

Sapphic Surrender

Crimson Rose

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Nearly three feet of snow had fallen in two days, but that was just the beginning of Mother Nature's icy fury. On her way home from a lengthy and exhausting business trip, Michelle Locke was determined to make it to her garage but a blizzard causing whiteout conditions derailed those plans in the most spectacularly frustrating way. Wipers barely able to clean the windshield fast enough, she wisely and cautiously pulled off the road. And kept on pulling. She had sworn she was on a four-lane street with two lanes for each direction of traffic and that she was in the right lane, but the asphalt kept going. It was not until she saw the faint light hanging above a set of heavy metal doors and then the snow-covered vehicles that she realized she was in a parking lot. And a packed one at that. Finding three spots in a row near the back, she pulled into the middle one, grabbed her purse from the passenger seat, put her hood on as if that was going to help and then rushed out of her car and towards the building silently praying that it was open.

With a creak the right door pushed inwards and Michelle quickly followed. Not new to the club scene, as soon as she saw the hallway and the woman wearing what looked to be a leather dress standing inside of a small booth she knew she was in one. Which one she had no idea, but at least it was a warm place to wait out the storm. Digging her driver's license from her purse, she approached the booth.

"Welcome to Sapphic Surrender," the cute, long-haired brunette within said in greeting. "I can tell from your clothes this is your first time visiting, but that's no problem. In fact, this just might be your lucky night?"

"Oh? And why is that?" Michelle asked as she looked down at her clothes wet from a heavy melting of snow. "Also, what sort of club is this?"

"Oh, honey, if you don't know then you're in for a treat. Sapphic Surrender is a lesbian fetish club. And to go in you need to be wearing appropriate attire. Which brings me to your good fortune. Due to the severe weather we're offering everyone fifty percent off their first purchase in our shop which you'll find through the doors behind me. We're also only charging a hundred-dollar entrance fee instead of the normal two-fifty."

"Jesus! A hundred bucks to get in a club? That's gouging if I've ever heard it."

"You've obviously never been to a fetish club before. Anyways, I'll just need to see your ID and you'll need to sign a few forms stating you read and understand the rules and..."

"Can't I just wait out here?"

"Afraid not. If we let everyone stay out here in the hallway it would soon fill up and make sneaking into the club without paying that much easier. Also, from what they're saying on the radio it looks like we're in for at least another day, if not two of heavy snow. On the bright side, we're staying open twenty-four-seven for our patrons so you only have to pay the reduced fee once for an entire day or two of fun."

"You have beds for everyone? Food and drink?" Michelle asked as she reluctantly slid her driver's license through the small rectangular hole in the bottom of the glass.

"Food and drink? Absolutely. Beds? We have thirty VIP rooms each with a queen-sized bed so up to sixty may sleep at a time. Unfortunately, that is less than a third of our current capacity so everyone will be sleeping in shifts. Anyways, I'll need you to read and sign these," the woman said as she slid a clipboard through the hole in the bottom of the glass window of her booth. "And please actually read them before signing as ignorance of the rules is no excuse for breaking them. Which brings me to the downside of all of this. If you break the rules you'll be

disciplined as spelled out in the paperwork. If you continue violating them you'll be escorted out of the building weather be damned. So please, just obey the rules and you won't have to try seeing your way home in a blizzard."

"Um, what's the rest of this stuff? Consent and waiver forms?" Michelle asked as she flipped through the stack of pages.

"Exactly what they sound like. This is a fetish club, Michelle. Things of a very sexual and kinky nature are going to happen and you must give consent before entering. And the waivers basically release us from any responsibility for your actions within."

"And you make everyone sign these forms every time they visit? That must make getting in take forever."

"Nah, just the first time they enter. Once you're in the system you'll be given a membership card which you can show on future visits for a reduced fee and permanent discount at the shop. Speaking of cards, would you like to use the picture on your driver's license or would you like me to take a new one?"

"Not that I ever plan on coming back, but if it's required then a new one please."

"It is required for the membership card. Can I ask why you say you'll never come back before ever stepping foot in the club?"

"You said this is a lesbian fetish club, right?"

"Correct."

"I'm straight and not into bdsm."

