

Midnight Masochists

Emily Sinclair

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Midnight Kink. Lindsey had heard all manner of rumor about the fetish club but after nearly a year of putting it off out of fear, she finally decided to see for herself which ones – if any, were true. Wearing a curve-hugging black and purple latex corset dress as well as matching thigh-high boots and collar, she entered the building through the back entrance only 17 minutes after opening. Walking up to the small booth on the right, she was greeted by a cute blonde woman dressed head to toe in a semi-sheer bodysuit with a tag hanging from her left nipple reading: Claire.

“Welcome to Midnight Kink. Seeing as how your name isn’t on display I assume this is your first time visiting?”

“It is.”

“The price is one-fifty and tagging is mandatory.”

“Tagging?”

“Everyone in the club must be tagged with their name,” Claire explained as she pointed to her pierced left nipple. “As I said, it’s mandatory so if you’re not willing to get pierced you’ll have to leave,” Claire said even as she placed a small case on the counter in front of her. If you’re willing please place your left breast through the hole in the glass and I’ll get it taken care of.”

That’s one rumor confirmed, Lindsey said as she began unlacing the corset part of her dress. “My name is Lindsey by the way.”

“I’ll make the tag as you finish.” And with that, Claire reached down and grabbed a second case which she immediately opened and withdrew a device of some sort which she began manipulating.

“I don’t like the look of a single piercing so can you do both?”

“I can, but you’ll need something kinky stamped into the tag on that side.” Looking the patron up and down, Claire definitely liked what she saw in the 5-foot 7-inch raven-haired beauty. “How about fuckdoll because you certainly look like one.”

“I’m not sure if that’s an insult or compliment, but I’ll take it.”

“Definitely a compliment. Tell me, Lindsey, do you have a lot of BDSM experience?”

“Personally? No. The kinkiest things I’ve ever done were to double penetrate myself and drink piss a few times.”

“No shame in they. Can I ask your age?”

“I’m nineteen,” Lindsey said as she placed her left breast through the circular cutout in the booth glass.

“Good age to start.” Putting on a pair of nitrile gloves, Claire used three alcohol wipes to clean and sterilize Lindsey’s nipple and areola before quickly and expertly pushing the needle through with just a yelp from the patron. Next, she placed a ring but left it open. Using the device, she stamped LINDSEY into the tag. “What’s your favorite color?”

“Purple.”

Carefully lining each letter with glue, Claire then knelt and dipped the tag in a small container of sparkly purple dust – using her fingertips to pack the material in as tightly as possible before adding another fine layer of glue on top. “Go ahead and put your right breast through and I’ll pierce it while your nametag dries.”

Saying nothing, Lindsey did as commanded and a moment later her right nipple was pierced. A few minutes after that and she was double tagged with extra-sticky pads reading:

FRESHLY PIERCED DO NOT TOUCH! Placed over her areolas leaving the nipples and piercings on full display. “Not gonna lie, they actually look pretty cool.”

“Glad you like them because you’re required to wear them on this and all future visits. Now that that’s out of the way, there’s the matter of some paperwork you’ll need to fill out, pictures I need to take, and the fee to be paid. Which, come to think of it, we should’ve done before the piercings, but here we are,” Claire said with a shit-eating grin.

“Let me guess, you wanted to pierce me first in case I changed my mind?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny that claim,” Claire said as she slid a paper-stacked clipboard through a slot in the bottom of the glass just as a group of five men and women entered through the back door. “Read and fill everything out and we’ll continue after I’ve taken care of these guests.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Taking the clipboard, Lindsey instinctively covered her exposed breasts as she stepped aside so the line could continue. Back against the wall, she read and filled out each of the increasingly personal documents ranging from consent forms and waivers, to the rules of the club and what will happen to her should she decide to break them. When the line was once again empty, she stepped up to the booth and slid the clipboard through the slot alongside her driver’s license and \$150 cash.

“Drink my piss and I’ll waive tonight’s entrance fee.”

“Can you control the flow so it doesn’t make a mess all over me?”

“I can, but if you’d prefer to drink it from a glass we can do that and I’ll only charge you fifty.”

“Honestly, I’d prefer a glass, but I’ve also never done anything sexual with another woman and I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t at least a little curious how you taste and if I have what it takes to eat you out afterward.”

“Then let’s sate that curiosity of yours,” Claire said as she unlocked the booth door.

“Come around and get on your knees,” she said, opening her bodysuit and exposing her crotch.

Leaning in, Lindsey stopped with her lips mere inches from Claire’s vulva. “If you make a mess you’re licking me clean.” And with that, she opened her mouth and waited. But not for long. After barely a heartbeat the stream of warm, pungent fluid hit the back of her throat. Resisting the urge to swallow, she waited for Claire to stop pissing which, thankfully she did. Gulping it down, she opened up for more. Two mouthfuls. Five. Eight. Ten. The stream trickling to a stop, Lindsey moved closer to prevent any of it from spilling out. Swallowing the last of it, she did not hesitate grabbing Claire’s ass and then shoving her tongue into the ticket woman’s pussy as deeply as it would go before curving it back into her mouth while softly moaning. “Holy hell you taste amazing!” she exclaimed before going in for another lick. Heart thumping in her chest, she sucked Claire’s clit and then nibbled on her inner labia.

