



THE HAVEN
Crimson Rose



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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Vagrant Alley as the citizens called it was where most of Pleasantview's growing homeless population lived in ramshackled shelters cobbled together from the refuse of the more fortunate. Policed by themselves, the rules were simple. Treat everyone with the respect all men and women deserved. Do not steal from your fellow transient. Welcome newcomers with open arms and teach them how to make the best out of what little they have. These three simple things have made what is arguably the worst part of the city the safest.

The Haven is the city's answer to its ever-growing homeless population. Shelter. Food Bank. Free clinic. Temporary job agency. It performs all of these functions and more. And it has done so with dignity, respect and open arms of the place its founder Sebastian Finley once called home until a lucky lottery ticket saw him go from penniless to worth more than half a billion dollars. Most people would have taken their winning and ran, but Sebastian, true to himself and the place he came from opened and personally funded The Haven for nearly a decade before donations and grants reached the point of self-sufficiency.

Twice a day more than a dozen employees drove around the city delivering hot meals and offering beds, jobs and free medical attention to the less-fortunate. All were happy to put food in their bellies and many took them up on offers of free medical care but few were willing to take jobs or to bunk with strangers in an economy gripped by a pandemic. Few, but not all.

Melissa Hayes was just twenty years old. Leaving home at eighteen, she blew through her savings traveling the country without a care in the world. Three months later, down to her last fifty dollars she found herself in Pleasantview with barely enough to gas up her car and spend the night in a cheap motel. What she did not realize was the seedy place in the middle of nowhere was commonly used by prostitutes who did not take kindly on her waltzing in as if she owned the place. Several threatening conversations and eight clients later she was one of them. Taken under the wing of Madam Vivienne, she spent the next year selling her body for absurd amounts of money only to barely see enough to keep her fed and housed in one of the motel's dingy rooms. Stuck in a perpetual cycle, she only managed to break away when Madam Vivienne was arrested and finally

put in prison where she belonged.

Now living in a hovel constructed of four pallets with cardboard and a mishmash of carpet squares for a floor, walls made from discarded plywood and two by fours and a roof of corrugated fiberglass sheeting, she had one of the larger and well-made places in Vagrant Alley but she longed for something larger and with electricity and running water so when the van pulled up looking for young attractive women to fill several positions she was immediately hesitant and excited.

Pushing her way through the crowd of about fifty mostly older men, she stood next to her best friend in the world – a petite, gorgeous redhead named Phoebe, whom she met during her year whoring for Madam Vivienne. “Did they say what positions need filled?” Melissa asked.

“Not yet but the way that guy keeps eyeing me I think I might be in this time.”

“God, I hope so. Let’s hope they pick us both.”

“Both or neither,” Phoebe smiled.

“Both or neither,” Melissa repeated. “And if they don’t take us I have a surprise I think you’ll like.”

“Oh?”

“You’ll see if they don’t pick...”

“You two,” a portly, balding man in his forties called out. “No, not you grandma, the brunette and redhead behind you. What are your names, ladies?”

“I-I’m Melissa and this is my best friend Phoebe. And we both go together or we don’t go at all. Speaking of which, what positions need filled exactly?”

“You’re homeless and penniless and an employer is offering a good job and a warm place to stay until you get back on your feet. Does the type of job really matter?”

“As a matter of fact it does,” Phoebe answered. “We were forced into prostitution once and we won’t ever be doing that again.”

“I can assure you the employer is a legitimate businessman whose only passion is helping those less fortunate than himself. If you want steady work and a place to live then hop in. Otherwise I’ll have to move on.”

“Both of us?”

“We’re looking for six and you’re the first two to fit the bill so, yeah, you can both hop in,” the man replied.

Red flags were popping up all over the place, but the prospects of never having to worry where the next meal came from or if someone was going to rob you blind or worse, both young women ignored them and hopped into the long white van. No sooner were they seated then a slim older woman dressed in a navy blue skirt suit approached with bottles of water and pre-made turkey and swiss sandwiches. “It’s not much, but at least it’ll fill your bellies until we’re finished with our rounds,” she said as she offered them to the two new passengers.

“You kidding me?” Melissa said as she took the bottle and plastic wrapped sandwich. “This is the first meal I’ve had this week that I didn’t have to beg or go dumpster diving for. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.”

“So, um, can you tell us more about this employer and what exactly it is he’ll want us to do?” Phoebe asked.

“His name is Tristin Ortega and for lack of a better description you’ll be his new live-in maids for a period of three years.”

“And after that?”

“After that you’ll have everything you’ll for a fresh start at life. I am not permitted to go into the details of how much you’ll be making or your exact duties but I can say you won’t find a better job anywhere in the city. Especially right now.”

“So, we’ll be cleaning some rich dude’s house? That’s it?” Melissa asked with unmitigated suspicion.

“Like I said, I can’t go into the details of your exact duties as we were not made

aware of them. Only that he's looking for half a dozen pretty young women to be his maids."

"Why pretty and young?" Phoebe asked, her suspicion also piqued.

"Well, to put it bluntly, and these are his words, not mine: 'If I'm going to look at people cleaning my house all day then I damn well want them to be young and attractive.' End quote. Put yourself in his position. If you were going to hire someone to clean your house would you want someone young, fit and attractive such as yourselves, or old and overweight?"

"As long as they did a good job I wouldn't care what they looked like," Melissa answered.

"Fair enough, but Mr. Ortega cares very much what his staff looks like so if you find that offensive then you should say so now."

"I'm not complaining. I'm just curious why he's looking for they type of woman he's looking for is all."

"Um, if you're looking for young and attractive women in desperate need of work you might want to try over on twenty-third," Phoebe said, referring to an area of town known for prostitution."

"Mr. Ortega does not want prostitutes," the man in the passenger seat called back.

"What about former prostitutes?" Melissa asked. "Because we were both forced into that lifestyle and have only recently gotten out of it."

"So you mentioned before. As long as you're no longer selling yourself and are clean you'll have no problem."

"But if you're still selling yourself and clean and just looking to get out then fuck you?" Melissa huffed.

"I'm sorry, but I don't make the rules. The last thing Mr. Ortega wants are a bunch of angry pimps knocking on his door or threatening his life."

"Whatever." Her mood suddenly dour, Melissa scarfed down the rest of her

sandwich along with half the bottle of water and then crossed her arms and sulked as the van spent the next two hours driving around looking for more young and attractive homeless women willing to work. Finding no one else, they called it a night and drove back to The Haven. “Um, this isn’t some rich dude’s house,” Melissa pointed out the obvious.

“No, it’s not. Before you move into his house Mr. Ortega has asked that we make sure you’re clean and not a wanted criminal so we’ll spend the next couple of days doing extensive background and medical checks,” Livia – the well-dressed woman who had kept them company during the long drive explained. “To minimize your contact with others and the risk of contracting the coronavirus you’ll be placed in one of our private rooms for the duration of your stay. Meals will be brought to you and doctors will examine you there as well.”

“You have private rooms in a homeless shelter?” Melissa asked, those red flags now flying higher than ever.

