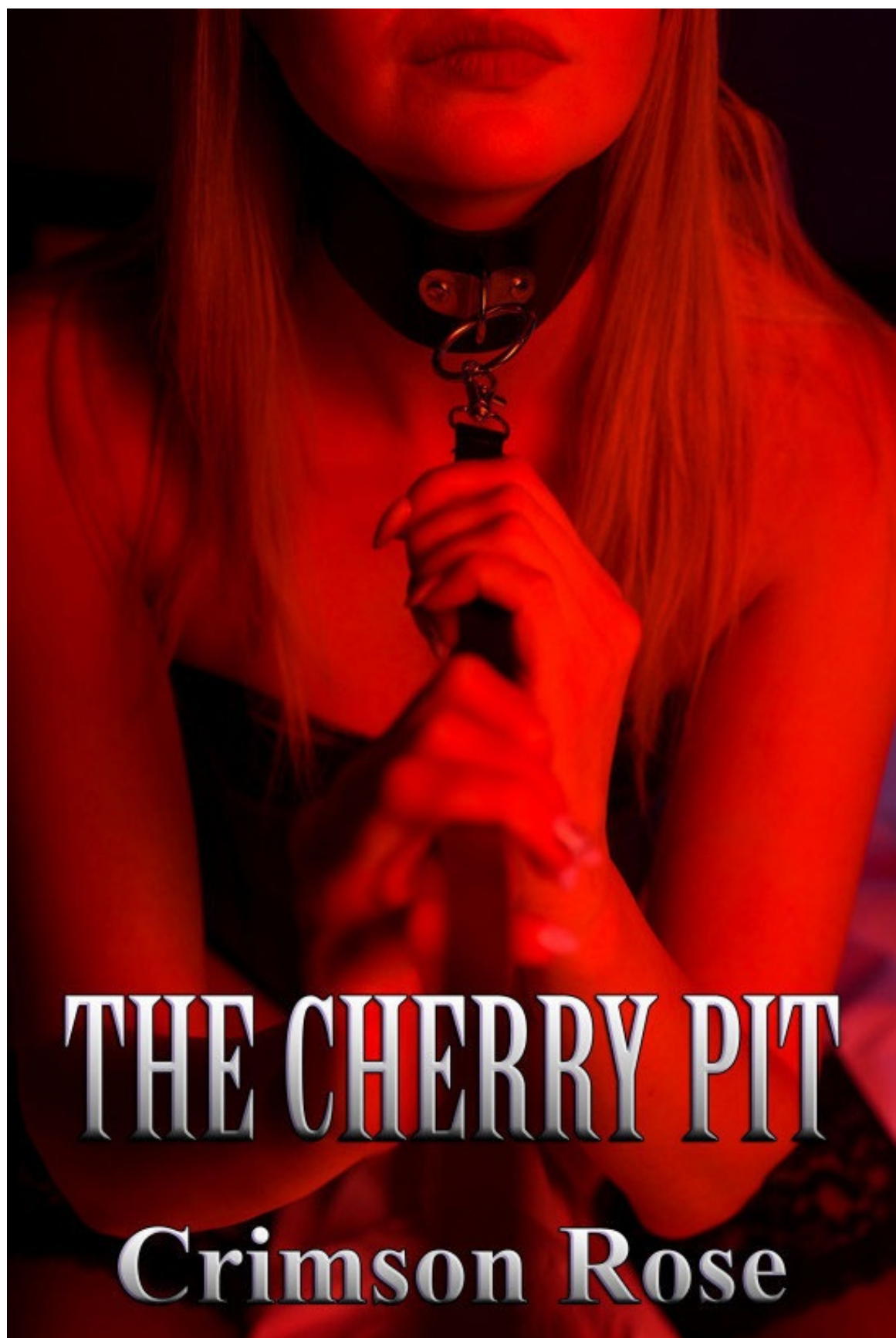
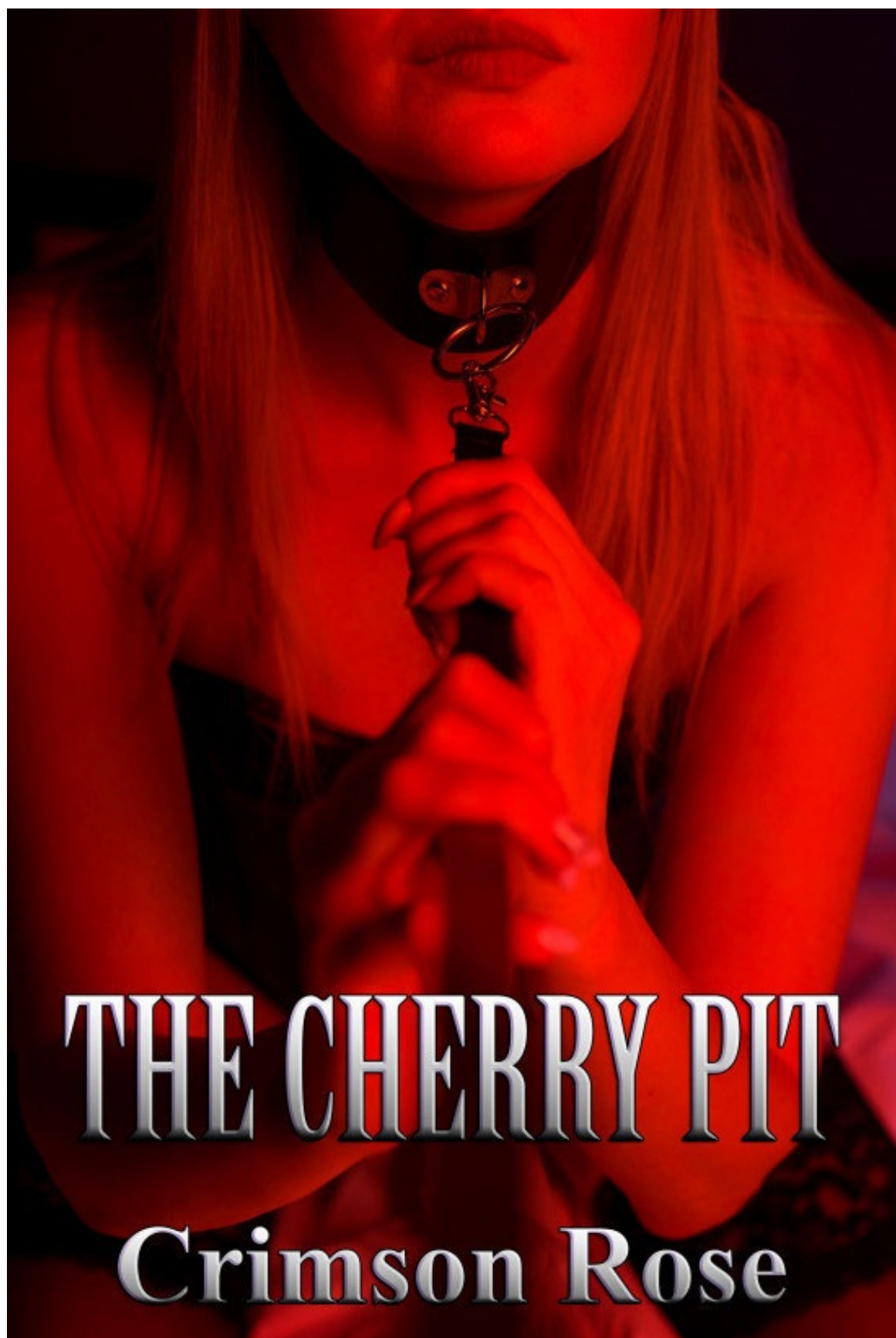




THE CHERRY PIT

Crimson Rose



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Normally when Sabrina saw a number she did not recognize she immediately ignored and blocked it, but ever since she posted her resume on her LinkedIn page she had to answer every call in case it was a business seeking her employ. She was just about to get in the shower when her phone started ringing. Rushing out of the bathroom and into the living room she picked it up off the end table. "Hello?"

