.

"Aahgh!" Amber yelled in pain from being squeezed so tight.

Emily quickly backed off. "Are you alright?"

"That really fucking hurt," Amber replied through clenched teeth. "You can't see it for the gown and blankets, but I'm covered in welts and bruises from where she caned and flogged me.

"I am so sorry. I didn't know," Emily apologized.

"No, I'm so sorry," Amber sobbed. "I should have listened to you. I should have never gone over there."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Emily replied. "What she did to you is inexcusable. I'm really at a loss for words. I never knew she was that damn crazy."

Amber slowly sat back in bed, the pressure against her bruised and beaten body painful. "If it wasn't for you I'd probably still be locked up in her basement. She was coming after you next, you know. She was pissed you called the police on her."

"I didn't call them on her. I called them because you didn't come home that night. They went to her house because it's the last place I knew you to be. But that's enough about her."

"The doctor removed all of the piercings the fucking bitch gave me and said the tattoos can be removed once they heal. Until then I'm stuck with them."

"OH GOD, Sweetie," Emily gasped. "I'm so sorry. What did she pierce and tattoo on you? No one would tell me anything."

"She pierced my nipples, clit hood, and each labia six times."

"OH MY GOD!"

"As for the tattoos I'll just say they are incredibly humiliating and I will not be showing them to anyone. I hope you don't get mad, but that means no sex until they are removed."

"Honey, I would never get mad at you for something like that. I love you, you know that, right?"

"I do, and I love you too," Amber replied with just enough pause to make her sound unsure. But truth is, she was contemplating if she should mention what was on her mind or not. "She did more to me than beat me and mark me with piercings and tattoos," she said after a long moment's silence.

"If you don't want to talk about it I understand," Emily said.

"It's ok, you're going to find out eventually. She used this machine and a massive dildo to stretch my holes open. I'm not sure how much went into me, maybe half, but my holes were stretched to at least four inches." She couldn't hold back the tears anymore.

"I'm so sorry you went through that," Emily said on the verge of tears. "When you are ready I can help you tighten your holes back up. There are exercises you can do to give you amazing muscle control. And besides, I love that you are able to take a fist. Now that you can do it even easier, think about the shows we can put on at the club."

"Are you kidding me?" Amber said in disbelief.

"I'm sorry. I'm not trying to make light of the situation," Emily explained. "I just want you to know that no matter what happens I'll always love you. And there are people at the club that love a woman capable of taking incredibly large objects. You don't need to feel ashamed, you did nothing wrong, but why not take advantage of what was done to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you feel ashamed then Heather won, she defeated you. Is that what you want?"

"No."

"Then embrace the new you. Show her and everyone else that you are no so easily broken."

"You'd want me with nasty gaping holes and humiliating tattoos? What about all those piercings"

"I'd want you no matter what," Emily replied. "I want you to remember that. I don't care about gaping holes, or anything else. You are first and foremost my friend, and nothing will ever change that."

Amber pulled the front of her hospital gown down to expose her breasts covered with welts and bruises. Her nipples were stretched thanks to the weighted

clamps, but the doctor told her they would return to normal in a few days' time. On her right breast, in block lettering were the words FILTHY FUCKING WHORE. On the left was tattooed BLACK COCK SLUT.

"She also tattooed my pussy, both hips, and both ass cheeks," Amber said. "I haven't seen them all, but I imagine they are as humiliating as these."

"Want my advice?" Emily asked.

"Sure."

"Keep the tattoos. Put the rings back in your nipples and clit hood before the holes close, and let them heal. When the welts and bruises are gone, and everything is healed, we'll go to Hellfire together, see what others think about the new you."

"But that's just one place. Not everyone in the world is as kinky as the people that go to Hellfire," Amber countered.

"Do you plan on showing your body to everyone in the world?"

"No, but I can't even wear a bikini to the beach, or to lay out in the back yard to sunbathe. Everyone will see them."

"Where on your hips are the tattoos placed?"

Amber pointed to a spot about mid-hip.

"Then you can wear a boy shorts bikini," Emily smiled. It would cover them all and with the right top no one would ever see any of them."

"You have an answer for everything don't you?"

"No, just trying to give you options. The decision to keep them is ultimately yours, but I think if you want to continue with a kinky lifestyle, then you should keep them. I hate to sound shallow, but they will bring you a LOT of money at the club. And if you really want to hear the truth, I absolutely love pierced nipples and clit hoods."

"Then why don't you have yours done?"

"Because I'm a big chicken when it comes to pain."

"Get yours done and maybe I'll get new rings for mine."

"Deal," Emily said a little too fast for her own good.

"Really?"