“We do. Normally they’re reserved for those going through detox and pose a danger to themselves or others but one will serve as your room for the next few days. On the bright side, it’ll have its own private bathroom so you won’t have to wait to shower or use the toilet.”

The van pulled into the parking garage and the driver turned the ignition off. Once everyone was out he set the alarm and they all filed into the basement entrance of The Haven. While the two men walked straight down the long corridor towards the elevators, Livia guided Melissa and Phoebe down another to the right. Using a key, she unlocked the heavy metal doors and ushered them further in.

“Why do I get the feeling we’re being led to a prison cell?” Melissa asked as the doors slammed shut behind them with sickening finality.

“The doors are solid metal and locked at all times to prevent break-ins and the mentally unstable from getting out and causing undo harm to themselves and others,” Livia explained. “Just so you know, for reasons already stated your room will also remain locked at all times.”

“So it is a prison.”

“Absolutely not. Unlike a prison you’re free to leave whenever you like. Just

don't expect our help in the future should you walk away from the opportunity we're offering." Stopping on front of a metal door with the number eleven painted on its thick tempered glass window, Livia used another key and then pulled it open. "After you ladies."

"Actually, if you don't mind I'd like you to enter first," Melissa said. Livia gave her a polite smile and then walked deep into the room. Melissa and Phoebe followed leaving the door wide open in case they needed to make a quick escape. Eyes darting around wildly, she took in the generic abstract art hanging on walls painted light grey and cheap yet functional modern furniture.

"This is one of three full suites used for long term care," Livia explained. "This is the living room and as you can see it's fully furnished. Down the hall behind me you'll find the bathroom on the left and the bedroom on the right. Since all meals are provided there's no need for a kitchen. The phone hanging on the wall to the left of the door may only be used for emergencies. Press one for the front desk, and nine for nine-one-one directly. The rest of the numbers have been disabled. If for some reason the phone isn't working or you need to leave immediately you may pull the alarm to the right of the door and it will unlock. But since that will trigger the alarm for the entire shelter please only use it as a last resort. Any questions?"

"Um, does the bedroom have one bed or two?" Phoebe asked.

"Just one right now but another will be brought down as soon as I go up and ask maintenance to do so."

"Are meals served whenever we're hungry or at set times?" Melissa asked.

"At set times. Breakfast is served from six to eight, lunch from noon to two and dinner from six to eight."

"You mean we have a limited time to eat?"

"No. Because we're at nearly full capacity it takes longer to prepare and serve meals. The times mentioned are when you can expect to eat but that's about as precise as I can give."

"And if we miss a meal?"

“If it’s not too long past the cutoff call the front desk and if there’s anything remaining it’ll be brought down to you.”

“You said we’d be seeing doctors. When?” Phoebe asked.”

“You’ll spend most of tomorrow morning filling out paperwork and once that’s done Doctor Haiden Underwood will see you. And don’t worry, she’s a woman.”

“Good to know. Can we see the rest of the place now?” Melissa asked.

“You may. I’ll leave you to it. Expect a visit from maintenance in the next hour.”

“Thank you,” Phoebe replied. “Um, before you go, seeing as how we’ll be staying here for several days will it be possible to get something else to wear?”

“Of course. Doctor Underwood will take your measurements tomorrow and you’ll have a few new outfits by the end of the day.”

“Thank you. Um, seeing as how it’s late and we’ve slept together many times in the past for warmth do you think we can get that extra bed in the morning?”

“Sure. I’ll have it scheduled for delivery after breakfast. I’ll also have something brought down so you don’t have to wear the same dirty clothes after showering.”

“Thanks,” Melissa said, her initial fears mostly alieved. After seeing Livia out, she tore her clothes off and ran to the bathroom for her first hot shower in days. She stopped at the doorway and looked back towards the living room. “You want to join me?”

“I thought you’d never ask.” Grinning ear to ear, Phoebe joined her best friend for their first shared shower since their days as prostitutes.

Breakfast arrived at seven-thirty. The second bed by eight. At a quarter after Melissa and Phoebe were joined by a stern looking woman in her late fifties named Sarah who spent the entirety of their two and a half hours together looking at them as if they were the scum of the earth even as she smiled. Thankful to finally be rid of her, the friends enjoyed a lunch of handmade pepperoni pizza. At one their door opened and they were greeted by a lithe brunette woman wearing a white lab coat over a grey skirt suit who introduced herself as Doctor Haiden Underwood.

“It is a pleasure meeting the two of you but I have several more appointments today so if you don’t mind I’d like to get right down to it. We can start with you standing on opposite sides of the living room and then stripping naked.”

“Excuse me?” Phoebe gasped.

“Your potential employer was very specific with what he was looking for and someone addicted to drugs is not amongst them so please take your clothes off so that I may look for needle marks.” Opening her bag, she pulled out stacks of forms and clipboards. “I’ll start with Melissa and you may start filling out the paperwork. We’re going to be very thorough so please be honest or you’ll just waste everyone’s time and end up right back on the streets. As for you,” she said turning her attention to Melissa “you’ll take you clothes off and stand with your legs spread and arms out to the side. Full disclosure, I’m going to be putting my hands all over and inside your body so prepare yourself accordingly.”

Seeing this as just one of the many necessary evils of transitioning from homeless to gainfully employed, Melissa stripped out of her new dress, panties and heels and stood with legs spread and arms out at her sides as instructed. After putting on a pair of latex gloves and her glasses Doctor Underwood began her examination by staring hard into Melissa’s green eyes. She then proceeded to examine every millimeter of her body starting at the top of her head and ending between her toes. When she was satisfied there were no needle marks, she then asked Melissa to bend over and grab her ankles.

“W-Why do you want me to bend over and grab my ankles?” Melissa asked.”

“You were told this was going to be a very thorough examination, right? That includes a cavity search so please bend over and grab your ankles.”

Doctor Underwood’s words suddenly making sense, Melissa’s eyes went wide as she wondered how literal they were. “Um, so when you said you were going to put your hands all over and inside our bodies...”

“Best to just relax and not think too much into it,” Doctor Underwood replied as she squeezed a fair amount of lube into the palm of her right hand.

“Okay. But seriously, what exactly did you...uuhhnnn,” Melissa purred as her asshole was stretched to accommodate three of the doctor’s fingers. “Oh god!”

“To put it in terms a prostitute would understand I’m going to work my hand up your ass and use you like a puppet. Now, there’s no need for you to suffer so relax and let it happen.”

“Y-You can’t be serious!” Phoebe gasped as she watched the doctor adding more lube to her thrusting fingers. “You can’t fist us! What the hell kind of doctor are you?”

“The kind that has very specific instructions. Now, you can accept that this is going to happen and make the best of an otherwise humiliating examination, or you can go back to living on the streets. Your choice.”

“J-Just...uhn...please just get it over with,” Melissa grunted as a fourth finger was added.

“You’re doing great to be taking four fingers already but I can tell you’re nowhere near ready for my entire hand so why don’t you go ahead and make yourself comfortable by getting on all fours?”

