

Sweet Revenge

By: Crimson Rose

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Chapter 1

Preparing for the Show

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I'm not a jealous or vengeful person by nature, really I'm not, but when it comes to my twin sister Melissa – or Missy as everyone calls the stuck-up bitch all bets were off. We're identical in every physical way save two. We are both five feet nine inches, 127 pounds, with light brown hair and dark brown eyes. We even share the same little birthmark on our left hip in the rough shape of a butterfly. I thought it was cute, she didn't and had it covered up with a butterfly tattoo. Difference number one. The other is the thin gold ring she wears in her right nipple.

When it comes to personalities, we are as different as day and night in that regard. She is the very definition of extrovert. She goes out partying all the time, has a huge circle of friends, and has the sexiest damn boyfriend in the world. Me? I'm as shy as the sun on a stormy day. I have a handful of people I would call friend, but only one that I would trust with my life. Where Melissa spends her time living it up, I studied hard to make something of myself. The result? She has a \$100,000 a year career and I have a mediocre job at best with a mountain of student loans and other bills piling up.

Just once, I'd like to see her knocked down a peg or seven and after months of planning I've devised a way to do just that. And that's how I found myself now lying on a table with my tits out and my panties exposed while a sexy raven-haired beauty named Trish rubbed a gel on my hip and applied the carbon pater to it. After slowly peeling it away there was a purple outline of a butterfly on my hip.

"Want me to do the piercing or the tattoo first?" Trish asked

"The piercing I guess," I replied nervously.

"Alright, just hold still and take deep breaths and it'll be over in no time." She held my erect nipple between a pair of piercing tongs and after about my third or fourth deep breath she quickly pushed the long, hollow needle through. I felt a sharp pinch, but it didn't hurt half as bad as I thought it would. Next, she placed the end of the captive bead ring in the end of the needle and pushed it the rest of the way through – the ring dropping perfectly into place. "Hope you don't mind me saying, but that looks really fucking sexy."

"Thanks," I blushed "It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would either."

"Does that mean I can do the other one now?" She said with a wink and smile.

"Nah, I only want the right one done for now. But you can tweak it like you did the right one if you want," I smiled, trying to be sexy. I think it worked because she smiled and gave my nipple a gentle squeeze between her fingers. Now, I've never been with another woman sexually before, but having her play with my sensitive nipples was getting me more than a little moist down below.

"Ready for the tattoo?" she asked, taking her hand away from my nipple and breast when she saw me biting my lower lip.

"Mmm hmm," I replied with a soft moan. I had never had my nipple played with like that before and I was half tempted to beg her to continue, but instead I composed myself and prepared for the ink. I didn't really want to be tattooed. Or even pierced for that matter, but I had to do it in order to pull off my plan. I tried finding a temporary tattoo but nothing even came

close to matching the one my sister had, and false rings were quite noticeable from the real deal and so, I took a deep breath as the needles sank into the delicate skin of my left hip to cover up the birthmark as my sister had done years before.

When I left the tattoo shop all nerves were on end. I left with the promise that I'd call Trish if I ever wanted my other nipple, or anything else for that matter, pierced and if I was open to a date with her. She wanted to tattoo her number on my shaved mound, but agreed that might be a little overboard and went with marker instead. Months of planning were finally coming together and my insides were jittery with excitement and fear. Although it would be at least a few weeks before I got to the part where I knock my sister down a few pegs, there was a lot to do. First and foremost I had to let the piercing and tattoo heal.

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Now that the hard part was out of the way, the rest of my plan would be easy. All I had to do was buy some sexy lingerie to wear, tons of sex toys to use. I ordered all of the recording equipment online and hoped it would arrive soon so I could get my studio set up for the show.

Sex toys or lingerie? I thought as I got into my car. Although I needed both – and a wide range of them at that, I went with the lingerie first. Now, when I say lingerie I not only mean sexy, feminine garments such as bras, panties, teddies, cami's, and babydolls. I was also in need of some kinkier things like leather corsets, harnesses, and latex boots and gloves. I was also shopping for a few other articles of fetishwear such as nurse, maid, and schoolgirl uniforms preferably in latex and leather. And accessories of gags, clamps, floggers, cuffs, rope, and spreader bars.

I figured by the time I was done I'd have a fully functioning dungeon. It wasn't what I wanted, really it wasn't, but it was the best thing I could come up with to humiliate and degrade my bitch of a sister. I knew without a doubt that no one she hung out with would talk to her once word got out that she was a submissive freak into all kinds of taboo sex.

