

Breaking Brooke

By Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

Brooke entered Mr. Grant's office wondering what he wanted. The last time she was called in it was to inform her that she would be taking over one of the agency's most notorious shoots until the normal photographer returned in three weeks. That was a week ago and in those seven days she had been screwed every way imaginable by Marcus and his gang of black men as they took her from once mild photographer to kinky porn star. It was not what she wanted out of life, but considering this was all her husband's doing, she decided to go along with it if only to teach him a lesson.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Grant?"

"I do. I've got some good news and some bad news. Which would you like to hear first?"

"The bad I suppose."

"Well, the bad news is Kelly is due to return today so you will no longer be working with Marcus and his men."

"I thought she had two more weeks on her current assignment, sir?"

"She did, but a nasty case of food poisoning on the model's part cut it short. She will be here in an hour to pick up where you left off."

"And the good news?" Brooke asked, feeling a little disappointed. She had grown to enjoy her daily gang bangs at the office and reveled in telling her husband every detail as he sat in the corner and masturbated.

"The good news we've picked up another kinky client and when she told me what she were looking for I immediately thought of you. Her name is Simone and you'll find her in studio four. I also took the liberty of modifying your contract to include kinky shoots at the normal pay for such. You'll find the amended documents in your office. Please read and sign them before the end of the day."

"Yes sir," Brook smiled. It seemed her fun had not run out after all. "So, is this another of my husband's ideas?"

"Nope, this one was all mine. I've decided to take this company in another direction. We'll be taking on more and kinky clients in the future so I hope you're ready for it."

"I think I can handle just about anything, sir. So, what kind of shoot does this Simone want and will I be involved in it like with Marcus?"

"I think it's best if you talk to her about the shoot, and yes, you will most definitely be involved. I'm afraid your days as a kinky porn star are only beginning."

"Just like I always dreamed," Brooke replied sarcastically. Though in reality she had come to enjoy her time getting gang banged by Marcus and his men and the thought of millions of people watching began turning her on more and more. "I suppose I should go meet my new client and see what she wants of me."

"Have fun."

Brooke left her boss's office and headed straight for studio four where she found a tall, attractive brunette wearing a form-fitting dress pacing back and forth. "Hello, you must be Simone. I'm Brooke," she said offering the woman her hand.

"Nice to meet you Brooke. Did Mr. Grant tell you what this shoot would entail?"

"He did not. He said it would be better if I talked to you about it."

"Well, to clear the air so there are no misconceptions, I'm a lesbian Dominatrix and during our shoots together I am going to train you to be my submissive."

“I see. I suppose it doesn’t matter that I am not into women, or bdsm.”

“Not really. You’ll get into with time and enjoy our shoots, or you won’t. Either way is fine by me. Before we get to it there are a few rules you must know and abide by at all times. First, since I am training you to be my submissive you will call me Mistress at all times in or out of the studio. Is that understood?”

“Um, yes Mistress.”

“Good. Because rule number two is if you fail to call me Mistress you will be punished. The first offense is ten swats of the cane, the second is twenty swats of the cane, the third is fifty swats of the cane and anything after that is one hundred swats of the cane. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Brooke gulped.

“Rule three, you will do as I command without hesitation or complaint even if it’s something you do not like and you will do it with a smile or be punished in the same manner I’ve already described. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Mr. Grant informed me that you were doing a shoot with a group of black men that were breeding you. Is that correct?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And you wanted them to breed you? To put a baby in you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good, because I want the same thing for you and I’ve got a group of ten men for the job.”

“I thought you were a lesbian, Mistress?”

“I am, but you obviously like the dick and want to be bred like a cow so I’m only giving you what you want.”

“So have you ever been with a man before?”

“No. I don’t even use sex toys. Now, the men will be at your house tonight and every night until you are confirmed pregnant. I was also informed that your husband knows about your breeding fetish so he won’t be a problem will he?”

“No Mistress, he won’t be a problem at all. All of this was his idea. Or rather the shoot with Marcus and his men was. He apparently doesn’t know about you yet.”

“Don’t worry, he’ll know of me soon enough. Now, are you ready for your first shoot?”

“No Mistress, I’m not ready for this at all, but I’ll do it anyways.”

“Good. I have a short plot outline for you here. Read it and if you have any questions ask. And when you’re done you may strip naked, set up the cameras and do as it instructs.”

“Yes Mistress,” Brooke said taking the piece of paper. It was short and to the point – bullet-pointing everything from what was going to happen to the use of the safewords red, yellow and green. Once she had it committed to memory, she set the paper on a nearby table, set up the cameras so that they pointed to Mistress Simone who was now sitting on a couch in a mocked-up living room and then stripped out of her clothes.

Crawling across the living room floor, Brook lowered her head and kissed her Mistress’s booted feet, working her way up until her lips touched flesh. Taking a deep breath, she kissed higher, parting her Mistress’s legs as she embarked on a whole new realm of sex. When she reached Simone’s panty-covered pussy she stopped and sat back – resting her ass on the heels of her feet.

“Good girl,” Simone purred. “Do you want to lick my pussy?”

“Yes Mistress.”