"Sure. I'll go tomorrow and get them done. You want to come with me?"

"You're not getting them done at Hellfire are you?"

"No. With Heather no longer there, there's no other piercers on staff."

"I'll go with you, but not tomorrow. I'd rather wait for all the bruising and pain to go away before going out in public."

"I can live with that. You rest as long as you need to, and when you're ready we'll go together."

Chapter Twelve

Trip to the Piercing Parlor

~ ~ ~

It took just over a week for all of the bruises to fade away from Amber's pale, freckled skin. The welts were long gone, leaving only the tattoos as constant reminder of what she had endured at Heather's insane hands. The tattoos were mostly healed now, and the holes where she was pierced were all but closed. With Emily's guidance she started doing kegel exercises to tighten her holes back up.

Although incredibly embarrassed and humiliated about the tattoos, Amber slowly became used to showing them off to her lover. For her part, Emily went out of her way to compliment Amber's body. She genuinely loved the tattoos – seeing them as badges of honor where Amber saw them only as degrading.

"I think I'm ready to go with you to the piercers," Amber said rolling over onto her left side to face her lover. She bent her arm at the elbow, resting her cheek in the palm of her hand.

"Are you sure? There's no rush"

"I'm sure. What's wrong, getting cold nipples now?" Amber giggled for the first time in days. "If you don't want to do it tell me now before I set my mind to getting mine done again."

"No, no. I still want to get them done."

"I wonder what that will do for breastfeeding. Will the milk squirt out around the rings?"

"It won't affect it at all," Emily smiled. "I've done a bit of research on it and you don't have to worry, you'll still be able to drink all you want. But we might have to wait a week or two while they heal. It'll be quite painful to latch onto a freshly pierced nipple as you can imagine."

"If that's the case then I should drink my fill tonight then," Amber said kissing Emily's breast, her tongue flicking lightly over the already erect nipple in her mouth.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Amber pulled on her hip hugger panties, glad that they at least covered the tattoos on her pussy, ass, and hips. Next she put on a form-hugging purple and silver dress that showed a bit of cleavage, but otherwise covered the tattoos on her breasts. This was her first outing since leaving the hospital a week ago and she wanted to look good even if it was a trip to the piercing parlor.

"Damn," Emily said from the doorway "you planning on getting your nipples pierced, or a night out on the town?"

"You think I'm overdressed?" Amber replied.

"Not at all. You look amazing as always," Emily smiled and meant it. "Makes me feel a bit underdressed though," she said motioning to her plain blue t-shirt and jeans.'

"You look fine to me."

"But what you're wearing will make it so much easier for the piercer to pierce your clit hood again. Give me five minutes to slip into something a little more accessible and I'll be down."

Fifteen minutes later Emily joined Amber in the living room, her jeans and t-shirt replaced with a mid-thigh length blue and black dress that her breasts threatened to pop out of with every breath. "Ok, I'm ready now," she smiled.

"Do you have any idea where we're going to get this done?"

"Yeah," Emily answered. "We're going to Piercing Ink. It's where Heather worked before going to Hellfire, and according to her it's one of the best parlors

around."

"And you trust her judgment?"

"It was before she went all crazy psycho on you, so yeah. I mean, she had no reason to lie to me about it but if you'd rather go somewhere else I understand. We'll just have to look another place up."

"That's ok, as long as the crazy bitch is rotting in jail I don't care where we go."

Pierced Ink was packed as always. Although the small shop with its two large bay windows in front opened less than five years ago it was incredibly popular thanks to visits by several celebrities. An although there hasn't been a celebrity visit in over a year people still flock to the location in the hopes of meeting their favorite movie star or musician and to get a piercing or tattoo by shop owner Pauline Keller.

Emily and Amber were greeted by a young tattoo-covered man moments after entering the shop. "Can I help you ladies with anything today?" he asked.

"We're here to get some piercings," Emily answered.

"What sort of piercings are you looking to get?"

"Nipples and clit hood," Emily replied without thought of other's hearing.

"If you'd like to follow me I can show you our selection of jewelry. My name is Clive by the way." He led them across the small shop, passed the wall of artwork and racks of three-ring binders, to where the jewelry was located. "The jewelry is organized with rings first followed by barbells. Standard gauge for nipples and hood piercings is 14 but you can go 12 if you have larger nipples or are looking to enlarge holes you already have. Go ahead and look around. When you find what you like go sign in at the counter and we'll call your name when we're ready for you."

"Thanks," Emily said. Amber gave him a brief smile and turned towards the shelf.

"I don't want him piercing me," Amber said.

"Why not?" Emily asked. "I wouldn't mind showing him my nipples."

