Chapter 1

    Jenny sat in the car and looked out the window at the place they were headed. She was nervous, at nineteen she had never been 'Clubbing' before and the girls she was with, while all classmates at her college, were not girls she knew all that well. But they had talked her into getting dressed up and going with them to a club. And she had gone, she was a long way from her home town and wanted to make some real friends here in the big city. Her parents had been overly protective of Jenny all of her life, she being their only child, and when she had gone off to college, they had tried to convince her to stay a little closer to home. but she had gone here, to a large college halfway across the country. And now she was getting out with some classmates, making friends and learning to like the city. They parked, walked up to the club, and got in rather easily the techno beat and lights enticing, but that was when Jenny found out what kind of club it was. It was a sex club. And everywhere she looked she could see mostly naked woman and men, in the corner a couple were having sex in full view of the rest of the room. She was suddenly very nervous and tugged on the sleeve of Rachel, one of the girls she had come with.

    "I think I want to leave. I'm not all that comfortable here."

     "Oh, grow up, country girl. Just go and enjoy yourself, I'm not leaving without a little action." and then she was gone, swallowed by the crowd. Jenny was alone in the press of bodies and thought briefly about finding her own way home, just ditching and heading back to the dorm. The only problem was she didn't know how to get back to the dorm, she wasn't really sure where she was. And she had been raised to stay if her hosts were staying, she couldn't just leave and let them worry about her all night.

     An hour later she was walking around, trying to stay as inconspicuous as possible when she spotted Rachel. She was in the corner with a guy, and her panties were hanging off of one ankle while her shirt was open down the front, baring her breasts while the guy sat with her in his lap, one hand cupping a bare breast, the other up under her skirt. her eyes were closed and her head was back, she was moaning and smiling, obviously enjoying herself. Jenny sighed and turned away, starting to understand that she could leave and they wouldn't care, these girls weren't her friends at all. She wandered around the floor for a little while and suddenly found herself face to face with one of the women who was walking around wearing nothing but a masque and collar, her real hair hidden up under a long white wig and the rest of her bare, her navel pierced and a star tattoo on her right hip. the woman was watching her silently and stepped towards her. That was when Jenny saw the leash. The man holding it was as covered as his companion was naked, and he followed. the woman was gorgeous, not too tall, with generous but not huge breasts, a slender, athletic form and graceful limbs. the man with her was tall, nearly half a foot taller than she was, and was covered over in black leather. pants, boots, shirt, long coat, and his hands were covered by chrome gauntlets.

    While the woman wore a white porcelain masque, his was chrome steel, mirror smooth with just two holes for eyes. Jenny couldn't see anything of their faces. They stopped before her and looked her over, the man reaching around his companion with the hand the leash was looped around and clasping one breast with his gauntleted hand. the woman was unresistant. As jenny stood there transfixed, the woman reached up one slender arm and trailed it up, over Jenny's' belly, between her breasts and slipped her fingers along the side of Jenny's' neck, slipping her hand up to cup her cheek. Jenny was transfixed, staring as the man reached up with one hand and cupped her other cheek. She just stood there staring while the pair looked at her, eye contact and the man nodded. his hand dropped and the woman stepped up closer to Jenny and placed both hands on her face then stepped closer and slid her arms around Jenny in a hug that had her bare breasts pressed against Jenny's' chest.

    That broke the spell and Jenny pushed away, looking at the woman in open mouthed wonder before turning away and getting lost in the crowd. It was only later that she regretted this, wondering if she would ever feel the feeling she had a moment ago. She moved around the floor, seeing Rachel with a different guy this time, looking drunk and disoriented while a second guy moved in behind her. her shirt was gone by this point and she was drawing more attention. Jenny tried to get in and pull her out of the fracas, but the people were too thick around her and she was shunted off through the crowd. That was where she met Brad.

    "Hi.You look a little lost. anything I can help you with?"

    "Ummm, my friend, I think she's getting raped I want to help her but..."

    "Do you mean Rachel? She's here every weekend, with at least four other girls, she's such a huge slut she'll fuck anything that moves, man or woman. I wouldn't worry about her, but you look thirsty, can I interest you in a drink?"

