

Garden Of Eden

By
Amoxirakuzan

SMASHWORDS EDITION

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Garden Of Eden
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Sexual content statement

This book contains depictions of sexual situations. All sexual participants in this book are aged eighteen or older.

I entered the classroom, and took my sit.

Looking around, I noticed another student was gone. The one with the flowing brunette hair, and hazel eyes.

It was only me and the blonde, now. I still felt like I knew her, somehow. I had no idea where from, though.

It wasn't rare. Having one of the students just disappear, without a trace.

Just one of the things that happened in Eden, the town where I lived.

I lived here ever since...

"Hello, class." our teacher said, a big smile on her face. She wasn't dressed like a normal teacher, I think...

Yeah, a teacher dressed in an unbuttoned jacket with nothing underneath, a short skirt, and no underwear. That's not what school teachers normally wear, right? I don't think so....

“hello, teacher.” Me and the blonde said, together.

“Today's subject is gender roles.” the busty teacher said. It didn't surprise me. I couldn't remember the last lesson, that wasn't about that subject.

It's okay, though. It's an important subject....Right?

It must be, considering the amount of hours we spent focusing on it. As if it's the only thing that ever mattered....

“The important thing to remember, students, is that, in nature, females are subservient to males. It is common, in nature, for a male to have many females to choose from, and be the ruler of society.”

I listened intently. I was always a very good student.

“We are a part of nature. We females should be subservient, to males. Repeat.”

“We females should be subservient, to males” I parroted in unison with the other student.

There were other important subjects to study, though, weren't there?

I remember...I think....It's all so foggy...

Yeah...There were other important things to learn. It feels like I already studied them, once, in another classroom, in another place....

“It is our goal to please men. Repeat.” The teacher demanded.

“It is our goal to please men.”

Another classroom? Another place? When did I ever leave Eden?

No, I never did, of course. I have been here my entire life. That seems to make sense, more than anything.

I don't remember a lot of my childhood. But, I remember being here, in Eden, so vividly. All those foggy visions must be dreams, and illusions. Like that one dream that I keep having, at night.

I did have a childhood, though, didn't I? Could it all have been a dream?

“Thinking is unnecessary, obedience is paramount, repeat.”

“Thinking is unnecessary, obedience is paramount.”

That dream was really weird, though. I only remembered small snippets of it, when I was awake.

I dreamed of me, and some other girls. My friends? Do I have friends?

That blonde student really looks like one of them...

We always had a goal in the dream. Always the same goal. What was it? Was it real? Was there a purpose to my life, other than this classroom?

I tried hard to think. And, when I felt close to understanding....Something...The garden appeared in my mind, instead. The eery, yet beautiful garden. I always saw such weird, and alluring visions near that garden.

Before I knew it, school was over, and I walked back to my room.

As always, I stopped at the bridge, and looked at the garden. I always viewed the garden from afar, never daring to come near, or enter.

The garden shined with all the colors of the rainbow. Sometimes, it seemed brighter than the sun. Its canopy of plants and trees made it impossible to see inside, but sometimes, I saw people walking the outskirts.

At first, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. Today, I'm no longer sure what is real and what isn't. It's all just so confusing...

I sometimes saw women, walking naked around the garden, slowly and casually. As if being naked in a magical garden of color and light was normal. Is it normal? I don't know anymore...

Once, I saw a naked man walking towards one of those women, and bend her over. I was too far to see their faces, but I could tell he was thrusting into her as hard as he could.

When he was done, the woman knelt to the ground, and crawled back to the thick of the garden. As she left my sight, I stared at the man, and he stared straight at me. Somehow, I know he was smiling, even though his face was too far for me to see. And, for some reason, knowing that made me happy. So very happy.

Who is he? Why was I happy?

I have so many questions, but never any answers.

It feels like I used to have a lot more questions, though, but I think I forgot most of them. That's a good thing, isn't it?

