

Fetish Fanatic

Victoria Brynn

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Chapter One

Putting a show together

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“I’m telling you, Jimmy, this is the greatest idea for a game show in the history of game shows,” Austin Trent said to the studio exec.

“I don’t know, Trent,” Jimmy Oliver replied. “A game show about fetishes including on air sexual acts? That’s cable right there. Not to mention a very selective fan base. The viewers and backing just might not be there for such a daring show. You’ll also have to convince men and women to participate in the show. How do you plan on doing that?”

“I know of several fetish clubs around the globe,” Trent replied. “I’ll send them a pitch and see if any of their members would be willing to come in for an interview. As far as backing is concerned, don’t worry about it. I’m so confident Fetish Fever will be such a hit I’m paying for the pilot show out of my own pocket.”

“Alright, you bring me a test pilot in six weeks’ time and I’ll get you a spot on the air.”

“Deal,” Trent said shaking Oliver’s hand.

Forty-three year old game show host Austin Trent had been dreaming of a newer, bolder game show for years. In the ever-evolving world of technology and the internet, access to a vast library of sex was at everyone’s fingertips. In 1950 such things as anal sex were taboo, but this was 2014 damn it and everyone took it in the rear. He envisioned a show where men and women could come on and compete on a jeopardy style game show about sexual fetishes. He wanted to show the world that it was ok to like whips and chains, anal sex and fisting. Now all he had to do was find contestants willing to divulge their every sexual secret for a chance at winning \$250,000.

Step one of the process was to hit all the fetish clubs looking for contestants. Mass emails were too impersonal and often ignored so he opted for phone calls. The first place he called, a little place in New York called Paddles NYC.

“Paddles NYC, this is Mistress Lynn, how may I direct your call?”

“Hello Mistress Lynn,” Austin Trent replied. “My name is Austin Trent from Studio sixty-nine. I’m the executive producer for an upcoming fetish game show and I’d like your permission to send a video explaining the concept in the hopes of drumming up contestants.”

“I see. While that does sound like a very interesting idea, I’m not the owner of the club so I can’t make that decision. However, I can talk to the owner and have her get back to you.”

“That would be wonderful. I must mention that time is of the essence here. I have to have a pilot set up, taped, and ready to air in six weeks’ time.”

“I’ll pass the message along to Mistress Jenna and stress to her the urgency. And if she doesn’t accept your offer then I might just take you up on it myself.

“Would you like to be a contestant?”

“That all depends. What exactly is the show about?”

“Well, as I said before, it’s going to be a fetish game show. We’re still in the concept phase, but round one will be a sort of sexual jeopardy. Round two will be a ‘how far will you go’ type round where the contestants compete in the same sexual fetish until there is only one remaining.”

“How many contestants will be playing the game?”

“I’m thinking four to start. Eliminate one after the first round, leaving three for the second round.”

“And what is the prize for winning?”

“Right now the grand prize is going to be \$250,000, but that amount may go up depending on popularity of the show.”

“And how does one apply for this new game show of yours?”

“There are currently two options. First, you can go online to www.fetishfever.com and fill out the questionnaire, or I can mail you one to fill out and return. So are you saying you’re interested in being a contestant?”

“I might be. Like I said, it sounds like an interesting idea. Will there be sex involved at all?”

“There might be. Is that going to be a problem?”

“Not as long as the men wear condoms.”

“I have a group of twenty men standing by that have all been tested clean for STD’s and drugs, but they of course will all wear condoms.”

“So you say round one will be like jeopardy, does that mean there will be daily doubles?”

“It does, but unlike Jeopardy’s daily doubles, you won’t only lose money on my game show.”

“Oh?”

“No, if you wager and lose you must complete the fetish the question was referring to. If you refuse to do so you’re automatically eliminated from the game. However, there is another special bonus that will allow you to pass a fetish off to another player, so there is a bit of strategy involved.”

“This is sounding more intriguing by the minute,” Mistress Lynn said. “You know, I think I’ll go ahead and go online and fill out that questionnaire. Do you pay travel expenses to and from the game studio?”

“We do. We will cover all airfare and hotel expenses for the day before, during, and after the show. Also, if you are eliminated, you still walk away with minimum prizes. Right now I have them set at \$10,000 for fourth place, \$25,000 for third place, and \$50,000 for second place.

“Alright, you’ve convinced me. I’ll be contestant number one.”

“As much as I’d like to sign you right up,” Austin said “I’ll need you to go to the website and fill out the questionnaire and send all requested relevant information. I’m not going to lie to you Mistress Lynn, and I hope I don’t offend, but since this is a sexual game show and a test pilot at that, we will be looking for sexy men and women.”

“No offense taken,” Mistress Lynn replied. “I sort of figured you’d want sexy people. I’ll go to the website and apply.”

