



DREAM GIRL

Crimson Rose



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After a huge fight with my parents over my choice in partners I sold everything that would not fit in the trunk and back seat of my Ford Escort and hit the road with the promise that as long as they remained close-minded, bigoted assholes I would have nothing more to do with them. I had no destination except for putting so much distance between us they could no longer influence my life. I will not lie and say it was easy as it was far from, and I spent many nights crying myself to sleep in some rundown motel, but the choice had been made and there was no going back.

After more than three weeks on the road, I found myself in some small town in Nevada. Money was running low. I was constantly exhausted from sleeping in crappy motels and my car and just wanted to find a place I could call my own. Unfortunately, I did not have much left in the way of money and no job prospects so I found what I thought was a bed and breakfast on the outskirts of town and that's where my life took a turn for the crazy.

Walking up to a counter where an older, brunette woman wearing a skin-tight red dress busied herself at a computer, I slapped my bank card down and sighed. "I'd like a room for the night please."

"Honey, this isn't a hotel."

"Motel, bed and breakfast, whatever. I just need somewhere to sleep so I can go looking for a job in the morning."

"I'll take it you're new in town," she said now looking me up and down. "Tell you what, I'll give you a bed for the night in exchange for some work. How does that sound?"

"What sort of work?"

"You really have no idea where you are so you?"

"Well, I thought it was a b-n-b, but I was wrong so, no, I have no idea where I am."

“This is Dreamers and...” the door opened and a tall, well-dressed man in his thirties walked in. “I’ll get back to you in a minutes. “Welcome back, Kyle. Unfortunately, I don’t have any girls free at the moment, but...”

“What about her?” Kyle said nodding in my direction.”

“What about me?”

“She doesn’t work here.”

“Don’t let me hold things up. The quicker she’s on the books, the quicker we can have fun.”

“Even if I wanted to, I cannot put her to work without a complete medical examination.”

“Um, what’s going on?” I nervously asked. “What is this place? What sort of work would I have to do? Wait...didn’t you say you’d give me a bed for the night in exchange for some work?”

“Is she for real?” Kyle asked with a raised brow.

“She’s new in town. What’s your name, doll?”

“April.”

“Well, April, as I was saying, this is Dreamers and we’re a brothel. Do I need to explain what sort of work that entails?”

“No.”

“I guess the next logical question is: are you interested in that line of work or are we just wasting time here?”

“I don’t have much money left and no place left to go. As much as I don’t want to do it, I will until I can get on my feet.”

“How old are you April?”

“I’m twenty.”

“And why don’t you have anywhere to go? Are you on drugs? Running from the law? What’s your story?”

“I’ve never done drugs or been in trouble with the law. I’m here because of bigoted, bass-akwards parents that can’t get with the times and accept their daughter was in a relationship with a black woman.”

“Tell you what, I’ll give you a job in a non-sexual capacity until you’ve had a complete medical examination. The pay isn’t great, but you’ll have a place to sleep. Assuming everything comes back clean you can go to work making real money or you can find employment elsewhere, but take it from someone that’s lived in this town all her life, there isn’t much that earn you more than minimum wage outside of the brothel.”

“True story,” Kyle said.

“You obviously make enough to afford a prostitute,” I pointed out.

“I’m also here from Reno where prostitution is still illegal.” Turning back to the woman at the counter, he continued. “Mind if I wait around until one of the girls is free?”

“Of course. Feel free to take a seat anywhere and I’ll let you know just as soon as one is available.” Waiting for him to walk away, she continued. “So, you want the job?”

“What do you mean by non-sexual and how much does it pay?”

“Mostly cleaning the rooms and doing laundry and I’ll pay you fifteen dollars an hour cash.”

It was more money than I ever expected to make and would go a long way to keeping me afloat while I looked for something better. “I’ll take it.”

“Great. Since it’s late I’ll show you to your room so you can settle in for the night and we’ll get you checked out by Doctor Shafer in the morning. You’ll start working after that.”

“Sounds good, Mrs...”

“Madam Rose. Sit tight, Kyle, I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

I put all the blame for what came out of my mouth next on being tired as much as out of control hormones. “If he wants to help me christen my new room I won’t say no. I mean...um...”

“See, you have a free girl after all,” Kyle said as he got to his feet and walked over to me.

“She isn’t on the payroll which means I cannot guarantee she’s clean.”

“I’ve only ever had three partners in my life and I’ve been faithful each time. If I had a disease of any kind I sure as hell wouldn’t agree to work at a place where I would be guaranteed to spread it around.”

“That’s all well and good and I really want to believe you, but I will not be convinced until I see the medical records. To that end, I will not stop you from making a little extra money on the side. And as for you,” she said turning to Kyle “I cannot and will not guarantee she’s clean.”

“I’ll take the chance. Besides, I always wear a condom.”

“Then follow us.”

“Um, Please forgive my ignorance as I’m new to all of this, but how much will I be paid?”

“That all depends on what Kyle wants to do and how long he wants to do it. When you’re actually on the payroll you’ll do daily bookings so you know exactly how many clients you’ll be meeting each day and how much you’ll make.”

“Seeing as how this is her first night I think I’ll book the entire evening,” Kyle said.

“I appreciate that, but I’m really exhausted and don’t want to disappoint. If I can get a shower I might be able to give you two, maybe three hours tops, but no more than that.”

“Three hours it is. And I’ll pay for the works.”

“The works? What are the works?”

“The works means he’s paying to have three hours of no limits sex with you,” Madam Rose explained. “If you accept you’ll be required to do any and everything he wants. It also means that if you refuse you lose all the money you would have made from him.”