I know what you're thinking. *"But Amanda," you'd say "aren't you humiliating and degrading yourself in order to get back at your sister? Aren't you also into taboo freaky shit if you're willing to go through with this insane plan of yours?"* And you'd be right, I suppose. I had a list of about fifty scenes I was going to do under Melissa's name and they were all kinky in one way or another. And, like my sister, I had never done any of them. But it was a sacrifice I was willing to make in order to show her that she isn't above reproach.

On my way to Victoria Secret I happened to look to my right at a small, unassuming shop that I had probably passed a thousand times before but never noticed. It was a dingy greyish-black with a silver sign hanging above the door that read: Extreme Restraints. *Fuck me*, I thought as I turned the corner to drive around the block. *That might just be a good place to get the cuffs and shit.*

How right I was. I parked behind the building in the furthest spot from the street and fast walked around and inside. The lighting was low, casting shadows across racks and shelves of clothing. Fetish clothing. I was greeted by a buxom blonde in a latex dress she most likely had to squeeze into. A tag pinned to her right breast said her name was Candice. *Cute name*, I thought.

"Can I help you find anything?" Candice asked.

"Um, Maybe," I said quietly. "I'm looking for a lot of stuff actually."

"That's alright," she smiled reassuringly "we have everything here to fit all your fetish needs."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. We've got everything from clothing to restraints and other toys. What specifically are you looking for today?"

I gave her a quick rundown of my mental list and watched as her smile broadened with each change in category. "I think that about sums it up," I said after twenty minutes of prattling on and on.

"My, my," You really are a kinky one aren't you?"

"It's a new thing for me really, but I've been doing a lot of research and I think I want to get into this lifestyle in a huge way," I replied. What was actually going through my mind was vastly different, but no need to tell a stranger my deepest, darkest secrets, right?

"So is this just for a little personal fun? Clubs? Parties?" she asked as we made our way down the aisles.

"Honestly, I'm starting a website where I plan on posting pictures and videos of me doing all kinds of kinky activities. I have a crappy job and mounting bills and it just seemed like a good idea to make some extra cash." That part wasn't a lie. That part was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I was so desperate to make some extra money that I was willing to ruin my sister and degrade myself to do it.

"Nice," Candice smiled at me. "I could totally see you in a few scenes. So are you submissive or dominant?"

"That is an excellent question, and one I hope to discover as I do these scenes I have planned out. DAMN!" I gasped as we turned a corner and entered the toy section of the store. "You weren't kidding were you? I can't believe you've got all of this stuff here! I thought I was going to have to go to fifty different stores."

"We cater to all kinds here so we carry a huge selection. Now, a few personal questions if you don't mind. I assure you I'm not hitting on you in any way, but when it comes to dildos and plugs, how big do you like it?"

Time to divulge another part of my plan to this cute saleswoman, I thought. "Well, to be honest I've never had anal sex in my life and the thickest dick I've had was maybe this big," I said forming my finger and thumb into an O about an inch and a half wide. "But, I really want to stretch my holes open wide. I mean, really wide."

Candice walked over to a table and picked up a huge rubber object shaped like a hand with the fingers bunched together and about half a forearm. "This wide?" she asked.

"Mmm hmm," I said with a soft moan. "Eventually yes."

"That's a lofty goal. Do you want to buy it now or later?"

"Might as well get it while I'm here that way I have it sitting there as a reminder of what I'm striving for."

"I like your attitude. Not many women as open-minded as you come in here. Now, another personal question if I may. How deep can you take it? Obviously you don't know about your behind, but what about in your pussy, mind my French?"

"It's alright. I honestly don't know the deepest I can take. The longest cock I've had was only about 7 inches long and I think I could take more than that."

"Want to find out?" She asked, rolling her lower lip. "I have some special items that will tell you exactly what you are capable of taking."

"You mean all of these toys?" I said waving my hand at the tables and shelves.

"Nope. Actual equipment that will gauge your depth and width capacities. If you'd like to know, that is."

"I assume this means inserting things in my holes?"

"Obviously," She smiled.

"Will it hurt?"

"Not at all. I'll be very gentle. The goal is to determine what you can comfortably take as well as maximum width and depth. The latter might hurt a little, but only for as long as you let the machine keep running. So, you game to try it?"

Sure, why the hell not," I shrugged. "So where is this equipment?"

"Follow me."

She took me through the shop and into a small back room marked EMPLOYEES ONLY. It looked like a small office with a desk, couch, and recliner with a cute woman sitting in it. She had pixie cut brown hair and was wearing a latex tank top and mini skirt. "Hey Tammy," Candice said "Think you could watch the store for a minute? I'm going to use the testing equipment on Amanda here."

