

# **Amber's Fantasy**

**Crimson Rose**

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As the cruiser rolled to a stop, Marlow glanced to his right to ensure the gate was closed and all the guests were inside before turning his attention to the stunning redheaded officer stepping out of the car. "Is there something I can help you with this evening, officer?"

"You can unlock that gate and then step aside."

"And why would I do that?"

"Because otherwise you'll be obstructing the course of justice. Now unlock the gate and step aside," Officer Amber Rayne said with the air of someone used to being obeyed without question."

"Do you have a warrant?"

"Excuse me?"

"There are three ways you're getting past me and that's over my dead body, a valid warrant, or payment of the fee and signing of all necessary paperwork."

"We've been given credible evidence that a fugitive is being harbored here so open the gate and let me in or you'll be arrested for..."

"I'm just going to stop you right there," Marlow said holding up his large right hand. If you had proof we were harboring a fugitive you wouldn't show up alone or without a warrant so take your sexy ass off of this clearly marked private property, get back in your cruiser and then get lost because unless you plan on putting a bullet in my head the only way you're getting in is by paying."

"I don't need a warrant when there are exigent circumstances."

"What exigent circumstances would those be?"

"As I said, we've been given credible evidence that a wanted fugitive is being harbored within."

"And I've been given credible evidence that you're running a meth lab and pimping women on the streets so why don't I go ahead and report that?"

"That's not how that law works!"

"No shit. Which leads me to believe you're either the stupidest cop ever, or you think I'm dumb enough to believe your crap. Either way, piss off because you're not getting in."

"You said I could pay. What is it, twenty bucks?"

"You wish. The price is fifteen hundred and you must read and sign all the paperwork and prove you did by answering a few questions in full view of the cameras that have been recording this entire conversation."

"Fifteen hundred? That's insane!"

"That's the price. Pay or leave. Cash only by the way."

"What's stopping me from paying and then going in to get the person I'm looking for?"

"I think a hot piece of ass like you will be far too busy to hunt anyone down."

"Excuse me? You do realize you're talking to an officer of the law, right?"

"Doesn't change the fact that you're sexy as hell. Now, I've got a job to do so pay or leave."

"I don't have that kind of money on me."

"Then we have nothing more to talk about so good evening officer."

Huffing at her first ever defeat, Amber spun around, marched back to the cruiser, got in, and a moment later drove off wanting nothing more than to raid the manor she was certain was

harboring at least on wanted criminal. Pulling over a mile from Cedarworth Manor, she dialed her boss to inform him of her failure.

"I could use good news right now, Amber, so please tell me you've got some," Captain Raymond Law answered the phone.

"I couldn't get in."

"That's not good news, Amber. You were picked for this operation because you're exactly the type they're looking for. What happened exactly?"

"Well, I drove up and demanded..."

"God damn it!" Captain Law cut his subordinate off. "Let me guess, you drove up in a cruiser dressed in uniform and demanded they let you in or you'll bring the whole force down on them? Do you understand what undercover actually means?"

"I'm not an idiot! But why waste days, weeks, or even months when they should obey our damn commands without question? I should go back there and arrest that stupid security guard for disrespecting me."

"If you think that's how the law works then you're not only an idiot you're also unfit for duty. We're not a dictatorship. We don't make demands of those we serve or threaten them with arrest because we don't like what they have to say unless their words blatantly break the very specific confines of the law. I'm not going to lie, Amber, this is far from your first screw up, but it is the worst. You not only wasted months of department time, but tipped the residents of Cedarwood that we're onto them. Please, give me one reason I shouldn't fire you for gross incompetence right here and now."

"Fire me and I tell everyone what a useless cuck you are and how much your wife loves being bang banged by black men while you watch. Or maybe I'll tell them how I had to agree to be your sex toy to get the job. Besides, the operation isn't a complete loss. The idiot security guard said I could still get in if I paid the fee so just give me fifteen hundred dollars and I'll head back."

"Let me make three things perfectly clear. My wife has never cheated on me, you and I have never had sex, and if you want fifteen hundred dollars go to an ATM because you're not getting a penny from the department."

