

Amateur Night

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Amateur Night

Copyright© 2017 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

“The Lion’s Den?” Charlotte said with raised brow as her best friend pulled into a packed parking lot. “I don’t think I’ve ever been to this club before.”

“I know I haven’t, but I heard through a friend of a friend that they’re hosting an amateur night tonight with a grand prize of five grand.”

“Five grand? What in the hell do we have to do, fuck the audience or something? No one pays that kind of money for a few amateurs to shake their ass on stage.”

“I don’t know, but for five grand I’m willing to take one for the team if that’s what we have to do,” Renee grinned.

“You’d fuck an entire audience for five thousand dollars?”

“Um, you do remember the reason we’re doing this, right? We’re both out of work and running low on funds. We have rent to pay and food to buy. Or would you rather be homeless in another month? Who knows, maybe this place will be better than the last seven we’ve been to and there won’t be so many ringers.”

“One can hope,” Charlotte sighed as her friend found a spot and parked.

Getting out of the car, the two young women walked around to the side and pulled the door open – entering into what looked more like the lobby of a hotel rather than a strip club. To the back and left were double doors with an image of a lion etched into them, to the right was a large glass-top desk where a raven-haired woman of about forty wearing a form-fitting blue and silver latex dress sat and typed away at a computer and to their immediate right was another door labeled BODY SHOP. Giving the woman no further notice, Charlotte and Renee walked to the double doors and reached out to pull them open.

“And just where do you think you’re going?” the woman at the desk asked without looking away from the monitor her eyes have been glued to for the last hour.

“We’re here for the amateur night contest,” Renee answered. “I assume the club is through these doors?”

“It is, but you’re not going in until you’ve filled out the paperwork to enter the contest. Come over here and take a seat please.” When the two women sat opposite her she continued. “I’m going to ask you a whole bunch of personal questions and you will answer them honestly. You will then sign the consent and waiver forms before you are allowed inside of the club. Is that understood?”

“Yes,” Charlotte and Renee answered.

“Good. What are your names?”

“I’m Charlotte”

“And I’m Renee.”

“I’m going to start with you Charlotte. Can I please see your driver’s license or state ID please?” Charlotte rummaged through her purse for a moment, found her license and handed it across the desk. “Thank you. Is all the information on here correct and current?”

“Yes.”

“One moment.” Her fingers flying on the keyboard, Melissa typed in Charlotte’s name, address, height, weight, and hair and eye color before handing the laminated card back. “Will you be entering the contest under your own name or would you prefer a stage name?”

“I will go under the name Amber Skye if that’s okay.”

“That’s perfectly fine. And now for the personal questions. Remember, answer them honestly. What is your sexual orientation?”

“What does that have to do with stripping on stage?”

“Please just answer the questions.”

“I’m straight.”

“Have you ever had sex with more than one partner at the same time?”

“Um, no.”

“Are you Dominant or submissive?”

“I’m not even sure what that means.”

“Do you prefer to control the action in bed, or be controlled?”

“A little of both I suppose. It all depends on my mood.”

“Do you like being watched during sex?”

“Y-Yes,” Charlotte blushed, chewing her lower lip as she gave her best friend a sideways glance.

“What is the kinkiest sexual act you’ve ever done?”

“Umm...”

“Please answer the question honestly. If you haven’t done anything kinky that’s okay.”

“You had better never speak of this to anyone,” Charlotte said, looking into her friend’s eyes. “I once took a fist up my ass.”

“HOLY HELL!” Renee gasped at her friend’s admission. “Who in the hell fisted you up the ass?”

“That’s not important.”

“And you only did it once?” Melissa asked.

“Yes.”

“Would you be willing to do it again?”

“Probably.”

“What is your deepest, darkest sexual fantasy?”

“I really don’t...” Charlotte started to say, but when she saw the annoyed look on Melissa’s face she let out a soft sigh and answered the question in the hopes her friend’s answers would be just as humiliating. “I want to know what it feels like to be branded.”