"Hi, may I speak with Sabrina Knight?"

"Speaking."

"His Ms. Knight, this is Brittany Cox from the Cherry Pit calling in regard to your resume. Do you have a minute?"

"The Cherry Pit? Wait, isn't that a lesbian club."

"We are. And we're in need of someone with your qualifications. If you're still looking for a job that is."

"I am, but I'm straight."

"We don't discriminate."

"Oh god!" Sabrina exclaimed when she realized the woman no doubt thought she was homophobic. "Wait, you got me all wrong. I don't discriminate either. I said it because I didn't think you'd want to hire a straight woman."

"You'd be surprised how many straight women work for us."

"What is the job exactly?"

"We're looking for five waitresses and dancers."

"I can wait tables with the best of them but the only experience I have with dancing is helping a friend who's a stripper practice her routines."

“Perfect. The hours are Tuesday through Saturday six to six with mandatory overtime at a pay of Twenty dollars an hour for the first forty and thirty an hour for the last twenty for a total of fourteen hundred a week and that’s not even counting tips.”

Holy fucking hell! Sabrina thought. That was more than she made in a month at her previous job and she immediately sensed a really big bitt coming. “When would you need me to start?”

“Tonight if possible. If it is then I have a few questions to make sure I have a uniform in your size on hand.”

“Fourteen hundred a week to wait tables?”

“More or less. So, interested?”

“I am.”

“Great. Then please give me your height, weight, measurements and shoe size.”

“I’m five-nine, a hundred thirty-three pounds, thirty-six cee, twenty-five, thirty-six and wear a size six shoe.”

“Very nice. Just a couple more questions and yes they’re relevant. Other than ears do you have any other piercings?”

“I don’t see how it’s relevant but my nipples are pierced.”

“And are you natural, trimmed or shaved?”

“Shaved. Okay, I have to ask, how is that even remotely relevant to waiting tables?”

“You’ll see when you see your uniform. Since you’ll be starting tonight I’d like you to come in around four if that’s possible.”

“Um, I think I can manage that. So, I’ll be working six at night to six in the morning?”

“Correct.”

“Then I’m looking forward to seeing you later this afternoon.”

“Likewise. Enjoy the rest of your morning and I’ll see you in a few hours.”

“See you later.” Hanging up, Sabrina let out a long exhale. On the one hand she desperately needed a job and fourteen hundred a week would go a long way to paying bills that had been piling up ever since the pandemic tanked the economy. And on the other hand, based on the questions ask she wondered what sort of place she would be working at. Deciding it did not matter, she went back to the bathroom for a shower wondering what she would do with the rest of her day now that she did not have to go out job hunting.

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After spending an hour trying to decide what to wear and finally settling on a sexy navy blue minidress with diamond cutouts down the sides and a pair of strappy heels. Her braided blonde hair hung to the back of her knees. Arriving at the Cherry Pit a few minutes before four, she parked in the back on the off chance anyone recognized her car and then entered the non-descript brick building from the rear. Twenty feet in she was greeted by a gorgeous older woman with long jet black hair, beautiful green eyes and the shade of pale reserved for redheads and vampires.

“You must be Sabrina,” the woman said in greeting.

“That’s me. Are you Mrs. Cox?”

“That’s me. But please call me Brittany. You definitely have the look we’re looking for. And I love the hair.”

“Thanks.”

“Come with me and we’ll walk and talk. I’m not one to mince words so I’ll just get straight to the point. We have few rules here. First and foremost: no means no. You’re going to get stares, comments and gropes so if you can’t handle that then you should probably say so now and I’ll try finding another woman to take your place.”

“I have pretty thick skin. And what do you mean by groping?” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then her right breast was being gently squeezed in

Brittany's left hand. "What the?" Her potential new boss stepped forward and grabbed her ass with her other hand. "Um..."

"This is the kind of groping you can expect. Well, not this much all at once but you can bet your sexy ass it'll be grabbed several times a night. Breasts and probably your crotch as well."

"What the hell kind of club is this?"

"The Cherry Pit is a lesbian fetish club. And by fetish I mean bdsm and everything else perverted as long as it's legal," Brittany answered. Leaning so close her lips were barely a fraction of an inch from Sabrina's, she smiled. "If you don't want me to kiss you, you should probably step away now." But before the shocked blonde's brain could tell her legs to move Brittany kissed her.

If being groped by another woman was shocking, being kissed by one blew Sabrina's mind right out of her head. She wanted to pull away but had a feeling it would cost her the highest paying job she had ever had so she just stood there and let it happen. When she felt the tip of Brittany's tongue touch her lips she parted them. Their tongues danced a tango and without realizing it her left hand was on her new boss' cheek and the other on her ass. Her braid was grabbed and after a moment her head was tilted back and she felt herself being pulled down to her knees – her first lesbian kiss unbroken.

Still holding her potential new employee by the braid, Brittany used her free hand to hike her dress up showing she was not wearing panties. "You have a choice to make. You can eat me out until I orgasm all over your pretty face in which I'll increase your pay to fifteen hundred a week, or you can leave and never step foot in my club again."

At twenty-three Sabrina was set in her sexuality but as soon as she heard the offer she leaned in and started licking her first pussy. Sure, she could have gone to the police and filed charges but it would be her word against Brittany's and fifteen hundred a week was just too damn good to pass up so leaving never entered her mind. As a straight woman she thought she would be utterly revolted at eating another woman out, but to her humiliation and surprise she actually liked Brittany's scent, taste and the feeling of her own clit throbbing as she continued licking.

After maybe a minute of non-stop licking Sabrina was really getting into it when

her mouth was suddenly filled. Thinking orgasm, she swallowed without thinking. Her mouth rapidly filled again. She swallowed. On the third mouthful she realized it was not pussy juices she was drinking, but piss. Eyes going wide, mouth filling for a fourth time she gulped the pungent fluid down if only to spare it getting all over her favorite dress. When the last drops were in her belly she started to pull back but then stopped when Brittany looked down at her.

“Do not stop until you make me orgasm.”

Humiliated and disgusted by what she had just been subjected to, Sabrina nevertheless continued licking, wondering what the hell else the crazy sexy woman so obviously dominating her was going to make her do next and on some small twisted part looking forward to it.