"I don't think he recognized me, but that's Clive Newell. We went to school together and he had the biggest crush on me."

"You mean Clumsy Clive? Man, he grew into a fucking hunk! Are you sure that's him? I mean, I didn't even recognize him."

"Yeah, it's him. I noticed the scar on his neck from when he was attached in the tenth grade. Remember that?"

"Yeah, I remember. I don't think I could ever forget seeing him lying there gasping for breath."

"And you want Clumsy Clive piercing you? What if he's still a klutz and the piercings are all crooked or something?"

"I don't think he'd be working here long if that was the case. Besides, he never said he'd be the one piercing us."

The rows of rings and barbells seemed nearly endless. There was everything from plain gold and platinum rings and barbells to ones with dangles, nipple shields, and incredibly intricate designs. Amber chose purple anodized titanium heart lock captive rings for her piercings. And Emily went with the same style, but instead of a heart-shaped lock hers had a key. They smiled at each other knowingly and headed for the counter to sign in.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"Emily Collins and Amber Rayne," said a female voice over the intercom
"Please come to the counter."

Emily and Amber were looking through the binders of tattoo art when their names were called. They closed the binders and headed for the counter. The number of people had dwindled down to less than ten in the last hour and a half and those still waiting looked envious at the two women as they walked towards the sales counter.

"You called us?" Emily asked.

"The piercer is ready for you now," the goth-looking woman said "but before you go back it's going to be \$eighteen7.25 each."

"I'm paying for the both of us," Emily said handing over her credit card, giving Amber a sweet smile.

The woman ran the card and handed Emily the receipt to sign. "Go down that hall, first door on the right," she said pointing at the hallway to her left.

"Thanks," Emily said tucking her credit card back in her purse.

"I could have paid for my own," Amber said when they reach the hallway.

"I know that, but I want this to be my treat to you."

Amber was relieved and somewhat disappointed that the piercer was not Clumsy Clive. Instead it was a Bad Boy Brad – a six foot six, three hundred pound, tattoo covered, muscular man that Emily and Amber both nearly started drooling over.

"Go ahead and take a seat ladies," Brad said in a deep, raspy voice. He walked over to the door and clicked the lock in place. "It's so no one walks in on us with your breasts exposed," he said to ease their worried looks. "Do you have the rings?"

Neither woman said a word. How could they when their tongues were practically hanging out of their mouths, panting like a dog in heat? They held out the small plastic packages containing the rings.

"Who's first?" Brad asked

"Me," Emily replied softly.

"Interesting choice in rings," he smiled. "Are you two lovers?" He asked opening the key rings and dropping them into a bowl of rubbing alcohol.

"We are," Amber said. It was the first thing she said to anyone other than Emily. "You got a problem with that?" She said defensively.

"Nope. I got no problem with it. I think it's pretty damn hot if you don't mind me

saying it. Go ahead and take off your shirts and bras if you're wearing them. I'll do both of your nipples first and then we can move to the hood piercings."

Emily nearly ripped her shirt off in her hurry to show Brad her breasts capped by erect nipples. Amber hesitated, giving Emily a worried look while biting her tongue nervously. Emily smiled at her and gave a slight nod of her head.

Brad dropped the piercing tongs on the floor, his mouth hanging wide as his eyes took in Amber's breasts. They were magnificent mounds of flesh topped with pink areolas and large nipples, but that's not what got his eyes growing wide. "That is so fucking hot!" he exclaimed.

"What is?" Emily asked. "You can't tell us these are the first tits you've ever seen."

"Hmm?" he said picking the tongs up and placing them in the sink. He grabbed another pair and set them on the small tray with the rest of his tools. "Sorry to stare," he said to Amber, but I love those tattoos."

"If you like those wait till you see the rest of them," Emily remarked.

"SHUT UP!" Amber said turning bright red in the face.

"What? He's going to see them when he pierces your hood so what does it matter?"

"He won't see the ones on my hips or ass," Amber said. "So just shut up!"

"Are they all like the ones on your tits?" Brad asked, his cock throbbing in his tight jeans.

"They are," Emily answered to Amber's dismay.

"How would you like to get free piercings?" he asked Amber.

"In exchange for?"

"Letting me see the rest of your tattoos. They're on your hips and ass, right?"

"And her mound," Emily chimed in.

"If you take off your panties and show them to me I'll give you \$200 right now. That should more than cover the cost of the piercings."

"Are you serious?" Amber asked, not really sure she was believing what she was hearing.

"Go for it," Emily said. "Show him your sexy ass." She gave Brad a wicked grin.

"Show me the money first," Amber replied.

Brad pulled his wallet from his back pocket and pulled out two one hundred dollar bills. "These are all yours if you show me the rest of the tattoos.