"I see. Well, maybe a day or two inside will help you understand there's nothing wrong with not being straight and give you some perspective into why others enjoy the lifestyle."

"I don't have anything against lesbians. Far from it. My sister is bisexual and my best friend is lesbian. And I honestly don't care what other's do for sexual pleasure. I simply said I'm not into it. But this is the first place I've been actually able to see and there's no way I'll ever make it home given the current conditions so I'm here for however long it takes for the storm to stop and the roads to clear. Into it or not, you'll get no trouble from me."

"Glad to hear it, And I apologize if I read more into your comment than you meant. That's on me and for it I'm going to only charge you fifty to get in tonight. And when you get in the shop tell Nadia to put a pair of nipple clamps on my tab for you."

"Thanks, but I really don't have a use for nipple clamps."

"I mean, I can clearly see through your wet shirt that you have nipples, and big ones at that so..."

"I meant I won't ever use nipple clamps so there's no need wasting money on them."

"Consider it a test and a token of appreciation. If you can wear them for two hours I'll personally refund your fee and the cost of whatever you purchase on your first visit to the shop. But you must show me your breasts now And keep them exposed for the entire two-hour duration."

"You want to put that in writing?"

"Absolutely. Go ahead and read and sign the paperwork and take your shirt off so I can see your breasts and I'll write it up and we can both sign when you're finished."

Sitting the clipboard on the edge of the booth, Michelle sighed. "I'm only doing this because I'm a sucker for a discount," she said as she took her unzipped hoodie off. Her tee shirt followed. Leaving them on the floor, she picked the clipboard back up and continued reading.

"Very nice. Thank you. I'm Brooke by the way and I'm not gonna lie, I really want to suck on your nipples."

“Never going to happen.”

“Not even for free admission?”

“Which I’m already getting.”

“Okay, then how about free food and drink for the entirety of your stay?”

“I have to pay for food?”

“Of course. We’re letting those already here stay but we’re still a business and need to make money. We’re providing two meals a day and at an average of fifteen dollars a meal that’s sixty bucks you’ll save just for letting me suck your nipples for a few minutes.”

“Thanks, but I’ll pass.”

“Can’t blame a lesbian for trying,” Brooke shrugged. “If you change your mind it’s on the table until you finish with the paperwork.”

Taking in the rather lengthy list of rules including a very detailed list laying out what it means to be disciplined and how the one being discipline was to react and respond, Michelle eventually signed and dated before moving onto the consent and waiver forms. Pushing the clipboard back through the hole in the glass, she took the paper from Brooke saying in no uncertain terms that if she wore nipple clamps with her breasts entirely exposed for two hours then Brook would pay for her entrance fee and first trip to the shop. Signing, she gave it back and asked for copies of everything which she was provided. Picking her shirt and hoodie up off the floor, she folded and tucked the documents in her purse and then stepped around the booth and into the shop to purchase fetishwear she would never wear again. *Oh well, at least I’m not paying for it*, she thought as she looked around the surprisingly large store with racks and shelves lined with everything from clothes to toys with larger machines and pieces of furniture lining the walls on either side.

“Welcome to Sapphic Supplies,” A blonde woman in her mid-thirties said in greeting as she approached Michelle.

“Um, thanks. Are you Nadia?”

“I am. And you are?”

“I’m Michelle and Brooke told me to tell you to put a pair of nipple clamps on her tab and if I wear them for two hours she’s paying for whatever shopping I do this trip.”

“That’s very kind of her, but you understand that I’ll need to confirm it with her first.”

“Sure, oh, here,” Opening her purse, Michelle pulled out the agreement and showed it to the clerk.

“I see. Well, that certainly looks like her signature. Please, just give me a moment to confirm. I’ll be right back.” Opening the door, Nadia poked her head out into the hallway. “Hey Brooke, is this piece of paper legit?”

“It’s legit,” Brooke answered.

“Thank you.” Walking back over to the waiting Michelle, Nadia handed the paper back. “Sorry about that but I hope you understand the need to verify such claims.”

“Of course.”

“So, I gather based on what clothes you’re wearing you’re looking for something appropriate to the club, but is there anything else you’d like to purchase tonight, Michelle?”

