

Painful Pleasures

Crimson Rose

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“Hello Master Jacob,” Amy answered the phone, recognizing the number of her former photography professor at Clearpoint Correctional College.

“Please, it’s just Jacob now. I don’t have a lot of time so I’m going to be as direct as always. Are you having unprotected sex?”

“Yes.”

“You should probably stop. I just uncovered a recorded conversation between your former Mistress Silvia and Dr. Randal Cooper wherein he informs her that the birth control pills he gave you are nothing more than sugar pills.”

“Well, that answers that question then.”

“And what question would that be?”

“How I got pregnant while taking birth control. I just found out last week and confirmed it at the doctors that I am now eleven weeks along.”

“I’m so sorry, Amy.”

“Don’t be. I’ve thought a lot about it and I couldn’t be happier to be bringing a new life into this world. And with my mother willing to babysit it should have minimal impact on my continued education.”

“Glad to hear it. And for what it’s worth, I think you’re going to make a wonderful mother. And it might also please you to know that Silvia is also with child. From the timing there’s little doubt whose it is. Anyways, how is everyone doing? I saw in your shows that you’ve gotten yourself a new Mistress.”

“We’re all doing great now that we’re away from that dreadful place. And yes, Fiona is absolutely amazing as our new Mistress. She’s been my best friend since we were six so that’s a bit weird, but other than that life has been amazing.”

“Glad to hear it. You probably won’t be hearing much from me now that the trials have ended and most of those accused are sitting behind bars, but I promise to stop in from time to time to view your shows. Good luck Amy. I really mean it.”

“Thank you Jacob. Oh, before you go, has there been any word on Dr. Cooper’s location?”

“Unfortunately, he caught a flight to Russia before police arrived. And since Russia does not have an extradition treaty with the US, he’ll probably never face justice for what he did unless he stupidly returns to the States.”

“Can’t say that I’m surprised. Thank you for letting me know.” Hanging up the phone, Amy smiled and hummed her way to the kitchen where her step-mother had her new fiancé Megan bent over the table while drilling her with a massive strap-on. To the right Fiona stood over the stove as she made breakfast for everyone. “Mmmm, smells amazing, Mistress.”

“Uhn...uhn...it...uhn...f-feels amazing too,” Megan moaned, looking back over her shoulder at her lover. “But remember what I said: fuck me like you hate me. Really hammer that fat fucker in me deep and hard. Pull my hair. Scratch my back. Call me degrading names while shoving your fist up my ass! You know it turns me on like nothing else.”

“And that’s why I’m not doing it,” Janet teased. “I want to keep you edging all day long until you go out of your damn mind begging for release.”

“Is there anything I can do to help, Mistress?” Amy asked, doing her best to ignore her step-mother and Megan’s conversation.

“No offence, but I don’t want you anywhere near the food I’m going to eat,” Megan purred. “Remember that mess you made last week? If doing porn doesn’t work out you could always go into the fake vomit business,” she giggled.

“It wasn’t that bad. Okay, it was fucking terrible,” Amy admitted “but how else am I going to improve my cooking skills if I don’t actually cook?”

“I’ve got things covered here,” Fiona said “but I promise I’ll give you cooking lessons as part of your training. For now, feel free to join Megan and your step-mother in a little before breakfast sex.”

“Yes Mistress. Oh, Jacob just called. He wanted to let me know he uncovered a recording of Dr. Cooper telling Silvia the pills he gave me were sugar pills. It was apparently his plan all along to breed me one way or another.”

“Did they ever find him?”

“He apparently caught a flight to Russia and unless he returns on his own he’ll never face punishment for what he did.”

“Can’t say that I’m surprised,” Janet said as she pounded the long, fat dildo into her fiancé’s pussy.

“I said the same thing. So, what will it be this morning ladies? Shall I fist my step-mother’s ass, or sit on Megan’s face?”

“Oh, sit on my face!” Megan squealed. “Piss in my mouth and make me swallow it.”

“Not at the kitchen table,” Fiona said.

“But you’re the one that told me to join them, Mistress.”

“I meant pissing,” Fiona said, shaking her head in disbelief that she really had to explain it. “If you’re going to piss on each other take it to the bathroom where it can easily be cleaned up. Or piss down your step-mother’s throat since she can drink it without spilling a drop.”

“Hey, I’m getting better at it,” Megan feigned pout.

“Yes you are, and I’m really proud of you for putting in the effort, but you still choke one it.”

“How about you straddle my face so I can lick and fist you while you and your step-mother make out?” Megan suggested.

“Splendid Idea,” Janet agreed.

No sooner had Amy hopped onto the sturdy oak table then Megan grabbed the bottle of lube to her right and thoroughly coated both hands. Knowing that her former roommate could easily take it up the ass, she balled her left hand into a fist and pushed it in, not stopping until she was halfway up to her elbow. Leaning forward, Amy wrapped her arms around her step-mother’s neck for support as she felt the fingers of Megan’s free hand pushing slowly into her pussy. One. Two. Three. The pleasure was already building, but when she felt the pinky sliding in as well, she grew moderately concerned.