"Make it everything you've got in there and you've got a deal," Amber replied.

"That's over eight hundred bucks," Brad said. "For that kind of money I'd need more than to see your ass."

"Oh? And what would you need?"

"I'd need to see your ass bent over the chair while I slammed my cock into your holes," Brad replied boldly.

"Ok," Amber said giving Emily a sly smile. "Give me the money and you can slam that cock of yours in my holes. I can see you're already getting hard." She reached under her dress, pulled her panties down, and tossed them at Brad. She hiked the hem up over her ass and gave a slow spin so that he could see all of her humiliating tattoos.

"FUCKING HELL! Now that is a beautiful sight. I love a woman that's not afraid to show her kinky side." He handed Amber the money and unzipped his pants. "I'm not going to be able to concentrate on your piercings until I unload in you, so bend over that chair."

"No," Amber grinned, dropping down on all fours. "Take me like a bitch in heat," she purred, looking back over her shoulder.

"If you're a moaner bite your tongue because this room isn't soundproof," Brad said stepping behind Amber's naked and wiggling ass. He grabbed it, his large hands spreading her open, his cockhead poised for entry.

Emily leaned forward in her chair to get a better view of the long, hard cock about to penetrate her lover. She felt a pang of jealousy. Not at her girlfriend cheating on her right before her eyes, but for Amber getting to feel such a magnificent specimen of the male species fuck her brains out.

Brad humped his hips forward, his cock slipping completely into Amber's pussy. She did her best to put all the kegel exercises to work in making her pussy feel tight and it must have worked because Brad didn't do anything but moan in satisfaction. He fucked into her pussy while holding onto her hips for leverage. Each thrust brought with it a muffled moan from amber as she lowered her head to the floor and pushed back on Brad's cock.

"Fucking hell!" Amber moaned as Brad plowed into her hard and fast. She was trying to keep quiet as he suggested, but it was getting hard to do. "Come over here Emily. Let me lick you...while he...fucks me."

"How about if I get down next to you so he can fuck us both?" Would you like that big guy?"

"Fuck yeah!" Brad exclaimed a little too loud. "Get your ass down here!"

Emily stood up and lifted her dress over her hips and pulled down her panties. "Go on then," she said looking back over her shoulder and wiggling her ass "fuck me in the ass with that big cock of yours."

To Amber's dismay, Brad pulled out of her dripping wet pussy and took a step to the right. He spread Emily's ass open and eased the tip of his cock in. Emily pushed back until he was buried balls deep.

"FUCKING HELL!" Brad groaned. "You bitches are crazy!" he exclaimed. "Your ass is so fucking tight I don't think I'll last long."

"Cum in my fucking ass!" Emily purred.

"No, dammit!" Amber said "shoot your load deep in my pussy. I want to feel your seed swimming around in me!"

Talk of where he should shoot his load got Brad off faster than he would have liked. He dug his nails into Emily's hips and pulled her back on his cock as the first jets of semen poured into her ass. He pulled back and pushed into Amber's

pussy where he finished off. He kept his cock buried in her squeezing pussy until drained.

"That was fucking amazing!" he said stepping back and pulling his pants up.
"You ladies are fucking wild."

"Why don't you sit on my face so I can eat the jizz from your pussy while he pierces your nipples?" Emily said rolling onto her back.

Amber straddled her girlfriends face, biting her lip when Emily's skilled tongue flicked across her swollen clit.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"I can't fucking believe we did that," Amber said as they pulled out of the parking lot of Piercing Ink. "Here, take this," she said holding out \$400 to Emily.

"What's that for?"

"You let him fuck you too," Amber answered. "You deserve half the money."

"So, how are you feeling?" Emily said taking the cash. After more than two decades of friendship she knew better than to argue Amber over money.

"I feel pretty fucking good."

"I told you people would love the tattoos. I think he popped a boner the second he saw your tits."

"That's just one man. A tattoo covered man working in a tattoo shop willing to pay eight hundred dollars to fuck me. They're all probably a bunch of kinky fuckers."

"Ok, so what's it going to take to prove it to you?"

"I don't know," Amber replied, her finger lightly tracing a line up and down Emily's right leg "but I'm sure we'll think of something."

Chapter Thirteen

Heart's Desire

~ ~ ~

"There's something I'd like to try," Emily said hesitantly, rolling over in bed to face Amber.

"Oh? And what's that?"

"Don't get mad at me, but I'd like to try double fisting you."

"Why would I get mad for that?" Amber asked quizzically. "You've done that several times already."

"I don't mean with a hand in each hole. I want to try putting both hands in the same hole."