“W-W-Why do you need to fist us?” Melissa asked as she dropped to her knees with the doctor’s fingers still buried deep. “What does this have to do with being a maid?”

“I guess that all depends on what sort of maid you’re hired to be. Or maybe I’m just a perverted doctor that enjoys humiliating her patients. Either way I’m not

leaving until I'm wrist deep in both of your pussies and asses."

"I thought you were in a hurry to see other patients," Phoebe said as she alternated between filling out paperwork and watching her best friend being fingered by The Haven's resident doctor.

"I am so let's hope you're easily stretched."

"I spent a year as a prostitute, Phoebe was one for nearly three. I've had sex with more than a thousand men and three hundred women," Melissa said as she spread her legs and arched her back. "We've fisted each other many times so if you're in a hurry then put your damn hands in me and get it over with. Go on, just tuck your thumb and push your hand up my ass."

"All I can say is this better be the best fucking job on the planet," Phoebe said, shaking her head as she turned her attention back to the mountain of paperwork.

Tired of waiting for the inevitable to happen, Melissa reached back, squeezed Doctor Underwood's hand into a cone and then pushed back on it. Though it had been months since the last time she had been fisted her sphincter stretched as easily as if she had done it the day before. The hand slipped in to the wrist and then three inches deeper. "UHN! Now put your other hand in my pussy and double fist me, Doc. And Haiden, may I call you Haiden? I hope you can take the same because while I may have spent the last two years living on the streets I'm not stupid. This is highly unethical and I'm more that certain you'll lose your medical license once word gets out that you're fisting your patients whether they want it or not."

"Who do you think they'll believe? A homeless woman looking to make a quick buck smearing a good doctor's name, or a well-respected physician with a clean record? That being said, I love being fisted and I'll gladly drop by and let you both stretch me open when I'm not so busy."

"Actually, I think you'll let me fist you right now," Phoebe said, dropping the clipboard on the coffee table. "Or I'll just go ahead and dial nine on the phone."

"I said I'll come back when..."

"You're breaking I don't know how many laws right now so take your clothes off and let me fist you or so help me I'll ruin your fucking life."

“I’m pretty confident there are no laws against fisting,” Doctor Underwood replied. “As for fisting my patients, I’ve never done anything of the like.”

“Um, you’re fisting me right now,” Melissa moaned as the hands continued thrusting in and out of her.

“You’re technically not my patient. Well, at least not until you’ve filled out the paperwork. Until then you’re just another sexy young woman willing to have a good time. Now, if you’re finished tossing around idle threats that paperwork isn’t going to fill itself out.”

“Well, seeing as how we’re not your patients until we fill out the paperwork then that means I’m also not your patient,” Phoebe smirked. “So take your clothes off so we can all have fun together or I’ll dial the front desk and ask for another doctor.”

“Good luck with that.”

Reluctantly pulling herself off of Doctor Underwood’s hands, Melissa rolled into a kneeling position. If you want to fist us you’re going to have to let us fist you so make this easy on everyone and take your clothes off, Doctor Underwood, or I can guarantee I’m the last woman you ever put your hands on or in.”

Haiden knew there was little chance of two homeless women ruining her life, but the thought of playing image control was far less appealing than revealing the truth so after a long pause she got up and walked over to the phone hanging to the left of the door. Picking up the receiver she pressed one and a moment later spoke. “Hey Marie, this is Doctor Underwood. It looks like I’m going to need more time with our two new guests so could you reschedule the rest of my appointments for the day?”

“Sure. Is everything okay? Do you need me to call in Doctor Graham?”

“That’s okay. I just need a few hours to ensure they meet the client’s specifications.”

“I’ll take care of your appointments and you take care of our guests.”

“Will do. And thanks.” Hanging up, Haiden removed her lab coat and laid it over the arm of the couch with a sigh. “Before we have fun there’s something you

need to know.” Pulling her skirt up she pulled her panties aside to show them her cock and balls.

“What the? Fucking hell!” Phoebe exclaimed. “You have a dick!”

“Quite the convincing trap,” Melissa grinned. “So, do you really enjoy being fisted or was that another lie?”

“I’ve never lied to you. And yes, I thoroughly enjoy being fisted. In fact, I enjoy a great many acts of sexual perversion including several most would find repulsive.”

“Last night Livia said you were a woman.”

“And I am. And for the record, no one here knows I’m Trans and I’d like to keep it that way. Now, are you going to stand there looking silly or are we going to make this a fucking party?”

Already naked, Melissa knelt in front of Doctor Underwood. Before sucking her cock she reached up and yanked her panties down and then off. Next, she unzipped Haiden’s shirt and pulled it down her well-toned legs. “I’m not getting back up so you can take care of the rest.” And with that Melissa sucked the doctor’s dick into her mouth. Haiden took her suit jacket, blouse and bra off leaving her standing in only her three inch heels as Melissa expertly sucked her cock and balls. Behind her, Phoebe stripped naked and grabbed the bottle of lube the doctor so kindly brought with her for the occasion.

“Honey, why don’t you get on all fours so Haiden can fuck you and I can fist her ass?”

“Honey?” Melissa said, looking up at her best friend.

“Oh come on. We’re best friends. We’ve been through hell and high water together. We’ve been sleeping together and having sex more often than not. Am I really the only one here that sees us as more than just friends?”

“I can honestly say I never knew you felt that way,” Melissa replied. “Why didn’t you say something sooner?” she added as she turned and adjusted her position so that she was on all fours.”

“I suppose I just figured we both felt the same way. Guess I was wrong.”

“You’re not wrong, babe. We’ll talk about this more later but right now I want Haiden’s cock buried balls deep.” Pausing, Melissa looked over her shoulder. “I’m not on birth control, Doc, so please wear a condom or at the very least pull out.”

“Well, seeing as how I did not come prepared for sex I don’t have any condoms on me,” Haiden said as she thrust all seven hard inches into Melissa. “As for pulling out? I can’t make any promises. Especially with your girlfriend fisting my ass.” Looking back at Phoebe she continued. “Like the two of you I’ve been fisted many times so you can just ram it right in. Or do it one finger at a time. Your choice.”

Pouring lube into her left palm, Phoebe rubbed her hands together until they were both thoroughly coated. She then added more for good measure before walking up behind Haiden and shoving her right hand up the doctor’s ass wrist deep. Yanking it out, she punched her left hand in. Left out, right in. Right out, left in. Harder. Faster. Her every thrust driving Haiden’s cock in and out of a moaning, grunting Melissa. “Good thing you weren’t lying or this would’ve been disastrous,” Phoebe said as she pushed her right hand deeper into Haiden’s ass. Eyes wide with stunned excitement she watched half her forearm disappear. Then two-thirds. With another push she was in to the elbow. “Fucking hell! You’re not going to believe this, babe, but I’m up to my damn elbow in her ass! I don’t even know how this is possible.”

“Lots of practice,” Haiden grunted. “That being said, your arm isn’t as flexible as a dildo and I don’t fancy a trip to the emergency room so if you’re going to fist me that deep then take it easy.”

