

Sapphic Sanctuary

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Having applied to nearly every news organization in the country and digital media company she could think of since the tiny station she worked for was bought out and nearly everyone – herself included, was indefinitely laid off, Ashlyn Zamora was on the verge of choosing another career path when she received a phone call that would change the course of her life in ways she could scarcely imagine. In the kitchen loading the dishwasher when her phone began ringing, she sprinted into the living room and grabbed it off the coffee table. Not recognizing the number, she nevertheless answered in the hopes it was one of the hundreds of places she applied to finally calling with an offer. “Hello?”

“Hi, this is Nyla Dixon with Edging Entertainment calling for Miss Ashlyn Zamora.”

“Speaking. Sorry, did you Edging Entertainment? As in WSXY channel six-ninety? Yeah, pretty sure I never applied to a porn studio. I think you must have the wrong Ashlyn Zamora.”

“I did, you didn’t, and I don’t. I got your name and number from a colleague that informed me you’ve been looking for another position as an investigative journalist, but with the market not being what it once was have been finding it difficult to say the least. If you’re willing to come in, go over, and accept a contract I can guarantee at least ten years of employment in your preferred field.”

“I don’t know anyone that works for your company so what colleague would give you my contact information?”

“Sorry, but I’ll have to invoke reporter’s privilege on that one. If you don’t want the opportunity to do what you do best while having fun and making a ton of money doing so then just say so and I’ll find someone else to fill the position, but I guarantee you’ll never find as lucrative a contract as we’re offering.”

“And what exactly are you offering? Why does a porn studio need an investigative journalist?”

“I’m afraid that information is confidential and can only be discussed after an NDA has been signed to prevent it getting out early. I’m sure you understand.”

“So, you want me to sign a contract without knowing what’s in it? Yeah, never going to happen.”

“Of course we don’t. You’ll have ample opportunity to read over it as many times as you like and if you ultimately decide not to join us then we’ll keep looking. All I’m saying is that to discuss it you’ll need to come in and sign an NDA. Think about it, Miss amora. You’ve been trying to land a new position for what, close to a year now without success? Even if some other organization called back with an offer will it be with a ten year guarantee at more than quadruple your previous salary to start?”

“How would you know what quadruple my previous pay is?”

“I couldn’t tell you how much you made at your previous position, but even if you were a top earner what we’re offering would still be at least quadruple. The point is, you’re in need of a job and we have an opening in your field. All we’re asking is that you come in for an interview and if you like what we have to say the position is yours and if not, then you can continue looking elsewhere.”

Having heard nothing back from any of the organizations and media outlets she actually applied to in months, coupled with the chance to earn more than two-hundred-thousand a year, Ashlyn’s only struggle was the thought of working for a porn studio. Thankfully, her desire not

to become homeless outweighed the stigma that came with taking such a job. “Okay, I’ll come in for an interview, but I make no promises.”

“That’s all we ask. If you’re free I can schedule you for this afternoon, but if that’s too short notice we can make it another day.”

“I’m free all day.”

“Great. Then let’s set up the interview for, say, three and expect to be here at least four to five hours.”

“That’s quite a long interview.”

“There’s a lot to go over. So, see you at three?”

“See you at three.” Hanging up, Ashlyn’s mind immediately went into investigative mode as she tried figuring out who the colleague was that divulged her information. The list of people that knew the entirety of her situation countable on two hands, she could not bring herself to believe any of them would betray her trust to that degree so put it on the back burner for fear of digging into the lives of family and friends. *I can’t believe I’m so fucking desperate for work I’d take a job at a damn porn studio*, she thought as she paced the living room. *At least it’s as an investigative journalist and not a porn star. And with barely two months expenses in the bank four times my previous salary is hardly something I can pass up.* Going back to the kitchen, she finished loading the dishwasher.

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Arriving at Edging Entertainment twenty minutes early, Ashlyn went inside where she was greeted by a tall, perky-breasted brunette wearing a curve-hugging black and blue corset dress and narrow-framed glasses that gave her the look of a stern but sexy teacher or secretary. Letting her eyes drift around the large lobby, she saw chairs to the left and right of the door with magazines laying on long, glass-top coffee tables to give patrons something to read while waiting.

“Welcome to Edging Entertainment, can I help you with something?”

“Um, hi. I’m Ashlyn Zamora and I’m here to see Nyla Dixon.”