Back door opening, Claire groaned. “I shouldn’t do this, but you’re tongue feels too good to stop so crawl in here and get under the counter and if you stop eating me out before I orgasm I’ll ban you for life!”

Mind racing with excitement, Lindsey quickly crawled into the booth and positioned herself under the narrow ledge that acted as a counter. Leaning in, she flicked the tip of her tongue over that engorged bundle of pleasure that was Claire’s clit as she tended to a growing line of customers. Reaching up, she slowly pushed two fingers into Claire’s pussy and the juices really started flowing. A third finger instantly causing her lover to moan, Lindsey worked them in and out while using tongue and teeth on Claire’s clit. One customer. Two. Five. Gulping down

copious amounts of pussy juice, Lindsey was wondering if she would ever make her first lesbian lover orgasm when a gentle bite on the clit sent Claire over the edge.

Teeth sinking into her engorged clit, Claire grabbed the edge of the counter with a white-knuckle grip as the orgasm tore through her in front of six waiting customers. Oh my fucking God, yes!" she moaned as Lindsey continued licking, sucking, fingering, and biting at her sensitive womanhood. "Y-You can stop now," she panted.

"Not on your fucking life!" And with that, Lindsey added her pinky to Claire's pussy as she sucked and nibbled on her clit. "You're the first woman I've ever had sex with and I'm not about to stop just when I'm getting addicted to your taste so hold onto your tits because I'm not stopping until my tongue can't lick anymore."

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Crawling out of the booth well over an hour and four orgasms later, Lindsey got to her feet and then kissed Claire on the lips. "I absolutely loved every second of that. Thank you for letting me do it."

"My pleasure. Seriously, if that really was your first time you're a natural."

"It was and thanks. I know we just met, but if you ever want me to do it again give me a call and my tongue is all yours."

"Only your tongue?"

"Oh God no! You can have and use all of me!"

"Good to know. Now you better get that sexy ass of yours in the club before I lock you in the booth for the rest of my shift."

"Honestly, I wouldn't complain, but you're right, I came here to experiment and push my limits and thanks to you I'm off to a good start."

"Glad I could help. Before you head in I'd like to offer you another tag, but before you accept know that it's the kinkiest one that can be offered and once worn will remove any and all limits or inhibitions you might have as it allows everyone here to use you however and whenever they desire without need to ask permission first. For all intents you will be seen as a sex slave."

"What sort of tag can do all that?"

"It will say free use and it'll hang directly from your right nipple with the fuckdoll tag underneath. I'm deadly serious, Lindsey. If you accept it you will be used without question and if you deny anyone for any reason even once you'll be permanently banned."

"I came here to experiment and push my limits so it sounds just like the push I need to keep me on track, but I'll only accept it on two conditions."

"I'm listening."

"First, if you're single you're not anymore as I want you to be my girlfriend. I know, we just met and don't know anything as all about each other but that's what makes it so damn exciting. And second, you get your right nipple pierced and tagged with cum dump which I'm assuming will notify every man that sees it you want to be filled with their seed."

"I'm not single."

"Oh," an obviously disappointed and somewhat embarrassed Lindsey replied. "Girlfriend? Boyfriend? I don't see a ring but I guess that doesn't preclude marriage."

"I gave a stunningly beautiful, adventurous, and open-minded girlfriend named Lindsey whom I can't wait to get to know better," Claire grinned as she saw reality setting in on her new lover's face.

"I... you... we... HOLY FUCK! Please tell me this isn't a joke!"

“No joke. Sure, we just met and as you said know practically nothing about each other, but you’re just the sort of person I dream of being with so let’s do it. As for the piercing, I’ll have it done on my break. That being said, let me make your tag and then you can enter the club and explore your sexuality. Just remember, like the others it is a permanent part of your attire which must be worn and visible on this and all future visits or you’ll be permanently banned, and when it comes to being used ‘no’ is not an option.”

“Understood. But if you don’t follow through on your tagging then mine becomes null and void.”

“That’s fair and acceptable.”

“Actually, you can’t be the only person here that knows how to pierce nipples so can you call one of them out to do it now while you make mine?”

“That’s fair and acceptable,” Claire repeated herself. “I’ll call Mistress Haley out to do it.

“Thanks. It’s not that I don’t believe you, but if I’m going to be tagged free use then I want to make sure you’re tagged a cumdump.”

“Completely understandable. Give me a moment to call Mistress Haley and take care of the customers,” Claire said as a line of a dozen or so men and women entered through the back door.