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Still on her knees, braided hair being held in Brittany’s hand, Sabrina panted. “I can’t believe you made me drink your piss and eat your pussy.”

“I didn’t make you do anything and the cameras that recorded the whole thing will prove that. You could have stopped at any time but decided to stay and let me dominate you. Now be a good little submissive and get on all fours.”

“I’m not submissive.”

“Says the straight woman that just ate me out and drank my piss upon command. Now, get on all fours so I can show you around the club and to my office to fill out the paperwork or leave. The choice is yours.”

“Two thousand a week,” Sabrina countered.

“For two thousand a week you had better eat me out every day and let me mark you as my property.”

“M-Mark me?”

“You heard me. So, do we have a deal?”

“How are you going to mark me?”

“For two grand a week does it matter?”

“Kind of yes.”

“I’m going to pierce your nipples and hood and brand your mound.”

“Jesus Christ! What the hell kind of place is this?”

“As I said before we’re a lesbian fetish club. Now, I don’t have all day so are you going to willingly give yourself to me or are we done?”

“I really don’t like the idea of being pierced and I sure as hell don’t want to be branded but I need this job.”

“Is that a yes? Remember, cameras are rolling,” Brittany said, thumbing over her shoulder to the cameras in the corners.

“Y-Yes.”

“Then get on all fours and crawl beside me. And from this point forward you’ll call me Mistress or you’ll be disciplined for disrespect. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Sabrina said as she got on her hands and knees. Her new Mistress’ hand slid down the long length of her braided hair and stopped at the end. As if it were a leash she was led further down the hallway, through a set of double doors and into the Cherry Pit. “For the record, Mistress, I’ve never done anything like this in my life and wouldn’t be doing it now if it weren’t for the money.”

“So say nearly every woman working here. That being said, you had better be damn sure you really want to work here and be trained as my slave because you’re going to be pierced and branded before we even get to my office.”

Sabrina heard what her would-be mistress said but her attention was drawn to the huge open room spread out in front of her. Alcohol-free bar to the right. Dance floor to the left. That is where normal club stopped and fetish began. Kneelers. Spanking benches. Bondage beds. Saint Andrews crosses. Pillories. Half a dozen cages large enough to hold a human hanging from the ceiling. She took it all in while being led towards a station that looked reminiscent of a tattoo shop. It was now or never and she knew it. Stay and she would be pierced and

branded. Leave and she threw away a two thousand dollar a week job.

“Stand up and take off your dress,” Brittany commanded. Pulling a pair of nitrile gloves from a box she continued. “There are cameras recording every inch of this club including bathrooms. To prove you’re doing this of your own free will you will not be restrained. You are free to go at any time but if you leave before I finish then you’ll be permanently banned from the Cherry Pit. Do you understand what I’m telling you?”

“Yes Mistress.” Standing, Sabrina reached back and unzipped her dress. She then peeled it down her body leaving her wearing only a thong and heels. Cheeks burning hot she removed her panties as well. Nervous at what was about to happen she stood there waiting to be told what to do next. She watched in silence as her new boss and Mistress used several alcohol wipes to clean her breasts and vulva. “S-So is this how you interview all of your applicants, Mistress?”

“Only the ones I want to thoroughly humiliate and dominate,” Brittany said as she plugged in what looked like a soldering iron with an intricately bent wire tip. “And there’s no one I love dominating and humiliating more than sexy straight women.” Using a pair of small tongs to hold Sabrina’s left nipple she picked up a long, hollow needle and place the tip against flesh. “Last chance.” When Sabrina did not move she pushed the needle through. “Good Girl.” She opened and moved the tongs to her submissive’s right nipple. A needle pushed through. “I’m not going to sugarcoat it. This next part is going to hurt like hell,” she said, picking up the branding gun. “It is also very much permanent.” Inching it closer to Sabrina’s vulva, she fully expected the young woman to jump back and leave. But despite the growing heat Sabrina stood her ground.

The red hot tip of the branding gun pressed painfully against the tender flesh of Sabrina’s mound causing the air to leave her lungs. It was all over in a matter of seconds but the agony would persist. Though not as long as the brand permanently seared into her mound. Looking down through watery eyes, she saw a triskelion with Brittany’s Bitch written around the outer edge. She also watched as her new Mistress pierced her hood but felt nothing over the pain of being branded.

“You did very well,” Brittany said as she inspected her work. “The lines are clear and with proper care should heal nicely.” She then placed dangle style jewelry in her nipples and hood complete with tags reading DON’T TOUCH. “Now, we

have paperwork to fill out, a uniform to be fitted for and a tour to finish so on all fours like the sexy bitch you are.”

Sabrina did not hesitate though she did groan as she got back down on her hands and knees. The end of her braided hair was once again held like a leash and for the next forty minutes she was led around and given brief descriptions of the various stations and where the bathrooms and employee lounge were before being taken to her Mistress’ office at the back of the building to fill out the paperwork required for employment.

At six o'clock on the dot Sabrina was wearing a sleeveless red latex catsuit and chaps combination with open bust that thankfully left her freshly pierced nipples and hood and branded mound on full display, a pair of knee-high boots with four inch heels that pushed her over the six foot mark, a sleek red metal collar with dog bone pendant stamped with BRITTANY'S BITCH, a tailed plug in her ass and a headband with puppy ears to complete her uniform. The office door opened. Looking back over her shoulder she watched a gorgeous brunette wearing a similar outfit in dark green walked in.

"Natalie, meet my new submissive Sabrina," Brittany introduced her new employee. "Sabrina, this is Natalie. She's been working here since the day we opened. For the next two weeks she'll show you around, how to take orders and how to best please your customers. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress." Looking back over her shoulder again, Sabrina gave Natalie a smile while looking at her shaved and mark-free mound. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise."

"Natalie, even though Sabrina has extensive experience as a waitress this is the first time she has ever worked at a fetish club so I want the two of you joined at the hip until her training period is over. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"She is straight so make sure she gets plenty of practice eating pussy. Actually," an idea popping into her head, Brittany turned her attention back to her slave in training. "Tell me, Sabrina, are you married or dating anyone?"

"No Mistress. I mean, I'm single."

"I got your meaning but thanks for clarifying. Do you have kids or roommates?"

"No Mistress."

“You do now. Natalie isn’t just one of my best waitresses. She’s also a well-trained slave and knows exactly what I want from such. She will move in and guide your training when you’re not here serving me. Is that going to be a problem?”

“I want to say yes, Mistress, but I’ll do whatever you command.”

“If it’s a problem then say so, slave.”

“It’s not a problem as such but family and friends are going to question why a woman I just met is moving in with me and that’s not a conversation I want to have.”

“And yet have it you will. I don’t like secrets, Sabrina, so you will tell everyone you know where you’re working and what you do. You’ll also tell them about serving me and by extension Natalie and you have one month to do it or you’re fired. Is that understood?”

“I understand, Mistress, but that is a very unfair request to make.”

“It’s not a request and it’s not open for discussion. Now get out of my office.”

“Come on, Sabrina, best not to press the issue,” Natalie said.

Confused, Sabrina got up and walked out of the office a step behind her fellow waitress. The door closed behind her and she followed Natalie down the hallway. “What the hell was that about? Did I do something wrong?”

