

Taming Blue

By Victoria Brynn

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Introduction

I stood up from the hard wooden chair I'd been sitting on for the last two hours and looked at the faces staring back at me. They were kind faces, some quite pleasant to look upon even. Twenty-three sets of eyes were on me, twenty-three mouths biting lips nervously. This was my moment, my moment in the spotlight I never wanted to be in.

"Hello," I said softly, my voice a ghost of its former loud self "my name is Willow Blue, and I'm addicted to sex."

"Is that really your name?" a young woman of about twenty-five snickered.

"My parents were hippies," I replied with a shrug "it's the name they gave me. Now, if you don't mind I'd very much like to get this over with."

"Yeah," another member of SAA – Sex Addicts Anonymous yelled "it's only taken her three months to say anything more than 'I'll pass' so let her talk."

It was true. I've been coming to these weekly meetings for twelve weeks now as part of my rehabilitation program. It's what has kept me out of jail for all the stupid things I've done for sex. But coming to the meetings wasn't enough. My Mistress has been pressuring me to open up and talk about my feelings, to tell these strange women why I was addicted to sex and what I was doing to curb my appetites.

"How long have you been addicted to sex?" a woman named Noreen Baker asked. Noreen was something of a mother hen to this particular group of misfits. She was pushing sixty – a good fifteen years older than anyone else and had been coming to these meetings for the last thirty years. She was no longer the sex addict of her youth though, her role now was to get us to open up and discuss our issues.

"I've been addicted to sex from the first time I had it at eighteen," I replied. "So I guess eleven years. I came from a very free home. My parents were nudists and raised me as such as well. They were also very open about sex. There were no awkward talks about sex as you find with most parents talking to their kids. No, my parents were blunt and to the point. They answered every question I had and always encouraged me to ask about anything if I should ever feel the need."

"So you were not abused or neglected at home or elsewhere?" Noreen asked. It was not meant as a hurtful or accusatory question. It was standard practice. There was a lot of debate amongst medical professionals about the cause of sexual addiction. Some believe that it stemmed from a deep-rooted psychological need for attention, while others attribute it to neglect in the home. And then there were those that didn't believe sexual addiction existed at all. To them it was only an excuse for men and women to act in deviant manners and blame it on a far-fetched addiction. What they didn't understand was that it was very much an addiction just like drugs and alcohol. I did not have a want for sex. It was a need...no, a craving that I could not ignore no more than a heroin addict can ignore getting a fix.

"No," I answered "there was no neglect or abuse at home. My parents were very loving and caring and gave me everything I ever wanted and needed. Some might even say they spoiled me."

"If sex was so open in the home, why did you wait until you were eighteen to have it for the first time?"

"We didn't just have discussions about sex," I replied. "We talked about the consequences of having sex. We talked about everything from STD's to pregnancy and I guess that scared me

off of it for a while. And I really didn't have much in the way of cravings for it until it happened for the first time."

"Would you like to tell us about it?" Noreen asked.

"Do I really have to?"

"No, you do not need to tell us anything more than you are willing to tell us," Noreen answered "but it might help with the healing process to tell others about it."

"I guess so," I said taking a deep breath. "My Mistress did tell me I needed to open up at these meetings so here goes," I said fiddling with the strip of black leather around my neck.

Chapter 1: My First Lover

They say that true love is blind, but for me that was about as true as saying the sun was purple and fish flew through the skies. I knew my true love the second I laid eyes on him. His name was Dylan Browne and, like me, he was a freshman at university. Unfortunately that's where our similarities ended. He was tall, tanned, and muscular, with the most amazing green eyes and the kind of hair it took at least an hour to make look that unruly. I knew when my eyes first glanced his presence that he was the one. He, however, was unaware of this fact...for now.

Dylan never gave me a second thought. Hell, I'm not even sure if he had even given me a first thought. Any why should he? He was Mr. Popular and I was...what? I was nothing, really; just another freshman in a sea of freshmen and not even the most beautiful. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a defeatist, or have low self-esteem. I just know how I, and others, perceive my looks. I'm more of a girl next door kind of cute than runway model stunner. I was petite – standing a hair over 5 foot 4 and weighing in at a healthy 110 pounds. I kept my shoulder length brown hair pulled back in a ponytail most of the time.

I walked the ten minutes across campus from my final class of the day – biology, to my Tammerly Hall where I shared a room with fellow freshman Lacey Miller. Lacey was the extrovert to my introvert. She was a beautiful young woman with long blonde hair, bright green eyes, and a body to die for. She was a cheerleader and a popular one at that. She tried getting me to join the squad, but I get too nervous in front of large crowds.

I entered the dorm room, Lacey was already back. She was lucky to get out of class at two. I didn't get home until after four. She was sitting at her desk butt naked as always. This was fine with me. I was raised a nudist and to my surprise so was she. I peeled off my clothes and tossed them in the hamper.