“W-What are you doing?” Amy moaned as Megan worked four fingers into her pussy as deeply as they would go with the thumb blocking further penetration.

“Shhh. Relax and kiss my fiancé you slutty little cunt,” Megan answered, pulling her left hand from Amy’s asshole and jamming it back in hard and deep. Increasing the tempo, she fucked four fingers in and out of Amy’s pussy until she felt her pelvic muscles relax. Tucking thumb into palm, she pulled out and then thrust in hard and quick – her entire hand disappearing.

“Aaaahhhhh fuck! You d-didn’t!” Amy cried in shock as her pussy was stretched to take its very first fist. “P-P-Please tell me you...uuhnnn...you’re n-not fisting my pussy!”

“Oh, but I am,” Megan replied. “I’m fisting your pussy and asshole at the same time and you’re loving every second of it aren’t you?”

“YES!”

“Then suck your step-mother’s nipples and enjoy.” Pulling her hands free, Megan shoved them back in. Out, in. Out, in. Harder. Out, in. Faster. Out, in. Out, in. Deeper – her knuckles now banging against Amy’s cervix as the left went even deeper into her bowels.

Unable to concentrate on anything else, Amy latched onto her step-mother’s left nipple and began sucking as she exploded in orgasm – pussy juices squirting out like a firehose turned on full blast. Rocking her hips up and down, she fucked herself on her friend’s fists through three more rapidly induced orgasms. Panting, her head spinning and body feeling weak, she leaned back, bracing her hands on the table. “Aahhgghhh!” she yelped suddenly, her asshole stretched more than it had ever been.

“Damn!” Megan exclaimed. “Are you okay?”

“M-My fucking ass feels like it is being split in two!” Amy groaned. “What... aahhhh, what are you doing back there?”

“I’m not doing a thing. When you leaned back you took more of my arm up your ass.”

“How much more?”

“Um, to the elbow.”

“WHAT!?”

Having to see it for herself, Fiona left the pancakes, eggs and bacon and ran over to the table. “Fucking hell! It’s true. She’s up your ass to the damn elbow,” she confirmed. “And from the looks of it she’s got a fair amount in your cunt as well. Are you alright? Do you need to stop?”

“NO!” Amy shouted a little louder than intended. “I mean, I’m fine. I...I don’t want to stop. Just let me wrap my head around this and get used to being so stretched open.”

“You know this means we’re going to have to work on double fisting that sexy ass of yours now, right?” Fiona said.

“Yes Mistress,” Amy answered without hesitation. Ever since the first time she took a fist up her ass, she had been hooked. And she knew it was only a matter of time before her pussy was gaped open as well. Having come to terms with it months ago, she slowly sat up, leaned forward and kissed her step-mother as she fucked herself on Megan’s hand and arm.

“And since you took it upon yourself to let Megan fist your pussy without permission you’re going to have to be punished.”

“But I didn’t tell her to do it, Mistress.”

“Never the less. You felt how many fingers she was stuffing into you. If you didn’t want her to do it you should have spoken up and told her so. You have your choice. One month orgasm denial, or fifty swats of the cane.”

“That is so not fair, Mistress.”

“Life isn’t fair. And what did I say the punishment was for talking back?”

“Twenty swats of the cane, Mistress.”

“So, will it be seventy swats, or twenty and a month without orgasm?”

“Seventy swats, Mistress,” Amy sighed. “Sometimes I wish I were a pain slut like Megan.”

“That can be arranged,” Megan said, shoving her arm in and out of Amy’s ass to the elbow as best she could, given her limited range of movement. Not happy with the few inches she could thrust in and out, she scooted back on the table, pulled her arm and hand free, grabbed

Amy by the waist and shoved her face into the table. Coating her hands with more lube, she pounded them into her ass. First one at a time and then both at the same time, sending Amy into an explosive orgasm.

“OH MY MOTHERFUCKING GOD!” Amy exclaimed.

“That’s both hands at the same time you kinky little fisting slut! How do you like it?”

“I love it! Fuck them in and out to the elbow!”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Megan said to everyone’s surprise. “What?” she asked looking from her fiancé to her Mistress. “I don’t want to rupture her damn intestines by going too deep, too fast. I’ll slam my fists in hard and fast because she can take it, but she’s new to taking it so deep. And by the way, Mistress, breakfast is burning.”

“DAMMIT!” Rushing to the stove, Fiona turned off the flames but it was too late. The food was burnt nearly to a crisp. “This is all your fault Amy.”

“My fault? How is it my fault, Mistress?”

“You distracted me with your deep fisting. That’ll be an additional thirty swats for waste of food.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Okay, that’s enough, go shower and get some clothes on. We’re going out for breakfast.”