

Den of Degenerates

Crimson Rose

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When no one else in the department cared to investigate claims of illegal activities taking place in Wildwood Grounds – a once beautiful park that had closed to the public nearly a decade prior due to an uptick in drug trafficking and violent crimes, despite coming from reputable and trusted sources, Detective Megan Steele took it upon herself to get to the bottom of it if only to prove them wrong and move on with her life, or to prove them right and start making some arrests. And that is how, at a quarter after midnight – dressed head to toe in black, with only the light of the full moon to light the way, she found herself slinking down overgrown trails winding their way through dense forest until eventually coming to a clearing where someone had built a windowless structure of stone, wood, and concrete blocks.

The only lights coming from a sign to the left of the door, Detective Steele cautiously approached and no sooner was her hand on the door handle, then a male voice came from a speaker near the front peak of the roof.

“Read the sign and follow the rules, or fuck off!”

“Um, and you are?”

“The person telling you to read the sign and follow the rules or to fuck off.”

Not wanting to tip her proverbial hat and reveal that she was law enforcement too quickly, Megan let her eyes drift to the glowing sign hanging to the left of the door like a beacon begging to be noticed. Then they went down to a small box containing several thick leather gloves and what appeared to be a tall, cylindrical ceramic container. Going back to the sign, she read:

WELCOME TO THE DEN OF DEGENERATES!

Anyone wishing to enter must prove they belong by first tripping butt naked and neatly folding their clothes. Then they will put on one of the gloves, open the container, and use the rod within to place a mark on their left breast. Once the rod is in place it'll be held there for no fewer than sixty seconds. Once the mark has been received, you will enter, place your clothes in the first empty locker you find and then proceed into your most perverse dreams.

By giving yourself the mark you are advertising yourself as free use to all within just as they are advertising themselves to you. There are no limits or inhibitions. Once marked you are giving all within blanket permission to use you however, and whenever they desire just as you may use them. If you don't like what's being done to you too bad. Grin and bear it and move on to something you like, or get the fuck out and don't come back.

Knowing she could easily call for backup and get whomever was inside trespassed a minimum, Detective Steele decided to play the long game and collect as much evidence as possible to build her case against the criminals within. Which is the only reason she stripped naked and then neatly folded her clothes. Stacking them on the table, she put a glove on, opened the container, and flinched back as an icy-cold cloud escaped. Curious and confused, she looked in to see a metal rod sitting on what appeared to be dry ice. Reaching in, she grabbed the handle, pulled it out and then read the tip consisting of the words: FREE USE FUCKPIG. Knowing absolutely nothing about cryogenic or ‘freeze’ branding, she lined it up as best she could with her left breast and then pressed it into her flesh. Biting her lips against the discomfort, she silently counted down in her head not realizing her new body modification was becoming more

permanent by the second. Hitting zero, she looked down at the pure white mark standing out in stark contrast with her olive skin. *What in the hell is wrong with me?* she thought as she reached out and pushed the door open. Stepping into a small room with cube-shaped lockers lining wither side wall, she took note of the number and then placed her clothes inside the first empty one. Going through the motions, she set an easy to remember code before approaching the door at the end.

ALMOST THERE, DEGENERATES!

You know the drill. Glove on, and choose the container corresponding to your sexual organs. Sixty seconds and then all of your wildest fantasies will come true within.

Not thinking twice, Megan put a glove on, opened the container marked VAGINA, pulled the branding iron out, and then pressed it into her mound for one full minute permanently marking her with the words: BITCH FOR BREEDING written around a puppy paw. *God, I hope they fade sooner rather than later,* she thought as she pushed the heavy metal door open into a huge dungeon playroom where fifty or so men and women were engaged in various forms of debauchery. Before the door shut behind her, Megan was surrounded by a group of five men. Parting her lips to speak, she was pushed onto her knees and her mouth filled with cock before she could get a word out. Hips raised, a black man took her from behind. Mind racing, she froze in place as she experienced her first ever threesome.

Maneuvered on top of the black man, Megan panted as her mouth and ass were stuffed with cock. *Oh my fucking God! I can't believe this is happening! I... I'm being gang banged! They're using me like they fucking own me! I didn't... they didn't even ask... holy fucking hell! Why am I letting them do this? Why in the holy hell aren't I stopping them?*

Those and a thousand other questions sped through Detective Steele's mind as the men pounded her holes hard and deep. Then came the thudding sting of the flogger against her back and sides. As the two men waiting their turn sadistically passed the time. Humiliated and degraded, at being taken without permission, she groaned and moaned around the cock in her throat as the mix of pleasure and pain kept her teetering on the edge of orgasm until the man in her ass blew his load. No sooner was that first ropey strand blasting into her bowels, then the orgasm was gushing from her womanhood in torrents. Then the man in her pussy came and a moment later she was swallowing her first load of the night. But her gang bang was just getting started. Covered in sweat and dripping semen, she was taken by three more men – two in her pussy and another down her throat.

Six men became nine. Then fifteen. Triple penetrations accompanied by flogging, caning, hot wax, and the occasional needle, Detective Megan Steele's mind and body were quickly reaching the point of exhaustion so after the eighth round she quickly scrambled to her feet panting like a thirsty puppy as more men moved in. "I... I can't... I need a fucking break so go find another bitch to fuck!" she said before stumbling deeper into the dungeon playroom where she found a dark corner to hide in.