“I could be a total bitch and buy one of everything just to make Brooke pay, but lucky for her I’m not that kind of woman so I’ll just take some clothes and the nipple clamps.”

Nonsense! She’s offering to pay so live a little. We’ve got just about everything you can think of as far as clothes, toys and dungeon furniture goes so if there’s anything you’ve ever

wanted now's the chance to get it free of charge. Well, assuming you keep the clamps on for the full duration that is. Did she tell you we're offering fifty percent off at the moment?"

"She did. But still, this really isn't my sort of thing so..."

"Dressing sexy? Using toys? Or bdsm?"

"Um, bdsm."

"I see. Well, you've certainly come to the wrong place then."

"Not by choice. Honestly, I didn't even know this place existed until I drifted into your parking lot."

"I see. Go ahead and take the rest of your clothes off. Panties, socks, shoes, everything. When you're butt naked place your arms behind your back in the box position. That's like this," Nadia said, turning to show her arms behind her back with hands holding opposite elbows.

"You'll keep them that way until I say otherwise. Is that understood?"

"Um, I'm not..."

"Just do as you're told and this'll be a much smoother experience. Please, think of it as a little test if you will."

"Fine, but..."

"You will remain silent unless spoken to or you'll be disciplined. Now strip."

Gulping back the words she wanted to say, Michelle bit her tongue and did as commanded. Once her clothes were on the floor and her arms behind her back she silently followed Nadia down an aisle on the far right of the shop where the clerk grabbed a small box containing a pair of cloverleaf style nipple clamps. Opening it, she withdrew the sinister looking devices connected by a thin chain and then proceeded to attach them to Michelle's nipples.

"Much better. How do they feel? Are they too tight?"

"No, they're not too tight."

Nadia tugged the chain causing the clamps to bit into Michelle's nipples. "How about now?"

"Uhn! A little tight."

"Perfect. Your two hours begins now. Since your breast must remain on display I'm thinking harness and thigh-high boots but you couldn't have worn just that in tonight so how about we add a spanking skirt as well? In fact, since Brooke is footing the bill why don't we go ahead and add a variety of harnesses, skirts, dresses and other clothes and then we'll see what we can find in the toy section to tickle your fancy. Is that going to be a problem, Michelle? You may answer."

"I... I suppose not."

"Good answer. What's the biggest you've ever taken up that sexy ass of yours? You may answer and please be honest."

"The biggest toy I've ever put in my ass is about two inches thick."

"Not bad. Can you take it easily?"

"It's what I normally use in my ass."

"Nice. Two and a half might be a bit big so let's go with two and a quarter for a nice stretch. What's your favorite animal?"

"Um, why?"

"Please just answer."

"Dogs are my favorite animal. Huskies to be specific."

"Cool. Do you own huskies, Michelle?"

"I have three of them."

“Nice. I have two dobermans and a rottweiler. Change of plan, let’s dress you as a husky, shall we?”

“Um, what?”

“You’ll see. Why don’t you go ahead and follow me on all fours?”

Not bothering to argue, Michelle got down on hands and knees and followed Nadia to costume section at the back of the shop. To the right of nurse, doctor, policewoman, secretary, schoolgirl, nun and many other costumes were those of various animals including multiple varieties of canine.

“This is you,” Nadia said, picking a box up off a shelf. “It contains everything you’ll need to dress like the husky you love so much. We’ll start with the tail. Go ahead and assume the humble position.”

“Um, I don’t know what that means.”

“It means putting your legs together, forehead on the floor and extending your arms over your head. Don’t move until the plug is in or you’ll be disciplined. Understood?”

“Um...”

“Do you have a problem taking a plug up your ass?”

“N-No, but...”

“Go on.”

“I’m straight.”

“And?”

“That’s it.”

“I see. So it’s not taking a plug you have a problem with, but me doing it/ Is that right?”

“It’s not that I have a problem it’s that, well, I’ve never done anything with another woman before and...”

“If you don’t have a problem with it then get into position and let me plug your sexy ass like a good puppy. Or are you a liar?”

