

LITTLE SHOP OF WHORES



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Crimson Rose

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It was a warm July evening. Danica had just walked across the stage a few days before and was looking forward to a lazy summer before heading off to college when she got a phone call that would change the course of her life. It was after midnight. Wearing only a pair of panties she was lying comfortably in bed when the phone rang. Ignoring it for four rings, she picked it up off the nightstand on the fifth. Seeing it was her best friend, she answered. "Hey Paige, what's up?"

"Hopefully you are."

"Um, I just laid down actually."

"Sorry, but I really need your help."

"What'd you do this time?" Danica asked as she sat up.

"I swear I didn't do anything. I'm at work right now but for how long depends on you."

"Um, what?"

"Long story short... Connie quit on me and I need to hire someone like right now so there are two on shift per the rules or I'll have to close up and go home without pay which I seriously can't afford to do right now so I'm offering you a job, Danica. Please, I know working in adult toy store isn't the most glamorous job in the world and you want to spend the summer being a couch potato, but I'm desperate and really need your help. So, will you come in and apply?"

"Now?"

"The sooner the better. If I don't close up in like the next hour then I'll be fired tomorrow. Please, Danica."

Sensing the desperation in her friend's voice, Danica sighed. A job was the last thing she wanted and one at an adult toy store even less so. Nevertheless, she could not leave her best friend to be fired. "How much does it pay?"

“Does this mean you’ll do it?”

“That depends on how much it pays and how long you’ll need me to keep the job,” Danica said as she got out of bed.

“It starts at seventeen an hour and I’ll need you to keep the job until we can find someone to take your place. Hopefully that won’t take more than a couple of weeks. So, are you coming in?”

“I don’t like this even a little, Paige. This was supposed to be my summer off to do absolutely nothing until college.”

“I know and if there were anyone else I could ask I would’ve.”

“And why am I the only one you can ask?”

“Because you’re the only one that doesn’t care about or judge me for what I do for a living. Sure, my friends say they don’t care but you’re the only one to ever visit me on the job so you’re the only one I can count on. That being said, I understand if you say no and...”

“I’m not going to let you guilt me into this, Paige. I’ll be there as soon as I can.” Not waiting for her best friend to reply, Danica hung up and dropped her phone on the foot of the bed before going to the closet to pick out something to wear. Moving past the tee shirts, pants, skirts and blouses, she went straight to the back of the closet where she kept her sexiest clothing, clothing her prudish parents – where they ever to discover she owned them, would have immediately cut up and tossed out with the garbage. Plucking the newest addition of her forbidden collection – a form-fitting purple number with plunging neckline that showcased cleavage adorned with five microdermal piercings currently spelling out sexy with a rose filling the last anchor, off its hanger she grabbed a pair of matching strappy heels from a rack before returning to the bedroom. An exhibitionist at heart, she removed her panties before putting the dress on. So as to not wake her parents, she tiptoed barefoot through the house and out to her car before putting the heels on and driving off tired, annoyed, somewhat excited and a bit afraid of what her parents were going to say, let alone do about her working in such an establishment.

At ten till one, Danica pulled into the parking lot of Sinsations. At five minutes till, she entered the largest brick and mortar seller of adult toys, clothing, furniture, magazines and videos in a hundred miles. Eyes going first to her best friend sitting behind the glass top counter housing various sex toys, Danica then looked across the shop where, eight customers shopped while doing their best not to make eye contact with each other.

“Oh my god I thought you’d never make it,” Paige said. “I’ve got an application right here,” she continued as she grabbed a clipboard from next to the register. “Once you’ve filled it out you’ll be hired on the spot and we can continue with the shift.”

“So, you’re not going to get in any trouble for not closing up when Connie quit?”

“Nah, After calling you I called Marcus to let him know what happened and that I was going to hire you tonight so we can stay open.”

“And he’s okay with that?” Danica asked as she took the clipboard from her best friend.

“Marcus is driven by profits so if I can keep us open by hiring you then he’s all for it. Also, I made it abundantly clear that if he did have a problem with it I’d quit and then he’d have no one to work the night shift. Anyways, go ahead and fill everything out and then we can go over all the boring stuff.”

“So, um what days will I be working?”

“Same as me. Tuesday thru Saturday. I know, that basically fucks the best parts of the weekend, but the money’s descent and we can still do stuff in the afternoon and early evening. Speaking of fucks, holy shit that dress looks amazing on you.”

“Thanks. I figured if I’m going to work at a place like this I should dress the part.”

“Um, you know you can wear jeans and a tee shirt, right?”

“Yeah, but jeans and a tee shirt cover everything up,” Danica said as she noticed her best friend blatantly staring at her pierced cleavage. “Take a pic, it’ll last

longer,” she joked. And then, to her surprise, the camera of Paige’s phone was aimed at her breasts. “You know I was kidding, right?”

“Take ‘em out.”

“Excuse me?”

“Your breasts. Pop those puppies out so I can really have something to fantasize about. And don’t bother protesting because we both know you love showing that sexy body of yours off every chance you get. Move to the front of the counter, take them out and then cup them seductively.”

“I would, but it looks as if you’ve got someone ready to check out,” Danica said as a red-faced man in his thirties approached with a full basket.

“I’m sure he won’t mind the show.”

“You’re nuts!”

“And you’re an exhibitionist,” Paige said as the man sat the basket on the counter. “Excuse me, be honest, would you like to see my friend’s tits?”

“Um, what?” the man replied, suddenly wondering if he was being set up.

“Her tits. Would you like to see them?”

“Um, yes?”

“See, told you he’d want to see them. Go on, give him a peek.”

Staring her best friend in the eyes, Danica reached up and with a quick motion pulled the fabric aside allowing her firm, 36C’s to bounce free. “There, you happy now?”

“Very!” Paige said as she snapped picture after picture of her best friend’s perfect breasts. “To make things fun, if you leave them out until you finish the paperwork I’ll buy you something special.”

“You’re crazy, you know that, right?”

“Says the woman with her tits out for everyone to see.”

“Speaking of seeing,” another customer said – this one a tall, well-built black man, “why don’t you let us see that sexy ass as well?”

“See it? I want to fuck it,” the last man in the shop said.

“You guys are a bunch of fucking pigs!” a petite blonde that barely looked a day over eighteen said in utter disgust. “And you,” she continued, turning her attention to Paige “should be ashamed of yourself for making her parade around half naked like that.”

“She’s not making me do anything,” Danica countered. “We’re best friends and I just happen to like exposing my body to strangers so if you don’t like what you see than don’t look, but please do us all a favor and mind your own damn business.”

Embarrassed by the rebuke, the woman dropped the half-full basket on the floor and stormed out of the shop while the other customers, Danica and Paige laughed.

“Well, now that that’s over, are you going to show them your ass?”

“Um, I’m not wearing panties.”

“Even better,” the black man said with a grin that told Danica things were not going to stop there if she complied.

“I like exposing myself to strangers, not have sex with them so don’t go getting any ideas,” Danica said as she slowly tugged her dress up over her hips. No sooner was everything on display then the two men not trying to check out moved uncomfortably close behind her. Biting her lower lip, she gave them one look, turned back around and then began filling out the application for employment fully expecting one or both of them to take her from behind. Although she owned and had used a few dildos, she was technically still a virgin in that she has never had sexual contact of any kind with another human and the thought of being taken by two strangers in front of her best friend and other onlookers almost made her wish they would just use her as their personal fucktoy. It was at that point she realized she was slowly swaying her hips side to side.

From her vantage point, Paige saw the front of the men’s pants tenting as they

stared at her best friends exposed nether region. Saying nothing, she watched as they unzipped, pulled their dicks out and began jerking off. In most places that was enough to get the cops called, but not at Sinsations. Not that such behavior was somehow legal in that lone establishment, but happy customers were return customers and Paige always aimed to please.

The black man moved closer to Danica's backside, dick in hand. Inching forward, he stopped when the head of his cock slid along her vulva. She jumped and was about to spin around, but a hand between the shoulders stopped her. "Wait, hear me out before telling me off. I'm not going to fuck you if you don't want me to, but if you do I'll give you all the cash I have on me."

"Right. And then after I let you fuck me you'll show me an empty wallet. I wasn't born yesterday."

Reaching into his pocket, the man pulled out his wallet, opened it and withdrew a sizable stack of bills. "I'll give it to your friend to hold," he said, showing Paige a now empty wallet. "Go ahead, count it for her if you want."

"I'll do just that," Paige said, as she thumbed through the stack of twenties, fifties and hundreds. "Um, I see at least five hundred-dollar bills," she said. "and that's not counting..."

"Uuhhnnn!" Hearing the amount, Danica slammed her hips back onto the black man's throbbing cock. "Congratulations," she said half-jokingly "you're the first man I've ever had sex with."

"No offense, you're tight, but a virgin you are not," the black man said as he grabbed Danica by the hips.

"I've used a few toys, but like I said, you're the first man I've been with," Danica purred as the long, thick cock pounded in and out of her. Unable to stand, she shoved the clipboard forward and then leaned down onto the counter. "I'm not on birth control so please pull out."

Staring her best friend in the eyes, Paige grinned. "That was by far the stupidest thing you could've said."

"W-What? I don't want some random man knocking me up. How's that stupid?"

“Live and learn, babe. Live and learn.” Turning back to the man trying to check out, Paige continued. “Sorry about that.” Picking up a box containing a set of trainer butt plugs, she began ringing him out.

“HERE! Take all my money too,” the other man said as he emptied his wallet. “Get on the floor so I can take her ass.”

“WHOA!” Danica exclaimed. “I’ve never done anal before.”

“Then tonight’s my lucky night.” Rushing through the shop, he grabbed a bottle of lube from a shelf and then ran back. “You can add this to my bill,” he said as he poured a generous amount into the palm of his left hand.

“Wait, I never agreed to let you fuck me up the ass,” Danica protested as the black man guided her on top of him on the floor.

“Um, I think the fat wad of cash he just handed me says differently,” Paige said, finding it increasingly difficult to do her actual job.

“Dammit! I came here to help you not have to close up shop, not to have sex with the customers.”

“Says the woman that fucked herself on a customers big black cock the second he offered some cash. If he goes nice and slow you might even enjoy it.”

“I’ll go as slow as humanly possible, the man said as he teased Danica’s asshole with the head of his lubed cock.

Danica exhaled. “Do it. Fuck me up the ass. But I swear to god if you just ram the whole thing in I’ll bit it off!”

“Understood.” Teasing some more, the man gently applied and released pressure, allowing her to relax and accept him on her own terms. It took three or four minutes, but the head went in with a loud, guttural moan from the young woman he was sodomizing. True to his word, he gave her a couple minutes to adjust to having something in her ass before slowly sliding deeper. Getting no complaints, he went balls deep before pulling back until only the head remained inside of her and sliding in again. Out. In. Out. In. Faster. Out. In. Out. Harder. In.

Completely overwhelmed by the sensation of taking to men at the same time,

Danica threw her head back and moaned in orgasm. Proof that she was thoroughly enjoying her first double penetration. Unfortunately, it was short-lived.

Seeing the cruiser pulling into the parking lot, Paige jumped into action. “That’s enough everyone! The cops are here so get the fuck up and make yourselves descent! NOW!”