“Not exactly. Everyone working here knows this so I feel no need to keep you in the dark. When we first opened we had seventeen women working as waitresses. With you we’re now up to thirty-two. Anyways, back then one of the waitresses was a woman named Rebecca. She was really good at her job and everyone loved her free-spirited nature. Like you she was straight. Her fiancé had no problem with her working at a lesbian club but unfortunately, when he learned she was also being trained in submission he flipped out and came in guns blazing.”

“Oh my god! I remember hearing about that. He killed like seven women, right?”

“Killed seven and injured twenty-nine more including me,” Natalie answered. “I’ll show you the scars when we get off work. Anyways, ever since then Mistress Brittany requires all employees to tell family and friends what they do working here and if any of them have even the hint of a problem with it then their name and picture go into a database the bouncers use to make sure they never step foot in the club.”

“Makes sense. But no one I know would ever do anything so fucked up.”

“So says everyone, but the rule remains firm and unbroken. You’ll tell your family and friends and it’ll be my job to report it back to Mistress Brittany.”

“You’re okay with her just telling you to move in with me?”

“One hundred percent. I’m her property and obey her every command without hesitation. Also, I rent an apartment on her property and it’ll be there when your training is complete so I’m not worried about being homeless or anything. The question is: are you okay with me moving in with you? Are you okay telling family and friend you work as a waitress in a fetish club? Are you okay telling them I’m your girlfriend?”

Answering the last question first, Sabrina tenderly and nervously cupped Natalie’s left cheek and then pulled her in for a kiss. “They’ll be shocked I’m dating a woman though to be honest so am I, but after what I’ve been through today I don’t think it’s going to be a problem. Also, if you’re Mistress Brittany’s slave then why aren’t you branded like me?”

“Because I’ve never been straight.”

“I see. Right. She loves humiliating and dominating straight women.”

“Bingo. You’ll see many women with various brands on different parts of their bodies. They were all straight when they started.”

“And now?”

“Some still identify as straight but do not hesitate having sex with other women. Others now identify as bisexual to pansexual and everything in between. And a rare few have given up men altogether and now identify as lesbian. You still consider yourself straight?”

“Part of me does, but another part really liked eating Mistress Brittany to orgasm and just now kissing you so I don’t think I’m as straight as I was when I woke up this morning.”

“Nothing wrong with that. There’s nothing wrong with being straight either.”

“I know. Anyways, can I kiss you again?”

“You can kiss me all you want, babe, so long as it doesn’t interfere with our duties. Thankfully, we’ll be working very closely together for the next couple of weeks and having sex with each other and customers is all part of the job.”

“I still can’t believe I actually let Mistress pierce and brand me. Or that I’m working in a fetish club. I keep expecting the alarm to go off waking me from this bizarre dream.”

“It might be bizarre, but I can assure you it’s no dream. Now, customers are waiting so we better go see to their every need.”

“After you. So, I have to just let everyone do whatever they want to me without question?”

“That would be ideal. But don’t let them get away without paying. Negotiate tips up front,” Natalie said as she led her new charge out into the dungeon which was now bustling with activity. “Speaking of which, there are standard tips for every sexual activity you can think of and you’ll do well to memorize the list as quickly as possible. Lucky for you I’ll be at your side for the next two weeks and I won’t steer you wrong.”

“Thanks. So, if we’re going to be girlfriends why don’t you tell me about yourself?”

“I’ll tell you what I can in the time it takes us to get to the training area. That’s what we call the tables we use to train new hires though you’ll know doubt learn a thing or two in the process.”

“Of that I have no doubt,” Sabrina said as she looked around the busy dungeon. To the right four women sat at the bar. A dozen more danced erotically to the left. Eyes drifting up to the cages she now found them all occupied by women dressed as various types of sexy bird. Panning left and right she saw women

sitting at strategically placed tables enjoying a show of even more women performing every sexual act from cunnilingus and fisting to a lesbian gang bang and flogging. Shivering involuntarily, she followed her new friend and substitute mistress towards the back of the club.

“My name is Natalie Marshall. I’m twenty-seven years old and have been working here at the Cherry pit since it opened eight years ago. I’m also one hundred percent lesbian so if you’re thinking of doing threesomes or gang bangs with me then they have to be women only.”

“What about trans women?”

“No. I know what you’re going to say and no, I am not transphobic no matter what the community has to say on the subject. A lesbian is a woman, in the biological sense of the word, exclusively emotionally and sexually attracted to women. Again in the biological sense. I have nothing against transsexual women. In fact, I find many of them to be quite attractive. Just not in a sexual way. I’ll also go on the record and say if you’re still attracted to men and want to continue having sex with them then you have my blessing. All I ask is that you please give me some warning so I’m not at home when you do.”

“I tend to be faithful to whomever I’m dating but given my new job I have a feeling that’s not going to be possible.”

“Not even remotely. Anyways, we can talk about our lives in more detail later. Do you see the red line on the floor?”

“Yes. Also, since you’re training me at home am I supposed to be calling you Mistress?”

“Only at home. Now pay attention. Everything inside the red line is the training area. Inside that you’ll see smaller sections of four tables each. We’ll start at the green section and work our way around to black as you become more comfortable with your new job.”

“Okay. So, what do the colors mean?”

“Basically, what kinks you’ll be subjected to. At green you’ll mostly be groped to get you used to it. At black you’ll be bent over tables and fucked silly before you even get a chance to take orders. And by fucked silly I mean licked,

fingered, fucked with toys and more than likely fisted so we'll work on that if you can't already do it."

"Get fisted? Um, no, I can't do that."

"Don't worry," Natalie said, picking up two tablets, one of which she held out to Sabrina "we'll work on it at home so customers will be able to slide their lubed hands in no problem. Okay, go ahead and turn your tablet on. Did Mistress Brittany assign you a username and password?"

"Yeah."

"Great. Once the tablet is on go ahead and put those in and we'll start taking orders. And Sabrina, you're a sex slave in training now and that means your body no longer belongs to you. Your sole purpose in life is now to satisfy the every desire of those that deem you worthy of their attention. To that end please try refraining from making a scene and for the love of all that is holy never strike out at a customer for grabbing your tits and ass because whatever punishment you get, I'll get triple. And if you get fired so will I and I desperately need this job."

"That makes two of us. Don't worry, Mistress warned me what would happen working here and I'm prepared for it. Or at least I think I am."

"You had better be certain, babe, because even the slightest infraction will earn you severe discipline."

The screen of the tablet lighting up, Sabrina typed Straight_Pussylicker in the username field and BoRnToSeRvE as the password. The tablet finished loading and she saw a layout of the training section. "Um, what now?"

"Now you tap the green section," Natalie answered. "As we wait at each table you'll tap the table number and then the seat number if occupied. After that you'll put in their order using the icons on the right side of the screen. The martini glass is for drinks, burger is for food. Each will open more menus to narrow down what they want."

"Seems a lot clunkier than just writing it all down."

"Seems that way at first, but once you get the hang of it you'll fly through orders

as quickly as they come. Also, once you hit send the order is immediately sent to the kitchen where it's prepared and brought out by other servers giving us time to please our customers. Okay, do you see the red test button at the top of the screen?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead and press that."