“Thank you very much.” Austin said. He hung up the phone, excited to have potentially one contestant. Assuming the requested information and questionnaire doesn’t scare her away.

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Lynn logged onto the website Austin Trent gave her and looked around a bit before bothering with the questionnaire. It pitched the game show pretty much as Austin had. It also said that he was not only the executive producer of the show, he was also footing the bill for the entire pilot episode out of his own pocket. She clicked the APPLY button. An editable pdf opened up asking for her name, age, height, weight, and other vital statistics. She filled them all out and moved on to section two. Section two was labeled **Contestant Photos** and read:

Please take and attach a resent head shot, and four nude body shots; one from the front, back, left, and right sides.

She left that portion of the application blank as she didn't have nude photos of herself on hand. Part three was the fetish questionnaire. It consisted of about one hundred questions asking everything from age of first sexual encounter, to most humiliating sexual encounter. It asked her to list every fetish she was willing to do without question, those she considered soft limits, and those that were hard limits. She felt as if she were interviewing for her job at Paddles NYC all over again. She filled everything out and, after saving the file, emailed it to herself so she could attach the photos when she got home and took them.

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The rest of Austin Trent's day was spent making more than three dozen phone calls to various fetish clubs around the country. He was hung up on six times, told to go to hell another eight times, and told no thanks eleven times. In the end he had eleven clubs willing to show his video pitch for the new game show *Fetish Fever*. Tomorrow he would send out the videos he already had made, make more calls, and hope like hell that he could get the attention of at least a few men and women willing to put themselves out there for the nation's first kinky game show.

When Austin got home from the office he ate dinner and checked his email. He was pleasantly surprised to see an email application from one Lynn Collins – Mistress at Paddles NYC. *One contestant down*, he thought as he set down to watch TV.

And such was Austin's life for the next two weeks. For fourteen long days there was no word from the clubs he sent the tapes to, no new emails, and no new contestant applications. He was beginning to think the studio exec was right – no one in their right mind would be willing to go on the air and let the world know every intimate detail of their sex lives.

When he got home on the seventeenth day there was a stack of envelopes in his mailbox from people all over the country. They were addressed to *Fetish Fanatic* care of Austin Trent. Excited to finally receive some news, he rushed into the house and began opening the mail.

The first was a letter from a Mr. Jacob Miller from Boise writing to tell Austin in no uncertain terms how he'll burn in hell for airing to bring such filth to television. The letter went on to say how Mr. Miller would do everything in his power to make sure *Fetish Fanatic* never saw the light of day. Austin tossed the letter in the trash and opened another.

Austin received twenty-six envelopes in the mail. Eighteen were contestant applications while the other eight were letters similar in nature to what Jacob Miller wrote. The letters went into the trash. He took the applications to his small office, sat down in his high-backed desk chair, and logged into his email.

Austin's bout of depression was over. With the eighteen applications he received, plus Mistress Lynn Collins's online application he knew he could find four contestants for the pilot episode. But, being the slightly obsessed man that he was, he went through his email looking for more applicants. There were fifty-seven more.

After printing out every application he went over them all one by one, choosing those he thought would make for interesting first contestants. Lynn Collins was at the top of the list not only for her great looks, but for her willingness to participate in his new show after hearing a half-assed sales pitch. The fact that she was incredibly kinky might have had something to do with it too, but he told himself that it was her eagerness.

Most of the applicants fell within the prescribed formula he was going after, but there were a few that were so far outside of the box that he tossed their applications right in the trash.

As shallow as it made him feel, no one wanted to see a three hundred pound man or woman prancing around naked on television performing one sexual kink after another.

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“I have my contestants,” Austin said to Jimmy Oliver. “I’ve contacted them all by phone and they’ve all agreed to fly out, at my expense, on Friday to sign the final waivers and to tape the pilot.”

“I hope you know what you’re doing,” Jimmy replied. “If this idea of yours fails you can kiss your career goodbye.”

“There are sex related game shows airing all over the world. Maybe a good, kinky game show is what this country needs to wake up from its antiquated views on sex. Besides, there are millions of people the world that love this kind of shit. Sex sells so why not jump on the bandwagon and milk it for every penny its worth?”

“Hey, it’s your money, who am I to argue with what you do with it? Just remember what I said though, if the show fails your career in Hollywood is finished too because no one is going to hire you for legitimate work after the kind of show you want to do.”

“I’m willing to take the risk. I’ll see you in a few weeks with the pilot episode.”

“I’ll have a spot for you on the station, but it’ll be late night.”

“Fine with me,” Austin smiled “that’s when all the pervers come out anyways.”

Although Austin Trent was the picture of calm and cool, deep down he was as scared shitless his endeavor would fail. Not only did he have a lot of his own money on the line, he was risking nearly two decades of hard work on a show that might not even see the light of day.