"So, you going with me to the party Friday?" Lacey asked without turning around and without stopping her writing. I can say this for Lacey – she was a party girl in every sense of the word, but she got her work done before having her fun.

"I don't know," I replied. "You know me and people I don't know."

"I know that if you don't get out you're going to be very lonely," she said, a hint of sadness and concern in her voice. "Come on, I'm not taking no for an answer this time." She waited a moment, tapping her mechanical pencil on the edge of her book. "Dylan will be there and I'm pretty sure he has the hots for you."

"Who are you kidding?" I said skeptically. "Dylan hasn't said much more than hello to me since we met in biology class."

"I'm telling you, he likes you. Maybe you'll get lucky. God knows you need it."

"Hey!" I replied tossing a throw pillow from the large chair in the corner and hitting her in the back of the head. "I'm saving myself for that special someone."

"Aw, how sweet. Maybe Dylan's that special someone. You never know until you try, right? Come to the party with me. It'll be fun."

I picked my backpack up and moved to my desk. I sat down and pulled out my biology book and looked over at Lacey and her naked tanned skin with her large, firm breasts and large nipples. I wasn't a lesbian, or even bisexual, but I could appreciate the beauty of the female form. Maybe if I looked like her I would be more outgoing, but nothing I could do about that.

"How many people will be there?" I asked.

"I don't know, maybe fifty or sixty people," Lacey answered. "Does it really matter? I mean, look at you sitting there trying not to look all sexy. You are, you know?"

"Hardly," I sighed. "You're sexy. I'm just a plain Jane."

"Stand up!" she barked at me.

"Why?"

"Just humor me."

I stood up and looked at her.

"Turn around slowly."

I turned around slowly. I could feel her eyes crawling over my bare skin. "What's the point of this?" I asked.

"You have a very nice, tight body, girl. Perky breasts, flat belly, toned legs. What's not to love?"

"Are you hitting on me?" I asked nervously.

"So what if I am?" she smiled, giving her lips a seductive lick. "You may think you're a plain Jane, but there are a lot of people that would like to be with you."

"How do you know?"

"Because, unlike you, I talk to people. You forget, we are in two classes together. I can name at least a dozen people off the top of my head that like you."

"Then why don't they say so?"

"Because you come off as cold and uncaring. You don't give anyone the chance to get close to you."

"I'm not cold and uncaring," I said shocked at the accusation. "I'm just really shy around others. You know that."

"Don't shoot the messenger," she said throwing up her hands. "I'm just telling you what I know. And I really think going to this party will help loosen you up. You need to break out of that shell of yours."

"Can I sit down now, or do you want to keep staring at my naked body?"

"I'll stare a few more minutes if you don't mind," she snickered.

"Are you one of the ones that would like to be with me?" I asked mostly as a joke. I was not expecting her reply at all and had our desks not been right next to each other I might have had time to react.

Lacey jumped up from her chair and charged at me. She pushed me back onto her bed and jumped on top of me. I stared wide-eyed at her, not knowing what was coming next. It was the first time I've ever felt a naked body against mine. Her skin was soft, supple; her grip on my wrists firm. She leaned down, her large breasts pressing against mine. I trembled in fear and excitement.

"And what if I am one of the ones that wants to be with you?" she whispered into my ear. She kissed me on the neck just below my right ear. "Does that bother you?" Another kiss a little lower. "Tell me to stop and I will," she purred and kissed my shoulder. Her fingers were running up and down my arms now. She was no longer holding me. All I had to do was push her off of me and I would be free of this madness. Instead I just lay there looking up into her enchanting green eyes.

"P...please," I stammered.

"Please what? She said with a kiss a little closer to my breast. "Please stop? Please continue? Tell me what you want Willow. Tell me what you are feeling." She kissed the top of my right breast, her fingers travelling lightly up and down my sides now.

"Oh god Lacey," I replied nervously. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"What am I doing to you, love? Am I making you feel good? Uncomfortable? Wanted?" she kissed my right nipple and then the left, sucking it into her mouth, her tongue swirling around it.

LOVE! She called me love! I thought this was all a game, but was it? Did she really have feelings for me? No one in all of my eighteen years ever called me love before. Well, not in an intimate way and certainly not while sucking one of my nipples. I wasn't adverse to another woman loving me. I grew up in a very open home where sex was talked about freely. My parents were swingers and both bisexual, so neither would have a problem if I turned out bisexual as well. I just didn't know if I wanted my first time to be with another woman.

"Please, Lacey," I sighed, not really wanting the pleasure to end "please stop."

"Are you sure?" she asked, taking my right nipple into her mouth. She groped my left breast in her hand, tweaking the nipple.

"Yes! Yes! Please stop!" And she did. She sat up, still on top of me and looked into my fear filled eyes, felt my body trembling beneath her own.

"Tell me you didn't enjoy that," she smiled down at me.

"I did," I said honestly. "I've never felt like that in my life."

"Then why did you tell me to stop? There's so much more we can do together, you know?" She ran a finger from my neck, between my breasts, and down to my belly button.