Sabrina did so and the background took on a slightly red tone.

"Before we get to the tables we'll do a few test runs that won't be sent to the kitchen. For this go ahead and hit table one, seat three. I would like to order a sprite to drink and for a meal I'd like a house burger with light unions, extra bacon and no pickles and wedge fries with a side ranch dressing."

Pressing the martini glass in the top right corner, Sabrina watched as more than fifty recognizable icons filled the screen in alphabetical order. She pressed the one for Sprite and then pressed the burger icon. This time the icons on the screen were of different food types from burgers and hot dogs to steaks and shrimp. Pressing the burger, she then pressed the icon for house burger. Adding bacon and going light on the unions, she put a NO symbol over pickles, changed regular fries for wedge and then added a side of ranch dressing. Finally, she pressed send.

"Very good," Natalie said. "You got it right the first try."

"Thanks. Wait, how do you know?"

"Our tablets are linked so I see what you do. That way I can fix any mistakes you make before it's sent to the kitchen. You also did it in remarkably fast time. You sure you never used this tech before?"

"I'm sure. But it didn't take long to see how it was laid out."

"Ready for the real thing?"

"I think so."

"Remember, take whatever groping comes your way with a smile."

“I will.”

“On the bright side, as long as you’re wearing those tags they won’t be able to touch your breasts or vulva.”

“Thank god for small favors.”

Approaching the first table, Sabrina took in two cute black women in their mid to late twenties wearing matching dresses – one in burgundy and the other dark green, a busty Latina wearing glasses and an outfit that made her look like a sexy librarian and a slightly chubby but still pretty brunette white woman a pink and purple dress and matching thigh-high boots.

“Hello ladies,” Natalie greeted the table. My name is Natalie and this is trainee Sabrina and it will be our absolute pleasure to serve you this evening.

Sabrina felt four pairs of eyes roaming all over her body. A beat later the chubby brunette made an annoyed sound. “And we can’t even play with her fun bags. How disappointing.”

“My apologies, Ma’am, but Mistress Brittany decided to mark me as her property before my first shift,” Sabrina said, motioning to her freshly branded mound. “I still have an ass you can grab and a tongue willing to learn to please.”

“Turn around,” the black woman in the burgundy dress commanded. Sabrina immediately obeyed. “Not bad. A very spankable ass.”

“Thank you Ma’am. It is yours to spank right after I take your order.”

“I’ll take a Dr. Pepper. No food.”

Sabrina quickly put the order in and then went around the table. The other black woman ordered an iced tea and an oriental chicken salad. The Latina woman ordered a pepsi and no food. And finally, the white woman ordered a raspberry tea and a prime rib dipper with light unions and unsalted fries. Getting a quick nod from Natalie, she hit send. Her first order was placed and correctly so.

“I want to spank your ass,” the black woman in the burgundy dress said.

“She’s new so let me ask how many swats and with what, Ma’am?” Natalie said.

“For depriving us of the pleasure of her tits and twat I think twenty is in order

and definitely with the cane.”

Sabrina’s eyes went wide as Natalie leaned in and whispered in her ear. “Each swat of the cane on the ass is ten dollars with a ten dollar discount per ten swats so the total tip for that would be one-eighty.”

“T-That’ll be one-eighty,” Sabrina stammered.

“Worth it.” Digging in her purse the woman pulled out a wad of cash and counted out a hundred and eighty dollars.

“I’ll add ten to that,” the other black woman said.

“I really want to play with your fun bags so you’ll get twenty more from me,” the chubby white woman said.

“Might as well make it an even hundred,” the Latina smirked.

“A hundred? Oh my god!”

“Remember, you’re a slave in training now so you’ll take each swat with a smile no matter how much it hurts you to do so. Go ahead and place your hands on the edge of the table and spread your legs,” Natalie instructed her new charge.

“After each swat you’ll count and say ‘thank you Ma’am’. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes.”

“I hope so because if you screw up they’ll get to start over from one until you get it right.”

Gulping back her fear, Sabrina assumed the position and hung her head until instructed to look the women in the eyes. She had absolutely no desire to be caned but an extra nine hundred dollars on top of her weekly pay would go a long way to making it worth the pain. THWAP! The first swat landed hard right across her ass. It hurt like hell but still did not come close to the agony she felt being branded. “One! Thank you Ma’am!” she grunted. One down, ninety... THWAP! Ninety-eight to go. “Two. Thank you Ma’am.

And so it went one swat and one woman after another until all one hundred had been administered to her welt-covered, red aching behind. The last one

delivered, she slowly stood up and gave them all as polite a smile as she could muster under the circumstances before moving to the next table. "I thought you said groping. I don't think I'll be able to sit down for a week," Sabrina said as she followed Natalie to the next table.

"Mainly groping."

The next table sat two petite identical twin redheads dressed as cowgirls complete with chaps and open leather vests that hid nothing. "Evening ladies. My name is Sabrina and it will be my absolute pleasure serving you this evening. May I start you off with a drink?" Sabrina greeted them.

"I'll take a cloudy Tokyo," the twin in seat three replied.

"Same," the other replied.

"And would you like anything to eat?"

"Just you," the woman in seat one grinned. "Get on the table, bitch."

"Yes Ma'am."

Leaning in, Natalie once again whispered in Sabrina's ear. "Cunnilingus is twenty-five per ten minutes. A sixty-nine is fifty per ten. But that's a moot point as you're not to be touched down there."

"I'm so sorry Ma'am, but I've been pierced and branded today and Mistress Brittany has marked my breasts and vulva off limits."

"Are you allowed to use your tongue?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Then you can eat my pussy and don't stop until you're drinking my orgasm."

"I don't see any such tags on your tits so get on the table so I can eat you out," the other twin said to Natalie who immediately complied.

Kneeling on the cool tiled floor, Sabrina kissed her way up the redhead's inner thighs but halfway to her goal a hand on the back of her head pulled her in. "I

said eat me out, bitch,” the woman commanded.

“The tip is twenty-five dollars per ten minutes, Ma’am. How long would you like me to pleasure you?”

“Are you fucking deaf? I said to eat me out until I orgasm.”

“Yes Ma’am, but it is club policy to see the money before pleasure is had which is why I need to know how long you wish me to eat you out.”

Putting her foot on Sabrina’s chest, the woman pushed her back on her ass.

“Forget it. I’m not in the mood for your pathetic ass so get out of my sight before I have you fired.”

“I’m sorry if I’ve done something to disappoint you Ma’am.”

“She’s not wrong,” Natalie said with a tone that could only be described as threateningly polite. “And for shoving her as you have you’ll assume the position and let her give you ten swats of the cane or you’ll be permanently banned from the Cherry Pit.”

“Bitch, I know the owner and I’ll have your pathetic ass fired,” the woman sitting in front of her scoffed.

“Funny, I’ve been working here since say one and living with the owner for just as long and I don’t recall seeing either of you here or at her property. Now assume the position or I’ll call for security to escort you out.”

“You’re the slaves, not us. Now get the fuck out of our face.”

