

Beastlands Reborn

Crimson Rose

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Toes barely dragging the polished stone floor, head hanging as limp as the tail between her legs, Vauthia drifted in and out of consciousness as she was carried from Play Room number 6, down a series of hallways and into another room where she was gently lowered into a large pool of steaming hot water alongside nine other slaves bathing themselves after a long day of training and use. Unable to do it herself, the leopard-type furtasian woman relied on the generosity of a green-haired human woman and a gray-furred racoon-type furtasian to clean her aching, filthy body. Twenty men, she told the Master that had stopped and questioned her presence within the Beastlands. Fifty he insisted. But after nearly fourteen straight hours of non-stop sex she knew she had reached well within the triple digits. “Uuhhnnn,” she groaned as the water washed over the many welts, bruises, and fresh brands now decorating her skin. “W-What did they do to me?”

“Sshhh,” the green-haired human whispered. “You went through a lot and I don’t think you’re in the right mind to understand everything so let Marletha and I bathe and get you into bed and we’ll explain everything when you’re up for it. I’m Brianna by the way. Do you know your name?”

“V-Vauthia,” the exhausted leopard woman winced – the pain intense but not enough to set off her masochistic needs. Shaking her head, she rubbed the exhaustion from her eyes. “I’m in the Beastlands! Oh fuck!” she exclaimed, eyes darting from the bands around her biceps and wrists, to those around thigh and ankle. “I’ve been collared, branded and banded a sex slave! I... ugh... I felt something wrapping around my bones! I... it was the micro-explosives wasn’t it? I’m a sex slave. I’ll never leave this place again.”

“I wish I could say things will get better, but lying will only make things worse,” Brianna said as she gently combed Vauthia’s tangled purple hair. “Yes, you are a slaved apparently owned by Master Brayden Maxwell. And yes, you are in the Beastlands from which there is no escape. If you step beyond any of the exits the micro-explosives will trigger and, well, let’s just say that’s not rust staining the walls. Marletha and I have been tasked to bathe and get you to bed so please don’t give us a hard time or we’ll all be disciplined.”

“I have no intentions of struggling,” Vauthia sighed as her head cleared. “How many men gang banged me? How long did they use me?”

“We weren’t there for all of it, but from what Master Nathan said you were bred by a hundred and sixty-four men over fourteen hours. You also pleased fifty-two women including Marletha. You were fisted in both holes, drank gallons of piss, were caned, flogged, whipped, and paddled. You were also branded seven times on your breasts, hips, ass, mound, and back.”

Looking up at the silent racoon-woman, Vauthia smiled. “I pleased you?”

Marletha nodded.

“I hope I got you off.”

Smiling, Marletha nodded emphatically.

“They performed a glossectomy on her so she can’t speak,” Brianna explained. “But she can sign.”

“That’s barbaric! *I’m so sorry that happened to you,*” Vauthia signed to the cute, twenty-something furtasian woman. “*I wish I could give you your tongue back, but those monsters would probably cut it out again.*”

"If I regrew my tongue they would do far worse than cut it out again," Marletha signed back. *"It's okay. I've grown used to being without it. And I'm far from the only one here incapable of speaking. Let my stubbornness be a lesson in talking back to our owners."*

"She has a lot to learn," Brianna signed while nodding toward the many welts and bruises covering Vauthia's body.

Head clearing, memories coming back in perfect clarity thanks to the neural implant that had recorded all fourteen hours of her first gang bang, Vauthia suddenly recalled being grabbed by Master Lance and questioned about her sudden appearance in the Beastlands. She remembered agreeing to let fifty men take her. She recalled every cock, pussy, ass, fist, and tongue. She felt every lash of the whip and searing agony of the branding irons, all the orgasms they elicited and the anger that fueled the sadistic Masters to further torture her already battered body. "It's all coming back to me now. They really did a number on me. Will it be like that every day?"

"For most of us, yes, but those claimed and owned by specific Masters like you have it a lot easier," Brianna answered. "Are you able to stand on your own?"

"I think so."

"Marletha, will you help her to her feet so we can wash her?"

The racoon-woman nodded and then offered Vauthia her hands which were accepted. Helping the Leopard-woman up, she made sure to steady Vauthia before tenderly caressing her cheek. Smiling, she signed: *"May I kiss you?"*

"Um, do you really have to ask permission here?" Vauthia asked.

