

Club Vixen Breeders

By: Crimson Rose

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Chapter 1: Kim's Doctor Visit

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

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

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

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

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

"Of what? Kim replied.

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

"Four," Kim replied softly.

"And?"

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

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

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

"It's ok, sweetie," Gina said wrapping her arms around her daughter to comfort her.

"We'll get through this together. I've been waiting to tell your father this, but I learned last week that I'm pregnant."

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

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

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

"When is your doctor's appointment?"

"This afternoon."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Have you been taking your birth control pills?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is this some kind of swingers club?"

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

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

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

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

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

"What else do you do at this club?"

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

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

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

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

"Is it really that important?"

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

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

"That really wasn't a bright idea," Dr. Grey replied. "With that much semen deposited directly into your womb you were asking to get pregnant. The pill would have been useless at that point. You're probably right, that's most likely when you got pregnant."

"Why is that so important?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Never."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," Kim answered. "You can fist my ass too if you want, but I get to do to you whatever you do to me." She could feel the speculum retracting and pull free of her glistening slit. She was so turned on right now she was barely able to contain herself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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