    "Ummm, I don't..." But he was already handing her a glass of something blue and alcoholic and she accepted it out of politeness. Taking a sip, she found it sweet and with just a hint of alcohol. she drank while talking to brad, who worked in the city, and he replaced her drink when it ran out, she didn't even seem to notice when the glass was suddenly full again. The conversation got on to topics of Sex and jenny admitted that she was a virgin, and had rarely even been kissed. Her head felt fuzzy and it was shortly after that when she blacked out.

~(1)~

    She woke on a couch, covered in a  blanket and feeling horrible. Of Brad there was no sign and someone was sitting on a chair at the other end of the room, feet up on an ottoman and looking like they were asleep. Jenny sat up with a groan and looked around some more. The place looked like an office and she could still hear the sounds of the music from the club. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was two in the morning. The last time she had looked at her watch had been just before talking to Brad, and it had been nine. Five hours had passed, and she felt awful. The person in the chair sat up and Jenny saw it was a woman. she was about the same height as Jenny but with fiery red hair.She walked over and sat down on the couch next to Jenny.

    "How are you feeling?"

    "Fine, I guess. A little groggy, but OK. Why? What happened?"

    "You were drugged. That man slipped something into your drink. A bouncer got suspicious and followed you, he stopped it before anything happened. My name is Amy, I'm a nurse. i was here with my husband and came up to see if you are alright. Do you need to go to the hospital?" Jenny shook her head, still not really thinking clearly. "There was another girl here who was drugged and raped pretty badly tonight, a girl named Rachel."

    Jenny gasped, described the girl she had come with and Amy affirmed that she was the victim. "Oh god, I thought she was just, y'know, enjoying herself. Oh god..."

    "I'll tell ya what, hun. Why don't you come crash at my place? We have a guest bedroom you can sleep in for tonight, and maybe tomorrow if you want, and we'll drive you back to your place tomorrow. sound good?" Jenny thought about it for a moment and then nodded. a short time later a tall man knocked on the door and entered with a police officer. the officer took her statement and left, after insuring that she didn't require medical attention. After he was gone, the couple took her out to their car. The man introduced himself as John, Amys' husband, and Jenny introduced herself to them.

    They took Jenny back to their home in the north end of the city, and set Jenny up in the guest bedroom. Once she was alone, she showered and dressed in the nightgown Amy had lent her. it was a bit tight across the chest but otherwise comfortable. She climbed into bed and was asleep almost instantly. The next morning she woke to the smells of bacon and eggs. She found a stack of clothes just outside of her door with a note written in spiralling script that said the clothes should fit her. She tried them on and they fit, the shirt was a mans' and too large, but the jeans were a nice fit, snug across the hips, but comfortable. She padded downstairs and found John and Amy in the kitchen, cooking together. They treated her to blueberry pancakes, bacon and eggs and fresh squeezed orange juice. She ate her fill, feeling much better than she had when she went to sleep.

    After breakfast they talked. Amy and John extended their spare room for the weekend, and learned a bit more about Jenny.

    "You're at Watsons? John and I met there! The dorms are such a slum, though. And you really shouldn't trust people you just met, Jenny. They can take you to some pretty bad and dangerous places. That club is not one for beginners. And definitely not for a young girl alone. You'd have to be pretty experienced to go in there alone, or have a chaperon. And definitely no drinks from..." She stopped and sighed. "I'm sorry, I'm getting all preachy. I'm not your mother, I'll answer any questions you have, but I don't want to come across as bossy or patronizing."

    Jenny assured her that it was fine,and she had learned a lot last night, though she didn't mention the naked woman and her partner, they had haunted her dreams all night and she still couldn't get them out of her mind. They talked for a long time, Jenny learning a lot about the city and finding that she had more in common with Amy and John than with anyone she had met at school. She stayed the weekend with them, and then returned the following weekend, and most weekends after that. Their place was far more relaxing than the dorm and she found studying there was easier. And after three months of weekends over at their house, Amy extended her a great offer.

    "Jenny, how would you like to live here?" Jenny was stunned and stuttered a bit. "I mean, I know the dorm isn't the best and rent here would be pretty easy, you help with the food and dishes and the room is yours, what do you say?"