“Which is how much exactly?”

“The works pays three thousand per hour and the house takes forty percent meaning you’ll make fifty-four hundred. If you accept, that is.”

“Can you give me an example of what I can expect?”

“I am going to spend the next three hours dominating you,” Kyle replied. “Holes will be filled. Your very sexy behind will be paddled, breasts flogged. There may be hot wax, needles and golden showers involved, but I can neither confirm nor deny that claim until the fun begins.”

“I’m not into any of that, but for five grand I’ll do it with a smile.”

“So you accept?” Madam Rose asked.

“I accept.”

“You need to know that for everyone’s protection this lobby and all of the rooms are wired with cameras. Everything you do in your room will be recorded. While the house stores a copy for as long as you work here plus ten years, you are free to do whatever you want with it. Some girls have made a decent side income selling it on the internet, but you must have the client’s permission to do so.”

“You have my blessing to post whatever we do together,” Kyle said.”

“Thanks, but I’d rather not have the entire world knowing what I just started doing for a living. Besides, I wouldn’t even know where to begin selling it.”

“There are a few girls that can help you with that should you change your mind. Anyways, since you’re going to be her first client I’ll go ahead and collect your money now and your time will start when I leave her room.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

My room – which it turned out will cost me thirty-five dollars a day for as long as I maintained it as my own, was more of a small studio with its own bathroom and full complement of sex toys in a room of their own. After carrying in one of my bags so I had something to change into after my shower, Madam Rose left the room and my first night as a legal prostitute began. To make the best of our time together it was agreed that Kyle would join me in the shower. But first, I had to muster up the courage to strip a man I did not know out of his clothes.

“I really don’t have much experience when it comes to sex with men,” I said. “Of the three partners I’ve had two of them were women and I was only with the guy for about a month.”

“That just makes me want you even more, babe.”

“This is my first night in town and I had no idea what I was going to do so I just wanted to thank you for giving me this chance,” I said as I ran a finger across his chest. Walking behind him, I grabbed his suit jacket and pulled it off. Tossing it on the dresser, I stood in front of him and slowly unbuttoned his light grey shirt while nervously biting my lip. When I was done, I leaned in and kissed with rather well-toned chest. Going lower, I did not stop until I was on my knees. Looking up into his eyes, I unbuckled his belt and then his pants. He kicked his shoes off and I pulled his pants and boxers down. His cock sprang up and hit my chin causing me to giggle. “Good lord!”

“Like what you see, honey?”

“Yes, yes I do. It’s going to give me one hell of a stretching,” I said wrapping my fingers around it, “but I have a feeling it’s going to be a very, very good kind of stretch.” Maintaining eye contact, I slowly started jerking him off as I took him in my mouth. He hit the back of my throat and I held it there all of three seconds before my eyes started watering and I had to move back. “I’m afraid I can’t take it all.”

“Sure you can,” Kyle said, placing a hand on the back of my head. Grinning, he pushed into my mouth and down my throat – not stopping until his trimmed

pubic hair was tickling my nostrils. My eyes went wide and quickly started to water but he did not let up. I ran out of air and still he held my head in place. But finally, when I was nearly purple in the face, he let go and I fell back on my ass. "See, I knew you could do it. Want to give it another try?"

"Mmm hmm."

"You know, we're going to be having a lot of sex so why don't we hold off on the shower until we've had our fun?"

"But I've been on the road all day and I stink. I'd really like to take a shower now and then we can shower again after we're done playing. You can fuck me in the shower if you want."

"Oh, I definitely want," he said holding his right hand down for me to take. "Come on, let me get you out of those clothes and then we can go get dirty. I mean clean. No, dirty," he laughed. "I definitely meant dirty." Pulling me to my feet, he kissed me hard on the lips while unbuttoning my denim shorts. Next, his hands went up under my shirt and bra. After a moment of tweaking my nipples, he pinched them between finger and thumbnail causing me to groan in pleasure. My shirt was pulled up and our kiss was broken only long enough for him to remove it completely. When our lips met again, his tongue slid into my mouth and I gladly met it with my own.

Kyle and I did a slow walk backwards and for a seconds I thought he was going to take me to the bathroom, but that illusion was broken when I fell back on the queen-sized bed. I bounced a few times and then he was between my legs yanking my shorts and panties off. "W-What about the shower?"

"It can wait." Shoving my legs open and back, he went straight for my clit. Biting playfully, he pushed two fingers into my pussy and then sucked them clean. Three fingers went in next and this time he did not pull them all the way out as he continued nibbling my little love button.

"Ooohhhhh god damn! Okay, the shower can wait," I purred. Scooting back on the bed, I rolled onto all fours. Stretch me with that bad boy."

"You're my submissive for the next three hours so call me Master. I'll let that one go, but failing to do so again will get you punished."

“Y-Yes Master.” I liked the way that sounded, but for the moment kept that information to myself. “Please fuck me Master. Or would you prefer I begged for it?” I asked as I playfully shook my ass. He got in position behind me and rubbed the head of his cock against my slit, but when I pushed back to take him he pulled back and slapped my ass with his hand.

“Not so quick there speedy.” WHACK! His hand landed hard on my right ass cheek causing me to jerk forward. He pulled me back by the hips and teased my pussy with his cock. This time, I resisted the urge to take him and was rewarded with his nine inches pushing into me.

