

Hidden Pleasures

Faye Valentine

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Hidden Pleasures

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Sitting in the parking lot staring at the tall brick wall leading into the Hidden Pleasures Resort, Dakota gulped back the apprehension for the twentieth time before finally turning the engine off. Putting the keys in her purse on the passenger seat, she looked out all of the mirrors and then pulled her shirt off. Tossing it in the back, her bra was followed by shorts and panties leaving her only in shoes and socks. Giving the parking lot another look, she grabbed her purse, opened the door, stepped out, and then sprinted towards the gates which took their time sliding apart. When there was enough room she quickly squeezed through and came face-to-face with a young, well-built man wearing socks, shoes, a nametag pierced through his left nipple with Heath written across it, and a green leather band around his right bicep.

“Morning, Ma’am. Welcome to the Hidden pleasures Nudist Resort. This your first time?”

“Y-Yes.”

“I know it can be overwhelming, but I can assure you there’s absolutely nothing to be afraid or ashamed of. I’m Heath,” the young man said with a motion towards the gold tag piercing his left nipple. “And you are?”

“D-Dakota.”

“Nice to meet you, Dakota. Have you been assigned a guide?”

“Um, yeah, I believe her name is Willow.”

“Great. If you’d like to follow me I can take you to her straight away.”

“Okay.” Doing her best not to let her eyes linger on the naked men and women enjoying the beautiful summer morning, Dakota’s body flushed hot as she walked through the resort butt naked. “There’s a lot more people here than I thought there would be,” she said absent-mindedly.

“We get quite crowded this time a year,” Heath replied. “First time visiting a nudist resort?”

“Yeah.”

“You obviously don’t have to answer, but do you mind me asking why you decided to visit?”

“I’m trying to break out of my incredibly shy shell and thought I’d jump straight into the deep end. I feel like everyone is staring at me.”

“That’s normal, but if you take a look around you’ll see that isn’t the case. Don’t get me wrong, our guests will look at you in passing but they’re not going to stare. And if they do then you should report them to an employee which you’ll recognize by the green band around their right bicep,” Heath said as he motioned to the one around his upper arm. “Here we are,” he said, pulling a door to the office open. “After you.”

“Thanks.” Waiting just inside the door, Dakota let her eyes nervously drift around the large open room where she saw five women and nine men sitting off to the sides and six women behind standing desks. As promised, she got brief glances of notice and that was it before the patrons turned their attention elsewhere. Following Heath, she was taken to a desk where she was introduced to a beautiful redheaded woman with a green band around her right arm and nametag through her left nipple.

“Willow, this is Dakota. She says you’ve been assigned as her guide.

“Nice to meet you, Dakota.”

“Likewise.”

“Well, I’ll leave you to it then.”

“Thanks, Heath,” Willow replied. “Right, I’ll just need to see your ID to confirm age and identity and then we can proceed from there.”

Fishing her drivers license from her purse, Dakota handed it over and then waited. “Is it true I have to wear a nametag like yours and that you’ll be taking pictures of my naked body as part of the registration process?”

“That’s correct. But it’s not just your name. It’ll also have your age, height, weight and measurements on it.”

“Can I ask why you make your guests get pierced? And what do you do with the pictures?”

“Pictures are used for comparison’s sake should you decide to have any other work done while you’re with us. As for the piercing and nametag, it’s so that others know your age and measurements.”

“Um, why would they need to know that?”

“Everyone has a type. Putting it out there for all to see makes it simple to tell if you fit their image of perfection or not,” Willow answered as she typed on a keyboard.

“Doesn’t that make things confusing? I mean what if a guest is mistaken for an employee?”

“That’s why we wear the armbands.”

“I don’t know a good way to ask this, but, um, why does it matter if I fit someone’s idea of perfection unless I’m putting myself out there to have sex with?”