    It took Jenny about ten seconds to decide yes, and they drove her back to the dorm to collect her things and tell the den mother she was moving out. Rent with Amy and John proved to be about the same as the dorm, with a private bathroom and actual peace and quiet. Amy worked swing shifts at the hospital three blocks away and John mostly worked from home. He was quiet and polite most of the time, and when he was a little loud, she didn't mind, he had the same taste in music that she did. She lived with Amy and John for three months without a hitch and one day she was returning early from class and heard a noise from the upstairs. She crept up and saw that the door to their bedroom was slightly ajar. Suspecting a burglar, she crept down the hall and pushed the door open far enough to peek inside.

    What she saw was a little shocking and yet arousing at the same time. Amy was standing in the middle of the room, naked and her hands were tied with a scarf that led up to the ceiling. Her slender body was covered with perspiration and she was blindfolded, facing the door. John was standing with his back to the door and holding a leather strap, which he caressed her with before laying a slap with it across her backside and around to her front. Amy was shaved from the neck down, not a single hair and her body was tone and well rounded. Jenny looked but didn't see a star tattoo or a navel piercing. She was frozen, aroused and embarrassed at the same time when John turned and caught her looking. He quickly shut the door and a moment later he came out, pulling a shirt on.

    "Jenny. I... Look, this isn't... Umm, how to explain." he sighed. "Amy should have locked the door." A moment later Amy emerged pulling shut the tie on her bathrobe. She padded over to stand next to John.

    "Look, Jenny, he wasn't abusing me, we just, well, we enjoy it a little rough sometimes. That's all. But I'm sure you'd like to move back to the dorm now." She said, looking a little embarrassed.

    Jenny was nervous and licked her lips as she thought for a moment. She had just seen her roommates in an act that both aroused and frightened her, and wasn't sure which was dominant at the moment. John led them down to the kitchen and made coffee while Jenny thought. Finally she looked up at them. "Umm, I've been thinking. This may be a bit of a personal question, but... are you going to punish Amy for not locking the door?"

    They both stared at her for a long minute and finally John answered. "Yes, I suppose I am. I mean, I'll have to, she not only got us caught, but perhaps cost us a friend."

    Jenny nodded and looked back and forth at both of them, wringing her hands and trying to put her thoughts into the right words. She took a few deep breaths and finally just came out with it. "Then I think you should punish me, too, for snooping around. I mean... after all... If I had just minded my own..."

    "Hold on." John interrupted her. "Listen, Jenny. I know you're a virgin, the extent of your experience is what you've seen in the club where we met you. Are you absolutely sure about this?"

    Jenny nodded and told them about the Masked couple she had seen at the club, about the research and reading she had done on BDSM and the fact that it had aroused her greatly. "It's something I want to explore... and I trust you both, a lot. I can't think of anyone better to teach me than you."

    They sat in thought for a while, and finally John turned and whispered something to Amy, who immediately got up and walked around the main floor of the house and closed all of the curtains and locked the door while John sat int he kitchen with Jenny and waited. When Amy returned, she had shed the robe and came to kneel at Johns' side. He reached out one hand and stroked her hair while he looked at Jenny.

    Jenny was blushing furiously, and couldn't help but stare at Amy. The woman was beautiful, kneeling on the floor at her husbands side, bare and unashamed as he looked at Jenny. "Alright, Jenny. This will be the last chance I give you to back out of this. Are you absolutely sure you want to go through with this?" She nodded once and he waited a few moments. "Then strip, child, and let me see what I have here." He simply sat and waited, watching her as she nervously stood, she began to strip like she was taking a shower. "No. Not like that. Do it sensually, like you are trying to arouse your lover. Do it slowly, turn so I can see all of you. She did as she was told, taking occasional direction from him, still blushing to the roots of her hair as she removed each article of clothing one by one. As she slipped out of her bra, she closed her eyes, not wanting to see his reaction to her breasts. When he let loose a slow, appreciative whistle, she looked at him.

    "You have very nice breasts, Jenny. Now, turn your back to me, and when you take your panties off, bend at the waist and slide them down your legs and then step out of them and hand them to me." She couldn't believe it, she had never liked her figure, hid it under baggy clothes most of the time and he was admiring her breasts. Staring at them and watching as she stripped her panties off as he had told her. When she was bent over at the waist, he told her to stop, and she stayed where she was as he approached her from behind and ran his hands over her backside and upper thighs. The feel of his hands on her made her shiver with delight, even while her heart pounded in her chest like a runaway jackhammer. his hands slid back up, caressed her ass gently but intensely and came to rest on her waist."Very nice." he stepped back and told her to continue. She stepped out of her panties and turned to hand them to him. John hooked the waistband with a single finger and took them from her. "Very very nice, child, though I think the first part of your punishment will be the removal of your pubic hair. A good girl never has body hair, Jenny. Amy, take this child upstairs and help her with it while I get things ready, then bring her to the bedroom."