"Oh. OH!" Amber exclaimed, her eyes growing wide with understanding. "Is that even possible?"

"I've seen it done once at Hellfire and many times in movies. If you don't want to do it I understand. I just thought since you enjoyed being fisted we could attempt it."

"I'm willing to give it a try," Amber said kissing Emily below the ear "on one condition. You have to let me fist your ass and pussy at the same time."

"I've never been fisted in the ass," Emily said biting her lower lip "But I'm willing to give it a try if you're willing to go slow and let me get used to it."

"Don't worry," Amber smiled "I won't pull a Heather on you. Do you want to try this now?"

"If you are up for it sure," Emily grinned. "You know I love fisting you as much as you love drinking my milk."

"Speaking of milk," Amber said licking her lips. "I have a confession to make. I do have another kink that I think you should know about."

"Oh?"

"I've always had this incredibly strong desire to be used for breeding."

"WHOA!" Emily gasped. "You mean..."

"I want to be bred like a fucking animal," Amber said bluntly. "I've had the desire for a very long time, but never thought it was something I'd do."

"Um, do you want to have just one baby, or more?"

"More if possible. I'm not going to lie, I know I'm no spring chicken anymore and I'll never have as many children as the Duggers, but I don't think four or five are out of the question."

"So, if this has been a longtime fantasy why haven't you done it?"

"Because I haven't been in a stable relationship long enough to bring the fantasy up, and besides, what are the chances anyone would stick around while I got fucked silly until knocked up a dozen times? You're the first person I've felt comfortable enough telling this to."

"When you say fucked silly until knocked up..."

"I mean, I don't want to do it with just one man. I want to be gang banged until confirmed pregnant each time. I guess the question is, are you willing to stick with me through something like that?"

"You know I'm with you no matter what, right? If that's your fantasy and you really want to see it come true, then I'm here for you. And we know the perfect place to find all the cock you need to get the job done, so that takes care of the

biggest issue."

"Are you ok with four or five little ones running around getting into everything?"

"Suites me fine," Emily smiled. "I'll get to spoil them rotten for you. Now, are you going to suck on my nipples, or do you want to go straight to the fisting?"

"Grab the lube," Amber answered "I'm going to ram my arm elbow deep in your tight ass."

"I really hope that's a joke."

"Mostly," amber grinned wickedly while rubbing her hands together. "So, I've told you my deepest, darkest fantasy," she said flipping around so her head was facing the foot of the bed and Emily rooting around in the closet. "When are you going to tell me yours?"

"I really don't know what it would be," Emily replied, pulling the toy box from the corner of the closet. "My last fantasy was to be with you."

"Really? So there's absolutely nothing you fantasize about; no kink you've thought about but never had the chance, or guts, to attempt?"

"The only thing I fantasize about anymore are the things I'd like to do to you," Emily said pulling a large bottle of lube and several dildos from the toy box. "To be honest, I've done all my fantasies and then some since I started going to Hellfire."

Ok," Amber said disappointed. "What about me fisting your ass? Is that something you really want to do, or are you just doing it to entertain me?"

"I want to do it because it's what you want to do," Emily answered. "As long as it pleases you I'm more than willing to do whatever you want."

"So if I asked you to join me in a few gang bang breeding parties you'd do it? Would you get knocked up for me?"

"Ok, I'll do anything within reason."

"Why is that not within reason? You said anything that pleases me. Or was that

all talk?"

"It's one thing to let you fist me, or to join you in a gang bang, but to have children is a huge responsibility; and not one I would ever ask anyone to do. That is a decision each person must make on their own."

"Right you are," Amber smiled. "And you can rest assured that I would never ask you to do something like that. I just wanted to see what you'd say."

"I'll join you in the gang bang breeding parties," Emily smiled "but you're the only one that will get knocked up. I plan to stay on the pill for a while longer." She picked up the bottle of astroglide and shook it back and forth. "So, you want to fist me first, or should I do you?"

"How about we do what we did at the club? We can do a sixty-nine and fist each other."

"Ok. I'll be on top this time though," Emily smiled. "It'll be easier to get your fist in my ass that way."

"Before we start I need to go pee," Amber said sitting up on the bed.

Emily let out a sigh.

"What's wrong?"

"I lied," Emily said turning a little red in the face. "I do have a kinky fantasy I didn't tell you about."

"Well, tell me when I get back from the bathroom. I really gotta go."

"That's just it."

"What's it?" Amber said confused and ready to piss the bed.

"My fantasy is to be used as a public urinal," Emily said, her face now beet red. "I want men and women to piss in my mouth and all over my body."

"Do you want me to piss on you?"

"You don't think I'm gross for wanting to do that?"