Marletha nodded.

"You can kiss me all you want."

"As much as I want to watch the two of you making out, we have a job to do and I for one don't want to be disciplined for taking too long," Brianna said as she lathered a luffa. "Don't get me wrong, I want to do all manner of things to you, but if we don't get you bathed and in bed we'll all suffer."

"I understand." Spending a solid thirty seconds making out with the cute racoon-woman, Vauthia gently pulled away smiling. "I sincerely hope we can do that again when we're not in such a rush."

"Me too," Marletha signed.

"So, when you say you need to get me to bed you're taking my back to my owner's quarters right? Because I've been commanded to return to his quarters for rest and I don't want to be disciplined for disobeying a direct command," Vauthia said as the soapy luffa stung her many fresh brands.

"If that's where you were commanded to go then that's where we'll take you," Brianna replied. "Marletha, would you do the honors of cleaning her inside while I work on the outside?"

"Of course," Marletha signed.

"Can I ask how long the two of you have been here?"

"I've been here over seven years," Brianna answered.

"I've been here just over three years," Marletha signed. *"Three long years of torturous hell."*

"Can confirm," Brianna said. "I'd say you're in for one long nightmare, but from what I saw last night you seemed to genuinely like what they did to you. I take it you're a masochist?"

"I am," Vauthia said, opting not to explain the intricacies of her particular brand of masochism.

“*Lucky you,*” Marletha signed.

“I learned a lot about this place before being captured and there are a few things I don’t understand. Slaves have always outnumbered the Masters so why not fight back and escape this hell? I mean, before they added explosives to the collars and bands. Why stay and let them torture you half to death?”

“Bit of advice? Such questions can lead to a glossectomy at best and an accident involving your collar and bands at worst. That being said, you have to remember that before they changed to the new collars and bands we were kept in a beaten, perpetual state of exhaustion. Even more so than now. And even if we all attacked at once we wouldn’t stand a chance against more than three hundred well-fed, rested, and armed Masters. At least now we’re permitted slightly more food and up to six hours sleep before our nightmare continues.”

“Okay, but why didn’t more slaves try to escape before the new accessories? I mean, there’s no way they could’ve stopped all of you.”

“No, but for every one that escaped a hundred were beaten so severely most never woke from the comas they were put in. It takes a special mentality to risk escape at the expense of so many lives. But that’s neither here nor there. With the new, accessories, as you call them, this is the only life we’ll ever know for however long we’re able to endure it so there’s no point dwelling on the past.”

“I suppose,” Vauthia sighed as the two women thoroughly washed her body inside and out.

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Lying in her would-be owner’s bed physically exhausted but mentally alert, Vauthia stared at the ceiling wondering how she could have been so stupid to have put the collar and bands on before disarming the micro-explosives – knowing she would have no choice but to remain in the Beastlands for as long as they remained active. *Fuck! How the hell do I get out of this now? I could try translocating but if it fails then I’m dead. But if it works... No! I can’t be that damn reckless. I have a month to figure something else out. Maybe Brayden can take them off. But if he can’t then I’m royally fucked. I’ll die right alongside every other slave when the Reapers descend on this place like a plague. DAMMIT!* Her brain acting of its own accord, she dialed her would-be owner’s Neural Pathway Recorder.

“*Mistress?*” Brayden answered his owner’s call.

“*Brayden? The NPR is one way, how are you contacting me?*”

“*You called me, Mistress. May I ask how your first day went?*”

“*I managed to screw myself royally and I’m going to need your help getting out of it.*”

“*I’ll help however I can, Mistress, but as you know I can’t return to the Beastlands in my current state. What did you do?*”

“*I registered myself to you and then put the collar and bands on. It wasn’t until the last one was in place that the nanofilaments wrapped around my damn bones. I’m strapped with explosives and need you to get your ass in here and disarm them.*”

“*I’m sorry, Mistress, but that’s not possible. And I don’t mean because you branded me a slave. Once in place they cannot be disarmed. Any attempt will trigger them and you’ll die. I warned you this would happen, Mistress, but you refused to listen. You insisted on turning me into a sex slave. Not that I’m complaining, but there’s literally nothing I can do to help you now. I’m sorry, Mistress, but like it or not you belong to the Beastlands for life.*”

“*That’s unacceptable, slave! There has to be a way of disarming them once worn and I’ll get the answers from you willingly or otherwise!*”

“Probe my memories all you want, Mistress, but you will not find the answers you seek because they don’t exist. The collar and bands are permanently fixed to your body now and nothing short of amputating your arms, legs, and head will change that. And as technologically advanced as you are, not even you can survive long without your pretty head.”