    "Yes master." Amy returned, moving from her knees to her feet in a single fluid motion and taking Jenny by the hand to lead her upstairs. She took her into their master bathroom and set her in the shower to shave her pussy. Jenny sat still while Amy trimmed back her pubic hair with electric clippers and then got out the no-heat wax. The next twenty minutes were painful as she was waxed until she was bare. Amy was gentle and knew what she was doing, but Jenny was still sore and tender down there when she was done, but she knew that she had to do what she was told, and accept her punishment. As Amy finished, she turned on the shower and washed them both, offering Jenny the aloe lotion for her tender sex. As she washed the watched Amy. the older woman had been looking intently and licking her lips while she had shaved Jenny, and finally she asked.

    "Are you bisexual?" Amy confirmed that she as and Jenny blushed again, but didn't ask anything else. She'd kissed boys, even had one feel her up, but girls had never crossed her mind. Amy however, did cross her mind. She was gorgeous, long red hair, slender, athletic frame and soft, womanly curves. she was made to be naked. And was obviously attracted to Jenny. Jenny watched her int he shower and as the older woman turned off the water, Jenny stepped close.

    "I've never been kissed by a woman before. Could you..." She left it at that, not sure how to word it to get the proper response. She didn't need to worry however, as Amy stepped closer still, her breasts pressing gently against Jenny's' and tilted her head to one side before kissing her deeply and thoroughly, a long, drawn out kiss that was a love affair in and of itself. Their tongues twined around each other and Amy slipped one hand up to cup and caress Jenny's' breast while the other came to rest on her waist. Jenny suddenly found herself gasping for air and realized that the long kiss had ended. Her lips felt hot and she felt a tight, wet heat between her legs as she gasped for air. she realized that she was leaning back against the wall, and couldn't even remember backing up. The kiss had been so intense that she couldn't remember anything but it, all other memories from that time were nonexistent.

    Amy helped her towel off and then led her back into the bedroom and moved to kneel at Johns side again. While Jenny stood, nervous and naked before him Amy knelt at his side, eyes on Jenny, watching and waiting as John thought. Finally he stood and walked over to Jenny. For a moment she thought about the couple she had seen at the nightclub. Finally he stood and walked over to Jenny.she shivered as he walked around her, hand caressing across her belly and back, and when he stopped behind her she was looking Amy right in the eye. the older woman was licking her lips, cheeks flushed with excitement and a small smile came to her lips and she nodded slightly, just once before lapsing back into her quiet watching.

    John stepped around to her front and produced a pair of handcuffs, which he fastened around her wrists and then tied a long silk scarf around the chain. He reached up and looped the scarf through a metal ring hung from the ceiling, one that had held a plant until today. He drew the scarf through and Jenny put her arms up and he pulled the scarf until she was barely able to stand with her feet flat on the ground. She was stretched out tight between floor and ceiling and helpless now. He walked around her again, his fingers trailing over her skin as he looked her over, stopping in front of her to gently squeeze each breast and fill his hand with her warm flesh as he looked her over carefully. Finally he walked to the dresser and took up the leather strap he had been using on Amy earlier.

    "For snooping where you were not invited, five strokes. For having body hair without permission, five strokes, and for affection without permission, five strokes each." He said with a look over at Amy, who blushed while he looked back to Jenny. "Did you enjoy the kiss, Jenny?" She told him that she did and he nodded. "I see. We'll have to keep a closer eye on you in the future. Perhaps tonight you'll have to sleep in here with us so we can keep an eye on you. for now, however we will see to your punishment." he stepped around behind her and caressed her with the strap before suddenly laying a stripe with it across her backside, the leather curling around to her front and making her skin sting and drawing a yelp from her. He said nothing and a short time later laid another stripe across her backside from the other direction. Three more followed, always timed far enough apart to allow her time to catch her breath. When he had reached five, he stopped. and stepped around to her front. "What is the count?"

