

# **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."