

Michelle's Bondage Show

By: Crimson Rose

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It has been over two weeks since Michelle lost her job. Time was running out. If she didn't get a job soon she would have to drop out of college. Her roommate, and new lesbian lover, Amanda has offered her a job at 'The Lion's Den'; a special bondage club that caters to any and all fetishes. Thus far Michelle has refused, but her resolve is breaking. She is in dire straits and needs money now. She has agreed to go with Amanda to The Lion's Den as a spectator. She agreed to spend an evening at the club to see what goes on and afterwards she would make up her mind if it was for her or not.

"Ok, Michelle before we go to the club we need to go over the rules one more time. It is important that you fully understand what to expect and how to act."

"Yes, mom," Michelle said dryly.

"I am serious. If you think this is a joke then just forget it. Find another damn job."

"I'm sorry, Amanda. It's just we have gone over this twenty times in the last three days."

"Well one more time won't hurt. Now listen up... The Lion's Den is unlike any club you have ever been to. It doesn't cater to young college kids or adults looking to dance, drink, and have a good time. This is a very exclusive club with an even more exclusive membership list."

"The Lion's Den is a bondage and fetish club that caters to some of the most degrading, humiliating, and pleasurable fetishes known to man. There are no limits to what you might see there so you have to be prepared."

"I'm not a baby, Amanda," Michelle said sarcastically. "After that party last week I think I can handle just about anything."

Amanda broke out in laughter that lasted a few minutes. When she calmed down she continued. "Honey, what you did at that frat party was NOTHING compared to what you will see at The Lion's Den. We're not talking about a few guys fucking a couple of girls. You will see acts of sex that will make your toes curl and have you begging for mommy. Now, to the rules..."

Rule One: Since you are going as my guest you must wear what I tell you and behave EXACTLY as I tell you. Is that understood?"

Michelle nodded. She was already starting to regret ever agreeing to this whole thing.

Rule Two: Although you are not a submissive, slave, or Mistress of the club, you must still show due respect for those that are. Any time you are talking to a Master or Mistress you must ALWAYS say 'yes, sir', or 'yes ma'am' If you do not they will punish you."

"What do you mean they will punish me?" Michelle asked in shock. "I am not a slave or submissive. How they hell do they think they can punish me?"

"Because it's the house rules, that's why. Show respect and you won't have to worry about it. Even guests have to abide by the rules."

Rule Three: Since you are going as a guest you have the right to refuse the Masters and Mistresses, but do it with respect. Politely say 'no, sir' or 'no ma'am.' If you get snotty with them they can and will toss you out of the club."

Rule Four: Stay off of the stages. No matter what anyone there tells you, if you willingly go up on any of the stages you are telling the Masters and Mistresses that you are there for training and that is exactly what they will do. Remember, this isn't only a bondage club. They train submissives and slaves there as well and it is all done out in the open for the enjoyment of

the crowd. If you go up on stage you will be there for the duration of the night. If you leave the stage for any reason without permission they will toss you out of the club.”

“Now, before we get dressed I have one piece of advice. Feel free to follow it or not, it’s your choice. It is likely that you will be offered money to do things for the Masters, Mistresses, or even other club members. It is your choice to accept or not, but seeing as how you are in desperate need of money, you may want to accept at least a little. If not, just politely tell them no.”

“What kind of things will they ask me to do for money?” Michelle asked curiously.

“Any and every thing; it could be as simple as a blowjob or sex, or as complicated as they can imagine. If you don’t think the money is worth the act just say no, but don’t be surprised if some of them come back with a better offer in the attempt to get you to do it.”

Amanda dressed in a short, tight-fitting black dress with no bra or panties. Michelle was similarly dressed in a form hugging navy blue, low cut dress that showed her ample breasts and cleavage. She also went without bra and panties.

Michelle wasn’t sure what to expect. In her mind she envisioned a dark dungeon filled with leather-clad men and women torturing poor girls out of their minds. In her mind she saw whips and chains; slaves cuffed and helpless in tiny, dingy cells.

She was surprised when Amanda pulled into the parking lot of what looked like a large warehouse. Amanda swiped an ID card at the door and it clicked open. They entered into a well lit corridor; Amanda pulling the door closed behind them. They walked down the hallway and through a set of double doors.

Michelle was shocked by what she saw. Where she envisioned a dank, dark dungeon was a large open room not unlike any other club she had been too, if only larger. It was well lit and spacious. Thirty or so tables surrounded three large stages. These were the stages Amanda told her about. On the far left she saw a young woman, perhaps in her mid twenties, bent over a bench while a woman dressed in a red leather corset dress was flogging her. The center stage had two women kneeling before two men. The men were in the process of pissing on the women’s faces and chests. On the right stage was a woman strapped onto what looked like a large ‘X’ another woman in a tight fitting corset dress was dripping hot wax all over the submissives breasts.

The scene was broken by a tug on her arm. Michelle looked at Amanda in shock and amazement. She saw they were no longer alone. A large man was standing next to Amanda. He was dressed in a suit.

“Michelle, this is Master John,” Amanda introduced. “Master John is one of the owners and Masters of The Lion’s Den. Master John this is Michelle. She is the friend I told you about.”

Master John held out his hand. Michelle took it; suddenly feeling very shy. “Welcome to The Lion’s Den, dear. I assume Slave Mandy has informed you of the rules?”

It took her a moment to realize he was talking about Amanda. Here she was known as slave Mandy. “Yes, sir she did. She told me about fifty times over the last few days.”

Master John smiled and gave slave Mandy a slap on the ass. “Good job slave. Now go and get ready for your shift.”

“Thank you, sir,” she replied and headed off for the locker room to get into uniform.