Hopping off the table, Natalie picked up her tablet and moved to stand next to Sabrina. Swiping left, she pressed a big red danger button followed by the section and table. “Security will be here to escort the two of you out. If you step foot on club property again you’ll be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.”

A couple of minutes passed when instead of the bouncers Natalie and Sabrina saw Mistress Brittany walking in their direction. “At ease, bitches,” she said to her employees.

“Yes Mistress, but these women...”

“Were put here by me and did exactly as requested to see how our newest waitress would react to being mistreated. You did very well so breath,” she said to an incredibly nervous Sabrina.

“My apologies,” the woman that had kicked Sabrina apologized. “I hope I didn’t kick you too hard.”

“No Ma’am. It shocked me more than anything.”

“My name is Melissa and this is my sister Amanda. And now you may crawl between my legs and spend the next ten minutes eating me out,” she said, plopping a hundred dollars down on the table.

“That’ll get you forty Minutes Ma’am.”

“I’ll only need ten. Consider the rest a tip for my previous actions.”

“Thank you Ma’am.” Getting on all fours, Sabrina crawled between Melissa’s milky white thighs. Foregoing any semblance of foreplay, she went straight to sucking the gorgeous redhead’s clit.

“Don’t just stand there,” Amanda said, slapping another hundred on the table. “Get your ass on the table so I can eat you out.”

“Yes Ma’am. Thank you for clearing things up, Mistress.”

“My pleasure.”

Just as Brittany was walking away a young blonde woman dressed in the Cherry Pit uniform in light blue walked over to table two carrying a tray on her raised right hand. Sitting the drinks on the table, she gave all four women a smile. “Enjoy your drinks ladies.”

Head between Melissa’s legs, tongue buried in her pussy Sabrina did not see the waitress’ face but she did recognize her voice. Sitting back, she turned to see the woman walking away. “Erica?” The waitress froze and then spun on her four inch heels. Sure enough it was her friend Erica. The same Erica she had known for the better part of a decade. The same Erica that definitely did not work in a lesbian fetish club.

“SABRINA?”

“I’m paying for your tongue to lick, not talk,” Melissa said.

“Sorry Ma’am. I’m just very surprised to see my friend working here.”

“That makes two of us,” Erica nervously replied. “Please don’t tell anyone.”

“We can talk about it later.” Turning, Sabrina once again put her tongue to work pleasuring Melissa’s sweet pussy.

“My god I loved that,” Sabrina exclaimed as she licked the last drops of Melissa’s orgasm from her lips.

“You earned every penny of that tip,” Melissa purred. “How about another ten minutes?”

“I’d love to eat you out all night, Ma’am, but I do have other tables to serve. Maybe once I’ve placed their orders I can come back and give you a few more orgasms.” Giving Melissa’s hooded clit one final playful nibble, she got to her feet and then kissed the freckle-faced redhead on the lips. “Thank you for letting me pleasure you.” Grabbing her tablet, she helped Natalie off the table and then headed for their next customers.

“I have to admit, you’re doing far better than I ever imagined,” Natalie said as they approached table three where all six seats were filled. “And you seem to thoroughly enjoy eating pussy. Or are you just that good an actress.”

“No, I actually really like it. A lot. Which is why I’m now questioning my sexual identity.”

“No need to slap a label on it. You are who you are and there’s nothing wrong with that.”

“I know, but I’m still questioning it, still trying to figure out exactly where I fall on the spectrum.” Looking around the table, Sabrina’s smile turned into a look of utter shock as she recognized two of the women. One was her Aunt Sandy on her mother’s side and the other her Aunt Laura on her father’s side. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!”

“SABRINA?” Sandy gasped.

“A-Aunt Sandy? Aunt Laura? W-What are you doing here?”

“We could ask you the same young lady,” Laura replied. “Since when do you

work here?”

“Since a couple of hours ago. Um, Natalie, these two women are my aunts. What’s the protocol for that?”

“Protocol would dictate that you take their order like anyone else but not serve them in any sexual way. Do you know these other women as well?”

“No.”

“Then you may serve their sexual desires as you would any other customer.”

“With my aunts watching?”

“Yes,” Natalie stated matter of fact.

Composing herself, Sabrina turned her attention back to the table. “My name is Sabrina and it would be my pleasure to serve you this evening. May I start you off with a drink?”

Drinks and food were ordered. Thanks to the embarrassment of the situation everyone found themselves in no sex was requested so Sabrina and Natalie bid the ladies a good evening and walked to their last table. But not before Sandy reached out and grabbed her niece by the left hand. Sabrina stopped and turned to face her aunt. “I trust our secret is as safe as yours?” Sandy said.

“Yes Ma’am.” Sabrina wanted to tell her aunt she had to spill the beans on her new job to everyone she knew, but feared she would beat her to it so kept it to herself.

“Good girl.” Sandy let go of her niece’s hand and watched her walk away before turning back to her friends.

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“First I find out one of my friends works here and now my aunts visit. What’s going to happen next?” Sabrina asked as she and Natalie approached table four.

“No idea but it’s never a dull moment at the Cherry Pit,” Natalie replied. “Also, nice job handling what could have been a totally disastrous encounter. I think

you're going to do very well here."

"Thanks. I'm doing my best to not screw up on my first night."

Sitting at table four were two perky-breasted brunettes in their mid-twenties wearing form-fitting latex dresses, thigh-high boots and leather collars around their necks. As soon as Sabrina and Natalie were within a few feet they hiked their dresses up over their hips. Seeing cock and balls between each of their legs Sabrina gasped but otherwise remained composed even as she watched the pleasant look on Natalie's face turn to dread.

"Evening ladies," Sabrina greeted the table. My name is Sabrina and it would be my absolute pleasure serving you this evening. May I start you off with a drink?"

"Sure," the one on the right replied. "Iced tea for both of us. And then you can sit on our cocks."

"Natalie here is a lesbian but I would be more than happy to pleasure you both," Sabrina said as she put the order in. "Would you ladies like to order something to eat as well?"

"No thanks."

"The tags say your off limits," the woman on the left said as she made no attempt to hide the fact she was checking Sabrina out.

"My tits and pussy are off limits, Ma'am, but my mouth and ass are yours for the taking."

"Just remember, the tip for doing a threesome of any kind is five hundred dollars per quarter hour," Natalie said.

"Too rich for my blood," the woman on the right said.

"I got it," the one on the left replied. Going through her purse she eventually pulled out a wad of cash. Counting out five hundred dollars in fifties and twenties she dropped it on the table. You can start by jerking us both off at the same time and when we're hard I'll fuck that sexy welt-covered ass of yours while you're sucking Jamie's cock. I'm Gina by the way."

“Pleasure meeting you both,” Sabrina said as she knelt between the two transsexual women. Wrapping fingers around shaft, she slowly started jerking them both off while her girlfriend watched.

“You sure you don’t want to join in?” Gina asked.

“No thank you.”

“So you’re that type of lesbian,” Jamie scoffed.