Seeing the seriousness on her best friend’s face, Danica reluctantly pulled away and got to her feet. “Assuming we’re not all arrested you can finish fucking me after the cops leave,” she promised as she quickly righted her dress. Taking a deep breath, she leaned on the counter and resumed filling out the application. The white man that had been fucking her ass put his cock away and then moved through the shop and started putting things in a blue basket. The black man got up and just made himself presentable when the door chimed and two police officers – one an older, slightly overweight man in his late forties or early fifties, and the other a slender brunette woman in her mid to late twenties whose otherwise cute face was a mask of horror at being in such an establishment.

“Evening officers,” Paige said as she rang one of the female customers out.

Seeing the target of their investigation right there, the male officer spoke. “Excuse me, Miss, but we need to have a word with you.”

“Um, what’s this about officer?” Danica asked, the quiver in her voice coming off as nervousness instead of the excitement it really was.

“We received a call that someone matching your description was exposing herself in this shop.”

“HA!” Paige laughed. “Danica expose herself?” I practically had to beg her to apply for the job so we can remain open. This is the last place she wants to be, and she’s certainly never flashed herself in my presence.”

“And you are?” the female officer asked.

“Paige Turner. Yeah, I know, my parents are assholes, what can I say? “I’m the night cashier and I’ve known Danica since we were two. But if you don’t believe me then please feel free to ask the other customers as they’ve been here since before she showed up a little bit ago to fill out an application.”

“That’s something I’d pay to see, but unfortunately there’s been no flashing as long as I’ve been here,” the woman being ringed out said.

“I’m sorry you were lied to, Officers, but we get blamed for all manner of nonsense,” Paige said. “I can’t offer you coffee or a meal, but I am permitted to offer you a toy of your choosing if that sort of thing interest you. And no, this isn’t some bizarre sort of bribe. My boss literally told me emergency personnel may have a free sex toy of their choosing as thanks for their service.” That was an absolute lie, but she hoped it was one that would embarrass them enough to just drop the matter and leave.

“I’ll pass,” the male officer replied.

“Any toy in the shop?” the female officer asked to everyone’s surprise but none more than her partner.

“Officer Mason!”

“What? Just because you’re not interested doesn’t mean I have to walk out empty handed as well. Any toy in the shop?” she asked, giving Paige a sheepish look.

“Any sex toy, yes. That includes dildos, vibrators, butt plugs and anal beads,” Paige clarified. “Go ahead and look around and whatever you pick out is on the house.”

“We are not spending the next five hours riding around with a damn sex toy in the cruiser!” the male officer said.

“Just because you and mom are prudes when it comes to sex doesn’t mean I have to be as well!” Officer Mason shot back.

“Oh shit! You’re father and daughter?” Paige asked. “Well, I guess that explains the look on your face when you first walked in,” she said to Officer Mason.

“Prudish parents are the worst,” Danica said as she continued filling out the application. “If mine knew where I was right now they’d probably disown me, but I don’t care. My best friend needs my help and my helps is exactly what she’s going to get, consequences be damned.”

“I’ll be in the car,” the male officer said. Giving his daughter a disapproving look, he turned and walked out of the shop without asking another question about the incident they were called to check into.

“I shouldn’t have said anything, but I’m just so damn sick of him trying to control everything I do,” Officer Mason vented her frustration. “I’m not really going to take you up on your offer, by the way. I just wanted to embarrass him.”

“Nonsense,” Danica said. “If you walk out of here empty handed he’ll think he’s won and lord it over you for the rest of your life. It’ll just be one more reason for him to think he can walk all over you. Even if you give it away or toss it in the trash the second you get home, you should pick something that’ll absolutely blow his prudish mind. There’s some fist sized and shaped ones in aisle two,” she said as if she had been working at the shop for years. “And some kinkier animal ones in three.”

“Um, I thought you said you were applying for a job? How do you know where everything is if you don’t already work here?” Officer Mason asked.

“My best friend works here and I’ve spent countless hours browsing every corner of the shop.”

“You really want to freak him out?” Paige asked.

“Little bit.”

“Like Danica said, we’ve got animal dildos in aisle three, but we also have animal cock plugs in the same aisle. You should totally get one, personally, I prefer the canine ones, but that’s just me. Anyways, you should get one and put it in before leaving. Then, when he comments on you making the right decision not taking a free sex toy you can tell him you didn’t want to embarrass his delicate sensibilities so you’ll be spending the next five hours riding around with a plug up your ass shaped like a dog’s cock.”

“That’s fucked up on so many levels. I shouldn’t do it, but...”

“That’s the spirit! Aisle three, right over there,” Paige pointed. “When you’ve got one all picked out you can use the employee restroom to put it on.”

“And if you’re still uncertain this is a good idea, then consider this; he might be

so humiliated by what you tell him that you get paired with another partner,” Danica said as she signed her name to the final document. “Here you go, all done,” she added, handing the clipboard to her best friend.

“You’re hired. While I take care of the other customers your job is to show Officer Mason to the employee restroom and then back out here when she’s finished.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“This is probably going to come back and bite me in the ass, but to hell with it. He needs to learn he no longer has a say in what I do,” Officer Mason said as she headed to aisle three.

“I agree one hundred percent,” Danica said as she followed close behind.

“I know I just started working here like two minutes ago, but I really do know this place like the back of my hand so if you’ve got any questions please don’t hesitate to ask,” Danica said as she took the lead. “Because she thought it would freak me out, Paige actually bought me the full line of animal dildos and plugs for my birthday so I’m intimately aware of the pleasures each of them brings. Though, in all honesty I’ve never actually used the plugs before as I just did anal for the first time today but since they’re similar in shape I can assume they’ll be just as enjoyable. Anyways, I know this is a very personal question, but it’ll go a long way to helping you pick out the right toy. Do you like anal and if so how big do you like it?”

“I do like it,” Officer Mason said, her voice low enough that only Danica could hear it. “And the biggest I’ve ever taken was a little over two inches thick.”

“Nice. Um, do you have a first name, Officer Mason, or should I just continue calling you that?”

“E-Ellie,” Officer Mason said, her cheeks turning red as she looked down at the rows of dildos in the anatomically correct shape of various animal cocks.

“That’s a pretty name. It’s nice meeting you Ellie. I know this can be a little embarrassing, but let me tell you two things about Sinsations. First, no one working here is going to judge your tastes in sex toys. And two, embarrassing as it might be, we’re all here for the same thing. That man over there is picking out anal beads and cock rings. That woman over there by the wall is looking at huge dildos. Until today I’ve only ever known the pleasure of animal sex toys as that’s all I’ve ever had access to. Anyways, these are the dildos. The plugs are at the other end. Unless you want a dildo instead.”

“No, I’ll take a plug.”

“Can I ask another personal question, Ellie?”

“You can ask.”

Seeing no rings on Ellie's fingers, Danica decided to see how far she could press her luck. "Have you ever been double penetrated?"

"Um..."

"It's okay. Like I said, I'm not here to judge."

"I have," Ellie quietly answered.

"Nice. I know this is incredibly forward of me, but you're an incredibly beautiful woman and am sort of in a period of sexual exploration so if you allow me to help put them in I'll buy you another plug of your choice so you can ride around with both holes stuffed at the same time."

"I'm not a lesbian."

"Neither am I. I just really like what I'm seeing and how open you are to actually take Paige up on the offer of a free toy to get back at your overbearing father. I've never actually been with another woman before and who knows, I might not like it at all, but I'm willing to give it a try. On the other hand, I might love it and will have you to thank for being my first. No pressure, just something to think about while we pick out your free butt plug."

"You do know that sex in public is illegal, right? And you're propositioning a cop."

"We won't be in public. We'll be in a private bathroom. And I'm propositioning a beautiful woman. If you don't want to do it I understand, but it is another free toy for you and a new experience for both of us."

"A woman that happens to be in uniform," Ellie pointed out as she picked up a box containing a very realistic canine cock butt plug including the tapered tip, reddish shaft and tennis ball sized knot – that bulge near the base that locks two dogs together during sex.

"Seeing things headed south, Danica sighed. "I'm sorry I offered to hopefully maybe show you a good time while also exploring my own sexuality, Officer Mason. I'd have Paige come help you pick out your toy but she's the only one that knows how to use the register right now."

“She said every cop gets a free toy, right?”

“That is apparently store policy, Ma’am.”

“Then instead of you buying me a toy in exchange for sex why don’t I take a second one and say it’s for my partner who technically was in here. As for you helping me put them in... I’m not a lesbian or even bisexual, but I can appreciate beauty when I see it and to be perfectly honest my curiosity is piqued.”

“So...”

“You can help but we have to make it fast or he’ll come in looking for me.”

“Then let’s hurry up and find you some toys, Officer.” Giddy with excitement, Danica quickly went through everything she knew on animal sex toys.

After picking out a nine-inch butt plug shaped like a dog’s cock with an apple sized knot, Ellie revealed another aspect of her sexual experience. Picking up a massive canine toy with a two-and-a-half-inch thick shaft and three-and-a-half-inch knot, she nervously chewed her lower lip. “I’ll take this one as well.”

“Um, are you sure you can handle something that big?”

“I can take a fist.”

“God that’s hot! Okay, let’s go to the restroom.”

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Entering the bathroom, Officer Ellie Mason immediately pulled her pants and panties down. “When I say we need to make it fast I mean I want you to just ram them in me so that I can get back to my shift.”

“Well, that’s no fun. I was looking forward to pleasuring you.”

“I know, but I don’t have all night.”

“Can I at least lick you to get you ready as I work the plug in your ass?”

“Okay, but please make it quick.”

“I’ll try. God, I can’t believe I’m saying this to a cop, but please put your hands on the wall and spread your legs.

“Okay, that’s funny,” Ellie giggled as she complied with the command.

Lubing the smaller of the two plugs, Danica slowly worked the tip into Ellie’s asshole. Without hesitation she then leaned in and licked. “Oh god I love the way you taste,” she purred while pushing the toy up to the knot into Ellie’s accepting ass. Having no idea what she was doing, Danica just did what seemed natural. Pumping the toy in and out, she sucked and nibbled at her lesbian lover’s hooded clit and inner labia while pushing her tongue as deep as humanly possible. It did not take long for the juices to start flowing. Savoring every drop of sweet nectar, she fucked the toy in and out a little faster and harder.

“Ooohhhh fuck that’s good,” Ellie moaned. Reaching back, she grabbed Danica’s right hand, held it in place and then shoved back hard onto the plug. Her asshole stretched and as the knot went in she wondered how it compared to the real thing. To her humiliation, she put her thoughts into words. “Mmmm, if this is even half as good as the real thing I can see why people turn to their dogs for pleasure,” she purred.

“Whoa! Are you saying you’d fuck a real dog?” Danica asked.

“I didn’t say that.”

“Um, you sort of kind of just did. I’m not judging. Come on, be honest, does this make you want to be a real bitch?” Danica asked as she yanked the knot out of Ellie’s ass and then shoved it back in.

“YES!” Ellie grunted. “I mean...”

“You said what you meant. Honestly, I’ve had the same thought every time I fuck myself with these things. Not that I’d ever actually do it, but the thought gets me off every time.”