“Jesus Christ!” Renee gasped again.

“It’s a fantasy. One that I’ll never realize because I’m too much of a chicken shit to do it.”

“Final question, are your nipples pierced?”

“No.”

“If you wish to enter the amateur night contest you will have to get them pierced. We have a shop right through that door where you can get them done,” Melissa said, pointing to the door labeled BODY SHOP.

“Why do we need pierced nipples?” Renee asked. That’s asking an awful lot and also severely limits your contestant pool.”

“It is what we require. If you are not willing to get your nipples pierced then you are not the type of amateur we’re seeking for this contest.

“Aren’t you the one that said you’d fuck the entire audience for a chance to win five grand?” Charlotte smirked at her friend.

“That can be arranged and you’d make a whole lot more than five grand I can assure you. Now, are you willing to get your nipples pierced to enter the contest, or not?”

“I desperately need the money so, yes, I’ll get them pierced as long as it’s free.”

“It is free. And now to you, Renee. You’re license or ID please.”

Renee handed her driver's license to the woman and stared red-faced at her best friend while she waited for the questions to begin as her deepest, darkest fantasy was about to come to light in a less than ideal way.

"Will you be using your real or a stage name during tonight's contest?"

"I will use my real name."

"What is your sexual orientation?"

"I'm bi-curious," Renee answered, rolling her lower lip between her teeth as she looked nervously at her best friend.

"Have you ever had sex with more than one partner at the same time?"

"Y-Yes."

"You have?" Charlotte asked with raised brow. "When did that happen?"

"I'll ask the questions if you don't mind. What is the most partners you've been with at the same time?"

"That I had actual sexual contact with? Seven," Renee's blush deepened as she recalled the night of her eighteenth birthday and the orgy she was tricked into going to. While there were six other women and a total of fifty men, she managed to get away with having sex with seven men while there were some that were taken by as many as twenty.

"Are you dominant or submissive?"

"Oh, definitely submissive."

"Do you like being watched during sex?"

"Absolutely love it."

"What is the kinkiest sexual act you've ever done?"

"The orgy I mentioned."

"Would you be willing to do it again?"

"I think so, yes."

"What is your deepest, darkest fantasy?"

"I...I want to, um, oh god please don't be mad at me. I want to have sex with my best friend."

"Oh my god!" Charlotte gasped. "Are you serious? You want to have sex with me? How in the hell long have you been keeping that one secret?"

"Um, for as long as we've known each other. I've been crushing on you hard, Char."

"You can discuss your sex lives later. I need the two of you to read and sign the consent and waiver forms before you can go get your nipples pierced."

"Why am I suddenly getting the impression that this isn't a strip club?" Renee asked.

"Because it isn't. This is a bdsm club. Do you know what that means?"

"Well, based on the questions you asked I assume it has to do with domination and submission. So the contest isn't to find the best stripper after all is it?"

"No, no it is not. We are looking for vanilla men and women willing to spend the night going through a night of training to experience what this lifestyle is all about."

"Training?" Charlotte asked. "What do you mean training?"

"You and the other contestants will spend a full day up on stage with experienced Masters and Mistresses where you'll get a crash course in the bdsm lifestyle including everything from obedience training and discipline to a wide variety of fetishes. It will be explained in more details once the contest begins. Now, please read and sign the forms if you still wish to enter."

Taking the offered clipboards, Renee and Charlotte began reading the forms one by one – each more explicit than the previous as it spelled out in graphic detail exactly what they were

getting themselves into. Thinking only of the money, they signed and dated each form and then handed the clipboards back to Melissa who quickly scanned the pages and attached them to each of their profiles.

“Thank you ladies. Now if you would kindly go through that door into the body shop and tell Nicole that you are there for the contest piercings she will take care of you. When you’re done come back out here and see me.”