I can never find answers, anyway. It's better to forget the questions, than be bothered by them forever, right?

Yes...It's a good thing.

I don't know how long I've stared at the magnificent garden. I just know the sun was no longer in the sky. The garden looked much different at night. The moonlight gave it a silvery shine. It was beautiful, and eery, at the same time.

Once, I stared at it for an entire night. I saw much more women that night, frolicking and gambling about like bunnies, in their birthday suits.

I even saw the man leave the garden altogether, and going...Somewhere...

I can't do it today, though. Tomorrow is a very important day.

Why, though? I...I don't know...

When will all my questions vanish? I am so tired of questions, I don't even care about finding the answers anymore...

Sleep came easily, as usual. Ever since I started sleeping in the nude, I found that I could barely take a single breath before falling sound asleep.

Dreaming was a different matter. My dreams are always so vivid, so real.

Well, actually, just one dream. The dream that always returns, every night. The only dream I ever had... Tonight was no different...

The dream always started with me walking through the streets of Eden. Well, street, actually. It's a really tiny town.

I was never walking alone, though. Four other girls walked beside me, always. They seemed so familiar...

"So, this is the place?" One of them said. The one with the dark hair.

"Yeah..." I answered. Or rather, the me in the dream. I always saw the dream from above, looking down.

Every night, the real me floated higher in the sky. But, I could still see the five girls below, and hear them, vividly and perfectly.

"Seems deserted." Said the blonde "I know small towns in the middle of nowhere have the reputation of being serene and quiet, but shouldn't there at least be people in the street, in the middle of the day?" She wondered.

She kinda looked like the other student, doesn't she? Did I put her in the dream, after seeing her in

class? Or...Was she always there?...I don't know...

“Yeah, it's weird, for sure.” the mousy bespectacled redhead said.

“I'm really worried.” I said to the other girls. “I'm starting to think I shouldn't have dragged you all into this.”

“Don't be ridiculous!” said the fourth girl, a brunette. “We're your friends. We will help you, no matter what.”

This is the part of the dream that always baffles me...

Friends? I have friends in the dream?

Why would I dream of friends?

And they all look like the other students, in the classroom. Only one of them is left, though, and my memories of the other three are so fuzzy...I don't know...

“We'll find your sister, don't worry.” The blonde told me in the dream.

Sister?...

I...I...It feels...Important...

I have to figure this out. I don't know why, though. It feels like it's the only thing stopping me...

Stopping me? Stopping me from what?...I don't know...

Why am I dreaming of a sister?

I never get enough time to understand. The dream continues, and the five girls I'm watching, one of them is me, stand before the garden...

“What is this?” one of the girls said, staring at the garden with wide eyes.

“It's...so...beautiful...” The blonde said, her eyes shiny.

“Yeah...”

“Wait...” I said “There's something wrong here. I can't...look away...”

“Why look away? It's so pretty...So many colors...” One of the girls said.

The five girls stood and stared at the garden, mesmerized. I couldn't blame them, I spent hours upon hours staring at the garden, myself.

The dream was different, this time. I think...

A man approached the girls, as always. But, instead of telling them to follow him...somewhere...

He lifted my leg, and fucked me standing up, with one leg in the air.

The weird thing was...I felt it...Even though the girl being fucked was the me in the dream...

I heard myself moan....and woke up...

When I woke up, I understood what I felt. I wasn't alone in bed.

There was a man in my bed, fucking me as I slept. He noticed I woke up, but never stopped pumping.

That's okay, though. It is my role, as a female, to please him.

I meekly stared at the wall, allowing him to do whatever he wanted. I never turned my head back to look at him, it's not my place to do so...

I don't know why, but my cheeks were flushed and felt reddened. I moaned slightly, even though he never allowed me to, and it may have bothered his own pleasure.

I almost felt like I was embarrassed...Or angry...

Why would I be any of those, though? It's completely normal for a man to use a pretty girl like me for his pleasure, isn't it?