“Please fill me with the other toy.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Shoving the knot back into Ellie’s ass, Danica then lubed the larger plug. But before using it on her cop lover, she spent three more minutes attempting to bring her to orgasm using her tongue. When that failed, she

covered her left hand with lube, balled it into a fist and then pressed it against Ellie's pussy. To her surprise it took very little effort for it to slide in to the wrist. "Holy shit!" she exclaimed as the juices gushed out of the cop like a broken dam. "You took my fist like it was nothing!"

"N-Now use the plug," Ellie moaned as she struggled to remain on her feet. "Please hurry."

"I'd rather spend all night pleasuring you, but I'll do as you ask." Pulling her hand out, she replaced it with the huge canine cock plug. "I know we just met but I think I'd like you to teach me how to fist like that. Um, assuming you liked having sex with another woman that is."

"I did," Ellie cooed. "I actually really did, but this is new to me and I'm going to need time to digest what we just did so when we go back out there give me your number and when I'm ready I'll give you a call. Now, I want the truth, were you exposing yourself earlier this evening?"

"Between you and I? I not only exposed myself I was having sex with two men at the same time when you pulled in and ruined everything. They were the first men I've ever had sex with and I was really enjoying myself. I really enjoyed pleasuring you as well," Danica said as she kissed Ellie's ass. "So I'll consider us even."

"I can't prove you did anything wrong so you're not in trouble, but I'd be careful who you expose yourself to even in a place like this," Ellie said as he did her best to wipe herself clean.

"I could say the same thing to you, Officer," Danica said, leaning forward and kissing the cop on her hooded clit. "So, how does it feel being stuffed with two big dog cocks?"

"Good. Really, really good. It's going to be a long shift but it's worth it to see the look on my dad's face when I tell him."

"I wish I could do the same, but unfortunately I still live at home so I have to abide by their rules until I can afford a place of my own."

"Well, hopefully that won't take long," Ellie said as she pulled her uniform pants up. Tenderly caressing Danica's right cheek, she leaned in and kissed the much

younger woman on the lips. “I really did like our brief time together, Danica, and am looking forward to the next time we can play.”

“Hopefully, it’ll be for more than a few minutes.”

“I hope so too. Now, you had better get going before your dad comes back in looking for you.”

“After you.”

Leading her new friend and lover out of the bathroom and through the employee lounge to the shop proper, Danica ignored the look she was getting from her best friend until the cop was out in the parking lot.

“So, did she actually stuff her ass?” Paige asked.

Looking around the shop, Danica leaned in smiling ear-to-ear. “Actually, I stuffed her ass!” she quietly exclaimed. “And her pussy. “I hope you don’t mind, but I gave her a second larger toy that her partner didn’t take before leaving. I fisted her, Paige! She took my whole freaking hand like it was nothing and she’s going to teach me how to do it too.”

“Jesus! Are you being serious right now? Since when are you bisexual?”

“Um, since I met Ellie. Um, that’s Officer Mason’s first name. Anyways, this is turning out to be the best night of my life and I have you to thank for it.”

“Well, you can thank me by calling those two men over and finishing what you started,” Paige replied as she watched the police cruiser pulling out of the parking lot.

“Seriously? And what if someone else calls the cops?”

“Then we can only hope the same two come back. But something tells me that won’t happen. Also, they paid a total of eleven hundred bucks to fuck you so the least you can do is give them their money’s worth.”

“Eleven hundred? Holy hell! Hey, you two, get your asses over here and finish the job,” Danica said, pointing to the two men still pretending as if they were still shopping. “And the rest of you, if you don’t like the idea of seeing me

getting double penetrated then the door's over there. Otherwise, enjoy the free show." And with that, she pulled the hem of her dress up and popped her breasts out of the top while getting down on her knees without even considering the dangers of having sex with men she did not know. As they approached, she looked up into lust-filled eyes. "So, um, what are your names?"

"I'm Ashton," the black man answered as he pulled his cock out.

"And I'm Brandon," the white man said as he did the same. "And for the amount of money I've paid I want to do a whole hell of a lot more than just fuck you." Open up, slut."

Thinking the man wanted her to suck him off, Danica eager complied. "Just so you know, Imnph..." she choked on her words as the head of Brandon's dick hit the back of her throat. She started to pull back, but a hand on the back of her head stopped her. And then she tasted it. Warm. Salty. Bitter. Brandon was peeing and she was his toilet. Eyes wide, she stared at him in utter shock all while putting weeks of practicing on dildos to use by not choking or freaking out and pulling away.

"Oh shit!" Paige exclaimed. "Are you doing what I think you're doing? Are you peeing down her throat?" She had seen the fetish performed many times in the random pornos playing on the TV mounted to the wall, but this was her first time witnessing it up close and personal.

"I am and it appears she likes it," Brandon answered.

Feeling the stream slowing, Danica pulled back and let the rest fill her mouth. Acting quickly, she jumped to her feet went behind the counter and then kissed her best friend hard on the lips.

Taken completely off-guard, Paige inhaled sharply. Her lips parted and the next thing she knew her mouth was filling with pee. She tried acting like it was no big deal, but that did not last long as she choked it down. "What the shit, Danica?"

"Hey, if I can drink his piss then so can you." Turning to Ashton, she continued. "So, um, do you need to pee?"

"Not right now."

“Damn. Okay then I guess...”

“Um, I have to pee,” came a voice in the crowd. Eyes turning, everyone saw a woman wearing a black leather skirt barely capable of covering her plump behind and a semi-sheer top that showed she was not wearing a bra beneath. Mid-twenties. Curly black hair hanging to her shoulders. Piercing green eyes. Slightly chubby but she carried it well. “If you want to drink it that is. If not then I’ll have to wait until I get home.”

“Come on, Paige, I drank his so you can drink hers,” Danica said as she straddled Ashton’s hips. Reaching back, she guided him into her pussy, nearly having an orgasm before taking him fully.

“Um, no thanks. No offence, but I’m straight,” Paige said to the woman.

“None taken.”

“Come on, live a little,” Danica said as she rode Ashton’s cock. “If you don’t want to taste her pussy then have her pee into a cup or something and then drink it that way. Personally, I think you’ll love pleasuring another woman but maybe that’s just me hoping we’ll get to play with each other.” Brandon’s cock pushing into her ass, she leaned down to give him easier access. Remembering the pile of cash waiting for her, she looked up towards her best friend grinning like the Cheshire cat. “I’ll give you a hundred bucks if you let her pee directly into your mouth.”

“Make it three hundred and you’ve got a deal.”

“Deal, but for that much you have to pleasure her to orgasm afterwards. No, you have to do a sixty-nine with her. If she wants to that is.”

“God yes!” the woman said. “Um, I’m Abbie by the way. And seriously, I’ll let everyone here fuck me at the same time if they want and I won’t even charge. Hell, if I had cash on me I’d pay you to do it.”

“Three hundred dollars?” Paige asked her best friend.

“Three hundred.”

“You don’t want my first lesbian experience to be with you?”

“I do, but I did it with another woman first so I can’t be mad at you for doing the same.”

“Alright. I’ll do it but someone has to watch the shop so it’ll have to wait until they’re done fucking you.”

“That’s fair.”

“I can wait as long as you like,” Abbie said. “Um, if you want I can kneel between your legs back there and eat you out while you wait for them to finish.”

“I can’t believe I’m actually saying this but sure.”

“That is so fucking hot!” Danica purred as she watched her best friend stand and unbutton her jeans.

“Just know that if I don’t like it I’m making you stop,” Paige said.

“Understood,” Abbie replied as she got down on all fours.

It was then two things happened that would forever change Danica’s life. First, after pounding her ass for several pleasurable minutes, Brandon pulled out and then shoved into her pussy alongside Ashton’s big black cock causing her to groan as she was stretched open to accept him. And second, both men gave her cervix a fresh coat of creamy white. Although she did not know it then, Ashton’s seed had found and fertilized one of her eggs. She may have walked into the shop technically a virgin, but she would be leaving a mother-to-be. In the here and now, however, she was upset they did not pull out as asked. “God damn it! I said to pull out you fuckers!” she said as she pulled herself off of the still hard cocks.

“I told you that was a sure way to make sure they don’t,” Paige said as she spread her legs for Abbie.

“Well, seeing as how they’re finished I can watch the shop while you drink Abbie’s pee. As for you two,” Danica said turning her attention to the two grinning men that had just double tamed her “If I end up pregnant I’ll hunt you down and make you pay.”

“I had a vasectomy four years ago so if you do end up pregnant it’ll be his,”

Brandon replied. "So, can you check me out?"

"I think I've checked you out enough for one night thank you very much."

"I meant..."

"I know what you meant. Sorry, but I literally just started working here a little bit ago and haven't been trained on the register yet so you'll have to wait until Paige is done being Abbie's toilet."

"Speaking of toilets, I could use one right about now," Ashton said as he pulled his pants up, leaving his dick out in the hopes she would take the hint. To his surprise she did and a moment later he was pissing down Danica's throat. "Man, you're one wild bitch! I fucking love it!" As the last drops were flowing down her throat, he picked Danica up, bent her over the glass counter and slammed balls deep into her from behind. "Why don't you give me your schedule so I know when to come back for more?"

"Uhn! Uhn! I d-didn't... uhn... I didn't say you could fuck me again!" Danica grunted between hard thrusts.

"I paid good money for your sexy ass and I'm going to use you until I can't get it up anymore."

"That's not how this works," Paige said as she licked a stray bead of pee from the corner of her mouth. "You paid to have sex with her and you did. Twice actually. Now she said to stop so I suggest stopping unless you want to get the police involved."

Still thrusting his cock in and out of Danica's tightly gripping pussy, Ashton smirked. That is until she shoved him back, spun around and brought her foot straight up between his legs. With a high-pitched yelp he dropped to his knees.

"Get the fuck out and don't even think about coming back or so help me god I'll have your sorry ass arrested," Danica seethed.

"If you're not going to let me get my money's worth then I'm taking these toys as compensation," Ashton countered, picking up the basket he had filled.

"Yeah, I don't think that's going to happen," Brandon said. "Look man, we both

paid to have sex with her and we had sex with her. Now I suggest you leave peacefully or things will get very ugly for you.”

“I’ll also mention that there are cameras all over this shop recording everything including you blatantly attempting to steal from us,” Paige said as she pointed around the shop.

“You know, I actually enjoyed having sex with you,” Danica said. “I would’ve gladly let you fuck me whenever you want, but now I wouldn’t let you touch me even if you were the last man on earth.” Huffing, she pulled her dress down and put her breast back in. “Thanks for ruining what would have otherwise been an amazing night.”

“Alright everyone, you’ve got five minutes to get what you came for and check out before I close up for lunch,” Paige said. “Danica, why don’t you take your break early?”

“Thanks, but I’d rather stay out here and actually learn my job if that’s okay.”

“Fine. You can come back here and watch how I check them out. Abbie, if you’re not terribly busy I’d like you to stay so we can do that sixty-nine as promised.”

“I’d like that but something tells me you’d rather spend the night with her friend.”

“I would, but a promise is a promise and I’m a woman of my word.”

“I appreciate that, but it’s getting late and since you drank my pee I’ll call it even.”

“A raincheck then.”

“I’m sure I’ll make my way back sooner or later.”

“I... we’ll be here.”

