

Dark Pleasures

Faye Valentine

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The girls and I are headed to the Underground. You in? Erica read the strange text from her mother's friend Joan, wondering why she was sending it to her and what the underground was.

I think you sent that to the wrong person.

OH SHIT! Sorry Erica. Yeah, that was supposed to go to your mother. Your numbers are too similar.

Don't blame me. It's what they gave us when we got on the family plan. So, what's the Underground?

Forget I ever mentioned it.

Yeah, we both know that's not going to happen. Is it a bar or a club? I'm old enough to drink now, you know?

That may be, but the Underground isn't a place for someone with your...condition. Please, forget about it and enjoy your evening.

Come on, Joan, just tell me what it is. I'm so sick and tired of everyone using my disease against me like I'm a fragile fucking egg! I've made it this far in life without serious damage to myself so stop treating me like a baby!

You made it as far as you have because your mother and the rest of us have watched you like a hawk and kept you safe. I don't even want to think about the things you might've done to yourself otherwise.

More like smothered me. I can't feel pain. That doesn't mean I'm made of glass. Tell me what the Underground is or I'll just look it up for myself!

Good luck with that. It isn't listed and they don't have a website. I'm sorry Erica, but for your own good leave it alone.

Fine! Keep treating me like a damn baby if you want, but I'm through with you and everyone else that does so. Don't ever talk to me again! Angry, Erica gripped her phone tight and threw it hard onto the sofa where it bounced off of the back cushion and smacked the corner of the coffee table before falling to the floor just as she received another text. Bending down, she picked up and read it.

Alright, fine. But don't say you haven't been warned. The Underground is a sex club me, your mother, and several of our friends belong to. If you want to know more then got to 69 Dunbar. Wear a sexy dress and no panties or bra. When they ask to see your membership you will flash them your pussy and say: I'm a guest of Mistress Acadia. Got it?

Mistress Acadia?

That is my name at the club. I will say no more about this with you unless and until you pay it your first visit. And if you're planning on going there tonight I won't bother inviting your mother as I don't want things to get weird.

Thank you. You have no idea how frustrating it can be when everyone acts like they have to walk on eggshells around me.

I'm sorry, Erica, but given your condition we have to maintain vigilance to make sure you don't seriously hurt yourself. I guess we've done it for so long that we don't know any better. But you have my word that I will never treat you like a kid again.

Thank you. That's all I ask. I know my disease is a very serious one, but I know better than to stick my hand in a pot of boiling water, and I'm certainly never going to punch a brick wall until my fingers break. Well, not again anyways.

That's good to hear. I've got to get going now sweetie. I guess I'll see you at the club later.

I'll be there. Now all I have to do is go buy a sexy dress.

Go to Brianna's Boutique and tell her Mistress Acadia sent you. I'll call ahead and let her know you're coming.

You don't have to do that.

Consider it my gift for all the shit we've given you over the years. I'm authorizing a \$5,000 spending limit. Have fun.

\$5,000 for a dress?

And whatever else you think you might need. They have a wide variety of things to choose from so have fun.

WOW! I don't know what else to say. Thank you so much!

My pleasure, dear. And not a word of this to your mother until after your visit.

My lips are sealed.

Hanging up the phone, Erica felt more alive than she had in her entire twenty-two years and she had her mother's friend to thank for it. Almost giddy with excitement, she ran to the computer and looked up the directions to Brianna's Boutique and then ran out the door to go buy some new clothes and whatever else she could for five grand.

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Pulling down a narrow side street, Erica spotted the unassuming brick building of the boutique and pulled into the small parking lot wondering how much business such an out of the place could possibly get. Locking her car out of habit, she pulled the door open and stepped inside where she saw racks and racks of clothing arranged by type in neat rows. Off to the right she saw a counter and register where a petite brunette wearing the tightest leather dress Erica had ever seen was reading a magazine. From the picture of two half-naked women on the cover, she knew it to be some sort of porn mag, but could not see the name.

"Welcome to Brianna's Boutique," the woman at the counter said in greeting. "Can I help you find anything today?"

"Um, are you Brianna?"

"I am."

"Cool. My name is Erica. Mistress Acadia sent me."

"Ah yes, Erica. Pleasure to meet you. Today's your lucky day. Not only did Mistress Acadia set aside five grand for you to buy whatever you need, but we're running a twenty percent off sale this week on everything in the store. That means you've got six thousand to spend."

"Sweet," Erica grinned, looking back and to the left at what she swore was a shelf full of dildos. "So, um, what sort of place is this anyways?"

"We sell fetish clothing and toys. Are you looking for anything in particular?"

"I have no idea. Joan...Mistress Acadia said I had to wear a sexy dress to the Underground."

"I see. Well, you can get a whole lot more than one dress for six grand. Feel free to look around and if you have any questions don't hesitate to ask."

"Thanks. Um, are those dildos back there?"

"That they are. We also carry a wide variety of other sex toys you may enjoy if you're interested in that sort of thing. Though, with looks like yours I'm sure you have no difficulties in that department."

“Actually, I’m a virgin. Never even had a boyfriend.”

“Really? And you’re going to the Underground?”

“Honestly, I never heard about it until earlier today when Mistress Acadia sent me a text meant for my mother. And yes, really. I’ve never even touched myself sexually. My mother always told me how bad it was for me, which, I guess is pretty damn ironic considering where’s been going.”

“WOW! Yeah, that’s pretty messed up for her to do that to you, but I have to ask, why have you never tried it anyways? Most women coming from a sexually repressed home go out of their way to experience it in the fullest.”

“Honestly, I have a...condition...that stayed my hand. But that’s no longer the case.”

“So, you no longer have the condition?”

“No, I still have it. It’s genetic and lifelong, but I’m no longer allowing anyone to use it against me.”