"Gross? No. Kinky? Hell yes. So do you want me to piss on you or not? IF you do let's go now before I can't hold back any longer."

"I fucking love you," Emily said wrapping her arms around Amber's neck and hugging her tight.

"Golden showers isn't that unheard of," Amber said as they fast-stepped it to the bathroom. "Hell, I've even pissed on myself in the shower to see what it felt like. You've never done that?"

"I have," Emily confessed "but I've never let another person pee on me. And I've never tasted it. Have you?"

"No. Hurry up and get in the tub. Where do you want me to do it?"

"Can you squat over my face and pee in my mouth?" Emily asked as she got in the tub and knelt down on her knees. "I'll let it trickle down my body from there."

Amber climbed in the tub, positioning her pussy over her lover's mouth. She could hold back no longer and let the stream of hot golden piss go. It filled Emily's mouth quickly, the overflow going down her neck and chest. Emily coughed, but held her place as Amber fulfilled one of her last remaining fantasies.

As the stream of piss turned to a trickle Emily pressed her mouth to Amber's pussy and gulped down the last mouthful. She choked and gagged on it, but kept it down. Amber had a little pee on her from the splash and took a step back to look at Emily.

"WOW! I can't believe you really drank it. I mean, letting it fill your mouth is one thing, but you gulped it right down. How does it taste?"

"Want to find out?"

"You want me to drink your pee?"

"I do. I have another confession to make," she said looking up into Amber's eyes. "I'd like for us both to be used as public urinals. Are you willing to give it a try?"

"I'll try it with you right here, but I can't promise anything until I see how it tastes," Amber replied. She got down on her knees in front of Emily. Emily stood and moved forward until her pussy was over Amber's mouth. She started to piss and watched as it quickly filled her lover's mouth.

Amber choked on the tangy liquid, spitting it out as fast as it filled her mouth. "Uhgh," she groaned "that taste horrible!" she leaned her head back so that the rest of it splashed across her chest.

"Come on," Emily pleaded. Swallow just one mouthful for me."

"I'm sorry," Amber replied. "I don't think I can. You can piss on me as much as you like, but I don't want to drink it."

"That's fair. At least you were willing to try it for me."

"We should probably take a shower before going back to the bedroom. I don't want to get piss all over the bed."

"Wait," Emily said wrapping her arms around Amber's neck. "Stay right there. Spread your legs open and grab hold of the towel rack for support."

"What are you going to do?"

"Spread your legs and you'll see."

Amber grabbed the towel rack and spread her legs as far as the bathtub would allow. Emily knelt between Amber's legs and, reaching up with her right arm, pushed four fingers into her wet pussy. Thanks to the amount of fisting she had done the fingers slid in easily.

"Fuck yourself on my fist," Emily said tucking her thumb into the palm of her hand. "Keep going down until you can't take anymore. I want to see how much you can take."

Amber didn't need telling twice. She pushed down on Emily's fist, gasping when it slid into her fully. Although she accepted a fist easily now, the feeling of it stretching her open never ceased to amaze her. She bent her knees and allowed

herself to slide slowly down Emily's arm. She felt the hand inside of her close, and her pussy stretched open as more of Emily's arm pushed its way inside of her.

"Fucking hell!" Emily gasped. "You're almost up to my damn elbow. Can you go any deeper?"

"No," Amber moaned. I can feel your fist hitting against my cervix now. That's as deep as it goes." She stood up until only Emily's fist remained inside of her, and then pushed back down hard and fast. Up. Down. Up. Down. She fucked herself until she grew weak in the knees and had to hold onto the towel rack with both hands to prevent falling over.

Emily slid her left hand around her right wrist, fingers pointed upwards so that when Amber pushed down she was not only taking Emily's fist and arm, but also the fingers of her other hand as well.

"Keep going! Emily squealed in delight. "Your pussy is a fucking cavern. You're taking almost two fists now. How does it feel?"

"It...Feels," Amber nearly ripped the slim, metal towel rack out of the wall as the orgasm struck her speechless. She nearly slipped on the piss-covered tub as her juices squirted out and down Emily's arm. She somehow managed to lower herself into the tub with Emily's hand and fingers still lodged in her pussy.

"How...how much..." Amber said breathing hard.

"My entire right hand and four fingers to the knuckle ridge of the left hand," Emily answered. "Do you want to keep going, or have you had enough?"

"I can take more I think," Amber purred "but we're going to need a lot more lube."

Chapter Fourteen

Heather goes on trial

~ ~ ~

Although she had prepared for this day for the last month, the moment Amber walked into the court room she was an emotional wreck. She sat down next to her lawyer Paul Kellerman and looked back at Emily, the lone observer of the trial. She tried not to look to her left where Heather was sitting with her attorney.