"Tell yourself whatever you like, but videos don't lie, boss. Yeah, I recorded every time you dropped by in the middle of the night. And for good measure I had a friend put cameras in your home. With Caroline's permission, of course," Amber said, referring to the captain's wife by name. "She absolutely loved the idea of being able to go back and watch your pathetic bitch ass jerking off and eating your own loads. And don't even get me started on how much she laughs at the thought of you eating all those loads from her well-fucked holes. Now, I don't give a shit if it comes out of your own pocket, or the department, but I'm coming by and you're going to give me the money I need to get into that party or three years' worth of video gets released to the world."

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Just over an hour after driving away, Officer Amber Rayne found herself right back at Cedarworth – this time in her own car and wearing a sexy, form-fitting purple dress and matching strappy heels. Walking up to the same tall, well-built security officer, she held out a stack of hundreds. "Here you go. Now open up and let me in," she demanded.

"Not until you've filled out all the paperwork," Marlow said, taking the money. "No refunds," he said, stuffing the wad into his pocket. Opening a drawer in the small stand to his left, he reached in and withdrew a clipboard. "Read and sign everything and then I'll ask a few

questions to ensure that you have. Also, you're being recorded right now so lie at your own risk," he said, holding the clipboard out to the snooty would-be guest.

Despite her entitled attitude, Amber knew she was skating on very thin ice when it came to her career in law enforcement so she took the clipboard determined to see this ridiculous charade through to the end. "An NDA, really?" she scoffed as she briefly scanned the first page.

"Really. Read it, sign it, and hand it over before continuing to the next page."

"Whatever," Amber huffed – the notion this wannabe cop had the gull to tell her what to do grating on her every nerve. Nevertheless, she read the page and while she did not like it, put her name on the line, added the date, and then handed it to the security guard.

"Don't worry, sexy, you'll get a copy of everything."

"Call me sexy one more time and I swear I'll..."

"I call them as I see them, sexy, and if that offends you then you're free to leave."

Mumbling under her breath, Amber read the next form – a sexual consent waiver giving everyone at the party blanket permission to have sex with her however they desired without need to ask first. "You can't be serious!"

"I'm very serious. If you can't stand being called sexy then you're free to leave."

"No, I meant this!" Amber said, jabbing a finger against the page. "Blanket consent to let anyone use me for sex? What the hell kind of party is this?"

"Only one way to find out."

"I'm not signing this!"

"Then hand it back and get lost."

"God damn it! This is seriously fucked up! Fine, I'll sign it but if anyone so much as puts a finger on me I'll arrest them for rape."

"Are you forgetting about the cameras? They're not just out here, Amber," Marlow said, glancing at the NDA for her name. "I think maybe you should just go."

"And I think you should shut up," Amber huffed. Reluctantly signing and dating the document, she went through another nine pages of waivers, rules, and consent forms. Then, ignoring the voice in the back of her head telling her to just drop it and go, she handed the clipboard back to the security guard. "There, can I go in now?"

"Give me a minute to go over everything," Marlow said as he quickly scanned the pages. "Okay, everything seems to be in order. Now, just a few questions. "What is your full name and date of birth?"

"My name is Amber Rayne and I was born July seventeen, ninety-eight."

"And your height, weight, and measurements?"

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"Just answer the questions please."

"I'm five-eight, a hundred-thirty-seven pounds, and my measurements are thirty-six-dee, twenty-four, thirty-seven."

"And by joining the party you agree to giving everyone present blanket consent to use you to satisfy their every sexual desire?"

"I... yes."

"I need you to say it, Amber."

"I agree to give everyone present blanket permission to use me to satisfy their every sexual desire."

"And you agree to let them use you however they desire without needing to ask permission first?"

“Yes, I agree to let them do whatever the hell they want with and to me without needing to ask permission first.”

“And do you agree and consent to having your every movement and action recorded?”

“Yes, I agree and consent to being recorded.”

“Very well. Take your dress off and then assume the position.”

“Excuse me?”

“I said take your dress off and assume the position. Hands holding the gate bars, bent at the waist, and feet back and spread so I can check for wires, recording devices, and to fuck you silly before you join the rest of the party.”