“That’s exactly why it’s important,” Willow grinned. “Don’t get the wrong idea, there’s no pressure for you to have sex with anyone, but the option is there if you want it. The rules are posted everywhere and you’ll need to read and sign a copy to complete your registration, but simply put, no staring and no rude or lewd remarks towards another. If you’re asked for sex then you are free to accept and enjoy yourself, or politely decline. If you ask for sex and are declined then politely thank them and move on. If you decide to get any other body modifications pictures and video will be taken and added to your profile to prove consent. Everyone here is eighteen years of age or older so if you like being watched you may do it wherever you desire and no fetish is off limit. If you’re the adventurous sort we have five fully stocked dungeons to use as you see fit but know that if you do everything will be live-streamed and posted to our website.”

“So, You use guests as porn stars?”

“Only in the dungeons and you’ll be paid three-thousand dollars flat for every five-hour show you participate in. If you leave before the five hours are up then you forfeit payment. That about covers the rules. Here’s your license back.”

Taking her license and putting it in her purse, Dakota slowly exhaled. “Is it too late to leave?”

“Of course not. But why would you bother paying for a week in advance and then arrive and go through registration only to leave?”

“I’m not going to. Just asking. I honestly didn’t know what sort of place this was. I mean, I knew it was a nudist resort, but I didn’t know it was this, um, open and kinky.”

“It’s only as open and kinky as you want it to be. Remember, no one is ever going to force you to do anything against your will and if they do they’ll be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law. We take consent seriously so report anything that happens to you or that you might see. Oh, there’s one more very important rule. If you ever decide to play the role of resort submissive you’ll not only be paid fifteen thousand dollars, but you’ll also receive a one month stay on us completely free of charge. But to get it you must obey every command issued by

anyone wishing to use you whether you want to do it or not. If you back out before the end of your stay with us you'll be banned for life."

"That's insane!"

"It's definitely not for everyone but I get a distinctive submissive vibe from you so thought I'd mention it. Also, if you accept you'll be required to wear a collar as well as wrist and ankle cuffs so everyone knows you're free for use."

"Um, I think I'll pass on that, but thanks for letting me know."

"Of course. If you'll follow me I'll get your nipple pierced and tagged so you can enjoy the rest of your visit."

"Okay."

"No need to be nervous. I'm not going to lie, Dakota, you're an incredibly beautiful woman and I'm bisexual so after you've been pierced would you like to have sex with me?"

"I... I've never..."

"That's okay. If you're willing to give it a try I'd love to be your first."

"I, um..."

"Please remember that no is always an acceptable answer."

"Do I have to do it if I say yes? I mean, can I stop if I don't like it or do I have to keep going until you're finished?"

"All good questions. You have to try if you say yes, but if you don't like it then you may stop at any time. That being said, the same rules do not apply in the dungeons."

"I'll try."

"Thank you. I'll do my best to make it as pleasurable as possible."

"Thanks. Will we be doing it right here or..."

"We can if you want, but I need to pierce you first."

"Okay."

"Okay to doing it here in front of everyone, or being pierced?" Willow grinned.

"T-To being pierced. I don't think I'm ready to be watched having sex."

"No worries. When I'm finished piercing and tagging you we'll go to your room and go from there."

"Okay."

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Following Willow into a small side room with shelves lined with bottles of ink, alcohol, jewelry, and needles built into walls, an octopus chair to the left, table to the right, and counter and sink dead center on the back wall, Dakota's heart skipped a beat as she prepared herself for her first body modification. "Is it going to hurt?"

"That all depends on your pain threshold. If you're incredibly sensitive it can hurt a bit, but most describe it as a pinch and then it's over. Some even find it quite pleasurable."

"Pleasurable?"

"Absolutely. You ever experience needle play?"

"Um, no. What does that even mean?"

"It's the use of thin needles during sexual play. If you're willing to give it a try I can show you."

"You want to give me more piercings?"

"While the needles will pierce flesh, they're far too small for jewelry and will close up in a few hours. Want to give it a try?"