"All rise," said the bailiff. Everyone stood as the Honorable Judge Kenneth Downy entered the courtroom and took a seat.

"You may be seated," Judge Downy said. "You may call your first witness, Mr. Abrams," Judge Downy said after nearly an hour of opening arguments.

"I call Miss Amber Rayne to the stand," Heather's attorney said.

Amber stood up, shooting Heather and her hawkish-looking lawyer a dirty glance before taking her place on the stand.

"Please raise your right hand and place your left hand on the bible," the bailiff said holding out the Holy Bible for Amber to place her hand upon.

"I'm an atheist," Amber replied. "I will not swear on a bible."

"Do you affirm to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" the Bailiff said lowering the hand holding the bible.

"I affirm," Amber answered and then took her seat. Mr. Abrams approached the witness stand, hands clasped behind his back. He gave Amber a seething gaze.

"Isn't it true, Miss Rayne, that on the night of April eighteen, you went to my client's home seeking sex?" Mr. Abrams jumped right into the questioning.

"No, I went there to..."

"And isn't it also true that you asked for everything Miss Tate did to you?" he asked cutting her off.

"No, I told her to let..."

"Tell us," Miss Rayne, what is the hellfire club?"

"It's a fetish club."

"It is a bdsm club," Mr. Abrams clarified. "Could you explain to those of us unfamiliar with that term what bdsm stands for?"

"It's an acronym meaning bondage and discipline, domination and submission, and sadism and masochism," Amber replied.

"So you frequent a club known for this kind of activity, and then you go to the home of a known dominatrix asking for sex, is that correct?"

"No, that is not correct," Amber said, her temper barely in check. "I only went to..."

"So you're saying you do not go to this Hellfire club? You didn't go to my client's home? And you didn't ask her to do those things to you?"

"If you would allow me to say more than three words maybe I'd be able to answer your questions," Amber bit back.

"Have you visited the Hellfire club?"

"One time," Amber replied.

"Do you like to be tied up and spanked, Miss Rayne?"

"Objection," Mr. Kellerman shouted. "This is irrelevant questioning."

"Overruled," Judge Downy replied. "You better be going somewhere with this,

Mr. Abrams."

"I am, your Honor," Mr. Abrams replied. "So, Miss Rayne, do you or do you not like to be tied up and spanked?"

"What Heather did to me was far beyond spanking," Amber answered.

"Please answer the question with a yes or no."

"No, I don't like being spanked."

"Really? We have testimony from one Sebastian Grant saying the contrary. Do you like gang bangs?"

"Objection!" Mr. Kellerman exclaimed.

"Overruled," Judge Downy said. "Please answer the question Miss Rayne."

"I do, but I fail see what that has to do with anything."

"Do you also make it a habit of breaking up relationships to be with whomever it is you want to be with?"

"That is an outright lie," Amber said through grinding teeth.

"So you didn't cause the breakup between Miss Tate and her then girlfriend Emily Collins?"

"No, I did not."

"Are you and Miss Collins now dating?"

"We are."

"Sounds like you broke them up to me. No further questions."

"Your witness Mr. Kellerman," the judge said.

"Why did you go to Miss Tate's residence on the night of April eighteen?"

"To talk to her."

"About what?"

"It's a long story, but basically Emily and Heather were together and apparently wanted to do a threesome with me. This was before I turned bisexual. After experimenting with my best friend of more than twenty years I agreed to do the threesome with them. When Emily went to talk to Heather to tell her the good news, Heather overreacted and said she never wanted to see either of us again. I went to Heather's house to talk to her, to try and apologize for anything I may have done to cause her anger."

"And then what happened?"

"She agreed to talk to me so I went over to her house. She was very inviting and polite. We talked for a while and she admitted she may have overreacted to the situation. She wanted to show me a room she build in her basement for entertaining patrons of the Hellfire club, and so I went with her to the basement. I saw a piece of equipment I had never seen before and when I asked what it was she told me to get on it and she'd show me. I had no reason to not trust her so I did. And that's when she went psycho on me."

Mr. Kellerman walked over to the side of the courtroom where a covered easel stood. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the images I am about to show you are incredibly graphic in nature. They were taken at the hospital on the morning of April nineteen." He pulled back the cloth cover. The jurors gasped, several covered their mouths in shock, their eyes growing large. The first image was a collage showing Amber from the front, left, right, and back. It showed every piercing, every humiliating tattoo, and the countless welts and bruises covering nearly her entire body.

"This, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is what Miss Tate did to Miss Rayne. This went far beyond consensual bdsm. This was blatant torture. "Miss Rayne, did you ask Miss Tate to do these things to you?"