“Uuhhhnnn! Yep, I was right, that’s a very nice stretch, Master.” Lowering my head, I spread my legs wider and gave him free rein to fuck me however he wanted. His dick plowed in and out hard and fast – each powerful thrust bringing me that much closer to orgasm. And then I realized the mistake we had made. “Master, please stop.”

“Stop? Honey, we’re just getting started.”

“Please Master. Only for a moment. You’re not wearing a condom and I’m not on birth control.”

“You agreed to the works, babe, and that means sex without limit. No condoms will be worn and now that I know you’re unprotected I’m going to do everything in my power to impregnate you.”

“We’ve only got three hours, Master.”

“Tonight. I’m booking you once a week for an entire day until you’re carrying my baby. How does that sound?”

“I don’t want kids, Master. I’ll get on birth control.”

“You understand I’m talking about booking you for the full twenty-four hours, right? Are you really going to pass up over forty grand a day? Do you know how many women in this line of work would kill to make that kind of money?”

He continued fucking me, but short of the grunts, groans and moans I remained silent as I thought about his offer. He was right. I stood to make a hell of a lot of money and I would be a damn fool to turn it down. But on the other hand, I was

only twenty years old with a full life ahead of me and having children this early in the game was not conducive to my idea of a fun time. It honestly was one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make and unfortunately for him I was making it right in the middle of sex which made me seem far less interested in him than I really was until his hand slapped my ass so hard it brought me yelping back to reality.

“Sorry Master. I was just thinking about your offer.”

“And?”

“I don’t want to waste your time, Master, so I’ll think about it more after you go.”

“I’m booking you at least once a week for the full day with the intent to breed you, April, so you better tell me in the next three hours if you’re going to let me.”

“Yes Master. Can you please slap my ass again?”

“You like being spanked?”

“This is the first time and I really like it, Master. Please slap my ass as hard and as much as you like.”

“Nah, I think I’ll wait until after I’m finished fucking my load into you first and then we’ll see how you like the sting of the cane.”

“That doesn’t sound as pleasant as your hand, Master, but I am here to obey your every desire and if that’s what you want then I’m more than happy to oblige.”

“Spoken like a true submissive. You sure you haven’t been trained already?”

“Not even a little, Master. I mean, I haven’t been trained, that is. But I like what I’m doing so far.”

“Oh honey, I’m just warming your sexy ass up. The real training will begin after...uhn...after I pump you full of jizz!” he grunted as his semen flooded my pussy. Grabbing my hair, he twisted it around his hand, yanked me back and bit my neck hard enough to hurt, but not draw blood.

“Aaaahhhhh!” My head tilted to the right and he bit the left side of my neck and then the same shoulder. Pulling his cock from my pussy, he flipped me over and latched onto my right nipple. Sucking became playful nibbles and then much harder biting. Adjusting my position, I bucked my hips and took him back into my semen-filled pussy. He started thrusting and switched to my left nipple, but did not leave the right alone as he pinched and pulled it. “Fuck me Master!” I purred. Give me another load. BREED ME MASTER! Uhn...uhn...oohhhh god fuck your baby into me!” I said to my own surprise.

“Do you mean that or are you just saying what you think I want to hear?”

“I mean it, Master,” I answered – the admission causing butterflies to swarm my stomach. “Assuming it is okay with Madam Rose, you may book me once a week for an entire day for the purposes of knocking me up.”

“I’m sure she won’t have a problem with it,” he said adding a second load to my pussy.

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After our shower during which Kyle fucked a third load into me, I knelt on the floor with my hands resting on my knees and head slightly bowed as my new Master left me to ponder my decisions while he gathered the toys for whatever he had planned to put me through next. The minutes ticked away and he had still not returned though I could hear him rooting around the toy room to my right. Unfortunately, the adrenaline that had kept me going the last hour was wearing off and I felt exhaustion creeping in. My eye closed and rapidly opened. My head nodded and I jerked it up, looking around as if I had just committed a crime.

“Don’t go falling asleep on me now.”

“Huh? Oh, um, sorry Master. It’s just been a really long day and I’m exhausted. I’m really trying to stay awake, but I don’t think I can make it another two hours. I’ll try harder, but I don’t want to disappoint you by falling asleep while you’re dominating me.”

“I understand.” Holding his hand out for me, he helped me to my feet and then kissed me on the lips. Unlike all the rest, this one was soft and so full of passion it took me by surprise. “Get some rest and we’ll finish our time tomorrow.”

“Thank you Master. I’m so sorry I couldn’t make it.”

“Everyone gets tired. I just want to know one thing before I go. Were you serious about being bred, or were you just shouting stuff mid-orgasm?”

“A little of both, Master, but yes, I seriously want you to breed me. I can’t believe those words came out of my mouth, and I honestly don’t know if I’m ready to have kids, but I’d be a damn fool to pass up the opportunity to get ahead. If you want I’ll go down with you and talk to Madam Rose about it. We can set up a regular date.”

“I’d like that a lot.”

“Then lead the way, Master.” Going downstairs, Kyle and I greeted Madam Rose at the counter. Off to the right two women in lingerie smiled at us and then resumed their conversation.

“Has it been three hours already?” Madam Rose asked as he approached.

“It has not,” Kyle answered. “April has had a very long day and in order to give me her all we’ve agreed to stop and pick up where we left off tomorrow. I’ll be here at seven to take her to dinner and an out of house date. I’ll also be adding another four hours to make sure we have enough time to play before I bring her back. And then we would like to set up a twenty-four hour date. What day works best for you babe?”

“Whatever day works best for you, Master.”

“Friday it is, then. I will pick her up every Friday morning at eight and drop her off at eight on Saturday.”

