

Bound and Taken

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

The soundest of sleepers, Kristen was blissfully unaware of just how drastically her life was about to change. She did not hear the vehicle pulling into the driveway. She did not hear the front door open or the alarm going off to signify there was an intruder in the house. She did not hear the footsteps of the men moving through the house or their hush banter as they searched. Her first inkling that something was wrong was when the sensory deprivation hood was being zipped around her head and several sets of hands were busy restraining her. She struggled against it for as long as she could and then she just relaxed every muscle and awaited the inevitable. Fully expecting them to abuse her, she was moderately shocked and mostly relieved when they instead picked her up and began carrying her. When the cool night air hit her nearly naked body panic set in again. She tried wiggling free, but to no avail. She felt herself being lowered into some sort of large container. An engine starting was followed by what seemed like an eternity on the bumpiest roads in the world.

A long time later the vehicle stopped. Kristen was lifted out of the container and once again carried like a hogtied animal. Still hanging in the air, she felt her clothes being ripped off until she was butt naked. *This is it*, she thought as she was placed on something padded. *Now they're going to rape and probably kill me*. Still being held down by several strong hands, her legs were untied, bent and placed on short padded platforms and then secured by several tightly pulled leather straps. Another went around her waist. Then her neck. Her arms were then untied and similarly restrained. And then it came. Her worst nightmare. The dick plunged into her hard and deep. Barely able to breathe through the nose holes of the hood, unable to see or hear anything, she screamed into the gag filling her mouth but all that came out was unintelligible gibberish.

One man. Two. Five. Ten. Seventeen. Having long since given in to the inevitable, Kristen lost count of how many had used her as their personal cum dumpster, but they just kept one coming. One after the other in a seemingly non-stop train of monsters. Then came the pain. As the next man's barely lubed dick slammed into her ass two more – one standing on either side, caned her back. And they continued caning her as the next ten men used her. Then, just as quickly as it started, it stopped. Nothing. Blinded, deafened and muted by the hood, she lay in restrained to the bench unmolested.

Minutes, maybe hours passed. A new pain. This time a rapidly repeating jabbing in the back of her left thigh. More time passed and then the pain began again on the right. A sweat and semen-covered mess, she was sprayed down with a hose and then scrubbed clean inside and out. Hands grabbed her ass, longer fingernails digging into flesh. A tongue gently licked her sore clit and despite the pain and humiliation her entire body shuddered in orgasm made all the more embarrassing by it being the first time she had ever squirted. Slowly, tenderly, the woman pleased her. There were no fingers, no dicks real or fake. There was no sting of the cane or pain of being tattooed. Just gentle pleasure.

Twenty, maybe thirty minutes passed and for the first time since the ordeal began, Kristen was actually starting to enjoy it as evidenced by her second gushing orgasm. The licking stopped, but not for long. A new scent in the air – a different perfume, told her that the tongue once again gently pleasuring her belonged to a different woman than the first. Still no fingers or cocks were used. But there was an added sensation of something hot dripping onto her battered back. *Hot wax*, She thought as it quickly cooled and hardened. Her right arm was suddenly released. Even if she had the will or energy to fight, she knew what these monsters were capable

of so she offered no resistance as her torso was twisted almost painfully. Her nipple was pinched between cold metal and then came the quick, sharp sting of the needle piercing it. A few minutes later, ring in place, her right side was restrained and the left released. That nipple was also pierced and then she was once again completely secured to the bench. As the last leather strap was being buckled, she had her third orgasm of the night and like the first two it shot out of her like a geyser.

Hot wax still being dripped all over her back and a woman pleasuring her, Kristen felt some movement and then a dick being pushed into her ass. As the man pumped his large pole in and out of her backside, another cock – this one much thicker than anything she had ever taken before pushed into her pussy, the cooler veiny texture telling her it was a dildo. And then, after hours of darkened silence she was hearing noises. Grunts from the man fucking her ass. Hushed conversations all around. Her moans of pleasure as the woman stretching her open with a dildo offset the pain with occasional licks and playful nibbles on her engorged clit. *WHAT. THE. ACTUAL. FUCK?* She thought as another orgasm was nearing climax. *Why? How can I be enjoying this? What the hell is wrong with...* before she could complete the thought the orgasm tore through her like a bolt of lightning.