Pulling her arm out until only her hand remained in Haiden’s ass, Phoebe slowly pushed it back in if only to convince herself that it was indeed possible and that she had not hallucinated the whole thing. “You have got to teach us how to take it so deep,” she purred.

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the door opened and quickly slammed shut. “Don’t worry, you’ll have plenty of time to learn that and so much more,” Livia said with a shit-eating grin.

“L-Livia! This...okay, this is exactly what it looks like but...”

“Now would be a very good time to shut up,” Doctor Underwood suggested.

“I’d listen to the good doctor. Oh, and for the record, the fact that you’re Trans is known to everyone that works here. Or have you forgotten all of the rooms are wired? Oh, wait, we never told you that bit of information,” Livia smirked.

“We’ve been watching you for quite some time now, Haiden, and I for one find you positively irresistible. That being said, you may not think they have the power to ruin your life but I can assure you I do so if you value your position here and standing in the medical community as a whole you’re going to do exactly as I say. Is that understood?”

“I’m listening.”

“We’ll get to that later,” Livia said as she began unbuttoning her blouse.

“Melissa, your mouth is free so you’re going to put it to use on my pussy. Is that going to be a problem?”

“N-No Ma’am.”

“Good. Then let’s all have fun and we can talk business once we’ve fucked each other silly.”

After hours of licking, sucking, fingering and fisting each other to multiple orgasms, Melissa, Phoebe, Haiden and Livia finally called quits to the action in favor of a much needed break. Dinner arrived a few minutes before eight and as they gulped down mouthfuls of sloppy Joes and macaroni salad Melissa asked the obvious. “Okay, so what happens now?”

“Now the three of you become the newest members of a very special group we like to call The Haven’s Harlots. Full disclosure, there never was a job cleaning some rich dude’s house as you would say,” Livia said, glancing over at Melissa. “You were selected for our most secretive program because you’re just the sort of beauty our clientele are looking for. Now, before you jump down my throat let me explain what’s going to happen. The three of you are going to spend the next three years being trained as sex slaves. Your training is going to be recorded and sold to perverts the world over. You’ll also put on live shows where you’ll be used by large groups of men and women for vast sums of money. And in exchange, you’ll be given a place to live free and clear, a quarter million dollars per year set up in a trust fund that you’ll gain access to upon completion of your training as well as a twenty-percent stake in all the money we earn from shows and the sale of your videos.”

“First of all, you’re asking us to be prostitutes and we’ve already stated we’d do no such thing,” Phoebe replied. “Second, how do we know you’ll actually do as you say and not use us like our previous Madam?”

“And third,” Melissa cut in “what the hell kind of homeless shelter picks up the needy and turns them into sex slaves?”

“The kind that has an ever-increasing operating budget and lower than ever donations coming in,” Livia answered. “As for your questions, she turned to Phoebe “I’m not asking you to be prostitutes. I’m asking you to except a deal of a lifetime for a bit of submissive training. And I’m nothing like your previous Madam because I’m not a Madam. I am, however, a Mistress and I’ll personally be overseeing your training. As for trusting you’ll be paid, if our reputation isn’t enough then you’ll be asked to sign a contract spelling out every detail of what

we've already discussed and more. And to prevent word of this getting out you'll each be required to sign NDAs before you're allowed to leave this room again. So, do you want to be set for life in exchange for a few years of perversion or do you want to go back to living on the streets and digging through dumpsters for your next meal?"

"I'll sign an NDA if you want me to but there's no way in hell I'm letting you or anyone else train me as a sex slave," Haiden said matter of fact. "And if you fire me or do anything to tarnish my name I'll make sure this place has so many health code violations it'll have no choice but to shut down. And then who'll help this city's most needy?"

"You'll ruin my life, I'll ruin yours. Why don't we stop with the unnecessary posturing and get real for a minute. You've been recorded performing numerous sexual acts on no fewer than three hundred occasions in the five years you've been working here. To use your own words, who do you think people will believe? The doctor who has been taking advantage of her patients, or the shelter that has been caring for this city's most needy for nearly two decades? You're going to sign the contract. You're going to be trained as sex slaves. And you're going to be paid handsomely for your service. And we'll continue turning a blind eye whenever you see fit to perform sexual acts on your patients."

"A quarter million dollars a year, a new house and a constant stream of money? I'm in," Phoebe said. "Um, that is if you're on board babe."

"I go where you go, babe," Melissa replied. "Not that I'm too keen on being trained as a sex slave, but it's far better than living on the damn streets. So, when do we start?"

"Just as soon as you've been cleared medically and the contract and NDA are signed. "Doctor Underwood?"

"For the sake of argument and lengthy court battles I'll do it," Haiden replied.

"Great, then I'll have all the paperwork brought down in the morning. Until then the three of you may continue screwing each other however you desire. And remember, you're sex slaves now so nothing is off limits."

"We're not sex slaves until contracts are signed so you'll understand if we take it easy for the rest of the night," Melissa said.

“Suit yourselves. I’m going to go get things in order and I’ll be back in the morning to finalize the deal. Oh, and there’s no room for a third bed so you’ll just have to share the two you already have.” Scooting her chair back, Livia got up from the table and gave each of her three newest slaves a smile. “Goodnight ladies.” And with that she saw herself out.”

“So, who am I sleeping with tonight?” Haiden asked.

“My girlfriend and I will be sharing one of the beds so you can have the other all to yourself,” Melissa answered.

“So, you never have sex with your patients huh?” Phoebe huffed. “What other lies have you told us?”

“None. And I only told you that one to cover my own ass but seeing as how this place is wired with cameras and they’ve been watching me for years I guess there was no need. So, seeing as how we’re all destined to be sex slaves are you ladies up for learning a few more fetishes before we call it a night?”

“I think we’ve had enough sex for one day,” Melissa said as she took Phoebe’s hand in her own. “If you don’t mind I’d like to spend some time alone with my girlfriend. You can sleep on the couch tonight.”

“God, hearing you call me your girlfriend is the hottest thing I’ve ever heard,” Phoebe said as she squeezed Melissa’s hand a little tighter. “I love you, Melissa.”

“I love you too, Phoebe. And assuming we’ll actually see the light of day again I want to spend the rest of my life with you. And you,” Melissa said to Haiden “when we’re ready to have children you’re going to be the one to give them to us. Is that going to be a problem?”

“None whatsoever.”

“Good, because I’ve always wanted a large family,” Phoebe grinned. “Come on babe, let’s go to bed.”

“Um, it’s only nine o’clock.”

“I never said we were going to sleep. You too, Haiden. You got to pump your load into my girlfriend and now you’re going to do the same to me. But don’t

think for a second that all is forgiven. I'm still mad you lied to us but at least I'll get the pleasure of watching you being trained as a sex slave. That being said, show us what other fetishes you're into."

"I'd much rather spend the rest of the night with you, babe," Melissa said.