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It took fifteen minutes to check everyone out and when the last of the group was

heading to her car Paige locked the door and then changed the neon sign from open to closed. “You okay?”

“I’m fine. I’m not entirely certain what the hell just happened, but that is definitely not how I imagined this night going.”

“You’re telling me. So, other than Ashton turning out to be a complete jerk how was it?”

“I loved every second of it. Even drinking their pee. Sorry I made you do that by the way.”

“It’s okay. Here’s your money by the way. All eleven hundred dollars.”

“Um, three hundred of this is yours,” Danica said as she began counting the bills.

“You did all the work so you deserve to keep all of the reward.”

“I said I’d pay you three hundred to drink Abbie’s pee and you did.”

“I was also supposed to have sex with her and that never happened so I shouldn’t get any of the money. Besides, on the slim chance that one of them actually did knock you up you’re going to need all the money you can get. Knowing her best friend would never dream of getting an abortion, she did not bother bringing it or the morning after pill up. “So, what are you going to tell your parents when they ask where you’ve been all night?”

“I’m going to tell them the truth. And if they can’t accept me working here then, well, I might need a place to crash until I can afford a place of my own.”

“You can stay with me.”

“Get the guest bedroom ready because we both know my parents are never going to accept me working here.”

“Guest bedroom? Why would I put you in there when my bed is plenty big enough for us both?”

“Your bed? Are you saying you want to have sex with me?”

“Maybe I am. Is that going to be a problem?”

“Not even in the slightest.”

“I know you were crushing on Officer Mason pretty hard, but if you want someone to teach you how to fist then I can do that.”

“Really? You can take a fist?”

“So can you.”

“Um, no I can’t.”

“Did you ever fuck yourself with the grand pup dildo I bought you?”

“Why?”

“Just answer the question. Have you fucked yourself with it?”

“Yes.”

“Did you take the knot?”

“Twice.”

“Then you can take a fist.”

“It’s big, bit not that big.”

“You do realize the knot on that thing is three inches thick, right? It might take a little time to work you open but I guarantee if you took that thing twice then you can take my entire hand as well. But that can wait. Right now I need to show you how to do your job.”

“Um, are you staying closed for the rest of the shift?”

“Nah, just an hour or so while we’re on break. Speaking of which, you didn’t bring anything with you to eat did you?”

“No. But after drinking all that pee I’m not exactly hungry so it’s probably for the best.”

“Yeah, that won’t last long. The only place I know that’s open this late is Taco Bell so why don’t you go grab something and we’ll go one break when you get back?”

“Okay. And Paige, if you ever need a toilet just ask.”

“Right back at you, babe.”

Waking to the feeling of a body pressed against her back, Danica was just about to freak out when she remembered she had gone home with her best friend. Unfortunately, by that point she was too exhausted to have sex and instead fell asleep in Paige's arms. Used to going to bed alone, it felt satisfyingly weird waking up next to someone. It was a feeling she could easily get used to. Needing to pee, she attempted to gently pull away from her best friend's warm, naked body but a hand reaching around and cupping her breast gave her pause. "Um, you awake?"

"Mmm hmm," Paige answered. "Where you off to?"

"I need to use the bathroom."

"We made a promise, remember? I use you as me toilet and you use me. Give me a sec to get in position."

"You really want to drink my pee?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Really? I mean, do you honestly want to drink it or are you just doing it because it's what you think I want?"

"Little of both? I mean, yeah, it's weird," Paige said as she rolled out of bed and onto all fours "but I kind of like the way it makes me feel drinking it. And the taste isn't completely horrible so that's a plus. And I know it pleases you to no end watching me doing it and that alone makes it worth it."

"That is so hot. I want to have sex with you, Paige," Danica said as she finally got up.

"I want you to have sex with me, Danica. Right after we drink each other's pee that is."

"So, I had an interesting dream," Danica said as she placed her vulva against her

best friend's lips. "I dreamt the store had gloryholes and we made money pimping men and women out to strangers for blowjobs and sex." Going as slow as possible, she filled Paige's mouth and waited for her to swallow before peeing a little more. I also dreamed that we gave shoplifters the choice of having the cops called on them or being locked in a gloryhole for several hours to pay for whatever it was they planned on stealing."

Not stopping until her best friend was finished, Paige licked Danica for a solid fifteen seconds before sitting back and looking up. "Um, we actually do have gloryholes. And we do make money off them."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. Though giving shoplifters the option of spending a few hours locked in one in lieu of going to jail is something we never thought of. I like it. Though, to be honest we don't really get a whole lot of people attempting to steal from us."

"So, um, how many gloryholes does the store have and how much do you make?"

"We have twenty booths. Eighteen are set up for video viewing while the ones on either end are bathrooms where viewers can clean up. The eighteen video booths have holes in the interior walls so that the occupant can be taken from both end at the same time. We actually have a fairly large clientele of men and women willing to sell themselves for a little extra cash and a system in place for people to know when a booth is occupied. I can show you how it all works tonight," Paige said as she got to her feet. "Your turn to be a toilet."

"Yes Ma'am," Danica grinned. "Have you ever sold yourself in one of the gloryhole booths?"

"Many times."

"How much do you make?" Danica asked just before placing her open mouth over her best friend's vulva.

"That all depends on what the person on the other side wants. The shop charges fifty for blowjobs, two hundred for vaginal sex, three hundred for anal, five hundred for vaginal fisting and seven hundred for anal fisting of which the

person in the booth gets eighty percent. And to answer the obvious, whomever is paying tells us what they want and we confirm it with whomever is in the booths at that time. If someone agrees to do everything then we take the money and point them in the right direction.”

“And how long do they have to use the person in the booth?” Danica asked after licking her lips clean.

“Typically an hour.”

“You know I’m going to want to spend some time in one of these booths, right?”

“You want to be a prostitute?”

“Um, isn’t that pretty much what we both are now? I mean, we did take money for sex last night and you already said you’ve been in the booths many times.”

“I’m not judging. I just want to hear you say that you want to sell yourself for money.”

“Before last night I probably would’ve slapped you for that, but now? Yeah, I absolutely want to sell myself for money and I want you to be my pimp. So, why is this the first time I’m hearing about these gloryholes?”

“Because even if there are more than a few cops, male and female alike that make use of them, they’re not exactly legal.”

“How often are they used?”

“Multiple times per day seven days a week.”

“They weren’t used last night.”

“Actually, they were. That side of the business is taken care of through our back entrance.”

“Wait, so when you said you were the only one working last night that was a lie?”

“Yes and no. I was alone in the store, but Maria and Justine were in the gloryhole

section taking care of business. Everything is kept separate so I wasn't really lying when I said I was alone. Anyways, we should probably go take a shower and then grab a bite to eat before... umph!" Paige grunted as she suddenly landed on her bed.

"You're what I'm going to eat and then you're going to take me to the shop and show me these gloryholes," Danica said as she crawled between her best friend's legs.

Seeing a brief flash out of the corner of her left eye, Paige turned her head just in time to see the screen on Danica's phone dim. "Um, I think you're getting a call or something."

"Whomever it is can wait." Flipping around, Danica lowered her head between Paige's legs. "Prove that I can take your fist." And with that, she sucked her best friend's clit.

"Mmmm... If we're going to do this then we need lube. If you want to grab a bottle it's in the green tote in the back of the closet."

Giving Paige's clit a playful nibble, Danica rolled off the bed to see her phone once again lighting up. Ignoring it, she ran to the closet, located the green tote and then popped the lid off to see a nice collection of sex toys and lubes. Picking up a dildo she had seen many times in the shop but never used, she grinned and slid one bulbous end into her pussy leaving a long, thick black shaft sticking out from between her legs. Lube in hand, she returned to the bedroom to yet another phone call. "You like my big black cock?" She said as she slowly walked towards the bed.

"God yes!" Paige said as she instantly rolled onto all fours. "I'm yours for the taking, babe."

"This thing actually feel pretty damn good."

"Did you turn it on?"

"Um, what?"

"There's a little switch at the rear of the shaft. Flip that bad boy on and enjoy."

Danica reached down between her legs and almost immediately found the switch. How she missed it when putting it in was beyond her, but there it was. Flipping it forward, she let out a soft yet guttural moan as intense vibrations excited every part of her womanhood. "Holy fuck!"

"I know, right?"

Seeing her phone once again going off, Danica groaned. Walking around the bed, she picked it up off the nightstand and saw that it was her mother calling. Accepting the call, she put the phone to her ear and then just let eighteen years of pent-up frustration come pouring out in one shocking confession. "God damn it, I'm trying to have sex with Paige what do you want?"

After a long moment of silence her mother replied. "E-Excuse me?"

"You heard me. I'm having sex with Paige so unless someone is dying I'm hanging up. Is anyone dying?"

"No, but..."

"I may or may not be home at some point today but I wouldn't hold my breath if I were you."

"I don't know what's..."

"Goodbye, mom." And with that Danica hung up, laid her phone screen side down on the nightstand and turned towards the bed to see her best friend staring at her in wide-eyed shock. "Sorry, but I'm horny as hell and in no mood to listen to whatever bullshit she has to say right now."

"I watched you drinking piss, having sex with strangers in the store, convince a cop to stuff her holes with animal cock plugs to teach her overbearing father a lesson and offering yourself up as a prostitute but that right there was the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen in my life!" Paige exclaimed. "Um, you know she's going to think we're dating now, right?"

"I'm not seeing the problem," Danica said as she bounced onto the bed. "Here, let's make it official. Do you want to be my girlfriend?"

"FUCK YES!"

“Now that is fucking hot,” Danica said as she plunged the dildo into her girlfriend’s pussy.

Later that day...

After spending most of the afternoon exploring each other's bodies and fucking each other silly, Danica and Paige showered, grabbed a bite to eat and then sat at the latter's small dining room table silently staring into each other's eyes until it became too much for Paige to bear. "So, what's the plan now, babe? I mean, you can absolutely move in with me, but what are you going to tell your parents? How are you going to go about getting your things?"

"I'm going to tell them we're dating now and if they can't accept that then they'll never see me again until they can. As for my stuff, I'm going to go pack my things and if they say anything I'll dare them to stop me. Also, I'd really like you to be there as a witness but I completely understand if you want no part of the drama."

"Well, okay then. We still have a couple hours before work. Do you want to go grab a few things now and get the rest later or..."

"I'd rather get everything in one go so maybe tomorrow? Besides, I kind of really want to see the gloryholes and maybe get an hour in before our shift starts if that's possible."

"That's definitely doable."

"And now that I can take a fist in both holes at the same time, thanks for stretching me open by the way, I can accept even the kinkiest of clients. Also, I noticed you didn't mention drinking piss on the list of things offered. And reason?"

"Honestly, we never really thought about it but if that's something you're interested in exploring we can certainly add it to the list. What do you think is a fair price for drinking some random stranger's piss?"

“Honestly? I have no idea, but based on the prices you mentioned earlier I’d say in the one to three hundred range.”

“Sounds fair, but in my experience I’ve found it best to go high and then lower it if necessary so we’ll start at four hundred and see how that goes.”

“Cool.”

“You know I’m going to want to spend most of my free time in the gloryholes, right?”

“It’s a good way to make some fast cash, but it’s not without risk which is why you’ll need to be tested for STD’s every month and if any of them come up positive you’ll be banned from doing them and it’ll put a serious strain on our relationship so I strongly suggest moderation.”