“I... public nudity is illegal.”

“We’re on private property a hundred and fifty feet off the road with trees blocking most of the view. Now do as you’re told or leave and don’t come back.”

“You’re an asshole!”

“And I can tell from our brief interaction that you’re an entitled bitch, but that’s not going to stop me fucking you so if you want in you’re going to take that dress off and assume the position.”

“You do realize you’re propositioning a police officer for sex, right?”

“Wrong. I’m propositioning a woman that showed up to a party she has no business being at for sex after she read, signed, and openly agreed to it. Now do as you’re told or get lost because as sexy as you are, I’m frankly losing patience and interest.”

Cheeks turning redder than her hair, Amber reached back and unfastened the collar part of her dress before unzipping the front of the top. Then, in full view of a man she had just met and thoroughly despised, she peeled the clingy latex garment down her lithe body. Stepping out of it, she grabbed the steel bars of the double wide gate, moved her legs back until nearly bent over at the waist, and then spread her feet.

“God damn!” Marlow exclaimed as his dick immediately went rigid in his pants. “You are by far the hottest piece of ass I’ve ever seen,” he said as his eyes took in her stunning beauty. “Shame I can’t keep you all to myself.” Pulling his manhood out, he stepped behind her, slid it along her smoothly waxed vulva, and then, with one quick thrust he was balls deep – all ten fat inches plowing into her without mercy.

“UHN! J-Jesus Christ!” Amber grunted. “Are... uhn... uhn... uhn... are you p-part fucking horse?”

“Nope. I’m just as gifted with my body as you are with yours,” Marlow said, reaching up and grabbing her large breasts. No sooner had he given her nipples a pinch, then he felt the milk running down his fingers. “You’re lactating?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Hot! How long?”

“S-S-Seven years.”

“Holy shit! How many kids you got?”

“None?”

Grabbing her by the waist, Marlow spun Amber around and then pushed her back against the gate. You’re gonna have to explain that one,” he said just before latching onto her left nipple.

“I don’t owe you... Oowww!” Amber yelped as the teeth sank into her nipple. “F-Fine! God, you’re such an asshole! I started lactating when I was eighteen after hearing about how my best friend’s mother started doing it to feed the baby she adopted. I didn’t really think it was

possible but after a few months I started producing and haven't stopped since. There, you happy now, pervert?" she moaned as three fingers were pushed into her womanhood.

"I won't be happy until I've drunk and deposited every drop," Marlow said as he switched to the right nipple.

Catching his meaning, Amber suddenly wished she was on birth control, but after hatching a plan to use her boss impregnating her to blackmail him into being a sugar daddy, she stopped taking it months ago. "Y-You can't come inside of me!"

"Did you forget the paperwork you just signed or what you just verbally consented to? The only way you may refuse a sexual act is by leaving. Do you want to leave now, Amber? Do you want to miss out on the party of a lifetime because you don't want my seed swimming around inside of you?"

"I'm not on birth control!"

"You're only making yourself more appealing, Amber. Besides, if you can't take my load then you're definitely in the wrong place."

"W-What do you mean?"

"Do you even know where you are? Do you know what goes on behind those doors? You're nothing more than a sex toy for them. You'll be used in ways you can't imagine. You'll be bred by as many as fifty men. You're nothing more than an object for their perverse pleasures and you'll be marked as such. So, just think of this as a sample of what's to come," Marlow said as he reached into the same drawer he retrieved the clipboard from. Pulling the trigger on the device now held in his left hand, he pressed the red-hot tip to amber's left breast.

The orgasm gushing out of her at the same time the pain shot through her body, Amber gripped the bars of the gate to prevent herself dropping to her knees. Looking down, she saw a triskelion with MARLOW'S MASOCHIST around the outer edge permanently searing into the flesh about an inch above the areola. "W-What the actual fuck? You branded me! You... what the... you fucking branded me? Who the hell is Marlow?"

"You're looking at him, slave. Marlow Anderson. But you will call me Master. Now turn around and assume the position so that I can finish breeding you."