“You do understand that’s seventy-two grand, right?”

“And she’s worth every penny. You may charge the card I have on file.”

Madam Rose turned to me and looked my naked body over. “You understand he will, for all intents and purposes, own you for that twenty-four hours, right? You will do everything he commands without fail or you’ll not only be fired, but I’ll make sure you never work in another brothel as long as you live.”

“I understand and agree. This is what I want, Madam.”

“Very well. You’ll still need to see Doctor Shafer in the morning and every week for as long as you’re going out of house. Kyle will also be your only client for the same period of time.”

“But I’ll have six other days free, Madam.”

“And I have a reputation to maintain and I can’t do that if one of my girls gives them an STD. Or is forty-three grand a week not enough for you?”

“It’s more than I thought I’d make in a year, but I don’t want to just sit around here doing nothing all week when I could be pleasing other clients.”

“You’ve got a decision to make. Make regular bookings and make five to ten grand a week, or book Kyle. The choice is yours, but understand one thing. While we require all of our clients to follow very strict protocols and can guarantee your safety here at the house, the same cannot be said on outside dates.”

I thought about it all of three seconds before giving my answer. “I’ll book Kyle, Madam.”

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow,” Kyle said, giving me another soft, passion-filled kiss.

Making my way back up to my room, I closed and locked the door, fell into bed and was out as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Kyle was at Dreamers to pick me up at exactly six with the promise to drop me off by one. Yes, that was an hour, but he needed an hour for driving and thankfully Madam Rose allowed it without charging him for the extra time. During dinner we talked and I learned he was thirty-four years old, born and raised in Reno, owned several ranches and was an avid horse rider. He has also been married for the last eleven years to a very open-minded woman with whom he had four kids, hated sea food of all kinds and had been living a bdsm lifestyle since he was my age. For my part I gave him my entire life story including the fight with my parents that brought me to a life of prostitution halfway across the country.

After dinner, we got in his car and hit the road. I knew I was being completely stupid by going with this strange man to parts unknown, but I reasoned away my craziness by reminding myself that his name and information was on record at Dreamers and if I didn't return on time hoped Madam Rose would call the police, or at the very least try to contact me to make sure I'm okay. "Where are we going, Master?"

"I want you to meet my wife and a few friends who are going to gang bang you, April. Is that going to be a problem?"

"As long as they all wear condoms I'm perfectly happy letting them gang bang me, Master."

"Have you already forgotten the part where you let me breed you?"

"You Master. I agreed to let you breed me. I do not know these other men and have no interest in letting them knock me up. Also, I don't know where there dicks have been and don't want to risk getting an STD. If they don't agree to wear condoms then I won't agree to the gang bang. Is that going to be a problem, Master?" I asked, the tone of my voice just serious enough to let him know I may be playing the part of submissive, but that did not mean I would let him walk all over me.

"Nope. No problem at all. You may be the submissive one in this relationship,

but you have all the power. Oh, and I should tell you now that everything we do will be recorded for the protection of everyone involved just as if you were at Dreamers.”

“That’s fine as long as I get a full, unedited copy of it.”

“Absolutely.”

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Kyle and I talked the entire forty-eight minute drive about nothing and everything. With a little more than four hours remaining on the clock, he pulled into a driveway leading to a farmhouse set more than three hundred feet off the road with the nearest neighbor more than quadruple that distance. It was definitely secluded and as he drove towards the house, my mind momentarily went to some very dark places as I wondered if he was taking me to my death. It was a fleeting thought as Madam Rose knew whom I was with, where we were going and when I should be back. Telling myself he would be stupid to do anything, I pushed the images out of mind as he put the car in park.

Getting out first, Kyle walked around and opened the door for me. He then took me by the hand, pulled me close and we kissed until the porch light came on and the front door opened. In the light I saw a naked woman that looked to be five or six months pregnant walk out and in our direction. “Good evening, Master.”

“Good evening, honey. This is April and she’ll be spending a few hours with us this evening and every Friday. April, this is my wife Isabelle.”

“Please, call me Bella,” the woman said.

“Nice to meet you,” I replied. “I would love to get to know you better, but Master is on the clock.”

“I don’t understand, Master.”

“April is a dream girl,” Kyle answered. “Last night was her first night and I’m her only client until she’s carrying my child. And she’d right, we only have a few hours so let’s talk and walk. Are the guys here?”

“Waiting in the barn as instructed, Master.”

“Are you really okay with your husband having sex with and breeding other women?”

“Are you here of your own free will to be bred by my husband?” she asked as we walked towards the left side of the house.”

“I am.”

“Then I’m perfectly happy with it. I’m carrying number five.”

“Congratulations.”

“Thank you. I really wish I were joining you tonight but I’m not permitted in my condition.”

“That’s a shame. I’m bisexual and would love the touch of another woman.”

“You may join, but only to clean her pussy as needed,” Kyle said.”

“Thank you Master.”

“Yes, thank you Master,” I said. “If it’s not too much to ask I would like to return the favor and pleasure your wife when she cleans me.”

“I’ll allow it on two conditions. First, she gets to fist your pussy and asshole before I take you back to Dreamers. And second, you’ll let her give you a small tattoo of a triskelion on your inner wrist to signify your submissiveness.”

I would have rather remained piercing and tattoo free, but at the same time felt it was a small price to pay for the amount I was going to earn from him every week. “Before I give you an answer, Master, I need to know if Bella has experience with piercing and tattoos.”