More women eating her out and fucking her with larger and larger dildos, it came as no surprise when Kristen felt an entire hand being pushed into. First her pussy and then her ass. Pumping in and out like pistons on a motor, she heard the squishing sounds mixed with her own moans. More fists. More licking. More pain in the form of the now cooled shell of wax being caned off. More real dicks. More loads pumped deep inside of her. Ears uncovered; she heard the buzzing of the tattoo gun as the needles pierced her left side. And then she heard a man speak.

“When the tattoo is finished I’m going to remove the gag so that we can make use of all of your holes. If you scream or bite any of us you’ll regret it. If you understand then nod.”

Kristen nodded.

“Good girl. When the gag is removed I want you to thank everyone who has thus far helped turn you into a sex slave and those to come. Nod if you understand.”

Heart pounding at the ends of every nerve, Kristen reluctantly nodded.

“After ever man breeds, fucks your ass or used your mouth you’ll thank him for doing so. And when every woman licks you clean and pleasures you with her tongue and hands you’ll thank her like the good sex slave you were born to be. Nod if you understand.”

Again, Kristen reluctantly nodded her understanding as the tattoo progressed down her left side.

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The large tattoo on her side finally finished, the gag was removed from the hood and Kristen was finally able to fully breathe again. Resisting the urge to scream for help, she took several deep breaths. Unsure on exactly what the man wanted her to say, erred on the side of caution by being as precise as her addled brain could muster. “T-Th-Thank you all for turning me into a sex slave. Thank you for tying me up and fucking me senseless. Thank you for I think caning my back, covering it in hot wax and caning it again. Thank you ladies for pleasuring me with your tongues, dildos and eventually your hands. I’ve never been fisted in my life, or had sex with women before but I liked it. A lot. And thank you men for breeding me, stretching my ass and thanks in advance for using my mouth. And although I can’t see them, thank you for piercing my nipples and tattooing my legs and side.”

“Well said, slave,” the man spoke again. “But since you’re a sex slave in training now you should be more respectful to your Masters and Mistresses.”

"I'm sorry, Master," Kristen quickly and instinctively replied.

"Apology accepted, slave. Now, what would you like all of your Masters and Mistress to do to you?"

"P-Please... please continue using me as your sex slave, M-Master."

"Good girl. We've been at it for nearly nine hours now so I think we'll give you a little break to eat and use the toilet before starting round two. How does that sound, slave?"

"T-Thank you Master. I-I'd like that."

"Very well. What would you like to eat, slave?"

"Anything, Master. I'm starving and not picky," Kristen answered, suddenly realizing just how hungry she really was. "M-May I... may I ask how long you're going to keep me? Are you going to let me go home? Are you going to kill me after you've had your fun?"

"You'll be kept for as long as you prove enjoyable to us, slave, and not a second longer. Now no more talking unless directly spoken to."

Remaining silent, still bound to the bench, Kristen was eventually fed breakfast she was certain came from McDonalds. Not a huge fan of their food, she nevertheless accepted it without complaint for fear of not being offered another. When she was finished, something was placed over her vulva and she was commanded to pee. Barely holding back throughout the meal, she happily obliged. That is until the straw was placed in her mouth and she was commanded to drink. The pungent scent hitting her nose, she knew she was about to drink her own pee, but disgusted as she was, she did exactly that. And she did it with barely a gag.

After slurping down the last drops, the cup was pulled away and a dick was pushed into her mouth. She started sucking but stopped when the warm fluid of the man's pee hit the back of her throat. More piss splashed onto her left side. Then the right. Something, a hose maybe was pushed deep into her ass and then she felt warmth in her bowels. Arms. Legs. Battered back. With the exception of her still hooded head, every inch was covered. Once again sprayed down and scrubbed clean, she was released from the bench and placed on all fours. A collar was snapped around her neck to which a leash was attached. And then slowly, very much still blind, she was led through a building of some sort and into her new home. A large dog cage with the thinnest of foam mattresses providing minimal comfort.

Curled up in a fetal position, Kristen's mind raced nearly as fast as her thumping heart. *What in the hell is wrong with me? Those bastard kidnap me, rape me, force me to drink piss, take fists, have sex with other women and then ask to be trained as a god damn sex slave and what do I do? I prove what a fucking pervert I am by having multiple orgasms. I'm blind and locked in a cage like an animal. Why am I so fucking calm? Why in the hell am I thinking about what they're going to do to me, how being trained as a sex slave is going to not only change my life but the way everyone perceives me and not about finding a way to escape this hell?* Stretching her body as far as the cage would permit, she placed her feet on the door and pushed with all on her might, but unlike store bought cages made of thin bars, this one was far sturdier and did not budge no matter how much pressure she applied. *So much for that*, she sighed.