

UNTAMED

Crimson Rose

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Interview

Butterflies danced in Sara's stomach as she approached the club entrance. It was not like it was her first visit to a club – at twenty-five she was in the height of her clubbing life, but she had never been to such a place as this before. And had she not been desperate for a job, she would not be here now.

Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves and steel her resolve, Sara pulled the heavy metal door open and stepped inside. The walls of the hall were painted in swirls of reds, blues and purples forming a pattern of vortices that coupled with the dim recessed lighting made Sara feel as if she were caught in a maelstrom that caught her off balance. So distracting were the walls, Sara walked right past the window where patrons were supposed to stop and pay the cover charge.

"Hey!" A woman shouted to her right. "Get back here."

"Hmm? What? Oh, sorry," Sara apologized "I didn't even see you there."

"There's a \$25 cover charge."

"I'm here for an interview," Sara replied. "I'm supposed to be meeting with Mr. Hughes."

"What is your name?"

"Sara Newman."

"Just a second. Let me check the computer." The woman turned her attention to the monitor resting against the wall, she typed a few keys on the keyboard and scrolled through the page. After finding the name on the list, she opened a small drawer and plucked out a visitors badge and slid it through the slot at the bottom of the window. "Here you go sweetie. Mr. Hughes should be at the bar inside."

"Thanks," Sara said taking the badge and clipping it to her blouse. She pulled the door at the end of the hall open and stepped into the club. The swirling vortex design continued on the walls, but the lighting was significantly brighter. Two dozen metal tables with candle centerpieces sat scattered throughout the large club – each with four to six metal chairs with backs and seats padded and covered in red and black felt. There were stages along the back and right walls.

The bar was to the right – a long, high counter with fifteen stools behind which was a long mirror in front of which were nearly a hundred bottles of top shelf liquor. Sara saw the clean-cut handsome man and her heart fluttered – the butterflies in her belly increasing to a frenzy. Though dressed in a tailored black suit with grey shirt, she could see the well-build body beneath. His age was the biggest surprise to the young woman. She expected a much older man, not one her own age. Believing the woman out in the hall had been wrong, Sara approached the bar.

"Hi. I'm here to see Mr. Hughes."

"You've found him," the handsome man smiled, his light grey eyes drawing her in. Her heart beat faster. "Oh. I'm Sara Newman. I'm here for my interview."

"Great. Go ahead and get up on the back stage and I'll get the others."

"Others?"

"Go on," he smiled "we'll be with you in a few minutes."

Sara watched Mr. Hughes leave through a door behind the bar and in her mind his clothes were flying off with every step and she used her vivid imagination to picture his naked form. It made her smile. She swiveled around and walked towards the back of the stage where she took the three steps up onto the raised platform overlooking the rest of the club. It was not until she was up on the stage that she got the first surprise of the day.

Recessed into the wall at the back of the stage was built-in cabinets with frosted glass doors. Those Sara saw when she entered the club. What she did not see from so far away, however, were the contents of the cabinets. Lining the top two shelves were close to fifty sex toys – dildos, butt plugs and the like. Below that was a shelf of lubes, and below that two shelves of canes, paddles, floggers and crops. Then there were clamps and gags and Sara took a step back, her mind racing a million miles an hour as she imagined what those items were used for.

She saw Mr. Hughes standing on stage with her shirtless and wielding a cane in one hand and a flogger in another and she shivered. The sound of heels clicking across the floor broke Sara's out of control imagination and she turned to see a pretty redhead dressed in a black skirt suit coming in her direction - her hair pulled back into a tight bun, narrow black-framed glasses resting on her nose giving her the look of a librarian.

"You must be Sara," the woman said standing a few feet from the stage. "I'm Claire and I'll be part of your interview. But before we begin, I need to know your measurements. Height, weight, bust, waist and hips."

"Um, for what?" Sara asked with raised brow.

"So we can fit you for the uniform. As part of our interviewing process, we like to have potential candidate wear the club uniform during the interviewing process."

"Oh. I'm five foot seven and one hundred and twenty eight pounds," Sara replied. "36C-25-36."

"Great. You're a very beautiful woman," Claire smiled, unashamedly looking Sara up and down. "And your shoe size?"

"Seven."

"Great. We'll be out in a few minutes to begin the interviewing process."

Claire left, leaving Sara once again alone with the cabinet full of sex toys. But she was not left alone for long. Claire, Mr. Hughes and another woman Sara had not yet met joined her after ten minutes. Claire carried several articles of latex clothing over her right arm. She walked up onto the stage while Mr. Hughes and the mystery woman took their seats at a table nearest the stage.

"Please strip out of your clothes and I'll help you into your uniform."