Hands still on their cocks, Sabrina leaned back and looked up into Jamie’s light brown eyes. Remembering a previous conversation, she shook her head. “And you’re that type of transsexual woman. “Just because she doesn’t have sex with you doesn’t make her any more transphobic than you not having sex with dogs makes you cynophobic. Everyone has their preferences and nothing gives you the right to dictate the sexual preferences of others. Now, are we going to have a problem here or shall I continue pleasuring you?”

Reaching forward, Gina scooped the money off the table. “I think we’re done here.” Standing, she looked over at Jamie. “Come on, babe. I thought this place was accepting of everyone but apparently I was wrong.”

“The Cherry Pit is a lesbian fetish club. We accept anyone that identifies as women whether they’re cis or otherwise,” Sabrina said as she got to her feet. “If you want to see intolerance then you should probably go look in a mirror.”

Huffing, Gina shouldered her way past Sabrina and a beat later she was followed by Jamie who gave both waitresses an apologetic look.

“Thank you for standing up for me like that but you shouldn’t have.”

“Bullshit! If Mistress wants to fire me for getting rid of two assholes then this place isn’t worth working at and she isn’t worth serving. So, now that we’ve seen to our tables what’s next?”

“Now we go back around to table one and see how everyone’s doing and if there’s anything we can do to make their evening more enjoyable. And we’ll continue doing that for the rest of our shift. Minus breaks of course.”

“So, do you really think Mistress is going to be pissed at me?”

“I honestly don’t know. On the one hand you stood up for me, but on the other you told off a customer and that’s a huge no-no even if they’re a bigoted asshole. Anyways, we better get back to our rounds before we get in trouble for slacking off.”

“After you.”

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Their tables taken over by another waitress, Sabrina and Natalie went to the employee lounge to begin their first break of the evening. To no one’s surprise they were greeted at the door by their boss and Mistress whose poker face gave nothing away. “Hello Mistress,” Sabrina greeted her.

“Sabrina. Nice job handling table four.”

“Thank you Mistress. I assume they filed a complaint against me?”

“Nope. After that talking too they stormed right out of the club.”

“Then how...”

“Cameras everywhere, remember? I’ve been watching your progress and despite telling her off you did so in defense of your coworker so nice job and keep up the good work.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“You’re welcome. Now what’s the story with the six women that were sitting at table three?”

“Oh, um, two of them are my aunts so after the first round they thought it would be best if they moved to another section, Mistress.”

“Fair enough. Well, I won’t keep you from your break. Keep up the good work. And remember to come see me in my office afterwards.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Natalie waited for their Mistress to be out of earshot before saying anything.

“Well, that went better than I could’ve hoped for. I think she really likes you. Also, her office?”

“For my first session as her submissive.”

“Right.” Pulling the door of the lounge open, Natalie ushered her new coworker and girlfriend inside.

Looking around the large room furnished with very comfortable chairs and couches off to the right with another door leading into a large locker room and a kitchen and dining area to the left, Sabrina spotted Erica relaxing in an overstuffed recliner. Bee lining straight for her, she gave her a raised brow. “I’m very confused. I was told I had to tell everyone I know that I work here and what I do. I don’t recall us ever having that conversation.”

“Because we weren’t friends when I started working here,” Erica replied. “In fact, I didn’t know any of our mutual friends either so they’re just as in the dark as you were and I’d really like to keep it that way.”

“That’s not how it works,” Natalie cut in. “You are required to tell everyone you’re friends with and if you’ve been keeping it secret you can and most likely will be fired.”

“It doesn’t say anywhere in the rules that I have to tell every single person I meet what I do for a living,” Sabrina countered. “Just those I knew when I started. Believe me, I’ve read the employee handbook cover to cover I have the whole thing practically memorized. Anyways, I’d like to talk to my friend alone if that’s okay with you.”

“Actually, I’d like my girlfriend at my side for this,” Sabrina replied.

“Girlfriend?”

“A lot has happened today. And yes, Natalie and I are girlfriends and she’ll be moving in with me very soon.”

“So, not straight after all, huh?”

“Nope. I’m not entirely sure what I am anymore but it’s definitely not straight. Wait, back up. If we weren’t friends when you started working here then that

means you've been working her at least five years!"

"A little over five and a half. And like I asked earlier, please don't tell anyone."

"Instead of lying to everyone you should tell them yourself. Also, I'm pretty sure the employee handbook says you're required to tell everyone you've known for more than six months so, yeah, I think you've got some explaining to do. As do I for that matter so we're in this crazy boat together."

"What Mistress doesn't know won't hurt her. Besides, she doesn't know my family and friends so how in the hell is she going to know if I've told everyone or not."

"I'll know because I have eyes and ears everywhere," Brittany's voice came over the intercom. "I'm giving you one chance to rectify your mistake. You may accept fifty stats per shift for the next one hundred shifts and tell everyone what you do and are, or you can leave my club right now."

"You're crazy if you think I'm letting you or anyone else give me five thousand swats! You have no right to demand I tell anyone anything."

"Actually, I do. And you agreed to the terms as written in the application when you signed it."

Pushing herself out of the chair Erica huffed. "Then I fucking quit." Stepping past her friend she stomped towards the locker room as a dozen of her now former coworkers watched.

"I expect you all to be honest about telling those you know about what you do for a living, but if Erica's actions have taught me anything it's that I can't trust anyone so I'll be making inquiries to find out just how many of you have been lying to me," Brittany said over the intercom."

"She's right, you know," a petite blonde said as she stirred sugar into a large mug of coffee. "You really have no right dictating what we do outside of this building."

"Yeah!" a statuesque brunette exclaimed. "You might as well fire us all because I guarantee there isn't a woman here that has told everyone they know."

“I have,” Natalie replied.

“Only because you’re a brown nosing bitch,” the blonde huffed. “I guarantee if you try enforcing that idiotic policy everyone save Natalie will quit on the spot. And then you will pleasure your precious customers? You?”

Brittany knew her employee was right. She was backed into a corner with no hope of escaping unscathed, but at the same time she could not show weakness. After a long pause she once again spoke. This time, however, she did so to the entire club. “Attention everyone! This is Mistress Brittany speaking. We will be closing at midnight tonight for a meeting to address the details of an upcoming event. Attendance is mandatory for all employees.” Switching back to just the lounge she continued. “That includes you as well, Erica.”

“Fuck you. I already quit.”

“If that is your choice then so be it, but I would still appreciate you staying for the meeting before making up your mind.”

“Fine, whatever but I doubt you’ll say anything that’ll change my mind.” Huffing, Erica walked back across the lounge and plopped her ass into the overstuffed recliner.

“Sabrina, your first session with me will be postponed until tomorrow so you may return to work as normal until time for the meeting.”

“Yes Mistress.”

As midnight rolled around customers were escorted out, doors were locked and every employee from bouncer and chef to waitress and DJ filed into the conference room at the far end of the club. This being the first any of them have heard about any sort of upcoming event, their confusion came as no surprise.

“Thank you all for coming,” Brittany said, looking directly at Erica. “I know I said I called you in last minute to discuss an upcoming event, but the truth is we need to discuss the rules. In particular the one requiring you to tell everyone you know where you work and what you do as condition of employment. I know at least one of you has lied to me and suspect many more have ignored this request. Raise your hand if you’ve actually told everyone you know with the understanding that I will verify it through social media, emergency contacts and any other methods at my disposal and if you are lying you will be fired on the spot.”