“You better come up with something, slave, because if I’m not able to leave in a month I’ll have Dathimona hand you over to the Council of Reapers and I assure you they will not show the same level of compassion.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress, but there’s nothing I can do to help you. You’ve been in my head. You know everything that I do about the Beastlands and the collars and bands.”

“You’re fucking useless!” and with that Vauthia ended the call. Mentally connecting with the nanites flowing through her body, she commanded them to find a way of disabling the explosives without triggering them. Then, she called her fiancé.

“Vauthia!” Dathimona answered the call. “Glad to hear you’ve survived your first day in the Beastlands. Please tell me they weren’t too rough on you, Mistress.”

“I spent fourteen straight hours being gang banged and used hard. But that’s not why I’m contacting you. I fucked up, Dathie. I put the collar and bands on and now can’t remove them without triggering the explosives.”

“Fucking hell, Mistress! What were you thinking? I know you’re a masochist and want to be trained as a sex slave, but now you’re stuck there forever! I talked to Brayden about it after you gave him to me and they’re impossible to remove and if they or the triggers placed at all the exits are tampered with they all go off. Even if an army marched in and arrested all the Masters before one of them managed to set them off you’re all stuck there. According to Brayden you’ll never be able to leave. EVER, Mistress! You wanted to be a slave of the Beastlands, well, now you’re its prisoner. Damn it! Why would you put them on, Mistress?”

“I can’t stay cloaked forever, Dathie, and without the collar and bands I’d be found out and executed. I had no choice but to wear them.”

“You could’ve found someone else to disarm them first, Mistress.”

“Like whom? Anyone I convinced would be a liability unless I killed them and even then this whole place is wired with cameras so I wouldn’t have gotten away with it for long. And with the nanofilaments wrapped around my bones I don’t even think I can alter my appearance. As for being stuck here forever, I wouldn’t be so sure about that. There has to be a way out.”

“If there is who’s going to tell you? The men keeping you imprisoned at threat of being blown to pieces?”

“That’s exactly who! If they won’t tell me willingly then I’ll make them slaves! I’ll put collars and bands on them all. I bet a way out will become available then.”

“I wish I was there to help, but since I can’t please be careful, Mistress.”

“I mean, you could come in if you wanted, but I don’t think you’d like how hard they’d use you.”

“I don’t think so either, Mistress, but I’ll come in if you command it.”

“I will never command you to do something so stupid, Dathie. If you come in it must be your decision alone. That being said, I strongly advise against it.”

“I understand, Mistress. What should I tell the Council? I’m sure they’ve gotten this same information from the other captured Masters so it’s only a matter of time before they plan their raid.”

“Tell them I have thirty more days and if even one of them steps foot in the Beastlands it’ll be their last day as Reaper.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I’m so sorry I let my desire to be beaten into submission cloud my judgement,” Vauthia sighed. *“I promise I’ll do everything in my power to find a way out. And if that ultimately proves impossible then, well, this place isn’t actually all that bad. In appearance I mean. Anyway, I’m extremely exhausted so I’m going to try getting some sleep. I’ll try to call again soon.”*

“Please keep me informed, Mistress. I love you and please stay safe.”

“I love you too.” Ending the call, Vauthia’s mind immediately went into overdrive. Remembering the information taken from Brayden’s memory, she recalled the locations of several lockers where the collars and bands were stored. Then, she let her mind drift to the individual rooms the Masters called home. And then it hit her. Project Uprising. Implemented decades ago to render every slave unconscious should they suddenly decide to revolt against their owners, an aerosolized sedative was put in place to knock them all out. But not before the men had chance to protect themselves by donning gas masks. *If I can knock everyone out all at once I can put the men in collars and bands and then we’ll all be equal. If the system is still in place,* she thought as her eyes closed.