“Damn! I thought that was you!” the receptionist exclaimed. “I loved the piece you did on the Westfield Files. Not going to lie, that was the best TV I’ve ever watched.”

“I appreciate that. Thank you.”

“If you want to have a seat I’ll let Miss Dixon know you’re here.”

“Sure.” Ashlyn said as she recalled the months of investigation into widespread corruption in Westfield’s political landscape from the Mayor and city council down to judges and numerous police officers covering up years of bribes, intimidation, and a multitude of other crimes that led to her winning the Goldsmith Prize for Investigative Reporting just five months before the station she worked for went off the air for good. Taking a seat, she grabbed one of the magazines and mindlessly flipped through the pages not really reading or paying attention to anything she was looking at.

“HOLY SHIT!” the receptionist exclaimed as she hung up the phone. “Nyla will be out shortly. Are you really here for a job?”

“Potentially,” Ashlyn said as she dropped the magazine on the coffee table.

“Pardon my French, but that is so fucking hot! This might be way out of line, but I’ve had a crush on you since the first day I saw you on the news. God, seeing you in action up close and personal is a dream come true! It’s so cool knowing you’re into kinky sex.”

“Excuse me?”

“You do know this is a fetish porn studio, right?”

"I'm aware."

"I'm sorry. I thought since you were here for a job that you were into the sort of porn we produce."

"I've never engaged in kinky sex in my life," Ashlyn said as a door opened and a stunning, freckle-faced redheaded woman stepped out. "

"Then this is going to be an incredibly interesting interview," the redhead stated.

"Afternoon, Miss Zamora, I'm Nyla and I'll be conducting said interview so if you'll come with me we'll quickly find out just how good a fit you are for our latest top secret project.

Feeling as if she was making the biggest mistake of her life, Ashlyn nevertheless got up and followed Nyla into the hallway beyond the lobby. "So, am I being hired to engage in kinky sex?"

"We'll go over the fine details once we're in my office."

"I'd like to know now if it's all the same to you."

"As I said over the phone I can't divulge the exact position we're hiring you for until you've signed an NDA so please have a little patience and I promise I'll answer all of your questions afterward. "That being said, if you're willing to strip but naked right now I'll give you a hint."

"That would have to be one massive hint."

"It will be. So, do we have a deal?"

"Does it have to be butt naked?"

"Yep. Every stitch removed until you either sign the contract or leave without a new job."

"For that long you'll need to tell me exactly what the job offer is and I don't want to hear about an NDA."

"For that you'll have to do a whole lot more than strip. If you want me risking my career on you not leaving and stealing our idea you'll need to strip but naked, get on all fours, and then follow me to another room where you'll do everything asked without question."

"How about we just go to your office and discuss what I'm actually doing here?"

"Tell you what, if you agree to strip butt naked and remain so for the duration of the interview I'll give you five grand whether you accept the job or not."

"How do I know you'll actually pay me if I don't accept the job?"

"Because I'm a woman of my word. But if that isn't enough I'll give you the cash when we get to my office and trust you to stay for the interview."

Thinking about it for a beat, Ashlyn looked up and down the hallway, gulped back her pride, and then slowly peeled her dress off. Biting into her lower lip, she tugged her lacy pink panties down and then stepped out of her heels. "I really hope you're a woman of your word."

"I am and holy fuck you're gorgeous!"

"T-Thanks. Can we get to your office please?"

"Want to make it double or nothing?"

"That all depends on what you want me to do."

"Not going say other than I think we'll both enjoy it. So, what do you say?"

"Fine, but it better not be anything perverse."

"I promise it won't be," Nyla said as she got down on her knees. Quickly grabbing the journalist's naked ass, she leaned in and sucked Ashlyn's inner labia into her mouth.

"Ooohhhh God!" Ashlyn exclaimed. "I... I'm not... this isn't... uuhnnnn!" she moaned despite the embarrassment of being eaten out by another woman. W-What are you doing? I'm not... uhn... uhn... I'm s-straight... please... oh my fucking God!" she purred – hips bucking as

Nyla concentrated on her clit. “Why are you... mmmm... this is so... s-sweet motherfucking...” SPLOOSH! Despite the humiliation, Ashlyn could not resist the rapidly building pleasure that had her orgasming in record time. Grabbing the back of Nyla’s head she filled the talent scout’s mouth to overflowing even as the tongue continued flicking over her engorged clit.