"Um, excuse me?"

"Your clothes. Take them off. All of them."

"Ummm..."

"Look, you're interviewing for a job at a bdsm club and we have strict uniform rules. If you are not willing to wear the uniform then you can go. We have no more need of you."

"Sorry," Sara blushed "I didn't know I'd have to strip in front of people."

"Are you going to wear the uniform or not?"

Sara took a deep breath and unbuttoned her blouse, her eyes locked on Mr. Hughes. She let the blouse fall to the stage and unzipped her skirt and wiggled it down her hips and legs. She stepped out of it and her bra quickly joined the growing pile. Her eyes still locked on Mr. Hughes', she smiled nervously and removed her panties and finally her heels.

“Very sexy indeed,” Claire smiled. “Want to get dressed first, or get the hard part over with?”

“Hard part? What’s the hard part?”

“Bend over facing Mr. Hughes and spread your legs shoulder width apart. I’ll go ahead and get it out of the way.”

“Get what out of the way? What are you going to do?”

“Are you going to question everything I do?”

“When you tell me to bend over and spread my legs you’re damn straight I’m going to question it.”

“Good answer. Part of the waitress uniform is a tailed butt plug. Now, can I put it in so we can get on with things?”

“H-how big is the plug?”

Claire opened the left door of the cabinet and picked up a butt plug and a bottle of lube and showed it to Sara. It was long, at least seven inches. Black and slightly curved with an inch wide tip and a flared base measuring just over two inches in diameter. Protruding from the rectangular base was what looked like a horse tail.

“JESUS!” Sara gasped. “That thing is monstrous.”

“Last chance. Either bend over and let me insert it, or get dressed and leave,” Claire said. She saw the way Sara nibbled her lower lip nervously and opened the cap on the bottle of lube and covered the plug. Sara took a deep breath and turned her back to Claire. Facing Mr. Hughes, she bent over and placed her hands on the stage.

Sara stared Mr. Hughes in the eyes as she felt the cool tip of the plug press against her ass. She had never been so humiliated in her life, but her desperation for a job was enough to make her go to extreme measures. The plug slowly pushed forward, stretching her open a little at a time. Claire pulled the plug out and applied more lube and then pushed it back in. Out. In. Out. In. Each thrust drove the plug a little deeper until after nearly five minutes it was it finally fully inserted.

“You may stand up now.” Claire said handing Sara a latex garter belt. “Go ahead and put that on and we’ll get to the rest of it one item at a time. It takes a little work getting into the uniform so we suggest you get into it before arriving for work.”

“You talk as if I’ve already gotten the job,” Sara said pulling the tight latex up her legs and over her hips. Claire helped her into the long opera gloves and thigh-high boots and clipped the garters to the tops of the tight boots. Next came a pair of crotchless latex panties that had a hole cut in the back for the tail to protrude from.

It took a full fifteen minutes to get Sara into her incredibly revealing uniform and she felt more exposed than when she was completely naked. “This is the uniform?” she looked down at the matching black latex and had to admit to herself that it looked incredibly sexy.

“That’s it. There are five colors. Black is for new employees. Then there are green, blue, red and purple.”

“And I have to wear the plug for the entire shift?”

“Yes. Now, you have prior experience as a waitress, right?”

“Yes. I’ve worked as a waitress for the last three years but lost my job when the restaurant closed.”

“Well, waitressing here isn’t like at a normal restaurant. As you know, this is a bdsm club. Do you know what that means?”

“Isn’t that bondage and that sort of thing?”

“Bondage is part of it, yes, but not the only aspect of the lifestyle. BDSM stands for bondage and discipline, domination and submission, and sadism and masochism. Our members pay to see us put on shows and it’ll be your duty to serve them.”

“What exactly do you mean by serve them?”

“Mainly food and drink, but some of them are going to want to do sexual things with you as well. It is entirely up to you to do it or not, but you cannot make a fuss about it. If you don’t want to perform an act then politely say no thanks and move on. That being said, members will give you some pretty good tips depending on what you’re willing to do.”

“I see.”

“There are a few more rules you need to understand before we continue with the interview. First, as this is a bdsm club, you will be required to call the men either Master or Sir, and the women Mistress or Ma’am. That is a hard rule that all employees must abide by. Fail to do so and the first offense is a warning. Second offence is five swats. Third offence is ten swats. And each subsequent offence is twenty swats. Understand?”

“Before I answer that, does that mean I have to call you Mistress now?”

“It does.”

“Then yes Mistress, I understand.” Saying the words sent a shiver of excitement through her body that she could not ignore. She had next to no experience with bdsm and was way in over her head in this job, but it’s all she could get in the last three months of looking and could not risk losing it before she even landed it.