"And I'd like to get a jump start on our training. Please, babe, let's learn a little more about this new life we're entering together. Let her teach us if only for tonight."

"If that's what'll make you happy then that's what we'll do. So, what fetishes are you going to teach us?"

"You ever drink piss?"

"Like water," Melissa and Phoebe said in unison.

"Okay, I'll have to test that when I need to pee but I'll take your word for it. How about Asphyxiation?"

"I've been choked more times than I care to count," Phoebe answered.

"Bondage?"

"We've both been tied up many times," Melissa answered.

"Enemas?"

"We had to clean ourselves out daily," Phoebe said.

"Electroplay?"

"Can't say that I have," Melissa said.

"Yeah, you got me there," Phoebe added.

"Orgasm denial?"

"Upon pain of beatings," Melissa answered. "And we took many."

"I spent years as a prostitute fulfilling some of the most perverse sexual acts

imaginable,” Phoebe said. “There’s very little I haven’t done.”

“Okay, then why don’t we start with what you haven’t done?”

“I’m sure there’s a lot we haven’t done,” Melissa replied. “But without a comprehensive list of every fetish known to man it’s hard to give an accurate answer to that question.”

“Fair enough. Okay, why don’t you tell me the kinkiest thing you’ve ever done?”

No sooner were the words out of Haiden’s mouth then Melissa and Phoebe’s cheeks turned bright red. “Why don’t you tell us first?” Phoebe said, her voice trembling.

“I once did a gang bang with thirty-seven men,” Haiden replied without hesitation. “Your turns.”

“I think I speak for both of us when I say the kinkiest and by that I mean most humiliating and degrading thing we’ve ever done was being forced into a life of prostitution,” Phoebe answered.

“Amen,” Melissa agreed.

Well, it seems as if you’ve already done everything I can teach you without access to toys, men and other equipment so I think I’ll just make myself comfortable on the couch and leave you to whatever it is you plan on doing with the rest of your evening.”

“Not so fast. I meant it when I said I want you to fuck your load into me so get your sexy ass in the bedroom,” Phoebe commanded.

“Yes Ma’am.” Grinning ear to ear Haiden gave Melissa and Phoebe a quick peck on the lips on her way towards the bedroom.

Two months later...

NDAs and contracts were read and signed the next morning. Bank accounts were set up a day after that giving the three new sex slaves in training access to enough money to cover all of their monthly expenses with another three hundred on top of that as a form of entertainment fund. Having a house of her own, Doctor Haiden Underwood was released from The Haven's private room and given one month to get her affairs in order before she was picked up and taken to where her training would take place. Given access to a laptop and a very strict budget, Melissa and Phoebe spent the next fifteen days searching for their dream home and then another month after that closing the deal – the twenty-nine hundred square foot home sitting on eight secluded acres going into an LLC until their training was complete.

Two months after signing themselves into slavery, Melissa, Phoebe and Haiden were put into sensory deprivation hoods, loaded into the windowless back of a cargo van and driven around for more than seven hours – the vehicle only stopping once to fill up the tank before it finally arrived at a farm less than two hours away from The Haven. The five extra hours of driving were meant to give the impression they had gone much further than they actually had. Stopped in front of a huge farmhouse, Livia removed the hoods from her new slaves and then placed collars around each of their necks.

“This is it ladies. From this point forward you are slaves and will address me as Mistress or you'll be disciplined,” Livia explained. “You will no longer be permitted to wear normal clothing so take everything off as I tell you what's going to happen when we step out of the van.” As she spoke the three women began taking their clothes off. “Once out of the van you will walk with your head bowed slightly and arms behind your back hands open and placed one on top of the other in submission. You will be taken to a barn behind the house where you'll receive three brands. You will be expected to take them without

crying like babies so stand proud and accept them like obedient slaves or you'll be severely disciplined. After you've been branded you'll be shown to your new homes and then your three years of training will officially begin."

A few minutes later the side door of the van slid open. Melissa, Haiden and Phoebe stepped out and immediately bowed their heads and put their hands behind their backs as instructed. Livia stepped out behind them and a beat later the van backed out of the driveway. Even though their heads were bowed, the three naked women could still take in most of their surroundings. Straight ahead a massive three story brick mansion with two sets of stairs curving up to a second floor balcony made the twenty-nine hundred square foot home Melissa and Phoebe purchased as part of their deal seem tiny in comparison. To the left and right the lawn stretched on as far as the eye could see and ended in woods that surrounded three sides of the property. Turning her head to watch the van leave, Melissa saw a tall brick and stone wall with an open iron gate.

In silence the new slaves followed their Mistress around the left side of the house. As they reached the back corner more of the vast property came into view. Five barns. Three stables. Though they saw no animals out to pasture. Further on just at the edge of their limited field of vision was a canine obstacle course, small race track and a row of five horse walkers. Seeing a pair of legs cross in front of them, all three women let their eyes drift up to see a naked, twenty-something brunette with pierced nipples, collar around her neck and belly swollen with child.

"Good afternoon Mistress," the woman said.

"Afternoon, Beverly. Don't be rude. Say hello to my new slaves Melissa, her girlfriend Phoebe and Doctor Haiden Underwood."

"Hello slaves. Welcome to the Retreat."

"Hello," Melissa, Phoebe and Haiden replied.

"Alright, we've got work to do so you can get to know each other when they have some free time."

"Yes Mistress," Beverly replied. Without hesitation she continued on her way towards the house.

Walking in the direction of one of the large barns, Livia led her slaves inside what looked like a tattoo shop had a love child with a medieval dungeon.

“Alright slaves, stand about five feet apart legs spread shoulder width apart and then bend over and grab your ankles,” she commanded. “If you move from that position before I tell you to or do anything more than softly whimper you’ll be disciplined.” First using alcohol wipes she thoroughly cleaned each of their right ass cheeks. She then plugged in three different branding guns and stood back and silently watched as they heated to temperature.

Picking up the first branding gun, Livia stepped behind Melissa, aimed and then pressed it into her right ass cheek. To her surprise her slave groaned through tightly clenched teeth and squeezed her ankles with a white knuckle grip but did not break position or scream in the pain she was obviously in. After checking the brand out and finding it to her satisfaction, Livia took three steps to her left and branded Haiden’s ass. Like a grog tossed into a bonfire, the doctor yelped and leapt forward a good ten feet as a string of curse words came out so fast it was hard to tell where one ended and the next began. “That’ll be twenty-five swats on your breasts,” Livia said as she stepped behind Phoebe who was biting her lower lip so hard she could taste blood. Red hot iron pressed into tender flesh. Phoebe groaned but like her girlfriend maintained position.

“That’s one down, two to go,” Livia said, sitting the branding gun down. “I would like you to now stand with legs still spread wide and hands clasped behind your heads. “You are now marked as a Haven’s Harlot,” she said, picking up the next branding gun. This time, she started with Phoebe. Now knowing what to expect, she stayed perfectly still as hot metal touched skin. When it was pulled away Phoebe saw the raw red wound that would eventually heal into a triskelion with OWNED SLAVE written around it. Haiden was next in line and while she did not move, she did spend about fifteen seconds cursing like a sailor. “That’s another fifty swats,” Livia said, stepping in front of Melissa who took the brand as easily as the first.

