

Inhibitions out the Window

By: Emily Sinclair

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Chapter 1

Start of a Bizarre Day

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I was in the middle of doing the dishes when my cell phone buzzed and vibrated on the table behind me. I finished washing the plate I had in my hand, still cursing the broken dishwasher a month after it stopped working.

Sunny Grove Farm, midnight. Wear your little black dress. The text message said. I didn't recognize the number, but I did the location. Sunny Grove Farm was a horse training facility and stables about five miles from where I lived in rural Ohio.

Do I know you? I texted back.

The phone vibrated a few seconds later. *Sorry, I sent that to the wrong number. Please disregard.*

I see. I know SG Farm and was wondering why someone would text me to be there at midnight. 5 hours after closing. I replied in the hopes of figuring out what was going on. If it was something illegal I was fully prepared to contact the police on the matter, but I had to be sure first.

Special party by invite only. The mystery texter replied.

Well, you did send me an invite by text, right?

Look, just forget the text. If you don't know what's going on at the farm then you don't want to be there.

Well maybe I WANT to be there! I replied, suddenly getting the urge to fight with whomever it was I was conversing with.

Are you into incredibly kinky sex?

Um, excuse me?

Are you into incredibly kinky sex?

What does my sex life have to do with what's going on at the farm?

I'll take that as a no. No offense, but stay home and watch a movie, or read a book, whatever it is you do at night.

Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?

What's your name?

Amanda. I'm not entirely sure why I gave him my name. It sort of just slipped out. I waited for another text, but instead my phone rang. "Hello?" I answered the phone.

"Is this Amanda?" A man asked.

"Yes, who is this?"

"You can call me Steve. Sorry to call you, but it's so much easier and faster than texting. Look, about the farm, will you please just forget about it?"

"Maybe if you told me what you're doing there after closing I might."

"I can't do that. All you need to know is that it's not something you'd like so you might as well forget it."

"Well, in that case I'll show up just to see what the hell you're doing!"

"Do you own a little black dress?"

"Yes, but what's that got to do with anything?"

"A little black dress isn't just what I was telling you to wear in that first text. It's also a code we use for specific attire. Tell me Amanda, do you have sex toys?"

"What the hell kind of pervert are you? I'm not telling you that!"

"Then you really don't belong at the farm," Steve laughed. "Goodbye Amanda."

"Wait!" I screeched for no particular reason. "Will you please tell me what's going on? If not I'll call the police and tell them someone broke into the farm after hours."

"Tell you what, if you really want to know so damn bad then show up. But before you do you need to know how to dress."

"I think I know how to dress myself."

"Not what I meant. If you want to make it to the barn you need to dress as follows; Wear your little black dress with no bra or panties. On your nipples and inner labia you are to wear small cloverleaf clamps, and in your ass a plug no less than two and a half inches in diameter."

"Excuse me!" I gasped. "You want me to wear what now?"

"You heard me. When you get to the farm go to the front office and talk to a redhead named Lilly. She'll inspect you to make sure everything is in order."

"I don't own butt plugs and cloverleaf clamps! What kind of woman do you think I am?"

"The kind that should stay home," Steve said flatly. "Goodbye Amanda, have a wonderful evening."

He hung up the phone and I stood there looking at the softly glowing screen as it eventually dimmed and went black. I couldn't believe the conversation I just had. And I realized my hands were shaking. Forgetting the rest of the dishes I tossed the phone back on the table and paced back and forth between the kitchen and living room thinking about what Steve had told me.

After a good hour of pacing back and forth, I marched back into the kitchen and picked up the phone. *What in the hell are cloverleaf clams?* I sent Steve.

You just don't give up do you? Look them up online, or go to an adult toy shop if you really want to know.

"Ughh! I groaned. "How infuriating! Why couldn't he just give me a straight answer instead of all this cloak and dagger crap?" I said to no one in particular. The only sex toys I owned were a couple dildos I used on those nights when I was alone and feeling horny. I wasn't dating anyone at the moment so those night were becoming more and more frequent.

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After finishing the dishes and pacing another hour, I had made up my mind to go shopping for a few more toys. The old ones were still functional, but variety is the slice of life so they say. And besides, it would give me a reason to look and see if they had these cloverleaf clamps Steve was talking about.

I pulled into the parking lot of Videos N Things and drove around back so my car wasn't visible from the street. All I needed was for someone to recognize me as I entered the shop. As far as adult toy stores go, it was pretty all inclusive. With center racks filled with magazines and DVD's while every inch of the walls was lined with every type of toy one could ever think of using. A pixie-haired brunette sat behind a glass-top counter housing more toys. She gave me a smile and a slight nod before returning to her book.