“I own five shops in Nevada and have worked as an artist for the last eleven years,” Bella replied. “Don’t worry, the work will be done in the clean and mostly sterile location of my home studio after the party.”

“I accept your conditions, Master.”

“Then you have my permission to have sex with each other so long as it doesn’t

interfere with the gang bang.”

“Thank you Master,” Bella and I said in unison.

“You’re not going to need those clothes and I certainly wouldn’t want them to get ruined so why don’t you go ahead and take them off before we go inside,” Kyle suggested. “Bella will take them to the house and you can get them after you’ve been pierced and tattooed.”

“Yes Master.” Knowing I was in for a night of sex, I opted to keep the clothing to the absolute minimum – a coral mini dress with plunging cowl neckline, spaghetti strap halter ties, a curve-hugging bodice and a side tie skirt. I paired it with matching heels and that was it. Handing the garment and shoes over to Bella, I took a deep breath and followed my new Master into the barn.

The large building was one huge toy-filled room with a narrow set of steps leading up to a loft on the right end. By toys I of course mean of the sexual variety, but they went well beyond a few dildos and butt plugs. I recognized some clamps, paddled, canes, gags and a few varieties of sex machines, but the larger pieces of furniture and equipment were foreign to me. And then there were the fifteen very big, very black men who stopped talking and turned in our direction as soon as the door closed behind us.

“Gentlemen,” Kyle called out “This is April and she has agreed to a four hour, no-holes-barred gang bang with one condition. You are to wear condoms at all times. Anyone caught without one will be asked to leave and I’ll have to evaluate our friendship. Is that understood?” Everyone agreed and he continued. “You know the house rules. Abide by them and we’ll all have a wonderful night.”

“House rules, Master?”

“Same as accepting the works at Dreamers,” Kyle answered. “You will do everything these men command as if you were working in house. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

“One more thing,” Kyle continued. “My wife will be joining the party tonight but only to please April. None of you are to lay a hand on her for any reason or

being booted from the party will be the least of your concerns. Since we're on a time limit we'll forego the usual introductions. April, why don't you start by getting on your knees and getting your lovers hard?"

"Yes Master." One boy when I was seventeen. My second at twenty and now sixteen in one night. I knew this new life of mine made me a whore by every definition of the word, but not so deep down it excited the hell out of me as I walked across the barn and dropped to my knees. The first man naked stepped in front of me and in my excitement I almost took him in my mouth but stopped at the last second and looked up into his dark brown eyes as I slowly stroked his growing shaft. "Don't forget the condom."

"Seriously? You want me to wear a condom for a blowjob?"

"There's no risk of them knocking you up from oral," Kyle said.

"Let them all fuck your wife tonight then Master," I countered.

"She's off limits while pregnant."

"Why Master? I mean, there's no risk of her getting knocked up, right? "Look, I want to believe each and every one of you are clean, I really do, but I'm not demanding condoms because I'm afraid you'll knock me up. The fact of the matter is I don't know where your dicks have been and I'm not about to risk getting an STD. I'll jerk you off to get you hard and then I'll put the condoms on before sucking and you fucking me. If you can't live with that then you're free to leave."

A box of condoms landed on the floor to my right. I dumped it out, picked one up and tore it open. My mouth followed my fingers as I rolled it down his big black cock and the rest of the men formed a semi-circle around me. I had only been with two other men before this and I've sucked enough dick to know there was a huge difference in the feeling of one wrapped in latex compared to one without, but I maintained eye contact and gave no indication that I preferred the latter. Reaching up, I took another cock in each hand. As they grew hard, they stepped back to put condoms on as others moved in. Not wanting to give one man exclusive access to my mouth, I turned around on my knees as I put condoms on half a dozen men.

One of the guys got down on the floor and pulled me on top of him. Moaning, I

sank down on his fat black cock. Kyle was big, but this man was bigger still and gave me a nice stretch as I bounced up and down. Another rubbed his condom-covered dick along my asshole and then started to push into my pussy. Leaning back to prevent it going in, I looked at him over my shoulder. “I can’t take two of them at the same time like that.”

“Sure you can. Just relax and don’t fight it. Or did Kyle lie about you being a complete submissive slut?”

I looked over at my Master and he smirked. “He didn’t lie, but I’ve only been with two men in my life and not at the same time. Considering Bella is going to be fisting me at some point in the next four hours I’m fine with you stretching me open, but at least take it slow and build up to it. Unless the point is to hurt and make me miserable in which case this is the first and last time I ever do this.” He teased my pussy with his cock for a few seconds – applying pressure as if to test just how tight I really was, before moving up and going balls deep in my asshole. It was my first double penetration and I liked it. In some weird, twisted way I felt taking two cocks at the same time somehow finally made me a real woman. Grabbing the nearest leg, I pulled a third man over to me and sucked his condom-covered dick down my throat.

My interracial gang bang went on for nearly half an hour before the first man came – his huge load somehow flooding my pussy despite him wearing a condom. Pulling off the big black cock pistoning down my throat I gasped. “What the fuck? You...you came in me!”

“Sorry babe, the condom must’ve broke,” he said as I lifted off his still thrusting pole.

Sure enough he was actually wearing the latex sheath, but the tip had busted wide open and his load was now starting to ooze out of me. The man that was in my ass shoved into my pussy, gave me a dozen or so very hard, rapid thrusts and his semen too was deposited deep. “WHAT IN THE ACTUAL FUCK!?” I screeched. Rolling off the men, I looking down to see even more thick white baby-making cream oozing out of me. No sooner were they spread then Bella crawled on top and started licking me clean while using fingers to scoop out what was in too deep for her tongue to reach. I had words to say, but they were cut off by her pushing back and rubbing her pussy on my mouth. Spreading her open, I licked.

