

# **Ten More Shades of Blue**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

Ever since convincing my friend and fellow body artist Jenna to join me on cam for a kinky show, I've been getting requests to bring her back for more. That was more than a month ago, but I've been putting it off for two reasons. One, I don't want to seem pushy or naggy; and second, I wanted to give the nipple, hood and labia piercings she gave me live on cam time to heal before delving into anything sexual with another person. But now that said piercings were healed enough that I could enjoy sex without too much discomfort, I was ready to involve her in another show. If she was still interested, of course.

Catching Jenna in one of the small rooms cleaning up after tattooing a butterfly on a young woman's ankle, I closed and locked the door behind me. "Hey babe," I said grabbing her ass.

"Hey Blue, what's up?"

"It's been a while since we did that first show together and the fans are calling for your return."

"I don't know, Blue. I know I said I wanted to do more shows with you, but I'm worried Rick will be pissed and leave me."

"So, you still haven't talked to him about it?"

"Not yet."

"Anything I can do to help? I don't mean to pressure you into anything, but you were fantastic the last time and they really want to see you perform again. Honestly, the video of me fisting you for the first time has been my biggest seller and I can't wait to get my hands in you again."

"It was nice, but I still feel horrible about cheating on Rick like that."

"So horrible you never want to do another show? It's okay if you don't want to, but please just tell me the truth."

"I want to do it again, Blue, I really, really do, but I'm worried about how Rick will take it if he ever finds out about us."

"How will he ever know unless you start doing the shows out of costume?"

"I don't know."

"How about this: we do one more show together tonight and if you feel it's something you can't do again then I'll never ask again. However, if you enjoy yourself then we go to Rick together and do everything in our power to convince him to join us."

"And if he refuses?"

"Then I'll suspect he's gay," I joked. But seriously, if he refuses then I'll make sure he understands that this was all my idea and I forced you into it."

"He'll never believe that and you know it. We've been friends far too long for a ploy like that to work."

"Does that mean you won't do tonight's show with me?"

"What time?"

"I'll be going on around ten."

"I'll be there so you better have my costume ready."

"You're the best!" I exclaimed, pulling her close and kissing her hard on the lips. "So, have you been doing anymore fisting since that first night?"

"Um..."

“I’ll take that as a yes. Pussy, ass or both?”

“Both, but only a few times. I don’t want to do it too much or else Rick will begin to question why I’m suddenly so loose.”

“Or, and here me out here, he may just like seeing your gaping holes and want to do it for himself.”

“You don’t really know him at all do you? He doesn’t have a kinky bone in his body.”

“I find those to be the kinkiest of all. In my experience they just need a little nudge of encouragement to get them to open up and then the real fun can happen. I have an idea to test his open-mindedness. Drop by my place after work.”

“What’s the idea?”

“You’ll have to wait and see. Until then, put your hands on the wall and spread your legs.”

“Um…”

“Don’t question it.”

Jenna gave her best friend a look of fear mixed with curiosity and then did as she was told. When her hands were against the concrete wall and her legs spread, she felt Virginia’s hands on her hips. Her skirt was slowly raised over her ass and her panties tugged down. And when she felt the fingertips pressing in, she bit her lip to stifle the moan. “W-What are you doing?”

“Sshhh,” Virginia whispered, her fingers going deeper. At the knuckles she stopped, waited a few seconds and then pulled back until just the tips of her bunched up fingers were still in Jenna’s pussy. Wiggling them back and forth, she shoved in hard and fast – her entire hand disappearing. Applying steady pressure, she continued to push her hand in deeper as her fingers curled into a fist. Only when she felt it hit against her friend’s cervix did she pull back and fuck it in again.

Jenna’s entire body shook, her knees went weak as the orgasms came one after another beginning with an intense, bone-shaking tremor and ending with a series of aftershocks like jolts of lightning coursing through her veins. “P-Please stop,” she moaned. “Some…someone will hear us.”

“Then you had better be quiet,” Virginia said, extending her middle finger into her friend’s cervix. “Unless you want the whole shop knowing what a kinky little slut you are. That gives me an idea. Stay right there and don’t move or I’ll make sure the door is open the next time my fist goes in that sloppy cunt of yours.”

“What are you going to do?” Jenna asked, looking back over her shoulder.

“You’ll see soon enough. Now face the wall and do not move until I am done. Understood?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“What’s that?”

“Yes. I understand,” Jenna applied more meekly than she intended. Facing the wall, she heard her friend messing around behind her and wondered what she was going to do next. Hoping it was a hard fisting up her ass, she was surprised, disappointed and quite shocked when she heard the all-too-familiar sound of a tattoo gun. And when she felt the needles penetrating her left ass cheek, she nearly flipped out. “Oh my god! What in the hell are you doing?”

“I’m tattooing your ass. Now hold still, shut up and face the wall like you were told or else.”

“Or else what?”

“Or else I’ll make a few adjustments to what I’m giving you.”

“And that would be?”

“You’ll see soon enough. Now face the damn wall, slut.” When Jenna looked forward and shut her mouth, Virginia knew she had her right where she wanted her and the tattooing continued. When she was done with the left cheek she moved to the right and added another. Jenna remained silent throughout. And nearly an hour and a half later, when it was all over, Virginia stood back and examined her work. “You may look in the mirror now.”

Still nervously chewing her lower lip, Jenna walked across the room and looked at her ass in the mirror – her eyes growing wide. “WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME!? How could you...why?” She cried, looking at the tattoo of **FIST MY WHORE ASS** on her left cheek and **BREED MY SLUTTY CUNT** on the right.

“How? Because you stood there and let me,” Virginia answered. “And as for why, well, now you have a means of bringing your love of fisting to Rick’s attention. If he likes it and wants to see how much you can take then you know he’ll more than likely be open for doing more.”

“And if not? What then? And what about the breeding tattoo? I’m not into breeding!”

“No, but I thought it would look fucking sexy and I was right. And if he doesn’t like the idea of fisting or breeding you then tell him I tricked you into getting them. If he asks I’ll confirm it.”

“This is fucked up on so many levels I don’t even know where to begin! You’ve stepped way over the line Blue and I may never forgive you for this.”

“If Rick likes them then you can thank me and keep them. If he doesn’t, then I’ll pay to have them removed. Agreed?”

“Fine, but if this puts a strain on my marriage I swear to god I’ll never forgive you.”

“Fair enough. Now get back in position so I can fist your whore ass.”

Glaring at her friend, Jenna put her hands against the wall and arched her back, jutting her ass out for the hard fisting she was earlier hoping for, but a knock on the door put an end to the action. While she was straightening up her skirt, Virginia opened the door to see a young woman of about twenty standing there looking rather nervous.