Natalie was the only employee to raise their hand.

“I see. So each and every one of you save Natalie has been lying to my face since that rule went into effect.”

“It’s an unfair request,” Erica said. “But I guess you care more about this club than any of us losing family and friends.”

“Nothing could be further from the truth. I know it seems unfair, but maybe you underestimate your family and friends. And if they did walk out of your lives then perhaps you’re better off without them. You all know what happened here to put that rule in effect so I won’t go over it again.” Flipping open a thick folder, Brittany continued. “With the exception of Sabrina who just started tonight and Natalie all of you have lied to me and I cannot let that go unpunished. I’m giving each of you an option. You may accept five hundred swats of the cane to be administered fifty swats per shift for ten shifts and you can sign a new application, or you can quit. To answer two obvious questions, Natalie and Sabrina are exempt from the discipline, and the new applications replaces the requirement to tell everyone with one making you solely responsible for the

actions of family and friends that may enter the club intent on doing harm.”

“Jesus Christ!” Erica exclaimed. “That’s even worse than the previous one. You cannot hold us responsible for the actions of others. What if someone you know decides to come in and shoot up the place? You going to take full responsibility for their actions?”

“No one I know would ever...”

“And neither would anyone I know,” Erica cut her boss off mid-sentence. “Do you even hear yourself speak? I get it, something tragic happened here and you want to avoid it ever happening again. But you cannot force your employees to take responsibility for the actions of others any more than we can force you to. Take all of that bullshit out of the application and I’ll stay. Otherwise I’m out of here.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress, but I have to agree with her on this,” Natalie said to everyone’s shock. “To be completely honest, I didn’t tell everyone I knew about what I did for a living because you commanded it. I did it because I knew it would be impossible for me to keep it secret. Yes, some family members and friends stopped talking to me and I’m probably better off without them in my life, but the same cannot be said for everyone. Remove it from the application and I’ll sign. Otherwise, like Erica I’m afraid I’ll have to quit.”

“I just started working here and feel as if I’m getting in way over my head, but it does seem unfair of you to make us tell everyone our personal business. Besides, how do we actually know you did the same, Mistress?” Sabrina asked. “I’m not calling you a liar, but are you willing to give us the names of every person you know in order for us to verify that you’ve done so? If not, then you cannot expect the same from us.”

“I couldn’t have put it better myself,” said a stunning forty-something brunette wearing an open bust corset, spanking skirt and knee-high boots. “As part owner of the Cherry Pit I demand that provision be removed from the application. I also think you need to pay for all the damage you may have caused by forcing your employees to divulge personal information to family and friends. I think fifty swats per shift for one year is in order.”

“I second that,” said another brunette – this one in her mid-thirties wearing a blue and silver latex dress with low-cut front that barely hid her large breasts.

“I do believe that means you’ve been outvoted,” the first woman said.

“I do believe you need to recheck your math,” Brittany replied. “I own fifty percent of the club meaning my vote counts for two and as we all know ties go to the one with majority holdings. Therefore, I win. But nice try, Dana.

“Okay, let me put it another way,” Dana said. “You can either accept the discipline or you can buy us out. Refuse both options and things get really ugly. So, what’s it going to be?”

Knowing a buyout would cost her millions, Brittany knew she had only one option and that meant showing weakness in front of all of her employees. She thought about just firing everyone and starting over but the backlash from that would no doubt force her out of business altogether. “Fine, I’ll remove the provision from the applications and you can all sign new ones but I will not be disciplined by the two of you or anyone else. Force the issue and I’ll permanently close the doors.”

“Except that you can’t,” Dana quickly replied. “Unless you’re ready to buy us out or sell us your stake that is.”

“Really Mistress?” Sabrina said. “You’d actually rather go out of business than suffer a bit of humiliation? I’m sorry, I’m new to bdsm but that just sounds downright petty to me.”

“Right you are,” Dana agreed. “What do you thing Stephanie?” she asked the other partial owner.

“I think Sabrina is right,” the woman in the low-cut dress answered. “I also think Brittany needs to give us an answer. I’ll also add that she should lose all training privileges for the next year as well.”

At an estimated value of around thirty-five million dollars, the Cherry Pit was one of the most profitable fetish clubs in the world. It also meant Brittany would have to come up with half that amount to buy her co-owners out. Still seeing only one viable way out, she slowly exhaled. “Fine, I’ll...”

“Pardon the interruption, Mistress, but would it be too late to add something?” Sabrina asked.

“Go ahead,” Dana answered.

“Thank you Ma’am. I’m probably stepping way out of line here, in fact I’m sure I am but if Mistress Brittany is going to spend the next year being disciplined and denied training privileges than why not have her spend it being trained as the slaved she so loves to employ?”

“I like the way you think,” Stephanie replied. “I second it.”

“I think that’s a fitting punishment,” Dana agreed.

“I’m this fucking close to shutting this place down for good,” Brittany seethed, holding up her index finger and thump a fraction of an inch apart. “And just who do you think should train me? Certainly not either of you,” she said to her co-owners.”

“Since it was her idea I nominate Sabrina.”

“Second,” Stephanie quickly concurred.”

“Thank you Ma’am but I don’t know the first thing about training someone to be a sex slave.”

“Don’t worry, I can teach you everything you need to know,” Natalie once again surprised everyone.

“Then it’s settled. Natalie, you have exactly one month to teach Sabrina everything she needs to know to train Brittany as a sex slave,” Dana said.

“Brittany, your discipline and training will begin in one month. Now, while you go prepare new applications without the controversial provision Stephanie and I will prepare a document for you to sign. Ladies, I ask that you all stick around until the new applications have been signed. Since there are no customers to pleasure you may spend the rest of the shift enjoying each other’s company. You may go now.”

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Back out in the dungeon, Sabrina pulled Natalie aside. “What the actual shit just happened in there? Am I really going to train my Mistress and boss as a sex slave?”

“You are. And I’m going to help you do it. Or rather I’m going to give you the tools necessary to maximize the effectiveness of her training. On the bright side, you don’t have to tell anyone you work here.”

“Like you I’ll never be able to keep it secret forever so I’ll probably tell everyone anyways. I mean, a friend and two aunts already know so I have to wonder how many other friends and family members have been visiting behind my back. Now, seeing as how we’re girlfriends I want to eat you out so let’s go to bed.” Taking Natalie by the hand, Sabrina led them towards one of the four bondage beds. Pushing her back onto it, she crawled between her spread legs and started licking. After a minute she kissed her way up Natalie’s body – stopping at her breasts before reaching her lips. Sitting back, she turned around and positioned herself for a sixty-nine.

“I really want to eat you out but you’re off limits,” Natalie said.

“Who’s going to say anything? My sex slave? Eat me, Natalie, and don’t stop until I’m cumming all over your pretty face.” Lowering her head, Sabrina made up her mind then and there that she was bisexual. Her clit tingling with excitement, she stuck her tongue out and started licking – all thought of training her boss, telling family and friends she was a sex slave in training and that she now dating another woman shut out as she focused on getting her girlfriend off.