“You’re already taking four fingers,” Bella said as she fucked them in and out of me – her thumb gliding over my clit with each thrust. “How does it feel? They’re going in nice and easy. You ready for more, babe?”

“Mmmm...it feels good, but I’m not ready to be fisted yet.”

“You sure?” she asked.

I felt her thumb tucking into palm and her hand scrunch into a tight cone. She pushed to the knuckles, maintained the pressure, but went no further. “Please don’t.”

“You understand you agreed to let me fist you, right? And speaking with more than a decade of experience you’re ready.”

“But I’ve never taken anything that big before.”

“Except Jordan’s big black cock. He’s as thick as a coke can and my hand isn’t much wider. Trust me, relax and it’ll slide right in.”

“I don’t want it to hurt,” I pleaded.

“It won’t if you relax.”

I let every muscle in my body relax and her hand slipped in to the wrist.

“Ooohhhh my god!” She pulled her hand out, licked the semen off and pushed it back in. Adding a twisting motion her knuckles hit my g-spot and even the slightest movements felt like I was being rammed by a freight train. Gushing like a broken water main, I dug my fingernails into her thighs and shoved my tongue into her pussy.

“You can now easily take two cocks in your pussy at the same time so no more denying it,” Kyle said.

“Y-Yes Master,” I purred as his wife’s hand continued slamming in and out.

Bella and I licked, fingered, sucked and fisted each other for about fifteen minutes before our Master made us stop. Sweating, I knelt and looked up at the large group of men surrounding me. “I hope one of those men didn’t knock me up, Master.”

“You have a problem with a black man impregnating you?”

“No Master, but I agreed to have your baby, not theirs. I can’t believe two damn condoms broke like that.”

“It can happen. Show us how well you can do double vaginal now.”

“Yes Master.”

I got on top of a man and took him in my pussy. Another got behind me and pushed in alongside him. It was a very tight fit, but he went in. They fucked me for a while and then as before I was filled with two more loads of jizz. “OKAY, this is bullshit!” I exclaimed. “There’s no way on hell four condoms are going to break from the same damn box.” Rolling off them, I reached for one of the unopened condoms but two more men took me and several minutes later added loads five and six. “STOP!” Getting off the men, I got to my feet and used my

right hand to wipe away the semen dripping from my pussy. “I may be inexperienced having sex with men, but I’m not a complete idiot. There’s no way in hell every damn condom is going to break like that.”

Bending down, another black man took me from behind as I picked an unwrapped condom up. I tried to pull off of him but he held me tight by the hips. A second pushed into my open mouth and the small foil package dropped from my fingers to the floor. Out of the corner of my left eye I saw Kyle smirking as he approached with flogger in hand. “You’ve already taken six loads. You might as well take eight more,” he said, swinging the thin leather tails up against my swinging breasts.

“Uuhhnnn!” I yelped more in surprise than pain. That’s not to say the swat did not hurt, but there was far more pleasure than discomfort. “I told you I didn’t want them knocking me up, Master. You told me you would make them wear condoms.”

“And they are.”

“And they’re all breaking, Master.”

THWAP! The flogger struck my breasts again.

“I can’t help the thin latex can’t stand up to the thickness of their cocks.”

THWAP! This one landed hard across my upper back. And the man plowing my pussy increased his pace. The man in front of me tried pushing back into my mouth, but I turned my head so that I could keep talking. WHACK! This swat bit painfully into my breasts causing me to jerk upward.

“You set me up, Master!” I yelped. “You bought the wrong size condoms or you did something to make them break.”

“You opened the new box and put them on yourself.” Whack! This time I watched as the flogger swung through the air and slapped against my breasts. “You’ve already let six of them breed you, April, it is only fair you allow the rest. Go on, tell them you no longer want them to wear condoms. Tell us you want to be used as a breeding cow.”

Bella walked over and gently caressed my cheek. Moving her hand to the back

of my neck, she pulled me to her right nipple. I latched on and no sooner had I started sucking then my mouth was filled with sweet, warm milk. I should not have been surprised given she had four kids and was pregnant with a fifth, but this was the first time I had tasted breast milk and the surprise came from how much I liked it.

“Imagine the pleasure of quenching the thirst of so many men and women at work. You’ll be everyone’s dream girl for sure. Go on, tell us what you want.”

THWAP! The flogger came up against my breasts but I did not stop drinking Bella’s milk.

CRACK!

“I said tell us what you want, slut.”

“I want you all to breed me!” I shouted. “There, you happy now, Master? I want you to command me to let these men impregnate me. I want you to pass me around like a fucking cumdumpster. Take the condoms off. Fuck me bareback and fill me with your jizz.”

“You heard her men. Take the condoms off and breed her like a bitch in heat,” Kyle commanded. “And you’ll breed her once a week until she’s carrying one of your babies. That’s what you want, right?” he asked me.

I thought about it a moment. I had agreed to let Kyle breed me for large sums of money so I was obviously into that sort of thing. Who was I to argue if he wanted to use the money to breed me to other men? “Yes Master. I want to be bred like a bitch in heat. I give you and all of these men permission to fuck me without condoms for as long as it takes to knock me up.” Looking around the room, I bit hard into my lower lip when my eyes fell on a large dog cage. Suddenly feeling the part of the bitch, I continued talking. “Lock me in that cage. Keep me here as your personal fucktoy. Use me to fulfill your every perverted fantasy until you’re tired of breeding me.”