We study it all the time, at class. It's the laws of nature. Females gather around a male, and serve him as pleasure slaves. It's the way of the world...Isn't it?...

“What a tight pussy! It's so good!” He said, and I felt my hesitation fade. I was so happy to be given

such a compliment.

Yes, this is the reason for my existence.

I took his hand, that was grabbing my hips so far, and placed it on my breasts, for him to fondle.

I was afraid I may have crossed the line, women aren't supposed to show such initiative.,,

But, he liked it.

“Unh! Unh! Such fantastic titties, I wanna bounce them like volleyballs!” he said, and picked up the pace. I was so happy he liked my br...my titties.

I completely forgot about my dream as he fucked me. I recited my studies, repeating the proper mantras in my head. Reminding myself my role as a female. A submissive, subservient, and docile female.

He exploded inside of me without warning, bringing another hot flush to my face. A weird whisper in my head bothered me...What if I get pregnant?

Then, I remembered my lessons. As a female, I can only do as I'm told. My body was the property of the alpha male. That means my womb as well...Right?....I think so.

Yeah, definitely.

That's why I liked going to class, even though sometimes I had weird dreams, that I was already done with school.

I have so many questions I can't answer. Did I have a childhood? Do I have friends? A family?

At least, thanks to the gender roles lessons, I always find the right answers to my more important questions.

Should I be embarrassed, being naked in front of a man? Of course not. It's completely natural.

Should I allow the man that owns me to use me in any he wants? Yes. I am a part of his harem. It's only natural.

Should I protest at getting a load of cum inside of me? No, it is not my choice, either way.

I feel so fulfilled, being able to answer these questions. I am such a good student...

“Okay, go back to sleep, honey.” The man said, pinching my ass playfully “You have a big day tomorrow.”

Yes, that's true, a big day.

The rest of the night passed quickly. My dreams were only quick flashes of images, like still shots, though some were less blurry than others.

I saw the five girls stand naked, in a room that looked like a weird lab.

I saw a girl giving head to a naked man, as he twisted dials and pressed buttons. I saw the red headed girl from before, sitting on a chair, begging for mercy, before her eyes glazed over, and her face slacked. The other girls standing in attention before him, as any female should.

I saw myself on the chair, next, though it was too blurry.

The dream ended with the teacher leading the five girls to five separate rooms.

Inside the room, the girl that was me saw herself bent over the bed, rubbing her pussy and begging to be used.

I watched the submissive girl, and happiness filled my heart. The other me, though, her face was distraught, and shocked.

I shifted my gaze between these two visions of myself. One begging to be owned and used, the other

defiant and independent...And scared...so scared...

Just then, I woke up...

I didn't understand any of it, but this was no time for silly questions. I had to get to class.

As I entered the classroom, I gasped. It didn't look like the classroom I was used to at all.

The teacher was there, completely naked. There was cum between her breasts, and she was rubbing them together.

The man from the garden was there, sitting on a chair. The blonde student was bobbing her head back and forth between his legs, sucking his cock.

I didn't feel out of place, since I decided not to wear clothes to class today. It just felt right...

And, I wanted my body to be pleasing to him.

"I had a lot of fun fucking you last night." He said, with a big smile on his face.

I don't know why, but I was so happy it was him fucking me, and not someone else.

"Take a seat." He said, as the blonde deep-throated him. Somehow, I knew she won't be coming to class anymore.

I sat on the cold metal chair, as I was told. It was my role as a woman to obey, and submit.

The chair had handcuffs and leg cuffs attached to it. It looked familiar, somehow...

The man took his time with the control board in front of him. Before he was done, grabbed the blonde's head with both hands, and started pumping her wet mouth on his cock, until he came.

She swallowed it, obviously. It was our role, as women.

Wasn't it?...

Then, he pressed a button, and the world faded away.

I found myself standing in the middle of nowhere. I was surrounded by pure whiteness, that stretched endlessly in all directions.