“I mean, isn’t that what condoms are for?”

“Yes, but not every man will wear them and those that do will often take them off before coming and if you’re pleasuring another woman she can’t exactly wear a condom.”

“I still want to do it at least once.”

“And you should. Like I said, it’s pretty damn good money for doing something you obviously love.”

“So, before we actually head in early to do this, are you actually okay with your girlfriend having sex with other people for money?”

“As long as it makes you happy then it makes me happy. Besides, I’ll be doing them from time to time as well so I can’t judge. Unless, of course, you don’t want me to.”

“That’d be hypocritical of me. Can we do them together in the same booth?”

“Unfortunately, no. Only one person is allowed in them at a time. Anyways, if we’re going to do this then we should head out now. That’ll give whomever is working that side time to call in some people to use us.”

“I hope they’re kinky as fuck because I want to experience it all,” Danica said as she scoot her chair back to get up from the table. “Um, seeing as how I don’t have anything to wear do you think I can borrow something from your closet for tonight?”

“Of course. But you’re no longer permitted to wear a bra and panties.”

“Oh?”

“Put them on and I’ll spank that sexy ass of yours.”

“Is that a promise?”

“It is.”

“And just because I think it’ll be loads of fun, you’ll call me Mistress from now on no matter where we are or whom we’re with is that understood?”

“I don’t know where this is coming from, but I love it, Mistress. Please tell me you’ve been hiding a dungeon somewhere in the house.”

“No, but we certainly sell everything we need to make one if that interests you.”

“Yes please. I sincerely want to explore every sexual avenue possible, Mistress, so if we’re really going to be Mistress and submissive then I’ll gladly help pay to make it happen. Of course, it’ll have to wait until I’ve done a few gloryholes...”

“Why don’t we see how that goes before getting too far ahead of ourselves? Not that I doubt you’ll love every sexual perversion tossed your way, but bdsm isn’t something you should walk into blindly. Not that I’ve ever dominated anyone, but I’ve seen enough porn, read enough erotica and talked to enough people to know we should take it slow.”

“I’ll go as fast or slow as you command, Mistress. All I ask is that you introduce me to everything you’re into no matter how fucked up it might be. Oh, and a collar. I definitely want to wear your collar.”

“We’ll get to all of that in time. Now let’s go while we still have time to do the gloryholes.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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While she had visited Sinsations numerous times since turning eighteen back in February, Danica never found the video booths all that appealing so while she knew of their existence she had never seen them up close and in person until now. Entering the non-descript brick building through the back, she and Paige were immediately greeted by a lithe, freckle-faced redheaded woman wearing a latex catsuit and a burly, barrel-chested man in leather pants and matching open vest.

“Hey Paige,” the woman said “Back for another round? And who’s this lovely creature?”

“Hey Monica. This is my girlfriend Danica and she really wants to spend an hour or so in the booths before work tonight. Think you can make that happen?”

“First, I thought you were only into men, and second, we can absolutely make that happen. “I’ll just need you to fill out a couple of forms, love,” Monica said to Danica. “I hope wherever you work isn’t far because you’re going to be completely wrecked.”

“She works here,” Paige laughed. “I hired her last night. Anyways, there’s more. We’re adding piss drinking to the list of offered fetishes starting at four hundred. Danica and I will both be taking booths with no limits.”

“Nice. Also, you drink piss now too?” the man asked with raised brow. “Who are you and what have you done with the real Paige?” Still seated, he turned his gaze towards Danica. “I’m Mitch by the way.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise. So, I’ve got to know, how in the hell did you convince Miss Straight as an arrow here to date and I’m assuming have sex with you?”

“Um, I asked?”

“Funny, I’ve been asking for months and she’s turned me down every time,” Monica said as she snapped a few pages onto a clipboard.

“What she didn’t tell you is that we’ve been best friends practically our entire lives,” Paige clarified. “Anyways, we’re dating now so if you want to pay to use me in the gloryhole that option is now on the table.”

“Um, that goes for both of us,” Danica added, taking the offered clipboard.

“Tempting, but far too rich for my poor blood. How many would you like to pleasure?”

“Given the time constraints no more than one,” Paige answered.

“That’s it, Mistress?” Danica asked, not bothering to hide her disappointment.

“We can come back on our day off and stay for as long as you like. Now fill out the paperwork like a good little whore.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“So, you’re a Mistress now as well?” Mitch asked.

“Yeah, that sort of just happened today. I’ve never dominated anyone in my life, but she wants to serve me so I’m willing to see where it leads us.”

“You might be too rich for her blood, but not mine so get your ass in a booth so I can spend the next hour using you.”

“Sure, right after you tell Monica what you’re paying for and then actually pay for it.”

“I’m paying for it all including her drinking my piss,” Mitch said as he dug his wallet out of his tight leather pants. Opening it, he pulled out a wad of fifties and hundreds which he then counted out. \$2,150 in total. “Now get your ass in a booth, whore.”

“I’ll be in one,” Paige said.

“That means you’ll be in three,” Monica said to Danica. “And you’re open to everything as well?”

“Yes Ma’am. Especially more than one guy at a time so if you could bring in like

fifty that'd be great."

"You don't have that kind of time, babe," Paige said as she disappeared around a corner. "You can have two and that's it."

"Yes Mistress." Still disappointed, Danica sighed. "I guess two it is then."

"You know, Paige isn't the only one that can add things to the list. Do you want to get gang banged?"

"Fuck yes!"

"Then you'll get gang banged."

"But Mistress said each person pays to use us for a full hour and that about all the time we have."

"True, which is why all ten men will use you at the same time. And since you're doing it all, that's a shit ton of money for an hour of sex even after our cut."

"Um, Mistress said only one person in a booth at a time so how can I have sex with ten?"

"Paige knows the store part of the business very well, but this is where Mitch and I reign. We've actually converted an unused storage closet into a larger booth just for the purposes of gang bangs and you're going to be its first occupant."

"Mistress said I can only have sex with two, but fuck it, let's do it. Set up the gang bang. But I can't be late for work tonight."

"I'll personally make sure you're on time. Now fill out those forms while I make a few calls."

"Yes Ma'am. Un, since it was just added to the list how much will I be paid for a gang bang?"

"That all depends on you, hun. If you've got limits then it'll be ten times what your girlfriend is making off Mitch. If not then I'm thinking of charging the men and women if you want a mix, five thousand to use you however they desire for

the entire hour.

“I’m going to be completely honest with you,” Danica said as she rapidly filled out the first form. “Until last night I’ve only ever fucked myself with dildos. Then Mistress called and asked me to come work to fill in for someone that had quit and before I even had the application filled out I was paid to have sex with two men at the same time. I also drank piss and had sex with another woman – not Paige by the way, for the first time. And then today Mistress fisted me in both fucking holes at the same time and I loved it. Honestly, I think I might be addicted to sex because that’s all I can think about now. If I could I think I’d live in one of the booths and let men and women use me as their sex doll day and night. I guess what I’m getting at is I don’t know if I have any limits so lets say that I don’t and hope for the best.”

“You understand that no limits means they can do whatever they want to you whether you like it or not, right? As long as it’s legal nothing is off limits. In essence you’ll be their sex slave, an object for them to use to satisfy their every perverse and sadistic desire.”

“Sign me up,” Danica said, thinking first of all those cocks and pussies first and the insane amount of money she was going to make second. “Um, I love having sex with men and women, but I’m a greedy bitch and want all the cocks to myself so All men please.”

“You got it.” Turning, Monica took two steps towards her small desk.

“Wait, I changed my mind. Make it eight men and two women. That way I can practice pleasuring both.”

“That can be arranged.”

“Thanks.”

Labeled the Sin Room, the 290 square foot converted storage closet came equipped with a wide variety of toys and equipment from the dildos, vibrators, plugs and anal beads lining three shelves on the left wall to the gags, clamps, ropes, cuffs paddles, canes and floggers hanging on pegs on the right, to the Saint Andrews cross in the middle of the back wall with an octopus chair on one side and a spanking bench on the other. A cabinet on the wall to the left of the door was filled with all manner of piercing and tattoo equipment while one on the right contained a branding gun and nearly a hundred different tips. A lot was crammed into a small space and Danica was excited to try it all. Hearing heels click-clacking on the tiled floor behind her, she turned to see Monica.

“Okay, so here’s the deal, I’ve got your eight men and two women and they’re willing to pay eight thousand dollars each to use you as their sex slave, but not for an hour. They want at least ten hours to make it worth their time. Before you say anything, I know that’s longer than your shift which is why I’m willing to fill in for you, um, in the shop that is. And yes, that is permitted. The question is, are you willing to spend ten hours being used as a sex slave?”

“I won’t get in trouble or be fired for missing my second day?”

“No. Especially considering how much money you’re going to make the owners.”

“Can I ask who the people using me are?”

“I’ve carefully cultivated a lengthy list of people over the years that are more than willing to spend their money using sexy young whores like you. Some are healthily middle class while others are worth millions. So, are you up for ten hours of sexual slavery?”

“I sure hope so.”

“I need a yes or no.”

“Yes, I’m up for ten hours of sexual slavery.”

“Great, because they’ll be here in about thirty minutes and once they’ve paid you’ll spend the rest of the night as their property. After five hours you’ll be given an hour break which is included in the ten-hour time limit to freshen up and grab a bite to eat before finishing up the last four hours. Now, I want to make it very clear that if you quit before the end you won’t be paid a penny and you’ll be fired from your job at the shop so please only do this if you’re absolutely certain you can handle the most depraved sexual perversion known to man.”

“For that kind of money I’d fuck a kennel full of dogs and a stable full of horses,” Danica replied. “And I’m not just saying that for shock value. Hell, call me fucking gross but for that kind of money I’d screw... nevermind.”

“No, go on, I want to hear who or what else you’d screw.”

“It’s too fucked up.”

“Tell me or I’ll cancel the gang bang.”

“I was going to say I’d screw my whole family,” Danica said as her entire body suddenly got very warm.

“Kinky. Well, I suggest using the toilet or grabbing a quick bite to eat before they arrive. Or if you want you can take stock of what they’ll have access to.”

“Thanks. First, I think I need to tell my Mistress what’s going on if that’s okay.”

“Of course.”

“Thank you for setting this up on such short notice.”

“My pleasure.”

Leaving the gang bang room, Danica walked over to a booth with a neon blue 1 on the door and slowly opened it. “Hey Mistress, how are things going in here?”

“J-Just great,” Paige moaned as Mitch’s hands punched in and out of her pussy

one after the other.

“Cool. So, um, I hope you’re not too pissed at me and if you are I fully accept whatever punishment you think I deserve, but apparently they’ve been working on a gang bang room and I’m going to be the first one to use it tonight. Monica set me up with eight men and two women and they’re going to use me for ten hours. She said she’d be taking my place in the shop tonight. I really, really want to do this, but if you command me not to I won’t. I just need to know now because they’re on their way.”

“How much are you making?”

“If my math is correct, sixty-four thousand, Mistress. That’s after the shop’s cut.”

“Fucking hell!”

“I know, right? I won’t ever have to worry about money ever again.”

“Um, that’s a lot but not exactly retirement money, babe.”

