

# **Dark Desires**

**Lindsey Greene**

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# Chapter 1

## Lacey

Lacey crept down the dark alley like an animal on the prowl, eyes darting to and fro in search of the Observers she knew were watching her from the shadows. She could almost feel their little robotic eyes looking down upon her, but no matter where she turned the skies were empty.

She ducked down another narrow alley and stopped with her back against the cool brick of a long abandoned building - or at least it was thought to be abandoned. She tapped her knuckles on the door twice, waited three seconds and then knocked three more times. A small panel slid open and eyes looked out into the darkness.

“Who knocketh on my door?” the man peering out asked.

“She that seeketh desire,” Lacey replied, giving the code phrase that let him know she was not the Puritan Police. She heard a series of clicks as the half-dozen locks unlocked and the metal door swung open with the squeal of rusty hinges. She stepped inside and took a step to the left while the man re-secured the door. “Hey Albert,” she smiled at the aging man of sixty.

“Hi Lacey,” Albert smiled back. “You know the drill,” he said, but there was no need. She was already removing her clothes for inspection.

“You’d think after coming here clean for three years I wouldn’t have to go through this nonsense anymore,” she said as she stepped out of her pants.

“Maybe I just like seeing you naked,” Albert grinned as he checked the young brunette out. “We can never be too careful, you know. You’ll get re-education if caught, but we wouldn’t be so lucky. You know the penalty for running a Pleasure Network as well as I do.”

“Yeah, I know. Get this over with will ya, I’ve got real fantasies to get to,” Lacey said as she turned towards the wall. She placed her hand against the rough red brick and took a small step back, spreading her legs open and pushing her ass out for her inspection. It was a small price to pay for the pleasures to come and besides, she kind of liked Albert. Not enough to do anything sexual with him, but enough to let him get his cheap thrills by exploring her body.

After a thorough examination that included more than one probing finger, Lacey grabbed her clothes and walked with Albert to the far end of the empty room and through another door that would lead them to the basement. Once there he opened a secret panel in the wall and they descended into the Pleasure Network - a place where fantasies became reality, and no desire was taboo.

The stairs led them down into a small lobby where a woman sat at a desk polishing her nails. She looked up at Lacey and Albert and flashed them a smile, more towards the sexy young woman than the old man. “Hey there Lacey, back for another round? What is this, the third or fourth time this week?”

“Third time,” Lacey replied. She slung her clothes over her left shoulder with the exception of her jeans which she reached into the front pocket of and pulled out a wad of cash. She handed the money to the receptionist and waited for her to count it.

“So, what’ll it be tonight?” the receptionist asked after tucking the money into a strongbox under the desk. They did not take credits at the Pleasure Network for obvious reasons. There were only two forms of currency they dealt with. The first was cash, the other fantasies.

“Fantasy number 308,” Lacey replied, her body tingling at the thought of what was to come. She had been coming to the Pleasure Network for more than a year now. It was a habit hard to break once started, but that was ok with the twenty-seven year old teacher. She had no intentions of stopping until she had fulfilled every last one in the database.

“Room eleven is free. Have fun dear.”

“Thanks Roxie,” Lacey smiled. “I’ve been wanting to try this one out for months.” She stepped through a door to her left and walked down a cold metal hallway that reminded her of a hospital with its sterile walls and empty feeling. She entered Room eleven and dropped her clothes on the floor.

The room was ten feet by ten feet with recessed lighting in the ceiling above and the Pleasure Chair sitting in the center of the floor. The Pleasure Chair was a padded lunge with a computer console attached under the left arm to which was attached the virtual reality headset. Lacey climbed onto the chair and put the headset on.

“Begin program,” she said excitedly. Her body went rigid as the machine fed information into her brain that sent pleasurable sensation throughout her system.

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Lacey was sitting in her campus office grading the last of the mid-term papers when the door opened. It was after hours and she was not expecting anyone so she left the door unlocked, a mistake on her part in these dark times. She looked up as five black men entered the small room and locked the door behind them. They moved in closer, surrounding the desk as they leered down at her with contempt.

“Can I help you gentlemen?” Lacey asked. She recognized one of them as Trey Parker - a mediocre student barely holding onto his ‘D’ average.

“I need to talk about my grade in your class Miss. Greene,” Trey responded.

“There’s not much I can do about it Trey. I’ve given you every opportunity to improve your grade, but you’ve ignored it all. If you think you can march in here and demand I give you a grade you don’t deserve then you’re going to be sorely disappointed.”

“No, Miss. Greene, it’s you that is going to be sore,” Trey smirked. “Gag her guys! Get her ass bent over that desk!”

“What...What are you doing!?” Lacey gasped as two of the men grabbed her by the arms and yanked her from her seat as a third forced a penis gag into her mouth, strapping it tightly behind her head. She struggled against them, kicked at them, stomping her heels down on toes, but they held her firmly as Trey stepped up in front of her and slapped her hard across the face.

“We’re going to fuck you Miss. Greene. We’re going to screw you in ways you’ve never imagined and when we’re done you’re going to give me a passing grade. Is that understood?” He said ripping her blouse open and pushing her bra up over her perky breasts. “Hey, look guys, this bitch is pierced!” he said painfully tugging at the rings dangling from Lacey’s nipples.

With the gag in her mouth all Lacey could do was incoherently mutter her sentiments towards the bastards that were about to use her. She closed her eyes and shook violently as her skirt was ripped off and her panties torn from her body. Feeling something tapping her forehead, she opened her eyes to see Trey’s thick black cock in her face. Her eyes widened in fright and she redoubled her efforts to get free.