"Sure," Tammy said after eyeing me up and down. "Have fun."

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"Ok, go ahead and remove your skirt and panties. You can bend over the desk or couch when you're done, but I find we get better test results if you're on all fours." Candice said.

While I did as she asked, Candice walked over to a cabinet and removed a small metal box with dials and buttons on it and two thin black hoses coming out of what I assumed was the front. At the end of each tube was a slightly thicker part that looked like an incredibly long and thin dildo. "Is that what you're stuffing in me?" I asked as I got onto my hands and knees. I was embarrassed being half-naked in front of a strange woman, but the excitement of finding out my limits overpowered the humiliation.

"It is. The probes here will go into your pussy and asshole and slowly inflate to determine what you are comfortable with and how much you can take before it becomes too painful."

"And it will test how deep I am as well?"

"It will. We can do the test two different ways - both probes at once, or one hole at a time. I prefer to do it one at a time because you'll get better results that way, but the choice is yours."

"I think one at a time will be fine."

Candice sat the machine on the floor and lubed the probes. I froze when I felt it touch my asshole and then slide in. I did my best to relax, but I knew I was clenching a little. When it felt as if it was going to come out of my mouth, she stopped pushing and then inserted the other one into my pussy.

"I only want one at a time," I said with shaky voice.

"I know sweetie. I'm only putting both of them in. I'll inflate the one in your ass first and then when that's done I'll do your pussy. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"OK, let's see here. It looks like we're at six inches of depth. How does that feel?"

"Ok, I guess."

"Alright. I'm going to inflate the probe to one inch." The machine hummed and I suddenly felt my sphincter expanding to accommodate the inflating probe. It was an odd sensation to say the least. It was as if I was being opened up from the inside out. "How's that feel?"

"It...It feels kind of good," I replied with embarrassment, my face blushing red.

"No need to be embarrassed. I'm going to inflate to an inch and a half now. That's about the thickness of your average cock. Then we'll do the depth test." The machine hummed some more and my ass stretched slowly to the desired width. I could feel the burn and had the sudden need to use the bathroom, but I lowered my head and bit my lip.

"You alright?"

"Mmm hmm."

The probe pushed a little deeper and then pulled out. In and out. In and out. I could feel it reaching deeper and deeper with every thrust. I knew in my mind that she was fucking my ass with an inflatable dildo. There wasn't anything scientific about it, but damn it felt good.

"You're at nine inches," Candice said. "You're doing amazingly well for your first ass fucking," she said confirming my thoughts. "Do you think you can handle more?"

"Yes," I moaned. "I think so." The dildo in my ass – let's call it for what it is, inflated and pushed deeper still. I reached back without thought and rubbed my clit hard and fast as the beginnings of an orgasm started to build. "Fucking hell that feels good!" I moaned. "How...how much is in me now?"

"Are you sure you want to know? It might shock you to death. I've never seen anyone new to anal sex take what you are now and love it."

"How much?" I asked with a mix of fear and excitement.

"You have all twelve inches of the probe in your ass sweetie. And, let's see here, according to the machine you are at two and an eighth inches wide. Sorry, make that two and a quarter inches. Want me to inflate it some more, or deflate it?"

"I thought the idea was to test how much I could handle before I couldn't take it anymore?" I asked looking back over my shoulder.

"More inflation it is then."

"AHGH!" I finally groaned in pain as the machine continued to inflate the dildo in my ass. "STOP! That's it! That's all I can take!" To my relief it deflated much quicker than it inflated and I knelt there on my knees and elbows panting hard. "How, how thick did I take it?"

"Well, you know that fisting dildo you wanted to aspire to?"

"Yeah..."

"No need to aspire any longer. I think you can easily take it in your ass now."

"NO FUCKING WAY! How in the hell could you possibly stretch my asshole open that much already?"

"I only let the machine go for as long as you wanted it too. And according to this and the fact that I can see how stretched you are, I know for a fact that you can now fist your ass."

"How wide am I stretched open damn it?"

"A little over three inches. Want to try your pussy now?"

When I left Extreme Restraints I had everything I needed to put on a thousand shows if I chose too. I was also feeling quite relieved thanks to the three orgasms Candice's machine gave me. I still couldn't believe how much I was stretched open, but the numbers don't lie. Three inches in my ass and three and a half in my pussy. I added her number to the now growing list of women that wanted to have sex with me and went home to rest and relax before putting everything in its place.