“I know, Mistress, but if everything goes well I’m planning on doing this at least once a week. I’ll be a freaking millionaire in four or five months!”

“I never thought of it that way. If this is really what you want then you have my blessing.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Taking a step back, Danica shut the booth door and turned to Monica grinning like a kid in a candy store. “How many people are on that list of yours?”

“Nearly a thousand.”

“Nice. I’d like you to contact as many of them as you can and see how many are willing to gang bang me. I’d then like you to set up a gang bang for every ten that accept and schedule them for Sunday evening. I want to do this every single week until I’ve been fucked by them all.”

“Not all of them will accept but I think I can get enough to keep you busy for the next year or so.”

“Sweet! Please make it happen.”

“It’ll take time but I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure.”

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To get into the right headspace, Danica said to herself: I’m a sex slave. I’m nothing but an object to be used to fulfill the sexual desires of my owners. I have no limits. I’m a whore. Nothing is too perverse if it means pleasing those paying to use me. My body is no longer my own. I have no say over what my Masters and Mistresses do to me and no matter how fucked up, humiliating and degrading it might be I’ll except it all with a smile. I’m a painslut. I’m a whore. I’m a masochistic fucktoy here for the sole purpose of pleasing others. Over and over she repeated words to that effect as she knelt in the middle of the miniature dungeon awaiting the arrival of the men and women that would spend the rest of the night using her.

After several minutes of shuffling outside of the room, the door opened and a group of men between the ages of twenty-two and fifty-one entered. All were fit, clean-cut, well-dressed and white. Not that it mattered to Danica one way or another but it would go one to later narrow down and then prove whom the father of the child she did not know she was pregnant with was. Walking in behind them were two women. The first was a twenty-five-year-old olive-skinned brunette with double rings on either side of her lower lip, and the other was an intensely beautiful twenty-seven-year-old caramel-skinned black woman whose corset dress was barely able to contain her huge breasts.

Looking up at them, Danica smiled. “Before we begin there are a few things I need to say. First, thank you all for coming on such short notice to use me as your personal sex slave for the next ten hours. This is my first gang bang and, well, time being a slave and I’m incredibly nervous and excited to see how this goes. Second, with all of you and the cameras recording as my witnesses, I am offering myself up to you as a sex slave for the next ten hours. During that time you may use me however you desire without limit so long as it is legal. You may use any and everything currently in this room and no matter how much I might dislike it I’ll do my best not to complain. Again, I am your sex slave and you

may use me however you desire so long as it is legal for you to do so. And finally, my name is Danica, but I'll answer to whatever humiliating and degrading name you wish to call me. I'll definitely be calling you all Master and Mistress, but to avoid confusion I'd like a name to go with that even if it's a fake one. That being said, I am now yours to use."

A million things were running through Danica's mind, but one of them was not what happened next. A man in his mid-thirties wearing what appeared to be a tailored dark gray suit stepped forward, reached down and grabbed her around the throat. And with a heave she was on her feet back slammed against the wall between the upper arms of the Saint Andrews. Face turning red, she gasped for air as the dress she borrowed from her girlfriend was ripped off and tossed aside.

"My name is Master Damien and I'm one of the most sadistic sons of bitches you're likely to ever meet. Survive me and you just might make someone a decent slave," the man choking Danica said as he pulled her in for a kiss before letting her drop to the floor gasping.

"I... I-I'll do my best to serve you M-Master," Danica said as she rubbed her throat.

"I'm sure you will and I'm sure just like all the others you'll fail. I mean, a good slave wouldn't need to be told to take her Master's cock out and suck it."

No sooner were the words out of Damien's mouth then Danica scoot across the tiled floor and quickly unbuttoned his pants. Pulling them down, she sucked him into her mouth as she had the men last night and so many dildos before.

Meanwhile, the rest of the group began stripping out of their clothes. The first one out of her clothes, the black woman plucked a cat o' nine from its hook and then positioned herself slightly behind Danica's left side. "My name is Mistress Abrielle and there's nothing I love more than breaking confident, headstrong cunts like you and molding them into the perfect plaything. Keep sucking and for both your sakes you better not bite." And with that she swung. The cat o' nine slapped hard between Danica's shoulders, the hard leather tips of each tail biting painfully into flesh

While Danica's pre-submission pep talk included calling herself a pain slut, in reality she hated even the tiniest bit of discomfort. That one swat was far more painful than anything she had ever felt in her life. Resisting the instinct to throw

her head back and scream in agony, she grabbed Master Damien's ass and held his throbbing cock down her throat. Unfortunately, before the pain ended another swat landed. Then three more in rapid succession, each going slightly lower than the previous. Unable to withstand it anymore, she fell back onto her ass and then scrambled towards the corner. "Jesus motherfucking Christ!" she wailed. Flight turning to fight, she jumped to her feet and before anyone could react, snatched the cat o' nine from Abrielle's hand. "Let's see how you fucking like it!" she said, swinging and making contact with the black woman's breasts. To everyone's surprise Abrielle took it with barely a grunt. Shocked, Danica paused with arm raised for another strike that would never come.

"That's how a good slave accepts her punishment," Abrielle said as she took the cat o' nine back.

"You can beat her into submission after we've bred the little slut," Damien said as he got down on the floor. "Come on, whore, don't just stand there. Start riding my cock or you'll spend the next ten hours as the target of Abrielle's fury."

That's all Danica needed to hear. Straddling Damien's hips, she got down onto her knees and then lowered herself onto his cock. Abrielle got in four more swats before another man shoved his dick up her ass. A few seconds later another was going down her throat. It was her first triple penetration and she was loving it. And not just because all the bodies shielded her from Abrielle's wrath. Or so she thought.

Putting the cat o' nine back on its hook, Abrielle instead grabbed a bottle of distilled water and a violet wand. Kneeling, she sat the wand on the floor and then spent the next couple of minutes poured and rubbed water onto every millimeter of Danica's body she could get her hands on. Under normal circumstances a violet wand was the safest form of electroplay on the market – the zap delivered akin to a static shock, but the added water and sweat was going to intensify that somewhat. As would holding the rake-like tip in one place longer than necessary.

It hurt and every touch caused Danica to jump and yelp around the cock thrusting in and out of her throat, but it paled in comparison to the cat o' nine and coupled with the thrill of taking three men at the same time and it was almost pleasurable.

The first four hours of Danica's first gang bang was filled with double and triple penetrations, anal and vaginal fisting, more than a dozen creampie, three drained bladders and more than two hundred swats from floggers, paddles, canes, cat o' nines and belts that somehow managed to completely avoid her left breast. A few moments later she figured out why. Restrained standing spread eagle with arms held in place by cuffs around the wrist hooked to short chains dangling from the ceiling, and legs spread and secured by cuffs around her ankles and hooked to the floor, she watched as Abrielle used several alcohol wipes to clean her unmarked left breast.

The needle going through Danica's left nipple was a tolerable pinch followed by a ring from which dangled a little paw-shaped tag with BITCH IN HEAT stamped into one side. But that was just the beginning of what Abrielle had in mind for the confident slave-in-training.

"Tell me, slave, do you know the meaning behind the bdsm symbol?" Abrielle asked as she gathered what she needed.

"Um, this is only the second time I've ever submitted in my life, Mistress. Last night to Mistress Paige being the first. I didn't even know there was a bdsm symbol," Danica answered truthfully.

"I see. For the last flourish hours you've obeyed our every command and perversion without hesitation or much complaint. That is the first step in becoming a sex slave and I'm confident you'll continue doing so for the rest of our time together. The question is, are you willing to make this your life?"

"Yes Mistress," Danica immediately answered.

"Then let me explain the meaning behind the symbol that you'll bear for the rest of your life," Abrielle said as she closed a cabinet door and reached down to open a drawer. "This," she continued, holding up what appeared to be a sticker of a three-armed yin yang "is the symbol of bdsm called a triskelion. It was designed in the nineties to have no obvious symbolism to anyone without

knowledge of the bdsm lifestyle. In the context of bdsm there are a lot of threes and the triskelion focuses on several of them specifically. First, let's look at the name bdsm. While only four letters, it is an abbreviation for six aspects of the lifestyle which are grouped together in three sets. Bondage and Discipline, Dominance and Submission, Sadism and Masochism."

Placing the sticker on the cart alongside the violet wand and a few other items, Abrielle continued her explanation. "Now let's look at the bdsm lifestyle's creed, it's statement of faith if you will. Safe, sane and consensual. Thirdly, the bdsm lifestyle participants can be identified by one of three clearly identifiable groups. Tops are the Masters and Mistresses. Bottoms are the submissives and slaves. And switches are those whom, well, switch between being dominant and submissive. "Now, let's look at the individual parts of the triskelion," she said as she very carefully peeled and then placed the adhesive template onto Danica's left breast.

"The yin yang shapes are meant to show how one area of B&D, D&S and S&M are separate, but can easily cross the indistinct line into another area, representing how one area begins and another ends. They constitute parts of bdsm in motion. The blackness represents the dark desire of a person and their ability to unleash and or control them. As for the holes, think of the yin yang shapes as a person. A top, a bottom or a switch. The hole represents the fact that something or someone is missing and that person is incomplete. Each shape/person is playing it's role. BDSM cannot be performed alone, hence they have a hole within them that can only be filled by another. A Dominant requires a submissive as much as a submissive requires a Dominant. One must have the other to be complete."

Branding tip attached, Abrielle began carefully tracing along the symbol's outer ring. "We can think of the circle as a border that represents the oneness of its community. A container of all constituent parts. A border of a community that understands, respects, protects and embraces its own for their lifestyle choice, whilst understanding one part is no more or less than the other. If you stand inside of this circle, you have made a lifestyle choice and have become one of the constituent parts. That, slave, is the meaning of the symbol I'm branding on your breast. But don't worry, the fun thing about violet wand branding besides it not breaking the skin and not hurting even remotely as much as strike branding – that's where red-hot metal is used, is that it's actually temporary but can be made permanent with enough passes. Depending on how your body tackles healing,

the one I'm giving you now should last about four to six months. That should be more than enough time for you to think about where you fit into this lifestyle, if at all."

"Sincerely, thank you for explaining that to me Mistress," Danica said between winces as the tender flesh of her left breast received a constant flow of electric current. "Please keep going until it's permanent."

"You sure about that, slave?"

"Please be honest, do you think I'd make a good slave, Mistress?"

"I think anyone can be a good slave if that's truly what they want, but it takes a special soul to be a great one and you, Danica, given enough time and training have what it takes to become a great slave."

"Then please make the brand permanent, Mistress."

"You have two options for making it permanent, slave. The first is the quickest and most painful and that's strike branding. The second is more passes of the violet wand over several sessions."

"You can't just do it with the wand now, Mistress?"

"No. You have to give it time to heal before going over it again or else you risk the scar tissue getting all kinds of fucked up and trust me, you don't want that. It'll take at least ten to fifteen passes over four to five sessions with at least a month break between each."

"I see. Then please do the strike brand, Mistress."

"Tell you what, I'll finish using the wand for now and if at the end you're still set on being permanently marked as a slave I'll go over it with the branding gun."

"I want it done so why wait?"

"Mainly because we still have four hours to use you and using the branding gun will end that here and now. I give you my word I'll brand you at the end if it's still what you want."

“And I give you my word it is, Mistress.”