“I’m going to shove this in your pussy and then your ass,” Trey threatened. “And then my boys are going to do the same. When we’re done with you, you won’t be able to walk straight for a week. You belong to us now, slut. Do you understand me? You’re our plaything, our cumdump. Nod if you understand.”

Lacey nodded her head in defeat if only to get the inevitable over with as soon as possible. The two men holding her down on the desk moved to the side as Trey moved behind her. He slapped her ass hard, squeezing her cheeks and pulling them apart. He pushed his thick cock into her and she jerked forward in a last feeble attempt at escape.

“Fucking hell this bitch is tight,” Trey moaned as he pushed deeper into his teacher’s cunt. “Well, she was,” he laughed as he worked in and out of her, slapping her ass periodically. He reached up and grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked her head back and he pushed balls deep into her. And then, without warning he pulled from her pussy and pushed into her ass.

The rest of the men stripped out of their clothes while Trey had his way with Lacey. One of them stepped up to her left and put her hand on his cock, another did the same to the right. It took her a few minutes to get the idea and begin jerking them off while her student fucked her ass.

Trey pulled his cock from Lacey’s ass and stepped around in front of her, his cock still hard. “I’m going to remove the gag and you’re going to suck my cock like a good little slut, right?”

All Lacey could do was not in agreement.

“Good. If you make a sound other than moans of pleasure, if you even think about biting me, or my men’s cocks as we feed you our seed, I’ll make life a living hell for you. Understand slut?”

Lacey nodded again. The gag was removed and Trey pushed his cock into her open mouth. She accepted it without complaint even when he grabbed the back of her head and forced it down her gagging throat. And she did not complain when another of the men pushed into her wetness.

“Remember guys, only shoot in this bitch’s mouth. Feed it to her so we don’t leave behind any evidence. Not that this stupid cunt will go to the police, right,” Trey said looking down at Lacey as she sucked all ten inches of his cock down her throat whether she wanted to or not. She shook her head no.

Despite being forced to submit to these brutes, their cocks were having an effect on her. The thrill of being so brazenly taken had her juices flowing and she soon found herself pushing back against the cock fucking into her pussy while genuinely attempting to give Trey the best blowjob of his life.

Back in the real world, the Pleasure Chair was doing its job to bring Lacey as much pleasure as her brain could manage. A small section of the chair between her legs slid open and a thin metal arm with a dildo attached to the end protruded from it and pushed into her pussy, fucking her with the voracity of the men in the fantasy.

“You’re my fucking whore now Miss. Greene,” Trey said as he fed his teacher his load. “You belong to me and my gang now and you’re going to be a compliant little fucktoy aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Lacey replied meekly, licking the last of Trey’s semen from her lips and gulping it down.

“Master,” Trey added. “From now on you’ll call me Master. Now, tell us all what you are.”

“I..I’m you’re...you’re fucktoy, Master,” Lacey stammered. Saying the words caused her pussy to clench tighter as the first of the orgasms hit her. The man fucking her barely pulled out in time to run around her and feed her his load.

“And like a good fucktoy you’re going to do everything I command, right?” Trey asked.

“Yes Master.”

“And if I said my men and I were going to breed you like a fucking cow, what would you say to that?”

“Please breed me Master,” Lacey replied softly, her voice barely a whisper.

“You heard her boys,” Trey grinned. “Breed the bitch. For the rest of the night shoot in the whore’s pussy.”

Lacey shuddered as she was moved from the desk to the floor where she straddled Trey’s cock, taking it fully into her pussy as another of the men fucked her ass. A third fucked his long black cock down her throat and she writhed in ecstasy as one orgasm after another tore through her.

Back in reality, the Pleasure Chair added another dildo to her ass and one to her mouth to imitate what was happening in the virtual world. Through a series of tubes it shot real semen down her throat and into her pussy. The semen was gathered from sperm banks across the nation and would impregnate her as easily as if it were shot into her by a real man. She did not know this however, as it was her first time running this scenario, but given enough luck she’d know the truth soon enough.

When the fantasy ended, Lacey had taken the equivalent of fifteen loads in her womb. Thanks to a special sealer the dildos extruded, it would remain in her womb with no chance of it ever leaking out. The sealer would dissolve in a few days, but by then it would be too late.

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Lacey removed the virtual reality headset and sat up as the dildos pulled from her pussy and ass. It did not bother her to see them as all of the scenarios called for them to add a more realistic level of pleasure to the fantasy. She could almost feel the semen sloshing around inside of her but dismissed it as her imagination running wild after so intense a scene.

She got dressed, her legs still weak from the multiple orgasms, and she left room eleven with plans on returning again once she had gone through all the rest. Lacey rejoined Albert and Roxie in the receptionist room, a huge grin still on her pretty face.

“How’d it go dear?” Roxie asked. “Did you enjoy it?”

“Yeah, it even used one of my real students,” Lacey replied. “It was fucking amazing.”

“Glad to hear it,” Albert smiled. “Here’s to hoping it takes,” he added downing the last of his beer.

“What takes?” Lacey asked.

“You mean you don’t know?” Roxie answered. “Oh dear! Well, you’ll know soon enough,” she smiled. “So, want to try another fantasy?”

“Not tonight. I’m pretty well-fucked after that one,” Lacey grinned in satisfaction. “I’ll see you in a couple of weeks. I’ve got some bills coming due and can’t spare any more money at the moment.”

“Probably for the best,” Roxie replied. “You take care of yourself Lacey, you’re one of our best customers.”

“Thanks, Roxie. See you around Albert,” she winked at the old doorman. She got dressed and he led her from the Pleasure Network and safely to the streets. He waited for her to walk away before sliding the panel closed and returning to the room below.