There was no up, or down. No right, or left. Just an endless void of white.

Then, I saw a shimmer in the horizon.

It was the garden, I knew. I could barely see it, but there was no mistaking it. The beautiful garden beckoned, and I had to follow its call.

I so longed to be amidst the beautiful trees, and leaves. Amidst the magnificent colors, and lights.

Along side the other females, in the presence of the man who ruled us all.

I started walking, when suddenly, something stopped me.

For a second, I couldn't breathe. I saw a ghostly apparition in front of me. It was blue and gray, almost invisible in the sea of white, and it was fading quickly.

It motioned its hands in distress, telling me, with no words, to follow it, instead of going to the garden.

I didn't know what to do. The garden promised so much happiness, but, for some reason, I felt drawn to the weird specter.

And so, I followed her. I knew it was female, by her shape, and finesse.

I ran after her, and we reached a house, that had the same apparition like features as the girl.

The house looked familiar, as blurry and ghostly as it was. The ghost girl rushed to the front door, and invited me in.

I walked towards her, slowly, and suspiciously. When I got close enough, she pulled me inside, and suddenly, everything became vividly clear.

The inside of the house was bright and warm. It felt like home, and yet, it felt foreign to me. There was a little girl, playing with dolls on the soft carpet. It seemed oddly familiar, but I never saw this place in my life...I think...

The door behind me slammed shut, and I spun around to look at the ghostly apparition. Only, it wasn't a faded vision anymore, she was....me...

"What's going on?" I asked her...or...me?

"I finally managed to get you here." She said. It was weird. Like talking to my mirror image.

"Get me where? What is this place?"

"Don't you recognize it?" She looked worried. "It's the home you grew up in. That little girl over there" She pointed "That's you."

Her words struck me like a freight train.

"M...Me?" I mumbled "No...I...I live in Eden. I always have."

"Doesn't it seem weird to you, that you have no memories of your childhood? Of parents? Friends? Of elementary school and high school?" She asked me.

"I..."

"Eden isn't your home, it never was. This place is! Please, listen to me! We don't have much time, and only one chance left..."

"Chance of what?" I asked.

"Chance to escape. Escape from Eden. Help our friends escape. Escape from...him..." She said.

"Him? I don't..."

The girl that looked like me motioned her head, and an older girl entered the room, and played with the younger girl on the carpet. The little girl's face shined with happiness, and I felt warm and tender as well.

"W...Who is she?" I asked.

"You feel it, don't you?" She asked me "She is our sister. The reason we came to Eden with our friends."

"Sister?...I...I don't..." I really had a sister?

"She was a reporter. She shared everything with us. She told us...She told you that she is investigating a small town where women have been reported to disappear."

Images started rushing into my head.

"And then, she disappeared." I said.

"Yes!" The girl said, ecstatic. "You remember!"

I did. It all came rushing back to me. I came here with my friends, to find my sister. We were always so close, how could I ever forget her? How could I forget my friends?

"What's going on?" I asked, more lucid than I've been in weeks. "What is this place?"

"It's the last shred of your real life, left in your mind." She told me.

She drew a sigh of relief.

"I was stuck here for so long, trying to grab your attention with dreams. I defended this place from the assaults of his training. I knew that as long as this memory, of our sister playing with us in our old home, still remained. There was still hope."

I looked out the window, and saw the sea of blinding nothingness outside. I remembered seeing the garden, when me and my friends first arrived. I remember struggling against its mesmerizing influence. I remember begging that man to stop, as I was bound to the chair, watching my sister serve him with her mouth.

“What can I do? Everything else is completely white...Completely gone...” I said.

“Don't worry. Together, we can defeat him. I am the last bastion of resistance in your subconscious. I can help!” she told me, giving me hope.

“You have to go outside, and fight!” She said, fire in her eyes.

“Leave this house, and go to the garden. Go to the garden, and remember this place. Remember who you are, and burn the garden. Destroy it! The garden is him. The garden is his influence. Destroy the garden, and we will be free of his control.”