"There you are," a man said.

Looking up, Megan saw a tall, well-built handsome man with short black hair and goatee. Eyes going down his naked body, they settled on his impressive cock and balls. "You... you're the one that spoke to me when I got here."

"That's me. I'm Jayden Moore and this is my personal, private dungeon. And you are?"

“Megan,” Detective Steele said, too exhausted to think up a fake name.

“Nice to meet you, Megan. Have you been enjoying yourself so far?”

“I’ve been fucked by eighteen men! Caned! Flogged. Covered with hot wax and stuck with needles!”

“But did you enjoy it?”

“I... most of it. How is any of this even possible? How did you build this place when the park is supposed to be closed? What are these marks I had to give myself? How long before they go away?”

“Where better to build a private dungeon than somewhere closed to the public? As for the marks, they’re permanent.”

“W-What?”

“I take it you’ve never heard of cryogenic or freeze branding?”

“No!”

“Well, you have now. They’re permanent, Megan. “As far as anyone seeing you naked is concerned, you’re a free use fuckpig and a bitch for breeding.”

“What does that even mean? Free use fuckpig that is?”

“Oh boy, how new are you to bdsm?”

“I’ve never done anything like this in my life and I honestly don’t know why I allowed any of it to happen. I should’ve ran away after the first time you talked to me but I didn’t. And I didn’t leave after I branded myself a second time, or when those men just grabbed and took me the second I was inside. Oh God! What if one of them knocked me up? Please tell me you’re lying about the marks. Please tell me they’ll eventually fade away.”

“Had you just touched the tips to your skin and immediately pulled away they would’ve faded in a few weeks, but after holding them for a minute they become permanent. So, I have to ask, how did you find this place? Don’t get me wrong, I’m more than happy to see another beautiful woman submitting to her base desires, but we’re invite only and I’m pretty sure I never invited you.”

“I... I heard a few rumors and curiosity got the better of me. And now I’m permanently marked as free use – whatever that means, and been fucked by more men in a few hours than my entire adult life.

“Free use means you’re declaring yourself open to being used by whomever sees the brand however they desire and without needing to ask permission beforehand,” Jayden explained. For the record, everything you’ve done since entering the park has been recorded so if you’re thinking of going to the police the videos will show you willingly participating in everything you’ve done. That being said, since you’re new here, if you go down the hallway on your right you’ll find a bathroom on the left where you can shower and freshen up, and a kitchen where you’ll find food and non-alcoholic drinks. Don’t bother with the doors on the right as they’re locked and not accessible to visitors. Now, speaking of drinks, get on your knees and open your mouth.”

Thinking Jayden was going to feed her another load of semen after face-fucking her, Megan did not hesitate following his command. Not because she wanted to eat his jizz, but because she was just too exhausted to argue. But no sooner was his dick sliding into her mouth, then the well-used detective knew she had been mistaken as a stream of warm, pungent fluid shot down her throat. The look on her face giving away her intentions, she suddenly had a hand on the back of her head holding her in place as the piss continued flowing to her stomach. The initial shock of being used as a urinal faded, Megan did her best to relax and accept the rest of Jayden’s

pee as the stream thankfully trickled to a stop. “I... I can’t believe you just pissed down my throat!”

“First time?”

“Of course it was my first time!” Overcome with humiliation and anger, Detective Steele reached out and slapped Jayden right on the balls sending him reeling backward with a guttural groan. “I’ve read about this thing called cock and ball torture...” letting the comment hang, she latched onto his scrotum and dug her fingernails in as she gave it a hard tug downward. His guttural groans making her clit tingle, she gave Jayden’s balls a hard squeeze with one hand while slapping his cock with the other until, to her surprise, it grew hard in her hand. “Fucking hell! Are you actually enjoying this?” Getting only groans, moans, and a knowing smirk, Megan continued her assault on Jayden’s manhood. And then, out of nowhere, he pulled back, flipped her onto all fours, and then slammed his cock into her just in time to deliver it’s payload. “Oh God! Just what I need – another load to potentially knock me up!”

“Trust me, by the time you leave you’ll have taken enough loads to breed an army,” Jayden said as he slowly pulled out of Megan’s womanhood. “In fact, I’m going to make sure every drop of semen is deposited in your wrecked cunt. How does that sound?”

“Like I should get the hell out of here before that happens,” Megan panted.

“But we both know that isn’t going to happen don’t we? Protest all you like, but we both know you’re going to stay and let every man and trans woman breed you like a good little fuckpig. Isn’t that right?”

“You can’t keep me here against my will!”

“Never said I would. You’re free to leave whenever you want, but I think we both know that’s not going to happen until every man here has made a deposit and every woman licks you clean.”

“I...” pausing a beat, Megan kept her head down and raised her ass. “Line the men up to breed me, and the women to lick me clean.”

“Would you like to shower and grab something to eat first?”

“I’m only going to get all sweaty again so what’s the point? And in case someone else uses me as their toilet I’d rather not risk throwing up with a full stomach so please get a cock in me before I change my mind and leave.”

“As you wish. Remember, they’re free to use you however they desire.”

“Just as I’m free to use them,” Megan purred as the excitement of being taken by so many men and women had her clit throbbing.