    "It's... it's five, isn't it?" she replied.

    "I don't know, since you weren't counting where I could hear it we'll start over.If you fail to count a stroke before the next one lands, we start over again, am I understood, child?" she told him that she did and he moved to start again, each lash stung a little more, and she counted them to him, soon crying out in pain as the strap stung a red stripe across her backside sobbing as she forced herself to keep count of what he was doing. She was dancing in the restraints and when he had four left, he stepped around to her front and laid a stripe across her left breast with the leather strap, she howled in pain and almost forgot to count, but the memory of the pain made her gather herself enough to count just before he laid a stripe across her right breast, drawing another cry from her as she tried to count that one, a second stripe across her left breast was followed almost immediately by one across her right again, and she was sobbing as she said fifteen. She was shivering and sweating, sobbing and exhausted.

    But despite the pain and fear, she was very aroused. She had shown her naked body to her friends and they had found her sexy, they had taken her into their bedroom and were helping her fulfill a fantasy she didn't even know she had. And she was loving every second of it. She was sobbing and gasping for breath, shuddering in pain and arousal as John came up behind her and circled her with his arms, hugging her back against him and holding her, her ass tingling in pain and tenderness as it pressed against him and a moment later Amy was holding her from the front and kissing her again, she returned the kiss this time with almost as much intensity as Amy gave her. It was amazingly erotic and she found herself wanting more, wanting them both as Amy kissed john and then John was kissing her, a real kiss from a real man and she was shocked by the power of it, hands were on her body, moving everywhere and Amy was kissing at her neck while john claimed her mouth and his hands cupped and squeezed her breasts from behind.

    The sensations were powerful, overwhelming as she was kissed and caressed, Johns big hands holding her breasts while Amy kissed her neck and slipped a hand down across her tummy to cup and rub at her sex, making her squirm and moan in delight as they explored her, kissing and touching, caressing and tasting. She was being overwhelmed and losing herself in the sensations. When they stopped, she whimpered, her breath coming in gasps as she tried to collect her thoughts enough to get her bearings. John was carefully lowering her arms from overhead and easing her into a chair while Amy waited off to one side, meekly kneeling on her cushion. John removed the handcuffs and wrapped her in a blanket.

    "Just rest here for now, you need a chance to get your breath back. Watch while I punish Amy, and if you have enjoyed yourself, perhaps if we try this again, you can take on more of a role in the play, Jenny."

    She grabbed his wrist as he stepped away. "But master, I want to play more of a role now." She said while looking into his eyes. He looked back for a while and nodded, then pointed to the cushion.

    "Then kneel there while I finish with Amy, and we'll get on to your next lesson." She moved to do as she was told as he tied up Amy the same way and took up the strap again. Amy counted out twenty, he laid five each across her lovely pale breasts and when he was finished, he and Jenny repeated on Amy what they had done to Jenny, sandwiching her between them and kissing her, exploring her all over, making her moan and tremble as they did, leaving her helpless as they did so. When they were done, John untied Amy and they all retired to the large king size bed, kissing and touching as they crawled under the sheets together. Amy pushed Jenny down on her back and John immediately gravitated to her breasts while Amy slid down and pushed the younger woman's legs apart, kissing across her tummy and then placing a long lick over her wet pussy, Jenny moaned as John sucked hard at one nipple and caressed the other breast with his hands.

    Amy was kissing and licking Jennys sex, caressing her labia with gently, skilled fingers and then moved to suck on her clit, caressing her sex, slipping a finger along her pussy and as far deep as her hymen, leaving Jenny gasping and moaning as John moved up to kiss her deeply, his hands moving to caress her breasts and chest, he whispered a few words to her and showed her how to kiss back, took his time and Jenny was whimpering in delight and pleasure as Amy kissed her way up her body and John kissed his way down the other side until they had traded places, and John latched onto her sex with his hands and mouth, lapping at her juices and driving her wild as Amy kissed her and then moved to suck and caress her breasts. Jenny felt a heat build in her belly as they went on, and suddenly a powerful warmth spread out through her tummy and up to her chest before expanding out to fill her completely.

    She cried out as her first orgasm hit her hard, her back arching and her hands fisting in the sheets as she came, her vision narrowing and the room going dim as she fought to stay conscious. When the sensation had passed, she lay gasping in the sweat and silk, John and Amy laying to either side of her. She took each of them by the hand and smiled.