Concentrating on following every line evenly, Abrielle continued. “You’re new to all of this so let me give you some advice. The bdsm lifestyle can be the single most rewarding experience of your life, but it can also be the most dangerous. There are monsters out there that would take advantage of your submission for their own gain, or worse, they’ll use you up and leave you lying in a ditch somewhere. It’s very easy to latch onto the first Master or Mistress that shows you even a hint of attention, but there’s no rush. If you find someone that piques your interest talk to them. Spend time getting to know them and if you click as friends try a scene. I strongly suggest doing it here where you can get paid or in a reputable fetish club where they’ll be witnesses. Go slow. Take your time and see what sort of Master or Mistress they are. Watch for subtle hints that they might be putting on an act for your benefit and if they are run like hell away from them.”

“Thank you Mistress. I actually already have a Mistress and I trust her with my life.”

“Oh? I thought you said this was your time submitting?”

“I said it was my first time being a sex slave, Mistress. I submitted to my girlfriend Paige earlier today. That was my first time so I’m still very new to all of this, but I know in my heart that this is what I was born to be. I am a sex slave and I say that proudly.”

“Your girlfriend is very lucky to have such an agreeable whore to train.”

“Thank you Mistress. Um, she’s actually working in the shop right now if you’d like to meet her when I take a break. I was supposed to work tonight as well but once I heard about these booths I had to do it.”

“I’d like that. And if she’s submissive maybe I can spend the night training you both.”

“I’m not sure if she’s submissive or not, Mistress, but it won’t hurt to ask.”

“What about you, slave? Can you see yourself dominating another?”

“Honestly, Mistress, the thought never crossed my mind.”

“Good girl.” Lowering the violet wand, Abrielle exhaled. “All finished for now, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Danica said, eyes locked on the raised white tissue surrounded by red. As if the triskelion were not enough to let others know what she was into, the writing around the outer ring made it perfectly clear. SLAVE FOR LIFE. “Before you release me to take a break will you please pierce my other nipple?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you Mistress. I hate to rush, but can someone release me while you do it so I can immediately run to the bathroom?”

“You have to pee, slave?” Abrielle asked.

“Like a racehorse, Mistress.” To Danica’s surprise the woman that had spent the last five hours tormenting her knelt and leaned in. “M-Mistress?”

“You may use me as your toilet.” And with that Abrielle opened her mouth and formed a seal over Danica’s vulva.

“Thank you Mistress.” Not about to argue, Danica let the stream flow with a satisfying sigh.

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Finally released from bondage, Danica Rushed out of the booth to see Mitch sitting at his small desk. Before she could say anything his eyes went wide. “Good god! They really did a number on you didn’t they? Fucking hell! Is that a brand on your tit?”

“Yes Sir. Um, they ruined the clothes I borrowed from Paige so if I gave you some money do you think you could get me a dress from the shop?”

“Wouldn’t it be more fun to walk out there but naked?”

“Probably.”

“There you go them.”

“I’m not even sure why I bothered asking.” Weaving her way through the short maze of corridors, Danica opened the door leading to the shop to make sure there were no cops around before stepping out for her girlfriend, Monica and four shoppers to see. “I’ll explain right after I get something to wear,” she said as she rushed through the aisles towards the fetish clothing section. Choosing the first thing in her size – a sexy, form-fitting navy-blue number with high neckline and a heart-shaped cutout big enough to show her freshly branded breast. Walking up to the counter where her girlfriend and Monica were standing, she sighed. “So, that was fucking amazing. “I’m not going to talk long, Mistress, as I’m freaking starving and we didn’t bring anything in for lunch, but I’m fine and I can’t wait to get back to it.”

“Jesus, Danica, you let them brand you?” Paige whispered.

“It’s temporary but I asked Mistress Abrielle to make it permanent at the end. But if that upsets you I’ll tell her not to, Mistress.”

“I’m more shocked than upset. And were those rings I saw in your nipples as you streaked through here?”

“Yes Mistress. I really hate to run off, but I only have like forty minutes before I have to get back in there and I really do need to go grab a bite to eat.”

“Monica, I’m going to go on lunch now,” Paige said. “I ordered pizza a little bit ago. We can heat it up and eat it while we talk. Unless you want something else that is.”

“Pizza sounds great right now, Mistress. Thank you.” Following her girlfriend back through the door she just moments ago stepped out of, Danica waited for it to close before continuing. “Are you mad at me for spending the entire night in the booth, Mistress?”

“Of course not. I am, however, concerned you’re going too fast. Don’t get me wrong, I love that you’re open to experimenting with your sexuality, but there’s no rush to try it all in a night. And to go through that every week? I’m worried you’re going to burn yourself out.”

“To be completely honest, Mistress, I’m a bit worried about that myself. I mean, I love everything that’s been done to me so far, but going all out like this every week might be a bit much so I’m thinking maybe once a month and then just

doing normal stuff every now and then as time permits.” Sitting at the small table in the corner of the employee lounge, Danica took a deep breath, held it about ten seconds and then slowly exhaled. “One good thing, well, many good things actually, but one good thing in particular has come out of my first time in the booth, Mistress, and that’s that I’m absolutely convinced that I was born to be a sex slave. I know we’re both new to this, but if you’re willing that’s how I would like you to train me.”

“And if I can go that far?”

“I don’t understand, Mistress.”

“You might not have limits Danica, but I do. That means I’m unable to train you as you desire.”

“I want to be trained as you desire, Mistress. Besides, you having limits doesn’t prevent me from being your slave.”

“I suppose that’s true.” Seeing her best friend turned girlfriend and sex slave slumped in her chair, Paige walked over and placed her hand on Danica’s forehead. “You okay, babe?”

“Yeah. The last five hours have finally caught up to me. I’ll be fine once I get something other than pee and jizz in my belly.”

“I’m surprised they came in your mouth,” Paige said as she set the timer on the microwave.

“Oh, believe me Mistress, they shot plenty inside of me. Seriously, I’ll be shocked if I’m not pregnant after tonight.”

“And you’re okay with that?”

“Surprisingly, I am. Are you okay with it, Mistress?”

“It’s your body, Danica. If you’re happy being knocked up by some random man then I’m happy for you. And I mean that sincerely.”

“Thank you Mistress. So, um, Abrielle, the woman that pierced and branded me explained what the triskelion meant and I was wondering, are you even a little

bit submissive? Would you be interested in maybe doing a session with me and her at some point or are you strictly dominant?”

“Pretty sure I’m what they call a switch, that’s...”

“Someone that’s dominant or submissive as the scene dictates,” Danica finished her girlfriend’s sentence. “I was taught that word as well, Mistress. As for myself, I’m definitely one-hundred percent bottom. Speaking of bottoms, mine really stings right now.”

“Yeah, I couldn’t help but notice all the welts,” Paige said as she took the first plate of piping hot pepperoni, mushroom and bacon pizza from the microwave and sat it on the table in front of her girlfriend. “Eat up,” she added as she put her plate in.

“Thank you Mistress, but I insist we share while the rest heats up.”

“I’m not going to say no. Are you really okay, babe? And I’m not just talking physically.”

“Physically I’m a complete wreck,” Danica said. “I mean, you briefly saw what they did to me. And I’m tired but I think that’ll pass when I’m once again riding that adrenaline high. Mentally? I can’t say for sure. I mean, I loved everything they did to me, and I really do want to go back in there and do more, but that could just be the excitement of trying something new speaking. In order to give an honest answer I think I’ll need time to digest it all.”

“I want you to talk to me about it, Danica.”

“I’m telling you everything already, Mistress.”

“Not just what they did to you, babe. I want to know how it makes you feel so that I know you’re okay. And if you’re not or you don’t tell me the truth I’ll forbid you from ever doing the booths again. And if that doesn’t work, well, I don’t even want to go there.”

“I understand, Mistress. I’ll be as open and honest with you as humanly possible. Which is why I said I can’t give you an honest answer about my mental state until after I’ve had time for all of this to sink in. Speaking of sinking in, thank you so much for double fisting me earlier because damn did they like ramming

their hands in deep. I swear to god I took more than one to the freaking elbow.”

“Nice. And you’re welcome, babe. Now, you’re going to need the energy so relax and eat,” Paige said as she grabbed the second plate of pizza from the microwave.

“Yes Mistress. So, um, there’s one more think I need to mention before heading back in. I know my parents will never accept me again so I don’t really care what they think, but I do care what the rest of our friends think. Are we telling them about you being my Mistress and me being your sex slave?”

“I don’t see how it’s anyone else’s business.”

“I agree, but what happens if at some point down the road it comes out and they decide to no longer be our friends? Isn’t it better to tell them now and get it over with? I mean, it’ll suck either way but isn’t it better to know where they stand now rather than weeks, months or years down the line?”

“Probably, but it’s not just our friends we have to deal with. Once it gets out my family will also be informed and while they’re incredibly accepting I don’t know how they’ll handle me training you as my sex slave. I don’t want to lose my family, Danica.”

“I understand, Mistress. I’ll do everything in my power to keep it secret until you’re ready to tell everyone. I assume you don’t have an issue with everyone knowing we’re dating?”

“Of course not. They’ll be just as surprised as I am that I’m dating another woman but I don’t see any of them being upset about it.”

“Except maybe Natalie, Mistress.”

“Yeah, probably, but then again we can always appease her desire to have sex with us both by inviting her over to play.”

“I’d love that, Mistress, but then she’ll see my piercings and brand and while we might be able to keep that part of our relationship secret we both know she’ll run her mouth the second she leaves.”

“True. But then again you said the brand was temporary, right?”

“Yes Mistress, but unless you command otherwise I’m planning on making it permanent. Also, you probably didn’t see them as I was running through the shop but I also have tags hanging from the rings in my nipples that say bitch in heat and fucktoy.”

“Nice. Those don’t necessarily shout sex slave like the brand which I’m not going to command you not to make permanent if that’s what you desire.”

“It is, Mistress, but you’re my owner now and if you don’t want me to make it permanent I won’t.”

“I might be your Mistress, Danica, but I’m your friend first and I wouldn’t be a very good one if I denied you what you so clearly want.”

“Thank you Mistress. I really do want it.”

“Then do it and we’ll deal with the repercussions if and when they pop up.”

“Thank you Mistress. I know we just started dating yesterday but we’ve known each other our entire lives. I love you. I trust you with my life. I trust you to train me as your sex slave. This isn’t the most romantic of places, but will you marry me?”

“Yes,” Paige answered as tears of joy formed in the corners of her eyes. “And to answer your earlier question, yes, I’d like to do a session with you and this Abrielle you keep mentioning.”

“Really, Mistress?”

“I love you too, Danica, so it’s only natural that we get married. As for submitting, I’m willing to try a session or three to see if it’s really for me and if it is then perhaps we can take turns dominating and submitting to each other.”

“Like I told Abrielle, I don’t think I have a dominant bone in my body, but I’m willing to try anything for you, Mistress. And I do mean anything. I don’t care how fucked up or gross you might think it is, if you’re into it then so am I.”

“I’ve got a few things in mind, but we can discuss them later as right now I’ve got to get back to work. Enjoy the rest of your gang bang and we’ll talk afterwards.”

“Um, you get off like two hours before I’ll be finished, Mistress. If you’re serious about trying submission then you should join me.”