"Absolutely not. I begged her to stop, but she didn't listen. She said I had to pay for stealing her girlfriend from her and she was going to ruin my body so no one would ever want me again."

Mr. Kellerman moved the first image to the back of the easel. The next showed a close up view of Amber's stretched, pierced, and tattooed pussy, gaping open far more than a pussy should when not giving birth. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is

what Miss Tate meant by ruining Miss Rayne's body. Not only did she tattoo her with over half a dozen humiliating tattoos, and pierce her more than twenty times against her will, she used a machine stolen from the Hellfire club to stretch her vagina and anus open to what you see here."

The jurors were beside themselves with disgust. One elderly woman appeared on the verge of throwing up while another started openly crying. Even the four men looked thoroughly revolted. Amber flushed red as the incredibly graphic photos were being shown to total strangers. She wanted to bury her face and never show it again.

"I ask you this...if Miss Rayne went to Miss Tate's home looking for sex, looking for these things to be done to her, why then would she go to the hospital? Why would she go to the police and file a report? I'll tell you why. Miss Rayne went to the hospital and the police because she was kidnapped, raped, and brutally beaten by a sadistic, narcissistic woman hell-bent on revenge."

"That's a lie!" Heather said slamming her fists on the table. "That fucking bitch stole my girlfriend. She got everything she deserved!"

"Order!" Judge Downy said slamming down the gavel several times. "You'll instruct your client to remain silent Mr. Abrams."

"Yes your Honor," Mr. Abrams said. He leaned close and whispered into Heather's ear. She looked ready to burst, but set back in her seat and remained quiet.

"I rest my case, your Honor," Mr. Kellerman said smiling at Heather for making the case for him."

The jury deliberated less than twelve minutes. The pictures and Heather's outburst were all the evidence they needed to see. Amber and Emily were surprised at the swiftness of their return to the courtroom.

"Have you reach a verdict?" Judge Downy asked.

"We have, your Honor," said the jury foreman – a tall distinguished gentleman with salt and pepper hair and wire-rimmed glasses.

"On the count of kidnapping, how do you find?"

"Guilty as charged."

"On the count of rape, how do you find?"

"Guilty as charged."

"On the count of torture, how do you find?"

"Guilty as charged."

The bailiff walked over to the jury foreman to retrieve the verdict. He delivered it to the judge whom then looked it over. "You have been found guilty on all charges, Miss Tate. You will be remanded to the Bayview correctional facility until your sentencing hearing three weeks from today. Court is adjourned," he said with a hit of the gavel.

"How much time do you think she'll get?" Amber asked her lawyer.

"She'll be going away for a very long time," Mr. Kellerman answered. "At a minimum I'd say twenty-five years with at least twenty years before she is eligible for parole."

"Good," Amber said hugging Emily victoriously. "I hope she rots in there for what she did to me."

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

"So," Emily said as they left the courthouse "what would you like to do now?"

"I don't care as long as it's with you," Amber replied.

"I've been thinking," Emily said squeezing Amber's hand in her own. "What would you say to finally going back to the Hellfire club?"

"I think that's an excellent idea," Amber replied. "I'm dying to do another gang bang as much as you're wanting to be used as a urinal."

"Are you sure you don't want to do it with me?"

"I'm sure. I don't mind getting peed on, but I can't stand the taste of it."

"You can tell them not to pee on your face. Unlike some people we know, they actually listen to what you want."

"OK, I'll join you as a urinal if you join me in my breeding gang bang."

"I'm still on the pill so I can't get pregnant," Emily replied.

"I know that, but they don't. I stopped taking the pill two months ago in preparation for this night."

"And you're certain this is how you want to have kids?"

"I'd rather settle down with a good man who would accept me for who and what I am," Amber said honestly "but that wouldn't be fair to you."

"Why not? Do you forget that I'm also bisexual and very much ok with an open relationship?"

"Yeah, but I wouldn't even know where to look for a man like that."

"Really?" Emily said with raised brow. "What about Master Sebastian? You liked the way he treated you that first time at the club, right? And he's damn good looking to boot."

"True, but what if he's already married or in a relationship?"

"There are plenty of men to choose from. It's not like you have to pick one right away."

"Hence the reason for doing the breeding gang bangs. So, are you saying you're ok with me finding a man to date also?"

"Hell yes I'm fine with it," Emily Exclaimed "as long as he understands we come as a package deal, and if he loses one of us he loses us both."

"Alright, I just thought of an idea. I'll join you tonight as a urinal and afterwards you join me in looking for a man we can both live with."

"Deal," Emily said with a kiss to Amber's full, pouty lips.