"I don't... I... um, sure."

“Remember, Dakota, no is an acceptable answer.”

“I’ll give it a try.”

“Cool. I like you.”

“Thanks,” Dakota replied as she nervously chewed her lower lip. “Where are you going to use the needles on me?”

“Only the most pleasurable spots,” Willow said with a wicked grin. “I’m going to ask you to assume what is known as the inspection position. That’s standing back straight, eyes forward, feet spread shoulder width apart, and hands clasped together behind your head. Will you do that for me?”

“Okay.”

“Thanks. That’ll give me unrestricted access to your entire body. That being said, give me a minute to set up and we’ll get started.”

“Okay,” Dakota said, suddenly feeling like a broken record but too nervous to think of anything else to say. A few minutes later, her eyes went to a large cart covered with a box of nitrile gloves, large bottle of rubbing alcohol, clean white cloths, several metal bowls, and far too many needles and pieces of jewelry for a simple nipple piercing. “W-What’s all that for?”

“I figured I’d add a few things in case you wanted more done,” Willow answered as she began putting on a pair of thick black nitrile gloves. “I’m going to start with a bit of needle play and go from there. If at any point you want to add an actual piercing or some other form of modification please let me know.”

“I don’t think I’ll like the look of having one nipple pierced so will you do them both?”

“Of course. I’m going to kiss you now, Dakota.” And with that, Willow leaned in and kissed her nervous client on the lips. At first it was stiff and unreciprocated, but after a few seconds Dakota relaxed and kissed her back. Reaching down, she slowly rubbed the younger woman’s clit before slipping a finger into her womanhood.

“Uuhhnnn!” Dakota moaned in surprise.

“Wow! You’re incredibly tight,” Willow said as she struggled to push past the second knuckle.

“I... I’ve never...”

“Oh my god! Are you a virgin?”

Unable to speak, Dakota nodded as her face flushed so hot she started sweating.

“Nothing to be ashamed of,” Willow said as she pulled her finger out.

“T-The kiss was nice.”

“Thanks.”

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?”

“Yes. You can put your finger back in if you want. I’ll try to relax so it isn’t so hard this time.”

“Your first time should be with someone you like and trust, not a random woman at a fetish resort.”

“Can we have sex without you penetrating me?”

“Of course, but...”

“Then that’s what I want. If... if you want me that is.”

“We’ll go to your room just as soon as we’re finished here,” Willow said as she poured the rubbing alcohol into the bowls. Needles went into one, jewelry into another, and the cloths into a third. Removing one of the soaked cloths, she used it to quickly wipe down Dakota’s entire body from the neck down. Then, she plucked one of the longest, thinnest needles from the

bowl and gently tapped it into the outer side of her left breast. “If it hurts too much just say red and I’ll stop,” she said as she reached the one inch mark. “Are you okay?”

“Y-Yes. It stings, but I’m okay.”

Two inches. Three. More than halfway through Dakota’s breast, Willow gave the red-faced woman a look of concern. “You’re doing great. How does it feel?”

“It hurts like hell, but I can’t stop!”

“Of course you can. Just say red and I’ll pull it out.”

“I... I don’t want you to pull it out. I’ve never been so scared in my life but I want to see if I can make it all the way through. P-Please push the needle through my breast!”

“Fuck, that’s hot! Do you want me to keep going slow or shove it through in one go?”

“D-Do it faster!”

And with that, Willow pushed the needle out the other side of Dakota’s breast. “Not even some masochists can handle that level of pain. I’m impressed. I’ll go a little easier with this one.”

“NO! Do it to the other side! Push all the needles through my breasts!” Dakota said as she grew weak in the knees.

