

Training Michelle

Crimson Rose

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First Night

Michelle was visibly shaking as she got into her work uniform. It was her first official night working at the Lion's Den and although she had a pretty good idea what she was getting herself into, it scared her nonetheless. "I wish you were working with me tonight," she said to her roommate Amanda as she stepped into a form-fitting latex dress and pulled it up her legs – careful not to snag it on the clamps dangling from her nipples, or the tail protruding from the plug in her ass.

"You and me both," Amanda replied. She had been working at the bdsm club for more than a year now and offered to get her friend a job there as well in order to help pay for college. It started with an introductory visit that landed the naïve Michelle onstage getting her first taste of what it meant to be submissive. "Don't worry, I'll be there in the audience so feel free to pay me a visit."

"Will do." Michelle leaned down and kissed her roommate turned lover on the lips and then grabbed her purse from the desk. "Wish me luck," she exhaled nervously.

"You'll do great. Mistress Stacy is one of the best. I'm proud of you, Michelle. It's not every day a complete novice agrees to be trained as a submissive, let alone in front of hundreds of watching people. That being said, I should warn you once again that Mistress Stacy is incredibly kinky."

"I know. Why do you think I'm so nervous right now? I'm imagining the things she's going to train me to do and I'm not entirely certain I'll be able to do them all."

"Just remember the rules of the club and try not to freak out too much. Also, you won't have to do the *really* kinky shit at the club. It's when she invites you back to her place for training that you really have to worry."

"Why? What does she do at her place?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

"Oh come on, at least tell me something!"

"Sorry babe, no can do. I am under strict orders never to mention it to anyone that hasn't already gone through the training."

"Uhgh, fine. I'm going now. I don't want to be late for my first night."

"No, no you do not. Unless you enjoyed the caning you got during your first visit." Amanda watched her friend and lover turn and walk towards the door and began to giggle. "Your tail is showing! You know that it's removable, right?"

"Now you tell me."

"Just hike up your dress and give the tail a tug. It should come right out. Or keep it in and let anyone seeing your backside wonder what the hell the bulge is. Both are okay by me."

Michelle raised the hem of her dress up over her ass, clenched her sphincter around the base of the plug and then gave the tail a tug. With it in her hand, she lowered her dress and put the tail in her purse. "Can you tell I'm wearing the plug now?"

"Nope. Spoil-sport," Amanda stuck out her tongue and scrunched up her pretty face in mock disappointment. "I'll see you later at the club."

"I'll try to pay you a visit if Mistress Stacy permits it."

"I think you'll be pretty busy, but that's okay. I'll enjoy the show anyways."

Michelle took a deep breath and exited her dorm room. That was another reason she took the job. Mistress Stacy, seeing something in the fledgling submissive, agreed to pay for the remainder of her schooling. Michelle felt a little embarrassed at the offer, but with no other means to pay it herself, she reluctantly agreed to the terms. All it was going to cost her was months, perhaps years of training in becoming the absolute best submissive she could be. As far as arrangements went she found it equitable, if not scarily exciting.

Michelle pulled into the parking of the Lion's Den and took another deep breath before exiting her car. She entered through the employee entrance using the temporary card Mistress Stacy gave her. She went to the locker room to change out of the dress and was greeted by three women she had not met during her last visit. They were all naked save for the clamps on their nipples and pussy and the plug in their assed. Michelle smiled at them politely and removed her dress – hanging it in her private locker alongside her purse. She then pushed the end of the tail back into the plug and swished her hips side to side while looking back over her shoulder.

“You the new girl?” one of the women – a lanky, freckled redhead, asked.

“Yeah. I'm Michelle. This is my first night on the job.”

“Welcome aboard. I'm Fiona. Are you in training?”

“Yeah. Mistress Stacy will be training me.”

“Oh my!”

“What?” Michelle exclaimed. “Is there something wrong with that?”

“Nope. Nothing wrong with it at all. Do you have any experience with the lifestyle at all?”

“The only experience I have is a short session I did with Mistress Stacy last weekend. I'm pretty much a novice at it.”