“Well, I’m certainly seeing a pattern,” Livia said, picking up the last branding gun. “So, are the two of you masochists or what? It’s okay, you may answer.”

“No Mistress,” Melissa answered. “I can’t speak for Phoebe but I for one don’t want any additional pain and you commanded us to stat in position and keep our mouths shut and that’s what I’m doing to the best of my ability. For the record it hurts like hell and I want to curl up and cry but have a feeling that will only lead

to more suffering so I'll take it like a good slave and cry in the privacy of wherever we're staying for the next three years."

"I couldn't have said it better myself, Mistress," Phoebe added.

"Well, let's see how you handle the third and final brand. You may stay in your current position," Livia said. Walking behind her three slaves, she picked up the last branding gun. This time starting with Haiden, she pressed the tip into the doctor's inner right thigh. Haiden once again screamed bloody murder and jumped forward several feet.

"GOD DAMN MOTHERFUCKING SON OF A BITCH!" Haiden swore.

"One hundred more swats," Livia said. "That's one hundred seventy-five total." Giving the branding gun a few moments to heat back up, she pressed it into Melissa's inner right thigh. She grunted and joined Haiden ten or so feet from the line. "Twenty-five swats," Livia said with a wide grin. She pressed the gun to Phoebe's inner right thigh. Her legs tensed, her knuckles turned even whiter. Teeth clenched so tight they threatened to crack under the pressure but she did not move or utter a sound. "Well done, slave," Livia said, putting the branding gun down.

"T-Thank you Mistress."

"You will receive your swats in two weeks when the brands are healed enough to take it," Livia explained. "You may now get on all fours and wait for me by the door." Picking up the now cooled branding guns, she washed the tips with antibacterial soap and then dipped them in rubbing alcohol to further sterilize what the intense heat may have missed. After drying them off, she put them away and then led her slaves out of the barn and towards one of the stables. On the way they passed several more naked and pregnant women going about their business. Too far away, none of them stopped to greet their Mistress or the newcomers. Entering the stables, Livia walked about halfway down and stopped in front of a stall door with the number twenty-seven burned into the wood. "This one is for you," she said to Haiden. Go on, you may crawl in and take a look around while I show the lovebirds to their stall."

"We're going to spend the next three years living in a tiny stall?" Haiden huffed.

"That's another hundred swats for forgetting to acknowledge me as your

Mistress and, yes, you'll spend the next three years living in a stall so go in and take a look around while I show them to theirs or I'll add another hundred swats."

Face flushed, Haiden used her left hand to push the stall door open and then crawled into her new ten by twelve foot tiny home. A full size bed took up most of the floor. To the right were food and water bowls and that was about it as far as décor. To make up for the small living area the side walls had shelves built into them but were currently empty. Opening a door to the right of the bed, she saw a small empty closet. It was not much, but at least she had an actual bed and not just a pile of straw covered with a blanket.

Meanwhile, at the far end of the stables Livia stopped in front of stall thirty-nine. "And this is where you'll spend the next three years," Livia said. "You have until you hear the whistle to crawl in and take a look around."

"Yes Mistress," the two lovers replied. Pushing the door open, Phoebe crawled in first and Melissa quickly followed. A queen sized bed lay on the floor in the back left corner of the twelve by eighteen foot mega-stall. Like all the other rooms there was a closet to the right of the bed, shelves built into the left and right walls. Unlike Haiden's, two sets of bowls sat in metal frames against the right wall keeping them off the floor. The closet was twice the size of the normal stalls and while still small compared to those in the home waiting for them, were massive compared to the non-existent ones they had living on the streets. Hell, even the mattress on the floor and the stall itself was a step up from where they had spent the last few years of their lives so while Haiden was silently complaining, they were all smiles, thankful to no longer have to worry about their home crumbling at the slightest touch.

"It's not our dream home, but as long as we get to share it I don't care where we live," Melissa said, giving her girlfriend a tender kiss on the lips.

"At least we're not locked in a basement and don't have to worry about the elements," Phoebe replied.

"My thoughts exactly, babe. Besides, it might be small but I have a feeling the only time we'll be spending in here is to sleep so we really don't need much space.

"I mean, it's actually bigger than your old place and we managed that so this is

great. Speaking of which, what was that surprise you had for me back before we were handpicked for slavery?”

“A bed,” Melissa smiled. “And actual mattress. We no longer had to sleep on a few layers of blankets.”

“WOW! Really? How did you manage that?”

“I’m not proud of it, but I saw a guy bringing it out of his house and I asked if I could have it, thinking he was tossing it in the trash. Turns out he was having a sale and gave me a price to which I told him I was homeless and couldn’t afford to buy it. We talked for a few more minutes and he said he would give it to me free of charge if I had sex with him. I was really fucking tired of sleeping on those damn blankets so I agreed and true to his word he dropped me and my new bed off at the alley and I carried it back myself. It’s only a twin but I figured we could both fit if we cuddle together.”

“Nice. Well, it looks like we’ll have plenty of bed to share now. And for the record, I’m not mad that you let some random guy fuck you for a bed as I’d most definitely do the same thing if...” hearing a loud whistle, Phoebe stopped mid-sentence, shrugged and then crawled out of the stall with her girlfriend hot on her heels.

“I know the three of you are in a lot of pain right now and would like nothing more than to crawl back into your stalls for the next three years but you’re not going to train yourselves,” Livia said, looking down at her slaves. “Don’t worry, while your training will be restricted until they heal there’s still plenty for you to learn so follow me to the training room and we’ll begin.”

Crawling out of their stables home, the three slaves once again took in their surroundings which were now bustling with activity. To the far right Melissa saw two women dressed in full pony gear pulling manned carts around the track. To the left Haiden saw a woman dressed in a latex outfit complete with tailed plug and headband with ears that gave her the appearance of a puppy playing fetch with her Master while another similarly dressed slave playfully rolled around on the ground a few feet away. To the right Phoebe looked past the track to the horse walker where four more women dressed as ponies walked around the small enclosure with hands behind their backs and feet going high with every step. To the left of that she watched three men flogging the holy hell out of a naked woman bound spread eagle to a metal frame. Shivering involuntarily, she looked straight ahead at the barn she and the others were being led towards knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt that she would eventually be put through the same things.

Livia slid the large barn door open and ushered her new slaves inside the large open room with four rows of five eight by eight raised carpeted platforms taking up the bulk of the floor space. Running the length of the back wall were dozens of paddles, canes, crops, floggers and whips all three slaves had no doubt would be used on them should they fail to obey. On the wall to the right of the platforms a dozen or so images depicted women in various positions with the names of each written underneath.