"Y-You're insane!"

"And you're not going to breed yourself so unless you want me to add a few dozen welts to your ass you'll do as commanded."

"I'm not a fucking masochist!" Amber said as she turned and once again assumed the position.

"Says the woman that orgasmed from being branded," Marlow said as he plunged into his marked property. "You're mine now, slave. You'll do as commanded or you'll be disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Master."

"Good girl. Obviously, this only matters here at the estate, but I hope you'll accept your inner submissive and allow me to train you proper. What do you say, slave? Do you need a Master to train you? To break you of your horrible, entitled, narcissistic attitude? Do you need a man to breed you, to fulfil your every sexual fantasy as you fulfill his? Be honest with me, Amber. Are you looking for an Owner to dominate and control you're very existence?"

"I... uhn... I'm not... uhn... uhn... I'm not a sex slave!"

"Says the woman that has obeyed my every command without much complaint. The faster you accept your role in life the happier you'll be, Amber. Go on, admit it. Admit you're a



sex slave at heart. Admit you want me to breed you, to dominate you, to train and mold you into the perfect obedient plaything,” Marlow said as he slammed in and out of Amber’s womanhood.

“I’m not a sex slave! I’m not!” Amber panted even as she gushed in orgasm for the second time since being taken by the well-hung security guard.

Shoving all ten inches of his manhood into Amber’s pussy, Marlow reached into the drawer and withdrew another branding device. I want the truth, or I’ll give you another twenty brands before you step foot beyond that gate!” he said, pressing the glowing tip of the device against Amber’s right ass cheek.

“Ghaahhgghhhh! Son of a fucking bitch! You bastard! D-Did you just brand me again?” Amber wailed in orgasm.

“I did. Answer my question, cop. Or you’ll never step foot in Cedarworth.”

“I’m not a damn slave! Really, I’m not! I’ve never done anything like this in my life!”

“And yet you’ve already had three orgasms. You’re a masochist, Amber. You get off on pain and that’s just the type of woman I’m looking for. Answer me, or I’m going to shove my hand up your ass and I won’t be using lube!” Marlow said, putting his bunched-up fingertips against the policewoman’s tightly puckered back door.

“YES! I admit it! I’m a masochist. I love being humiliated and degraded. I get off on pain. I need someone to take complete control of me, to dominate and train me as their fuck toy! There, you happy now, Master?”

“Is that the truth, Amber?”

Shoulders slumping, Amber sighed. “Yes Master. Everyone thinks I’m a stuck-up, snobby bitch but I’m only like that because I can’t find someone to treat me the way I need to be treated. Look at my body, Master.”

“Trust me, I’m looking.”

“You might be looking, but you’re not seeing, Master.” Pulling herself off of her would-be owner’s cock, Amber turned to face him. “Go on, Master, take a closer look.”

In the light of the lamp attached to the top of the gate posts, Marlow leaned in and took a much closer look at his would-be slave’s stunning body. How he missed it the first time was beyond him, but there on her breasts, belly, sides, arms, and thighs were dozens of light scars from years of cutting to satisfy her masochistic desires. Mixed among the lines on her inner right thigh close to the vulva were very thin scars in the shape of a fairy with neatly curved lines showing a dedication and steady hand. “Fucking hell! You did all of this to yourself?”

“Yes Master.”

“Including the fairy?”

“Including the fairy, Master. That one gave me nine orgasms. I really am a masochist. The question is, how the hell did you know?”

“Honestly, I had no idea. That’s just a brand I had made to use on all the bitches that think they own the world,” Marlow answered. “You’re the eighth woman I’ve used it on but only the first to admit she’s truly a masochist at heart, let alone have the scars to prove it. So, do you really want to be my slave, Amber? Do you really want me to breed and train you?”

“Y-Yes Master. I’ve never actually done anal so please don’t ram your fist in there. I mean, by all means work on fisting me if that’s what you desire, but please work me up to it first.”

“I can’t let someone else pop your anal cherry so I’ll take your ass right after breeding you. Then, and only then will I let you in.”

“Yes Master,” Amber replied.