“Well, Mistress Stacy will train you right. I hope you're open minded and don't mind some seriously kinky shit.”

“Such as?”

“Sorry sweetie, not allowed to tell you.”

“Let me guess... you're under strict orders not to discuss it with anyone that hasn't gone through the training.”

“Something like that.”

“Did Mistress Stacy train you?”

“She did. I've been her submissive for nearly five years now. Well, it was nice to meet you Michelle. Our shift is about to begin and I don't want to be late.”

“Agreed,” Michelle said closing her locker. “I was caned last week and I don't want to ever experience that again.”

The night was still young as far as the Lion's Den was concerned. There were about twenty or thirty men and women settling in around the tables in preparation for the action that would begin at any moment. Michelle grabbed a notepad and pen from the bar and went to the first of her tables where two men sat while a woman – not a worker of the club, pleased them by stroking their cocks.

“Good evening Sirs... Ma'am. Can I get you anything to eat or drink?”

“Fifty bucks if you sit on my cock!” one of the men replied.

“Thank you Sir.” Michelle moved in between the man's legs and turned her back to him as she lowered herself down onto his hard cock. The woman holding it guiding it in. “Mmmm, please let me know if there's anything else I can get you,” she moaned, bouncing up and down on the stranger's lap.

“I’ll give you another hundred to let me eat their loads out of you,” the woman concentrating on the other man said.

“It would be my pleasure,” Michelle moaned. Although she wasn’t incredibly experienced with sex, she decided after five days of thinking about it, that she would go into this new job with her mind wide open to the possibilities. She knew they were going to fuck her. She knew they were going to humiliate and degrade her. And she knew without a doubt that she would be utterly miserable if she didn’t maintain a positive attitude about the whole situation. Sure, she could have quite before she ever started, but then she’d be right back at square one trying to figure out how to pay for college.

“Let them fuck you at the same time,” the woman requested. And then you can eat my pussy!”

“Yes Ma’am.” Her shift was only beginning and already she was doing new things. Not licking another woman, no, she did that for the first time a few weeks back when Amanda and her friend April talked her into joining them for her first lesbian encounter. But she had never licked another woman while two men fucked her at the same time. And she had never taken two cocks at the same time either. And then a wicked thought entered her mind that begged to be voiced. “Fuck both of your cocks into my pussy at the same time!”

“Are you sure you can take them both?”

“My girlfriend fists me!”

“Good enough for me.”

After a bit of rearranging, Michelle found herself on the floor with two cocks fucking in and out of her pussy while another pussy was being pressed against her mouth and lapping tongue. Unfortunately, the men came first, leaving her standing on the edge of orgasmic bliss. As their dicks deflated inside of her, so too did her hopes of a quick release. The woman she was licking pulled away and hurried behind her to lick her clean. When the job was done they put a wad of money in one of the holes on the left nipple clamp and then finished placing their orders.

And that is how the first three hours of her shift went. At every table the members had her do something sexual that she did without hesitation or complaint. At the second table she was tipped \$200 to fist herself for ten minutes. Table three asked her to fuck herself with various vegetables and to suck cherries out of another woman’s pussy. Table four found her once again being ganged up on as three men filled her every hole.

It was not until she made it to table five that she encountered her first major hurdle. Up until now it was pretty tame stuff. But table five was about to have her do something kinkier than anything she had ever done. Sitting at the table were five men and two women. The men were fully dressed in tailored business suits. They were clean-shaven, handsome men that Michelle would have gladly had sex with. The women were gorgeous and butt naked. They both had pierced nipples and a rose tattoo on their left breast that drew Michelle’s gaze.

“Good evening sirs, Ma’am’s, may I get you anything to drink?”

They placed an order of scotch for the men and margaritas for the ladies. Michelle turned to place the order when one of the men grabbed ahold of her right wrist. “When you get back with our drinks I want you to kneel in the pool,” he said nodding in the direction of a shallow metal pool a few feet from the table.

“The pool sir?”

“Yes, the pool. Are you deaf?”

“Sorry sir. This is my first night working here. I don’t know what the pool is for.”

“I see. Well, you’ll find out when you get back won’t you?”