“They’re not all that long.” Fishing a much smaller one from the bowl, Willow knelt and then pushed it into the outer edge of Dakota’s right outer labia, out the other side, into the inner side of her left labia and then fully through before using a piece of cork to blunt the end. Seeing the younger woman’s clit growing more engorged by the second, she repeated the process with a second, third, fourth, and then fifth needle effectively nearly piercing her shut. As the sixth needled passed through Dakota’s outer left labia, the young virgin woman’s entire body trembled and her moans echoed off the walls as she dropped to the floor in orgasm.

“OH MY FUCKING GOD!” Dakota writhed in euphoric bliss. “I’ve never... that was... holy shit!”

“That was fucking hot! Ready for more?”

“Y-Yes please! Sorry, I couldn’t help it.”

“You have nothing to apologize for. Seriously, that was hot as hell. I’ve used needles on a lot of men and women but you’re the first I’ve ever seen orgasm from it.”

“That was the first orgasm I’ve ever had and fucking hell I want another.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

“T-Thank.” Reaching out, Dakota put her left hand on the back of Willow’s head and then pulled her in for her second kiss. “I never imagined pain could feel so good. Please don’t stop hurting me!”

“Are you sure you’re not submissive?”

“I’m a virgin so I guess I don’t really know.”

“Well, let’s find out together,” Willow said as she helped Dakota to her feet. “I can fit maybe four more needles in your vulva. Do you want me to finish there or pierce you elsewhere?”

“Please finish piercing my vulva.”

“Want to do something crazy?”

“Crazier than having my pussy pierced shut?”

“Yeah.”

“Like what?”

“How do you feel about being sewn shut for a bit?”

“Do it!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes! I don’t know why, but that sounds kind of hot!”

“Yes it does. Do you want me to actually pierce you down there, Dakota?”

“Will I be able to have sex?”

“Not for about a month.”

“How long if you sew me shut?”

“Immediately after I remove the thread, or you can wait a few hours for the holes to close.”

“Sew me shut! And skewer my breasts. Turn me into your fucking pincushion!”

“We’re going to have so much fun together!”

“I think so too,” Dakota said as she initiated another kiss. “I really like that.”

“Kissing me?”

“Mmm hmm. It makes me whole body tingle with excitement.”

“Nice! Hopefully you’ll feel the same about everything else we do with and to each other. Go ahead and get back in position and I’ll sew you shut, but only if you call me Mistress.”

“Please sew me shut, Mistress,” Dakota grinned as she once again assumed the inspection position. “And give me some humiliating tattoos.”

“You want to be tattooed?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“How many and where would you like them?”

“Put them on my tits for everyone to see, Mistress.”

“So, you want two humiliating tattoos?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“What would you like them to say?”

“I have no idea, Mistress.”

“No worries. We have sheets of what some would call humiliating and degrading tattoo ideas to choose from. Let me finish sewing you shut and I’ll get them.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

A few minutes later, after going over nearly a dozen sheets of words, Dakota picked out a combination of BREAK ME, PUNISH ME for her right breast and RUIN MY HOLES.

“While I like it, you may not. Those tattoos will put you on display, Dakota. Anyone seeing them is free to abide by them whether you want them to or not. Basically, you’ll be turning yourself into somewhat of a resort slave without the collar and cuffs.”

“You mean anyone can just walk up and punish me or ruin my holes without asking permission?”

“Correct. That’s why very few have that sort of thing around here and those that do almost inevitably wear the collar and cuffs.”

“I don’t understand, Mistress. How can a couple of tattoos turn me into a slave? Will all of these do that?” Dakota asked as she waved the sheets of perverted words and phrases.

“No. Just the ones that are blatant calls to action like punish me and ruin my holes like you want, as well as spank me, bite me, use me, choke me, basically anything with ‘me’ or ‘my’ in it. Getting them means you’re asking for those things to be done to you. At least here at Hidden Pleasures. And those things will be done whether you want it or not. So, are you absolutely sure those are the tattoos you want?”

“I can’t help it, Mistress. Those are the ones that make my clit tingle with all kinds of excitement so, yes, please give me those tattoos and I’ll happily deal with the consequences.”

“Famous last words.”