“Be careful what you ask for,” Bella replied. “You’re begging these men to make you their sex slave and take it from someone with experience, that’s not something you want to enter into lightly. Enjoy the gang bang and get some experience as a submissive first and if you still feel the same in a year or three Master will gladly sit down and talk to you about it.” Kneeling, she flicked my

clit with the tip of her tongue as the black man continued fucking me.

“So, you want to be a sex slave, huh?” Kyle asked, bringing the flogger down on my upper back.

“I misspoke, Master.”

“Good answer. But I do like the thought of you being locked in the cage so that’s how you’ll sleep every Friday night.”

“Yes Master.”

“And to reinforce the notion that you’re a bitch in heat you’ll be dressed in full puppy gear.”

“Yes Master.” Parting my lips, I took him in my mouth. Looking into his eyes, I took him deeper and deeper until I was sucking him to the hilt. Holding it for much longer than I thought possible, I waited until on the verge of throwing up before pulling back to catch my breath. “I really am okay with all of these men breeding me if that’s how you wish to use our time together, Master.”

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As far as gang bangs go, I thought my first went rather well with the thrill of being taken by three men at a time was broken up by Bella’s fist and tongue. As promised, she fisted my ass and then both holes at the same time, but did not stop there. Determined to stretch me open as much as humanly possible, she added more to my pussy one finger at a time until I was taking nearly taking both hands at the same time. Thankfully, however, I was spared by time running out.

When the last of the men were gone I followed Kyle and Bella into the house. I pictured country, but it was definitely contemporary with glass top tables and furniture in neutral earthy tones. Three of the living room walls were light tan while the fourth was much darker and decorated with family photos. “You have a beautiful home, Master.”

“Thank you, but you can give all the credit to Bella.”

“You’re too kind, Master.”

“And you’re too modest. So tell me, April, how did you enjoy your first gang bang?”

“I loved it Master.”

“Don’t tell me what you think I want to hear. I want the truth, April.”

“That is the truth, Master. Yes, I was upset when the condoms broke and the men came in me, but then I got to thinking about agreeing to let you breed me and decided it really didn’t make a difference who did the deed. “I still think you or one of them did something to the condoms, but I have no way of proving it.”

“You have my word I would never...” Master started to say until his wife cut in.

“Actually, I may have tampered with them, Master,” Bella said. “I’m so sorry, but when Master told me you were going to let him breed you I thought it would be fun to use a pin to poke holes in the wrappers. That’s why they all broke at the tip.”

“You did what?” Kyle said, barely able to hold back his anger.

“I’m so sorry Master. But she’s okay with it so what’s the big deal?”

“The big deal is I gave her my word the men would wear condoms.”

“And that’s exactly what they did until she told them to stop, Master.”

“You stepped way over the line tonight, Bella, and you will be disciplined accordingly.” Turning to me, Kyle’s demeanor completely changed. “You have my sincerest apologies April. Had I known what my wife had in mind I would have prevented it. That being said, since you are the one she wronged I’ll allow you to decide what disciplinary actions she will face.”

“She’s right Master,” I replied. “Even though she tampered with the condoms I liked the men cumming in me so I don’t feel she deserves to be punished.”

“Answer me honestly, would you be okay with all those men breeding you had none of the condoms broke?”

I thought about it for a long time, weighing all my options before giving an

answer. On the one hand I did only agree to let him breed me and I was honestly okay with that, but on the other hand, after the initial shock wore off I honestly did like them flooding my pussy. But would I have felt the same way had none of the condoms broke? No matter how I looked at it I came back to the same answer. “I don’t know Master. I mean, it happened and I liked it so it’s pretty kind of hard being unbiased.”

“Be that as it may, by tampering with the condoms she forced you to do something you were not comfortable with and for that she needs to be disciplined.”

“With all due respect, no one forced me to do anything Master. I could have gotten up and left the first time it happened but I didn’t. I was upset but I chose to stay and I chose to let them breed me. You said I could decide her punishment and I’ve decided she doesn’t deserve any at all.”

“Very well.”

“Thank you so much,” Bella sighed in relief.

“Actually, I changed my mind,” I said as I stared at Bella’s milk-filled breasts and hard nipples. “I want to see you pierce your own nipples.”

“You’ve already decided on no punishment. There’s no changing your mind after the fact,” Kyle said.

“Thank you Master, but it’s a small price to pay for what I did. If you’ll follow me to the basement I’ll do your piercings and tattoo and then you can watch as I pierce my own.”

Four months later...

Four months after arriving in Spring Creek – the small Nevada town I now called home, I was pregnant with my first child, outright bought my first house and had more than four-hundred grand in the bank and it was all thanks to Master Kyle. I thought about quitting my job at Dreamers now that I could afford to pay for college, but I liked playing to my Master's fantasies and figured I could do both at the same time. With the fall semester half over, however, I had to wait until the spring to attend, but applied early to get it out of the way.

Funny how opinions change when something most people see as disgusting and degrading is made legal. That is not to say everyone in Spring Creek liked the idea of prostitution or having a brothel in their back yards, but most of the citizens shrugged it off as nothing special. Once I settled into my new home I started making friends.

The first were my neighbors Emily and Derrick Morgan, she a Dream Girl like myself while he owned the Four Suits – a bar with a distinctly Vegas theme including a sign comprised of a heart, spade, club and diamond. My neighbor on the other side was a seventy-nine year old pervert of a man named Simon whom I refused as a client on the grounds he wanted me to service his four-legged friends. I reported him to the police, but since he was still living in the house with his animals.