“Good. Take this and see what Mark and Amanda would like. I’ll be at the bar.”

Sara took the small pad of paper and pen and followed Claire off of the stage and around to the table where Mr. Hughes and Amanda sat looking with interest. “Hello Master, Mistress,” she smiled at the handsome man and gorgeous woman. “Can I get you a drink?”

“I’d like a strawberry daiquiri,” Amanda replied.

“And I’d like a Highland Park neat,” Mr. Hughes said.

“Yes Sir.”

Sara walked to the bar, swaying her ass. The tail swayed back and forth with her hips and brushed across the backs of her legs. She put in the order and then carried the tray back to the table balanced on one hand and sat the drinks down next to Amanda and Mr. Hughes. “Is there anything else I can get for you Master? Mistress?”

“I’d like a good pussy lick while I enjoy my drink,” Amanda smiled – lifting her hips high enough to hike her skirt up to show her naked mound.

“I’ve never been with a woman before!” Sara gasped. She knew this was most likely a test and could spell the end of her interview, but she was uncertain whether she could give the woman what she asked for. She thought of politely refusing, but instead smiled nervously. “But I’ll do my best to please you.” She sank to her knees and eased her way between Amanda’s open thighs, slowly inhaling aromas of rose, honey and the heady scent of Amanda’s womanhood.

This was a huge step in Sara’s life and she knew it. Not only was the job on the line, but her own sexuality. While she identified as straight, and had never once thought of being with another woman, in the span of half an hour she let one stick a butt plug up her rear and was about to lick another. Her head spun as her tongue extended, parting the folds of Amanda’s moist pussy. She froze, letting the juices coating her tongue register in her brain.

“Mmmm, you taste really good Mistress,” Sara said looking up into Amanda’s dark brown eyes. Still looking into Amanda’s eyes, she licked again. And again. Occasionally, she would concentrate on the clit and every time a soft moan escaped Amanda’s lips, she was

encouraged to like a little deeper, nibble the clit a little harder. She used her hands to spread Amanda's thighs open wide as she went all out in her wildest job interview ever. If she got the job she knew this was not going to be the last pussy she ever licked. And if she did not get the position then at least she could say she went above and beyond.

Sara felt a strong hand grip her arm and raise it up. Keeping her mouth locked on Amanda's pussy, tongue diving deep, she looked over to see her hand being guided to Mr. Hughes semi-hard cock. Her eyes lit up at the sight of it and hoped he'd want more than a handjob.

"That's enough licking for now," Amanda said, reluctantly pushing Sara's head back. "For a beginner you show a lot of promise. I look forward to the next time."

"Thank you Mistress," Sara smiled ear to ear.

"Suck Mark's cock and then ride it until he cums. You are on the pill, yes?"

"No Mistress."

"Do you want his load inside of you?"

"Yes Mistress," Sara said eagerly eyeing the cock growing in her hand. And she meant it. Risk be damned, she'd let him fill her up time and time again if it meant taking his magnificent manhood. There was something more than his good looks that drove her crazy. He exuded an aura that she could not quite explain, but that made her want to go out of her way to please him.

Mr. Hughes gave a nod of his head and Sara stood up, her hand still stroking his cock. Turning around, she lowered herself onto him reverse cowgirl. Bracing her hands on his muscular thighs, she rode him hard and fast until his hands wrapped around her waist and pulled her down, holding her in place as he shot deep inside of her.

"You've done very well," Mr. Hughes said lifting Sara off of his cock. Instinctively, she knelt between his legs and cleaned his cock, licking her tongue up and down the shaft in the hopes he would get hard again. "The job is yours if you want it."

"Yes Sir!" Sara shrieked. "Thank you!"

"My pleasure." His smile melted her heart and the butterflies were now a raging maelstrom in her belly. "You can start tonight if you like. The hours are eight to eight Tuesday through Saturday with Sunday's and Monday's off. "You'll be paid the agreed upon salary which you'll have to pay taxes on, but all tips are under the table."

She got the meaning behind his words and nodded. "This is going to take me some time to get used to Master, but I promise I'll do my best."

"See that you do. Unless you're a masochist that enjoys being punished that is. Then by all means screw up."

"I don't want to be punished Master. I'll follow all of the rules for as long as I am employed here. Which I hope is a long time."

"I hope so too." He stood up and tucked his cock back into his pants and left Sara still kneeling on the floor. She waited a few minutes to see if anyone else was going to pay her a visit and then she got up and went back on stage to fetch her clothes. She put the blouse and skirt on and tucked her bra and panties into her purse and left the club. She was so excited by what had just happened that she forgot all about the plug in her ass and the fact that the tail extended a good eight inches below the hemline.