“Welcome to the training room, slaves,” Livia said. “For the next three years this is where you’ll learn positions, etiquette and obedience. Go ahead and take your positions on the front row and we’ll begin. For the record, when I say ‘your positions’ I mean the classic kneel down position,” Livia explained. “That means kneeling with knees and feet together, ass on heels and arms behind your back, hands holding opposite elbows or as close to them as you can manage without pain or discomfort.” As Melissa, Phoebe and Haiden were getting into position Livia walked in front of the rows and then continued.

“We’re going to start with the basic submissive positions you see on the wall behind me,” Livia said. “Starting with position one, or kneel down you’ll go

through them one at a time going left to right across each row while I explain the rules. If you have any questions you may freely ask as long as it does not interrupt me.”

“Are you going to brand us again, Mistress?” Phoebe asked.

“During the next three years you’ll be branded, pierced and tattooed several more times,” Livia answered. “To get an idea of what to expect just look at your fellow slaves when you get a chance to interact with them. Anyone else have a question?”

“Yes Mistress,” Phoebe replied. “Why? Why would you brand, pierce and tattoo us?”

“So that the world knows exactly what you are, but more importantly, because your humiliation excites me.”

“And what if we don’t want to be tattooed, pierced and branded, Mistress?” Melissa asked.

“Then you shouldn’t have signed the contract. Being a sex slave means giving up all say and control over your entire self. Your minds and bodies are mine to do with as I see fit as long as it is legal for me to do so. And your sole purpose in life is to obey without question or hesitation. Unlike submissives you have no limits. You’ll perform every act of sexual perversion whether you like it or not and you’ll do so with a smile,” Livia said as she watched her slaves transitioning from the collar me position to stool which was a modified all fours position where their arms and legs were pulled under them to provide additional support for weight being added to their backs.

In the two months leading up to this moment Melissa and Phoebe did a fair amount of research on the topic of sexual slavery and knew this was a fairly accurate description. In the eyes of the community they had chosen to join, they had ceased to be human beings and were now nothing more than property owned by their Mistress. It was not a decision taken lightly and neither of them were too thrilled with the prospects but agreed the benefits far outweighed a few years of consensual humiliation and suffering.

“Is there anything you won’t make us do, Mistress?” Haiden asked as she stretched her arms out until her forehead was touching carpet and her ass was

raised high in what was called the humble position.

“Because they are the only things illegal in this state you will not perform incest, or have sex with anyone under the age of eighteen. That’s it.”

“Um, what about bestiality, Mistress?” Phoebe asked, already knowing the answer thanks to her life as a prostitute but wanting to hear the words from her Mistress’ own mouth.

“Bestiality is legal in West Virginia so you will definitely have sex with a variety of animals. But not here. We have another location for that particular fetish and once you’ve learned the fundamental of being sex slaves you’ll spent about six months there having sex with various animals with a concentration on dogs that’ll be sold to clients into such things.”

“Melissa and I have had sex with dogs on numerous occasions, Mistress,” Phoebe admitted.

“And on three occasions we sucked off horses,” Melissa confessed. When she got a raised brow, she continued. “Madam Vivienne made us do it because it paid really well. Of course she was the only one that got rich off our perversion but it was an experience I’ll never forget. Having sex with animals that is.”

“Um, babe, I didn’t just do it as a prostitute,” Phoebe said as she stood with legs spread and hands clasped together behind her head in the inspection position. “I did it a dozen or so times in exchange for enough money to feed myself.”

“You’re not the only one,” Melissa smiled knowingly.”

“Let’s limit the talking to questions,” Livia cut in. “Now, back to the rules. As slaves you have agreed to consensual non-consent meaning you may be taken by anyone at any time without permission being asked first. To that end you will not have safewords to stop whatever you’re being subjected to. Once we leave this building you will no longer be permitted to freely speak except in your stalls and emergency situations requiring immediate attention. With the exception of those living together in the same stall you are not permitted to play with the other slaves without permission. If you see a fully dressed man or woman you will call them Mater, Mistress, Sir or Ma’am. If you refuse a command, or break the rules you’ll be disciplined accordingly. That’s it. Those are the rules. Follow them and your time here just might be enjoyable. Break them and I can guarantee the next

three years will be miserable ones. Now, you will practice your positions until you hear the dinner bell and then we'll test your stamina at the track. And welcome to your first day of slavery."

"Thank you Mistress," the three slaves replied to varying degrees of enthusiasm as they transitioned from one position to the next. Her life as a doctor put on hold for the next three years, Haiden had little doubt it would quickly end when her patients and general population discovered her training videos online and even though a quarter million dollars a year was great money, it was less than a third of what she was making at her private practice so she was less than happy about putting herself in a situation where she was forced to choose slavery over freedom. For Melissa and Phoebe, who had spent years as prostitutes and living on the streets barely sustaining themselves on whatever scraps businesses and on occasion the general population tossed out or gave them out of pity, being a sex slave was a small price to pay what amounted to a brand new home free and clear and a million and a half in savings of which they planned to live on the interest alone for as long as they were able. For them, life could not have been better and though they had little doubt they would suffer pain and humiliation they vowed to embrace their new lives with everything they had if only to save their sanity. All of their lives had been irrevocably changed, but after dinner one of them would get a surprise they would have never seen coming.

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After a surprisingly delicious dinner of spaghetti and garlic bread, Haiden and Phoebe were handed over to a tall, barrel-chested man named Master Brian who took them to the small building next to the track, dressed them in pony gear and then tasked them to complete as many laps as possible at varying gaits. Crawling behind and slightly to the right of her Mistress, Melissa was taken back to the stables and commanded to kneel in the middle of the aisle between two support posts with her eyes closed. Livia went to stall number twenty-eight and pushed the door open.

"It's time, slave. Remember, not a word or you'll be severely disciplined," Livia commanded the lithe naked dirty blonde inside.

The woman got on all fours and crawled out of the small stall she had spent the last seven months calling home. She had been expecting this day for months but now that the time was upon her she found herself so nervous she almost forgot

how to move her arms and legs. Following her Mistress she crawled towards the kneeling slave and then knelt in front of her.

“Open your eyes, slave,” Livia commanded.

Melissa opened her eyes and stared at the woman kneeling in front of her. It was a face she immediately recognized but it still took her brain a solid minute to register what she was seeing. “M-Mom? Mistress? W-What’s going on? Why is my mother here?” Eyes drifting down, she saw that her mother’s large nipples had been pierced with thick rings and her left breast had been branded with DAIRY COW.

“Robin, why don’t you tell your daughter why you’re here,” Livia said.

“Y-Yes Mistress. I am so sorry,” Robin apologized as tears poured from her eyes. “I...I should have never turned my back on you when you needed me the most. I...we...your father and I fought constantly and he left me. I started drinking and then doing drugs. I was at the end of my rope and literally inches away from ending it all when Mistress Livia saved me. She offered to help me get clean and to get into reconnect us again. I’ve been here for seven months being trained as a sex slave. It isn’t exactly the kind of help I was hoping for but at least we’re together again.”