I learned through Emily and Derrick he was harmless save for his taboo perversion and had propositioned every woman in town over the age of eighteen including those not working at the brothel and confessed more than a few took him up on the offer if only because of the money he was willing to pay – something I no longer needed to concern myself with thanks to my Master's generosity. To protect the identities of those that had done it she refused to name names, but did say she was not one of them.

We both agreed he was a creep, but just a few days later I saw her coming from

his property clothes disheveled and face beet red. She refused to talk or even make eye contact, but I learned from overhearing the argument with her husband when I went over to ask what was going on that she was Simon's latest conquest. Not that she came out and confessed it to me, but the shouting was pretty loud and I heard them through the front door. After hearing how she willingly consented to the lewd act I quietly walked away and made a mental note to never bring it up.

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It was Saturday, my day off after spending twenty-four hours being Kyle's submissive. I was relaxing in the back yard when I heard someone walking across the lawn in my direction. There were only two other people who had a copy of the gate key so it was either Master, Bella or someone breaking. Looking up, I saw Master and he was carrying a black duffel bag. "Hello Master. What brings you by today?"

"I know you're exhausted after yesterday, but I would like to take you for a walk."

"A walk, Master?"

"Through town to let people know who you belong to."

"I'm not a piece of furniture, Master. I don't belong to anyone."

"Poor choice of words on my part, but you are my pet and pets need to be walked from time to time."

"No offence Master, but this is my day off and I really need to have it completely free from work and training. If you would like to schedule me in during the week you know where I'll be."

"You do understand that being my submissive requires you to do as you're told, right?"

"And you understand I'm only your submissive because you pay me, right, Master?" I said as I sat back in a kneeling position with hands on knees. "Don't get me wrong, I love serving you and playing with Bella, but I need time to unwind and recuperate and Saturdays are off limits to everyone including you,

Master.”

“Well, seeing as how you’re knocked up I suppose I’ll have to re-evaluate our weekly sessions.”

“So you’re going to stop breeding and training me because I won’t play on my day off?” I said with raised brow.”

“I pay you a lot of money,” he said, his voice on the edge of a growl. “Money that had paid for this very nice home you now own I might add.”

“Money I earned by allowing you and fifteen black men to impregnate and train me as a submissive, Master. Look, I’m not going to argue. I told you I’m off limits today. If you can’t accept that then you are free to look elsewhere for someone willing to do what I have to please you. If that’ll be all I would like to be alone now.”

“I’ll pay double the normal rate.”

“I said no, Master. If you’re going to keep asking I’ll insist you return your keys.” He stood there a moment and then to my surprise took out his keys, removed one from the ring and dropped it on the ground in front of me.

“Master?”

“If you are not going to do as you’re told then you’re no submissive of mine. Find yourself another sugar daddy to mooch off of.”

“Sugar daddy? Are you kidding me? I’ve worked my ass off, literally, to please your every desire and I refuse you after spending twenty-four hours being your obedient submissive and this is how you act? Fine. I’m having the locks changed so don’t bother returning Bella’s key. Now please leave.” He glared at me and for a moment I thought he was going to strike me, but he turned and walked away. As his car peeling down the road I started to cry. Not for the loss of money as I had enough to live in for quite some time and now that he was no longer my only bookable client I could pick up others to keep the flow coming in, but for the shame and humiliation of letting him manipulate and control me for so long.

Picking the key up off the ground, I looked at it. My anger quickly boiled over and I threw it as hard as I could. My phone rang and I nearly tossed it away as well, but decided to see whom it was first. Letting it ring two more times, I

answered. "Hello Madam Rose."

"Hey April, I just got a call from Kyle saying he's ending all future bookings with you. Would you like to give your side of the story?"

"He demanded I work on my day off and got pissed when I told him no. He insisted and even offered to pay me double the rate, but after spending twenty-four hours submitting to sixteen men I need the day to myself. Do I need to start looking for another job, Madam?"

"Of course not. Clients come and go, April, I just need to make sure it's not because of something one of my girls did."

"What was his side of the story, Madam?"

"He simply said things were no longer working out between you and would be looking for another."

"I'll need to start booking other clients. When can I do that, Madam?"

"Whenever you like, but to be completely honest we get the most new clients on Fridays and Saturdays so you can come in tonight or wait until Monday to pick up whatever you can until next weekend."

"If I came in tonight would I have to work tonight, Madam?"

"Not necessarily. Kyle was something of a fluke. Normally, you would meet with the clients and only book those you feel comfortable working with."

"What do I do during these meetings, Madam?"

"Talk."

"That's it?"

"That's it. For the protection of everyone involved, all client interviews take place in house. So, can I expect you to be here tonight or would you rather wait?"

"As much as I would like to pick up a few more clients I think I'll wait until next

Friday if that's okay."

"Absolutely. And since you don't have any bookings there's no need for you to come in until then."

"Sounds like a vacation to me, Madam. See you in a week."

"See you in a week. And April, take care of yourself."

"Thanks Madam." Feeling better, I hung up and went inside. Tossing the beach towel in the hamper, I went to the basement and opened the door leading to my personal dungeon. Walking over to a shelf, I picked up two huge black dildo and attached them to a sex machine. Rolling it over to a padded bench, I lubed the toys, grabbed the remote from the side of the machine and bent over. Pushing back until the heads of the dildos popped into my pussy and ass, I turned the machine on. The toys pushed deeper and I purred, content in the knowledge that I had found my true calling.