I perused the shelves for anything that caught my eye, but in reality I was slowly making my way towards the kinkier section of the shop where the clamps, gags, and spanking implements were. I put an interesting pink glass dildo called the Crystal Kegel into the small blue basket I carried. The toy promised to enhance my sexual pleasures as well as make doing

kegel exercises more fun. I got it because the raised nubs along the center looked like it could be fun and interesting. The Crystal Kegel was quickly followed by two more dildos before I reached the dreaded butt plug section. I was never big on anal sex. The few times I tried it were less than stellar so I went months, or even years between doing it. My asshole, therefore, was far from being able to stretch open to take a two and a half inch plug.

When I drove to the store I had my mind made up that I was just going to buy a couple of toys and browse at those Steve said I had to wear in order to get into whatever the hell it was they were doing at Sunny Grove. I had no intentions of buying butt plugs or nipple clamps, but as I made my way down the rows of shelves I couldn't help pick up a few and examine them a little closer. *Maybe if I did anal I'd be more popular with the guys*, I thought to myself. And before I knew it, a pack of varying sized plugs found their way into the basket. But even the largest of them wasn't as big as what I'd have to wear if I wanted to see what Steve was really up to.

As I walked along the wall a toy caught my eye and I had to stop and take a look at it. I had never seen anything like it before. It was a massive butt plug called 'three bumps for your rump' that looked like three cock heads stacked on top of each other – the next head larger than the previous. And it came in three sizes. I didn't bother looking at the fine print and added them to my basket. The idea of taking one of them in my ass somehow becoming more appealing the longer I looked at it.

I passed the paddles, canes, floggers, and other spanking instruments; stopped long enough at the gags to wonder what it would feel like to have one of those large red balls shoved in my mouth, and then stopped in front of a section of wall where there hung at least fifty different types of clamps. The simple ones were pretty self-explanatory – you press the bottom to open the top, place on nipple or other body part, and release bottom. The clover leaf clamps, however, were a bizarre looking contraption that I had no idea how to operate.

Boldly I picked up a single clover leaf clamp and walked over to the counter where the pixie-haired woman sat still reading her book. "Excuse me," I said.

"Can I help you with something?" she replied, looking me over with what I could only describe as curious interest.

"These clamps, how do they work?" I asked holding the clover leaf out for her to see.

"Simple," she answered. "They work like any other clamp. You squeeze the base to open the clamp and then place it on your nipple. I'd be careful with the cloverleaf though."

"Why's that?"

"They can be...torturous...if you're not careful. You really should try it before you buy it if you've never used them before."

"Do you have a room I can use to try it?" I asked without really meaning to.

"Sure. You can use it right here. We're not busy this time a day so not likely anyone will walk in and see you with your tits out. Not that anyone would complain," she smiled broadly.

"You want me take my breast out right here?"

"If you want to try the clamp, sure. I can't let you leave the shop floor without paying for it so here's as good a place as any."

I looked around, the shop was empty save for me and the clerk and there were no windows and the only door was metal without a window so no passersby could see me. Chalking it up to the bizarre day I was having, I lifted my shirt and bra.

"Damn!" the clerk said with a slight moan. "Yeah, no one in their right mind could complain about those puppies. Before you put that on, why don't you go get a set connected by a chain so you can feel the full effects of them?"

"Um, ok," I shrugged.

"I'll give you my employee discount if you lift the skirt while you go get them," she said as I turned to walk away.

"How much is it?"

"Twenty percent."

I've always been a sucker for a good sale and twenty percent sounded good to me so I hiked my skirt over my hips as I walked across the shop to grab a set of clamps. Looking back over my shoulder I saw the clerk staring at my mostly naked ass. It was minimally covered by the narrow strip of cloth that made up my red thong. I returned to the counter with the clamps and proceeded to place them on my nipples. They were tight, but nothing I couldn't handle.

"These aren't as bad as they look," I said as I looked down at them. "And they don't look half bad either." The clerk reached a slender hand out towards my breasts and for a moment I thought she was going to grope me. But instead, she hooked her index finger on the chain and gave it a tug downward.

"AHGH!" I screamed loudly as the clamps grew incredibly tight – squeezing my nipples painfully. "What the fuck?"

"See what I mean?" she said with a wicked grin and another tug of the thin chain. The clamps grew tighter still and I started shaking. "The more you tug the chain, the tighter they get. To a point. So how do they feel?"

"Feels like my nipples are being squeezed off!" I groaned. "How do I take them off?"

"Just give the base a squeeze and they'll pop right off." This time she did reach out and grope me as she delicately squeezed the base of one, then the other clamp.

I uttered a low sigh as they were removed. I walked across the shop again – my ass still exposed, and picked up a second pair and laid them on the counter with the rest of the toys. "I'll take the lot," I said "and don't forget the discount."