“That happened a lot faster than I thought,” Nyla said after swallowing the fruits of her labor. “And as you just learned, you don’t need to be a lesbian to enjoy being pleased by another woman. Or to pleasure one. Lay on the floor.”

Heart racing, mind foggy from confusion and intense pleasure, Ashlyn did not question the command. Lying on the hallway floor, she watched as Nyla pulled her dress off. Letting the garment drop to the floor, the talent scout got on top and began rubbing her clit.

“Just do what comes naturally and don’t stop until you’ve given me an orgasm,” Nyla said as she pushed her ass back.

“This... this isn’t...”

“Don’t question it. I command and you obey. If you want that ten grand you’ll start eating me out right now.”

Gulping hard, Ashlyn stuck her tongue out, but as soon as it made contact with Nyla’s womanhood she froze. Not in disgust, shame, or humiliation at pleasuring another woman, but because the flavors hitting her tongue instantly made her clit tingle with excitement. *Don’t think about it. Like she said, I don’t have to be a lesbian to pleasure or be pleased by another woman!* Having no idea what she was doing, she did the first thing that came to mind. Flicking the tip of her tongue over Nyla’s clit several times, she then sucked the growing bundle of joy into her mouth. *DEAR FUCKING GOD! I’m straight! Why is this turning me on so much?*

Shoving her tongue into her lover, Ashlyn got a real good taste of Nyla’s flavors and instantly orgasmed in response. Hips bucking, she pulled the talent scout back and alternated licking, sucking, and occasionally nibbling at Nyla’s womanhood until she too was swallowing mouthful after mouthful of orgasm. “Oh God I love the taste of you!” she declared. “Why do you taste so fucking good? Why do I love pleasuring you so much?” Sinking her teeth into Nyla’s inner labia, she pulled the meaty folds taught and then let them slowly slide free only to be rewarded with another gushing orgasm from her lover. Gulping down as much as possible, she happily took the rest to the face as she bit, stretched, and released a second time.

“You love it because regardless of the source, pleasure is pleasure,” Nyla replied as she pinched and rolled Ashlyn’s engorged clit between finger and thumb. Digging her fingernails in, she slowly pulled and watched the orgasm gushing out of the investigative journalist in a series of geysers even as she wailed in agony. “Pleasure. Pain. There’s such a fine line between them the brain struggles to tell one from the other. “Look at you writhing in pleasure while yelping in pain just from me pinching your clit. What’ll happen if I dig a little deeper?” she asked while doing just that. No sooner did Ashlyn’s clit slide free, then Nyla slapped her hard on the vulva causing the journalist’s hips to buck wildly. Another slap. Three. Four.

SPLOOSH! Back arching, Ashlyn loudly moaned in orgasm as her brain truly struggled to differentiate pleasure from pain. THWAP! THWAP! SPLOOSH! Rolling onto her belly, she thrust her ass up and back. “Oh God it hurts so fucking good!” she purred as Nyla’s hand landed hard on her right ass cheek. Then her clit was flicked sending her into another intense orgasm. THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! FLICK! FLICK! SPLOOSH! “OH GOD YES! M-More! Please slap my ass and torture my clit!” FLICK! PINCH! PULL! FLICK! THWAP! SPLOOSH! Body reacting to the brain’s confusion, Ashlyn registered everything happening to her as pleasure no matter how badly it hurt.

“Look at you begging to be hurt!” Nyla said as she continued slapping, flicking, pinching, and pulling at Ashlyn’s vulva and ass. “Looks like someone’s a masochist. Is that right? Do you get off to pain?”

“I don’t... I’ve never... this is... uuhhnnn... oh sweet mother of God why is this happening to me?”

“It’s happening because you’re a painslut,” Nyla said as she flicked Ashlyn’s clit as hard as she could sending the confused and over-stimulated woman lurching forward in yet another orgasm. “That’s just further proof your perfect for the project you’re being interviewed for. Now, get on all fours and follow me to the office. Once there you’ll kneel with ass on heels, knees spread, and hands behind your back clasping opposite elbows. And no matter what happens you won’t resist, move, or say a word. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes,” Ashlyn panted as she got onto all fours.

“Good girl. Now let’s get that sexy ass of yours moving.”