

Desperate Times

Crimson Rose

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My life was going to hell and my options for getting it under control were quickly running out. Leaving the bank in disgust – my last-ditch effort to get my hands on some desperately needed cash denied, I got in my truck and drove. I had one legal route remaining to me, but it was one I did not want to take. In fact, in the year since my unemployment ran out and the chances of landing another decent job dwindled into oblivion I thought of robbing banks, mugging people and a million other things to avoid considering where the road of life now took me.

Stopped at a red light, I took out my cell phone and dialed my best friend Jerome, my stomach tying in knots so tight it physically hurt. When he answered I nearly hung up, but managed to force myself to stay on the line. “I’ll do it,” I said, those three little words spelling the biggest change in my life.”

“Um, you’ll do what?”

“The one thing you’ve wanted and I’ve refused since we met. The price is fifteen thousand and not a penny less.”

“You that desperate?”

“I wouldn’t be making this fucking call if I wasn’t.”

“I know how hard this is for you so I’ll make you a deal. Come by right now and I’ll pay you thirty. And there’s more where that comes from if you agree to work with me afterwards.”

“I’ll be there in forty minutes.” The butterflies not trying to escape their knotted tomb were like daggers in my gut as I sped down the road toward a destiny I already regretted making for myself.

Arriving at Jerome’s mansion – he called it a house, but let’s be honest, anything with fourteen bedrooms, sixteen bathrooms and its own private movie theater is the definition of a mansion. Pulling into the long driveway, I parked, got out and walked up to the front door. Pausing for a moment, I knocked. The door swung open a moment later and I was unable to look my best friend in the eyes as he greeted me. Following him inside, I closed the door and he stopped and turned to face me.

“Before we go any further there’s something I am obligated to tell you. My house is wired with more than a hundred cameras recording everything twenty-four-seven and will not be turned off for today’s interaction. If you agree to being recorded then I need to hear you say it. If not, then we’ll go no further.”

“Fine, whatever, I agree.”

“I need to hear you say what you’re agreeing to, Bret.”

“I agree to let you record everything we do today,” I replied, my eyes on the hardwood floor.

“Great. I have a few questions to ask and then we can get started,” he said, walking across the living room and taking a seat in his favorite overstuffed recliner. Please tell me your name, age and the reason you are here today.”

“Seriously? We’ve known each other for fifteen years.”

“Be that as it may, I need you to answer all of my questions.”

“You’re going to make this as difficult as possible for me aren’t you?”

“Not at all. Simply put, I’m doing this for my own protection as well as yours. Now please answer the question.”

“My name is Bret Underwood, I’m twenty-two years old and I’m here to...I’m here because I’m desperate for money and you agreed to help me out financially in return for sex.”

“So, you’re here to whore yourself out?”

“What? No!”

“Then you’re here to be a porn star?”

“No, I’m here to...fine, yes, I’m here to be a damn porn star,” I said, knowing where he was taking this conversation and the real reason he offered to pay me so much. As the owner of a niche gay porn studio he was always looking for new talent and it seemed today was my debut.

“So you agree to let me post today’s interactions on my websites as well as sell it on DVD and digital download?”

“I’d rather not have this out in the public. I’m not gay and don’t want people thinking I am.”

“Then we’re done here. So, want to hang out or do you need to go?”

I wish I could say he was just messing with me, but I knew he was serious. Unless I agreed to be his newest porn star the deal was off the table and I would lose everything. “Fine, I agree to let you put it on your website and sell it on DVD and digital download.”

“Great. I have a contract you can read and sign and then we can get started so if you’ll follow me to my office we’ll get that taken care of. Oh, and while you may not be gay, if you see this through to the end you will be a gay porn star and that’s exactly how everyone in the industry will see you.”

“Not if I have sex with women as well.”

“True, except the contract you’ll be signing prevents you from working for any other studio and has a mandatory first-year minimum of twenty-four scenes. That’s two a month for twelve months.”

“WHOA! That is not what I agreed to do.”

“Do you want my help getting out of debt?”

“Yes.”

“Then you’ll sign the contract and do the twenty-four scenes. And so that we’re both on the same page here, you will be working exclusively with gay black men which makes you what?”

“A gay porn star,” I answered, the knots in my stomach moving up to my throat and down into my intestines. “What else does this contract of yours demand?”

“Well, as you know, most of my movies center on gay submissive men being dominated in the most humiliating and degrading of ways. Assuming you’ve never actually watched one of them I’ll let you use your imagination on what that means.”

“So, you expect me to do twenty-four scenes for what you said you’ll pay me? That hardly seems fair to me.”

“No, I expect you to do twenty-four scenes that each pay what I said I’d pay you. And just so you know, that’s way more than any gay porn star in the business makes.”

“Really?”

“Well, considering most gay performers make five-hundred to a thousand a scene, yeah, you’re getting well above the norm. And I’m willing to pay you so well because you’re straight, new to porn and we’ve been friends for fifteen years. Oh, I forgot to mention that’s for the first year. The contract is for three years and the number of scenes go up to five per month after the first year and the pay will drop to six thousand per scene which will still put you at nearly three-

quarters of a million a year. I do have a five year contract that will gross you a cool million a year, but you'll be required to do five scenes a month starting from when you sign."

"You're really enjoying making me suffer aren't you?"

"I'd be lying if I said no," he smirked. "The choice is yours. Three years, five years or walk away with nothing. You know me, Bret. And you know how I am with my money. Friends or not I cannot and will not loan that kind of money out. If it was a few hundred I wouldn't bat an eye, but thirty grand is going to require something in return. I'm offering you a legal way to not only get yourself out of debt, but to make enough you should never find yourself in this position again."

"No, the only position I'll be in is bent over taking black men up the ass."

"And that's what makes it all the more exciting. So, what'll it be?" he asked, his hand on the knob attached to the door leading into his office."

"I hate myself so much right now for getting into this mess and I can't believe I'm saying these words, but I'll sign on for five years. But only on the condition that I get the amount I said I needed by the end of the month."

"Done and done. Once the contract is signed and you've done your first scene I'll cut you a check for thirty thousand. That's six for the scene and twenty-four as a sign-on bonus. Deal?"

"Deal. So, will I only be working with you?"

"Lord no. You'll be getting fucked by as many as thirty men when you start doing the gang bangs." Pushing the door open, we stepped into his office and in the brief moment it took me to pass over the threshold I saw life as I knew it vanish before my eyes.