“Together again? You and dad tossed refused to give me enough money to even buy gas to come home. You cut me off and forced me to beg and whore myself out to survive. And even when you knew I was living on the streets you wanted nothing to do with me. What in the hell makes you think I want anything to do with you now?” Seething angrily, Melissa looked up at Livia. “Mistress, may I please go about my training before I put my...no, she doesn’t deserve that title anymore. I want nothing to do with this woman and I beg you to keep me as far away from her as possible or I can’t promise she won’t end up in the hospital.”

“You will not lay a finger on her or any other slave, Master or Mistress on this farm,” Livia replied, her voice smooth and calm. “I understand you’re pissed off at her but you need to take a step back and realize that she became a sex slave for you. She agreed to sign up for five years of training for you. She accepted my help to get clean for you.”

“And I’m not keeping a penny of what I earn here,” Robin said. “Every bit of it is yours just as soon as my training is complete. All I ask is that you please give

me another chance to be the mother you deserve and I failed to be.

“Does dad know you’re here?”

“I haven’t spoken to your father since he filed for divorce last year and have no intentions of ever doing so again.”

“I’m not going to lie, Robin, I hate your fucking guts for what you did to me and just looking at your face turns my stomach, but if you’re willing to spend five years being trained as a sex slave just to have me back in your life I can’t ignore that. I’ll give you another chance but I’m not just going to instantly accept you back as if nothing ever happened. You’re going to have to earn my trust and I promise it isn’t going to be easy.”

“I’ll never stop trying to make things right between us,” Robin promised her daughter. “I love you, Melissa, and nothing I ever say or do can ever make up for the way we treated you, but I vow I’ll never turn my back on you again.”

The initial shock of seeing her mother again and as a sex slave faded, something struck Melissa like a sledgehammer to the temple. “Wait! If she’s been here for the last seven months then does that mean the van coming to the alley where I was living was an accident or were you out looking for me specifically, Mistress?”

“We were looking for you, slave, but in all honesty we didn’t really start until a few weeks before we found you. And to answer your next question, we said nothing about your mother because we had a feeling doing so would ruin any chance of you agreeing to be becoming a Haven’t Harlot and we needed you desperate enough to go to these extremes not only for your mother, but our bottom line as well. That being said, I’m giving the two of you the rest of the night off to talk things over in your stall. And I do mean talk. If you do anything more than give each other a hug you’ll be severely disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” mother and daughter said in unison. “I’m not exactly sure what we’re going to talk about, but my stall is that way,” Melissa sighed. “May we be excused Mistress?”

“You may.”

“Thank you Mistress. Torn between loving her mother and hating her guts, Melissa nevertheless led the way to her stall and crawled inside. She was joined by her mother and the two knelt in awkward silence for several long minutes. “So, you and dad got divorced over me?”

“Yes. It all started with me wanting to go out and find you and him wanting you to learn what he called a valuable life lesson. I honestly don’t know why I sided with him but I did and I’ve regretted it ever since. I brought it up several more times and he didn’t want to hear it. Things quickly fell apart and I gave him an ultimatum. He could help me find you or he could get the hell out. He opted to walk away from both of us, Melissa. He would rather let you live on the fucking streets than admit he was wrong.”

“And how exactly did you wind up here?”

“As I said, things just went to hell and I delved into a bottle to drown my sorrows. That led to a party where I smoked pot for the first time. I was also gang banged by twenty-eight men and seven women at that same party,” Robin confessed. “I didn’t even realize what I had done until I woke up the next day surrounded by naked men who had recorded the whole damn thing. That led me to more dinking, more smoking pot. But even that wasn’t enough and I started doing harder stuff. I was about to jump to my death when Mistress found me. She convinced me to talk and offered to give me the help I needed. I accepted and have been here ever since. I’ve suffered countless humiliations but every bit of it was worth it for even the hope of seeing you again.”

“How many times have you been pierced, branded and tattooed?”

“I have five brands, eleven tattoos and forty-eight piercings including nipples, five tunnels in each outer labia, double hood barbells, and a whole bunch on microdermals on the backs of my legs that form corset piercings.” Standing, Robin slowly turned in a circle. “You may see the humiliating and degrading work for yourself.

“I’ve already been branded three times,” Melissa said as she read one degrading phrase after another on her mother’s body. I know what we’ll both be put through here so there’s no need to talk about that. What I want to know is why did it take you two years to come to your fucking senses and come looking for me?”

“To be honest, in the beginning I felt the same way as your father. You blew through a substantial savings and just expected us to hand you over more as if money grew on trees. You needed to learn a lesson, but I fully admit we went about it the wrong way and I take full responsibility for my actions. We should’ve given you enough to come home or at the very least came and got you and taught you the value of money the right way, but we were arrogant dumb asses and you suffered because of it.”

“You have no idea. Did you know I spent more than a year in forced prostitution and would probably still be doing so had my Madam not been arrested? Did you know I was beaten half to death numerous times and forced to do some of the most humiliating and degrading acts of sexual perversion for barely enough money to fill my belly with something other than semen and piss? This may be my first day here, mom, but I’ve been a slave for over a year.”

“Y-You called me mom!”

“Slip of the tongue. I have a girlfriend now. She was a prostitute with me. We lived on the streets together and now she’s here being trained as a sex slave. When we leave here in three years we’ll move into a nice huge home and start a family together. A family we will love unconditionally and never abandon. If you’re giving me all of your money where are you going to live because it sure as hell won’t be with us?”

“I still own our home and my bank accounts have not been touched. While your father took half of everything in the divorce I still have enough to live comfortable on. So, what’s her name? When can I meet her?”

“Her name is Phoebe and you’ll meet her when I’m ready to introduce you.” It was then the stall door opened and Phoebe, still dressed in full pony gear crawled in.

“Um, actually, she’ll meet me right now,” Phoebe said, her face burning bright red. “Mistress commanded me to come have sex with the older woman in our stall but she did not tell me it was your mother!”

“I’ll take the discipline for refusing that command,” Robin offered.

“I’m not going to start breaking commands on day one,” Melissa sighed. “I’ll just wait outside until the two of you are finished.”

“Are you sure, babe, because I don’t want things to get weird between us?”

“A little late for that, but to be honest I saw this coming the second I opened my eyes and saw my mother. Obey Mistress’ command and we’ll be fine. Mom, this is my girlfriend Phoebe. Phoebe, this is my mother Robin.”

“Nice to meet you,” Phoebe greeted her girlfriend’s mother.

“The pleasure is all mine.”

“I think in a few minutes the pleasure will be both of ours.” When the stall door closed behind Melissa, Phoebe stood and kissed Robin on the lips. “Get on the bed and don’t stop eating my pussy until I forget my fucking name.”

“The only thing that would make me happier is if you did the same to me.”

“The brands are fresh and hurt like hell so be careful.” Getting on all fours, Phoebe crawled onto the bed. Robin lay down and Phoebe crawled on top of her. No more words were spoken between them as fingers and tongues went to work licking, sucking and fucking pussy and asshole.

Meanwhile, kneeling outside of the stables, Melissa stared at the ground in front of her knees and wondered if she was ever going to be able to forgive her mother, or feel right about sharing her with Phoebe.