    "That... that was wonderful, I had no idea it felt like that... John if you want to take me you..." She stopped as Amy placed a finger on her lips.

    "It's not that he doesn't want to, Jenny, and it's not that I won't let him, either. but you should wait for something more special than this. Yes, we'll do that if you want to have sex here, but i think you should wait a little longer at least." Jenny thought about it for a moment, then nodded. Amy smiled and caressed her, the touch sending shivers up and down her body.

    "However, i can teach you how to give oral to a woman... if you want." Jenny just smiled.

~(2)~

    The next morning, Jenny woke up with Amy and John in bed, she was a little sore and felt wonderful despite that. She had been a fast study of oral sex with Amy and they had promised that John would teach her how to perform it on him at a later date. John and Amy had sex with Jenny in bed with them, kissing and generally enjoying themselves all around and when they were done, the three of them, tangled in the sheets and exhausted, had fallen asleep right where they were. They had slept for hours and Jenny was the first to wake. She slipped out of bed and crept into the shower to wash before creeping into her own room, leaving John and Amy asleep while she crept downstairs and made breakfast for all of them. When she was done there, she carried the tray upstairs and stripped before she woke the sleeping couple. They were glad for the rare treat of breakfast without having to get up for it, and they all ate it together.

    "So did you cook naked?" John asked her, biting into his bacon and looking her over, Amy was leaning back against him, plate balanced on her flat tummy while she ate and Jenny shook her head.

    "No, master. you didn't say i could wear clothes, but I didn't want to get burned. So I took them off before I came back in here."

    John just smiled. "You don't have to call me master, kiddo. That's for when we play only. We're amateurs at best, the hardcore people might live like that but it would get boring if you did it all the time. So no titles unless your tied or i tell you to, OK?" Jenny nodded and the three of them ate breakfast, and Jenny cleared the dishes while the other two showered.

    The next few days went by well, they didn't really talk about that night together, and Jenny was starting to understand that adults don't really talk about sex all the time, which is why most college boys weren't adults. she went to school and the following wednesday, Christine, one of her classmates, came up to her with a note.

    "Jenny. Some guy asked me to give this to you." She handed Jenny an envelope that was sealed in wax and waited for her to open it, curious as any girl that age might normally be. Jenny thanked her and tucked it into her bag, out of sight. Christine was a little disappointed, but dropped the subject quickly enough. They went on to class together and Jenny headed home after that. When she got home, Amy was at work and John was out, so she made dinner for herself and sat at the table to read the note. The envelope was hand-folded vellum and the note inside was a fancy calligraphy written on parchment.

*Ms. Jenny Walsh*

*You are a difficult person to locate, my dear, and it was only by accident that I have finally managed to find you. We have met only briefly and I did not get a chance to speak with you properly before we became separated. When you became drugged and the police were notified, I felt discretion was superior to desire at that point and left. Sadly, however, you proved much more difficult to locate again as you did not return to the club. I hope I am not too out of line in asking if you are interested in seeing us again? I know that my mate had expressed an interest in seeing you again, and I promised to locate you for her. In case you have forgotten, or perhaps do not know, we met at The White dragon club nearly a year ago now. (As I said, you have proven difficult to locate.)  My mate and I were the couple in masques that you interacted with briefly upon the main floor. If you are interested in meeting with us, we will again be at the White Dragon for the party this weekend.*

*This is a fetish attire affair,and you will have to dress appropriately. If you do not have any attire appropriate for this event, then please attend the Couture Clashe store at 15 St. George street and ask for Clarissa. She works Monday through Thursday during the day, and has been asked to expect you. present this letter and she will assist you in selecting suitable attire. Please select two of the outfits that she will present you with any any one more that you desire. One must be red. If you wish to see us, as I believe that you do, then wear that red outfit to the White dragon when you attend on the 17th and I will find you.*

*Anon*

    She read the letter several times, her heart pounding in her chest. She had been dreaming about that couple for months now, had even hoped that Amy and John might be them, but suddenly they had found her. She was scared and excited, and quickly put her dinner in the fridge and scribbled a note to Amy and John before heading out to find the store. She had a few hours to shop, and the 17th was in two days.