"I know," I sighed "believe me, I know. I may be a virgin, but I know all there is to know about sex."

"Honey, you don't know a thing. Talking about it with the folks is a far cry from actual practice."

The feelings she awoke in me were not going away. The more I stared up at her, the more I wanted her. I sat up and wrapped my arms around her. I had no idea what I was doing, but I went for it. I pulled her tight and kissed her. Not on the neck, shoulder, or even her beautiful breasts with their large nipples. I kissed her on the lips. I kissed her hard. I kissed her with everything I had in me. My fingers, as if they had a mind of their own, caressed her back and grabbed her ass. My actions took us both by surprise, but I couldn't stop now. I spun us around and pressed her back onto the bed, never breaking the kiss.

When the kiss finally broke we were both left breathless, but that didn't stop us. Our passions were unleashed and needed to be sated. A fire burned inside of me that needed quenched. And the only way for that to happen was for Lacey, my new lover, to put it out. How that was to happen I didn't know, only that I needed her now more than the air I breathed.

I kissed my way down her body. I took a nipple into my mouth and sucked on it as she did mine only moments ago. Feeling her nipple growing hard against my tongue sent a shiver of excitement through me. I had to have more. I alternated right to left until her nipples were hard enough to cut glass. Lacey rolled us over again until she was on top again. She pinned me to the bed and looked at me as if I was a mad woman.

"What's gotten into you?" she asked. "I thought you wanted me to stop?"

"I'm sorry," I sighed. "When I looked up into your eyes I just, I don't know. I just felt the need to make love to you. I need you more than anything right now Lacey. Please, don't stop. I want this. I need this."

"You want to make love to me?"

"Yes, I want to make love to you. I want you to screw my brains out."

"I will make love to you," Lacey said to my joy "but on one condition."

"What? Anything? I'll do anything you want me to do," I practically begged her.

"I will not penetrate you. Promise me you'll go to the party with me this Friday. Promise me you'll approach Dylan and persuade him to make love to you. Promise me you'll do your best to break out of your shy little shell."

"I promise," I cooed. "I'll do whatever you want me to, just make love to me dammit!" I sounded like a woman possessed even to myself.

"If we're going to make love I want you to make love to me in return," she replied. She turned around so that her behind was near my head. "While I lick you, you lick me. Take your time. We have all night to do this right. And you can use fingers on me if you want." She kissed my mound and I knew in that moment that I was going to make love to her every chance she gave me.

Lacey was right. Knowing about sex was *not* the same as having sex. The partaking was so much more fulfilling. And although we made love into the wee hours of the night until we fell asleep in each other's arms, I was still a virgin when I woke the next morning. One look at her naked form lying next to mine was enough to stoke the flames within. I kissed the back of her shoulder and draped my arm over her side to cup a breast in my hand.

"Mmmm," Lacey moaned as she finally woke to my groping hands. "You were amazing last night," she purred.

"So were you," I replied. "It's a shame you didn't penetrate me."

"You want me to do that to you?"

"Yes!" I said excitedly.

"I'll tell you what. I'm still not going to pop that cherry of yours. I think that pleasure should go to Dylan. I will, however, pop the back door open if you'd like."

"You mean...screw me in the ass?"

"You're the one that wants penetrated," she snickered at me. "Take it or leave it."

"Alright," I complied. "Let's do it. Let's make love again and this time you can take my behind."

"You're serious aren't you? You really want me to pop your virgin ass?"

"Yes. I want you to make love to me every way imaginable. Last night was only the beginning."

"I can see that," she said rolling over to face me. "So tell me, what in the hell happened last night? I mean really? It was like all of a sudden you were possessed, a completely different person."

"I don't know how to explain it," I replied. "I've seen you naked for the last couple of months and never felt that way about you before. But when you were on top of me, kissing me, something awoke inside of me and I needed more. If we didn't pass out I would have kept going I think."

"Well, glad to be of service," she said giving me a quick peck on the lips. She jumped out of bed and dropped to the floor to pull out the small box containing her sex toys. I knew she had them. I knew she used them while I was gone, or late at night when she thought I was asleep. She sat the box on the bed and opened it. She pulled out an odd looking dildo and a bottle of lube.

"What in the hell is that?" I asked looking at the weird toy. It was perhaps ten or eleven inches long in total with the bulk of that being a straight, veiny shaft that turned upwards into a shorter shaft with a bulbous head.

"This, my dear, is what is known as a strapless strap-on, otherwise known as a Feeldoe. I put this end into me," she pointed to the shorter shaft with the rather large bulb "and this end goes into you," she pointed to the remaining eight or so inches.

"That thing is huge! Can't we start with something a little smaller?"

"Oh, don't worry your pretty little head off," she giggled. "I'll open you up with my fingers first."

"Thank god for that," I sighed. "I'm ready whenever you are."

"It'll have to wait until later," she said placing the toy back in the box. "We've got class in half an hour. Come on, we can shower together to save time."