“I’m not a liar, but... fine.” Michelle sighed. “Do it and get it over with.” Lowering her head, she stretched her arms over her head, thankful Nadia could not see her face flushed from humiliation. Lube hit her ass first. Then a finger rubbing it around. Resisting the urge to pull away, she bit her lower lip as it was slowly inserted. More lube. A second finger. In. Out. In. Out. More lube. The fingers were pulled out. She heard shifting behind her and then more lube and three fingers were pushed into her ass as her hooded clit was sucked into Nadia’s mouth. “W-What the... ooohhhhh god! Y-You... uhn... you’re licking me!”

“Just relax and enjoy, babe.”

“But I’m not... this is... p-please... uuhnnnn!” Michelle moaned despite the embarrassment of being pleased by another woman. “I just need an outfit to... to mmmm... god damn why does it have to feel so good?” Instead of an answer she got several inches of silicone plug. Keeping her head on the floor, arms outstretched, she rocked her hips back taking more tongue and toy. “FUCK ME!”

“Don’t move.” Holding the base of the butt plug, Nadia pushed the rest of it into Michelle’s ass before getting up and walking to the other side of the shop where she grabbed a feeldoe type dildo. Shoving the shorter bulbous end into her pussy, she walked back to Michelle and with one hard thrust the two women were touching vulvas.

“W-WHAT THE HELL! You... you’re... oh god! What are you doing?”

“You asked me to fuck you so I’m fucking you.”

“I didn’t mean... uhn... why? Why is this happening to me?”

“Because you asked for it to happen to you, babe, now relax and enjoy and I promise we’ll both have a good time. The answer you’re looking for is yes Mistress.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. Still think you’re not into bdsm or women?” Nadia said as she fucked the humiliated Michelle.

“I’m not,” Michelle grunted even as she made no attempt to pull away from the large silicone dildo ramming her hard and deep.

“Says the woman that has obeyed every command I’ve given her without resistance, complaint or hesitation. A woman that has spent the last few minutes having sex with another woman without signs of stopping. Speaking of which, if you want to stop just say the safeword.”

“I see no point in stopping now, Mistress.”

“Good girl. It’s just me tonight so you’ll stay until I get off and then we’ll go play in the club. Is that going to be a problem?”

“I don’t know, Mistress.”

“What do you mean you don’t know? Either you have a problem with it or you don’t. It’s not really a hard decision to make.”

“Actually, Mistress, it’s a... uhn... uhn... uhn... a very hard decision to make,” Michelle grunted. I’m woman enough to admit that I liked you licking me and now fucking me and I guess I have obeyed every command so that might make me submissive I don’t know, but I’m straight and while I love getting licked and pounded by a huge dildo I don’t know if I can reciprocate.”

“Then there’s only one thing to do.” Leaving the long cock end of the feeldoe deep inside of Michelle, Nadia pulled herself off the shorter bulbous end and then walked around her would-be submissive. “Kneel,” she commanded and Michelle obeyed. Stepping closer, she stopped with her vulva about an inch from Michelle’s lips.

Knowing exactly what was expected of her, Michelle leaned in and let her tongue slowly lick along Nadia’s vulva. A jolt of excitement shot straight to her already throbbing clit. She licked again. Then a third, fourth, fifth and sixth time before sucking the slightly older woman’s meaty inner labia into her mouth. *Oh my fucking god! What the actual hell am I... how... why? I’m straight! This can’t be turning me on,* she thought as the juices really began to flow and her tongue, now working as if it had a mind of its own licked Nadia inside and out.

“Well, I guess you can reciprocate after all,” Nadia purred. “And I didn’t even have to ask first. You may stop anytime you like, but if you keep going until you make me orgasm I’ll give you a very special gift. I’m going to lie down now. If you wish to continue then get on top and we’ll pleasure each other.” Taking half a step back, Nadia got down on her knees and kissed Michelle on the lips before lying back on the cool tiled floor.

Wordlessly, Michelle crawled on top of her would-be Mistress, lowered her head and continued licking. If not for whatever special gift awaited her after orgasm, then for the immense pleasure she was getting from pleasuring another woman. Nadia’s tongue barely touched her clit then she gushed in orgasm all over the clerk’s face. It was in that moment she knew beyond a shadow of doubt that straight or not, this would not be the last time she engaged in sex of a lesbian nature.