“I would, but like I said, I’ve got limits and your gang bang is specifically no limits. But I’ll be outside of the booths waiting.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Getting up, Paige tossed her paper plate in the trash, gave her fiancé a kiss and then went back out for the second half of what was turning out to be the longest shift of her life.

Four months later...

After Danica's first session as a sex slave, a lot happened very quickly. First, she not only confirmed that she and her best friend were indeed together, but that they were engaged and that she would immediately be moving in with her. That softened the blow of her then telling them that she was not going to college in the fall which made the news that she was now working at an adult toy store the match that lit the fuse of a powder keg that had been growing increasingly more unstable all her life. An argument ensued. Her parents demanded she quit her job, live at home where they could make sure she did the right thing including going to college to which Danica informed them they were no longer the boss of her and that she would be doing what she saw was best for herself. Her parents threatened to disown her. She laughed in their faces and said she was better off without them.

Moving in with her fiancé and Mistress, Danica helped design their very own dungeon – each of them tossing ideas off the other until realizing they would need a much bigger place to fit it all in. Doing the gloryhole booths several times a week and the newly minted slave room once a month, Danica had earned a staggering amount of money. And since it was all paid in cash and deposited on random days and in varying amounts well under ten thousand dollars she avoided having to pay taxes on it. It was enough that just three months after she began working at Sensations she was able to find and outright buy a house that fit all of their needs. It was during this time Danica discovered she was pregnant.

Not letting her pregnancy slow her down, Danica arrived at Sensations early on a Monday evening four months to the day of her first session in the gang bang room for her regularly scheduled session – this one with ten men and five women. Arriving earlier than intended thanks to lighter than normal traffic and hitting only one red light out of the potential eleven, she wanted to head right in and make herself ready only to be told by Mitch that the room was currently

occupied and that even after the woman finished her session it would be another thirty or forty minutes before anyone else could go in as it first needed to be cleaned.

“So, anyone I know in there?” Danica asked as she pulled up a seat to wait her turn.

“No idea,” Mitch answered. You know our policy about giving out personal information. All I can say is that this according to our records this is only her second visit and the first in the slave room.”

“So, she’s a sex slave then?”

“She is today,” Monica answered.

“How many are using her?”

“Seven men and three women. She wasn’t too thrilled about having sex with women but when I reminded her she was entering a room where she was not permitted limits and that those ten were the only ones available she reluctantly accepted. She might’ve been upset initially, but when commanded to eat pussy she gave no resistance or argument.”

“Nice. I take it you’ve been watching the feed?”

“We’ll pop it open from time to time to see how she’s progressing.”

“Cool. Has she done anything extreme yet?”

“Oh yes!” Mitch answered. She’s been in there a little over five hours now and in that time they’ve used her as their toilet, fisted her pussy and ass – something she absolutely hated at first I might add and double pierced her nipples and hood.

“Wow! Sounds like my kind of woman. It’s a shame I can’t pay a prorated amount to join them.”

“You might not be able to go in but you can see her in action,” Monica said as she navigated through the camera program. “Come on back and take a look.”

Getting up, Danica walked back to Monica's desk. Eyes going to the curved widescreen monitor, she nearly had a heart attack as she indeed recognized the woman currently being double fisted by one man and sucking off a second while two women took turns swatting her back with cat o' nines. "OH MY FUCKING GOD!" she exclaimed.

"You know her?" Mitch asked

"T-Th-That... She's my... that's my mother!"

"Holy shit! Seriously?" Monica asked. "Wait, I thought you said your mother was a humorless prude that wouldn't know a good time if it came up and bit her on the ass? The angle isn't the best so maybe that's just someone that looks very similar to your mother."

"I know my own mother and that's her. You see those scars on her right hip and thigh? She fell on some broken glass when I was nine and ended up getting over fifty stitches. And if that's not proof enough that that's my mother then did you see her breasts?"

"Several times," Mitch answered.

"And were there three little moles above the left areola forming a nearly perfect triangle?"

"I'm not going to ask how you know that about your own mother, but yes, she has them."

"I can assure you it's not because of any sexual reasons. Even if I were into that sort of thing she isn't even remotely my type." The volume off, Danica watched as her mother was yanked to her feet and then shoved back against the Saint Andrews. Two men quickly strapped her in place. "Can you turn it up so that I can hear what they're saying?"

"Sure."

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"This is it, whore," a curvy, thirty-something woman said. "Your first session as a sex slave is just about over. Honestly, I thought you'd be the worst slave I've

ever used, but you surprisingly proved me wrong. Now, I want to hear it in your own words. What are you, Rachel?”

“I’m a sex slave, Mistress.”

“This is your first session. Is it going to be your last?”

“No Mistress.”

“So you’re going to come back for more?”

“Until I’m fully trained, Mistress.”

“Good girl. And now that you’ve spent six hours doing it how do you feel about having sex with women, slave?”

“I love it, Mistress and can’t wait until I can come back and do it again.”

“if you really mean that then I want you to set it up to do a lesbian session with fifteen women including me.”

“Gladly, Mistress, it’ll probably be at least a couple of weeks before I can make it back in.”

“Oh, it’s going to take much longer than that, slave.” The woman said as she pulled the trigger on a branding gun. “This one will mark you as the slave you now are,” she said, pressing the red-hot tip against Rachel’s left breast causing the bound woman to screech in agony. Sitting the first one down on a small metal cart, the woman picked up another. “And this one will permanently mark you as pansexual,” she said, pressing the tip against Rachel’s inner right wrist where it would be harder to hide in the warmer months when long-sleeved shirts were not worn. “What do you have to say, slave?”

“T-Thank you for branding me, Mistress.”

“My pleasure, slave. I’m sure you’ll want to come back far sooner than recommended which is why I’m going to tell Monica and Mitch not to let you in for at least a month so that you’ve had time to heal. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“If I don’t get a call one month from now asking me to participate in a lesbian session with you as the slave I’ll make sure you never step foot in this place ever again. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress. I’ll set it up just as soon as we’re done.”

“We’re done, slave,” the woman said as she began unbuckling the cuffs keeping Rachel restrained to the large metal X.

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Clothes in ruins, Rachel stepped out of the slave room butt naked. Seeing Mitch, she gave him a nervous smile. Eyes going to the back of the room, she saw her daughter and her heart nearly stopped in her chest. “D-Danica! W-What are you doing here?”

“I work here, remember? So, you’re a sex slave, huh? I guess that makes you a worthless waste of breath like me,” Danica said, using her mother’s own words against her. “Tell me, are you suddenly a mindless whore just because you relinquished all control to others? Don’t bother answering. Why in the hell are you here?”

“How long were you watching me?”

“I started watching while you were being fisted and swatted with the cat o’ nines.”

“So you heard that your father left me?”

“Seeing as how the two of you disowned me months ago for working here and putting off college I don’t really care.”

Her daughter’s words stung worse than the cat o’ nine and Rachel visibly flinched upon hearing them. “I know it’s too little, too late and I don’t expect you to forgive me but for what it’s worth I’m sorry. I understand if you don’t want anything to do with me but will you please answer one question? Have you used the booths and that room?”

“I’ve been using both since I started working here. Now you know why I decided to postpone college. Now answer my question, how did you learn about

these booths?”

“I won’t name any names as it’s not my place to out anyone, but after your father left me with nothing but the clothes on my back I bounced from couch to couch while looking for another job. Unfortunately, I couldn’t find anything and out of money a friend told me how she made extra money doing gloryholes. I was desperate and basically living in my car when she pointed me here. I knew you worked here, but I had no choice. I came in and made more in one day than I did in a month at my previous job. I asked about that room and when Monica told me what it was I initially refused to ever use it, but that changed when she told me how much I could make. I made enough in the last six hours to afford a place of my own and plan on coming back regularly.”

“I heard. Why are you still naked?”

“They tore my clothes to shreds.”

“Yeah, they have a way of doing that. Well, you’ve got money so you can buy something to wear in the shop. As for me, I’m next up using the slave room for the next twelve hours.”

“JESUS! Twelve hours?”

“With fifteen men and women.”

“Good god! What about Paige? Are the two of you still together?”

“We are very happily Mistress and slave. Don’t bother asking if she uses the room or booths as it’s not my place to say. I’ll never forgive you for the way you treated me and I can’t say if I’ll ever talk to you again after this, but I will accept your apology only because it sounded sincere.”

“I understand. And it was sincere. What your father and I did is unforgivable which is why I’ll never ask for it. To completely change the topic, I can’t help but notice that you’re either putting on weight or are pregnant.”

“I’m four months pregnant.”

“Congratulations. I don’t suppose you know the father?”

“Given the timing I can narrow it down to one of ten men. Anyways, you should probably go buy something to wear while I get ready for my session.”

“Right. I understand if you say no, but I’d like to eventually start over, Danica. I want to be a part of your life again and I can promise I’ll never try controlling your every action again.”

Eyes briefly taking in the triskelion with NO LIMITS SLAVE written around it on her mother’s breast, Danica smirked. “You’re not the first one in the family to be branded a slave.” Showing no modesty whatsoever, she pulled her tee shirt off and then her bra quickly followed. “Bit of advice, if you value your clothes you’ll strip before entering the slave room as they’ll destroy them every time. Now, I believe you’ve got a lesbian session to set up.”

“I do. I hope we can talk again Danica even if it’s here and if not it was really nice seeing you again.”

“Does Amelia and Duncan know?” Danica asked, referring to her sister and brother respectively.

“No.”

“Then if you want to get back in my good graces you’ll tell them everything. About you that is. You’ll tell them nothing about me being a sex slave until after we see how they react to you being one. Do that and I’ll think about maybe giving you another chance. That’s the best you’re getting, mom,” Danica said, stepping out of her jeans and panties.

“I don’t have a place of my own yet so it’ll have to wait until I have one unless, of course, you want to invite me to yours.”

“I’ll tell you where I live if, and only if you accept what I deem to be the appropriate punishment for the way you and dad treated me.”

“Name it. I’ll do whatever it takes to make things right between us, Danica.”

“You’ll receive a number of swats equal to one hundred times the number of days it’s been since you disowned me to be delivered two hundred per day following the discipline rules of the slave room. By my count that’s twelve-thousand swats to be administered over sixty days. You’ll also apologize to me

in front of all of our family and your friends after which you'll tell them that you're a sex slave."

"And who will be giving me these swats, Danica?"

"I'm the one you wronged so I'm the one that'll discipline you, mom. We'll do it here starting tomorrow. You have one week to set up a meeting with your friends and the rest of our family. Refuse or fail to accept your discipline in full and you'll never get another chance and I'll make sure you're banned from ever stepping foot in this building ever again."

"I don't like that you'll be the one canine me, Danica, but if that is the price I have to pay then I do so gladly. Just tell me what time and I'll be here."

"We can allow you to discipline her here, Danica, but you can't do anything sexual with each other no matter how fucking hot that would be," Monica said.

"That thought never crossed my mind," Rachel replied.

"Nor mine," Danica agreed. Turning to her mother, she continued. "I'll see you tomorrow at nine. That should give me enough time to discipline you before my shift. Is that understood?"

"I'll be here."

"Good. Now go buy yourself something to wear while I get ready for my session."

"I will. And thank you for giving me a chance to make things right between us."