“How do I burn it?”

“This place is you. It is your mind. Never forget that. You can do everything in here! You are the ruler here, not him! Unless...” She paused “Unless you fail in burning the garden...”

It was my only chance. I had to save my sister. Even more than that. I had to rescue my friends. They were all here because of me. It was my fault they became the servants of that man, and the guilt was killing me.

I braced myself, and opened the door, repeating what I had to do, quietly.

Walk to the garden.

Destroy the garden.

Rescue my friends. My sister. Return to my life, and dreams. I still couldn't remember what they were, but I knew I had plans and goals, important ones.

I took the decisive step, walked out the door, and started walking towards the garden slowly.

The alluring, beautiful garden.

Walk to the garden...

Wait...What else was there? I know I had a plan. That girl said so...I...

“Nooooooooooooooooo” I heard an echo from behind me, and turned around. I saw the ghostly house. The female apparition was standing at the door. It looked like she was shouting at me, but I couldn't hear a thing.

She tried to leave the house, but couldn't...I think... She was stuck....

“Please, get back!” I heard her say, barely audible. “I was wrong! I...I can't maintain this place without you...” Her voice faded away, and both her, and the house, started to fade into the pure whiteness that surrounded them.

“Get back?” I thought. “But...”

No, I decided. I remembered what I had to do.

Walk to the garden. Yes, that's right. Walk to the garden. That's what I have to do.

Before I turned around to begin my march, I saw the house, and the ghostly girl completely disappear. Leaving nothing behind.

I walked towards the garden, with a smile on my face. The ghostly apparition and the house completely forgotten.

As I reached the garden's inviting gates, I let out a relieved sigh.

Until now, I always felt something was holding me back from entering the garden. I finally felt worthy of entering the garden, and allow the colors and lights swallow me whole.

I walked in, spread my arms, lifted my head, and fell to the ground, entering an eternal slumber.

When I woke up, I was still in the garden. Right in the middle, the master sat on his throne, having his member licked by two girls. A red haired girl, and a black haired one. It was beautiful, how they served him. Gently moving their tongues along the side, kissing the tip, licking his balls.

I started crawling towards the throne, to show my loyalty to him, like a female should. My knees were slightly scraped by the crass ground, but I didn't mind. I would crawl, until he said otherwise. He looked at me, filling me with a warm and fuzzy feeling.

“Well, well. If it isn't the newest member of my harem of beauties.” He plucked the two mouths off of his cock, with a wet pop. The two girls moaned in disappointment, but moved back, as their master wished.

“Suck.” Was all he said. And obey, was all I did.

I licked him passionately, and allowed his strong hands to guide me.

“Ahh! This is the best. There's an added value to fucking your mouth like this, my resisting little puppet.” He said, as I did my best to please him.

“I never had a girl who resisted half as much as you did. I was starting to think you'll never submit.”

I had no idea what he was talking about, but it didn't matter. I knew my purpose in society, now.

There were no more questions. No doubts. Nothing other than Eden, the garden, and him.

He blew his load in my mouth, and told me to find a place to sleep. I crawled around for a while, trying to find the right spot. In the garden, females kept each other warm, when the master was busy with the others.

My search stopped as I saw an older female, pregnant and maternal.

She had dark hair, like mine, and blue eyes, like me. Something about her drew me in. She invited me to her nurturing arms, and hugged me tightly.

It felt like some part of me became whole again, with that embrace.

“Sleep, my sweetie.” She said “You deserve it.”

And I did. A dreamless, and uninterrupted sleep. Until my master needed me again, and called my name.

Name?...Did I have a name?...

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I hope you enjoyed Garden Of Eden.

If you did, please consider letting me know, by writing a review.

I will happily accept any constructive criticism.

Feel free to contact me at mailto:amoxirakuzan@gmail.com with any comments and issues. You can email story requests, or ask to be updated with upcoming releases.

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