

# **Devil's Bargain**

**Crimson Rose**

~ ~ ~

# **Devil's Bargain**

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

It was Friday night. My mother was out of town on business. The house was all mine and I fully intended on taking advantage. Getting home a little later than planned, I got out of my car, went inside to prepare for an evening of partying and stopped dead in my tracks. Strategically placed candles lit the living room and down the hallway leading in the direction of my bedroom. Heart racing, my eyes followed the rose petals on the floor and my feet walked of their own accord.

As I walked down the hallway I heard the faint sound of a tune I did not recognize playing. Hand trembling, I reached out and turned the knob. "H-Hello?"

"Hey babe," a deep commanding voice replied. I thought it sounded familiar but for the life of me could not place where I had heard it before. "Tonight's the special night. Are you ready to become a woman?"

"W-What are you talking about? Who are you? Why are you in my house? Did my mother send you? If this is one of her perverse jokes I'm not laughing."

"No, but soon you'll be moaning," the voice replied. "Come on, Marlee, you know you've been dreaming of this night as long as I have."

"I...I don't...I'm not...I don't even know who you are."

"Not funny, babe. How can you forget the man of your dreams?" A man appeared out of nowhere in front of me. He was tall, well-dressed in an obviously tailored suit and at least twenty years my elder. His handsome face looked vaguely familiar, but like his voice I could not place it. "I love you, Marlee, and promise to make this a night you'll never forget."

As my feet brought me to the room of their own accord, my right arm raised and I took his hand in my own. His skin was warm and rough, but at the same time strangely smooth. He pulled me close and our lips nearly met. I froze. His smile turned my knees to butter and I melted into his arms as he kissed me. It was, for lack of a better word, magical. My lips parted. Our tongues met and suddenly I wanted to rip my clothes off so he could ravish me. His right hand went to my lower back, his left to my ass. My body acting with a mind of its own, I reached down and unbuckled his belt and then his pants.

The man, whose name, for the life of me, I could not recall gently bit my lower lip and then took a step back. His eyes lowered and with them my knees gave and I knelt on the floor in front of him. "Please, Master, may I suck your cock?" I asked.

"You may."

"Thank you Master." Reaching up, I pulled his pants and underwear down. "My god!" I gasped when his huge cock sprang free. Wrapping my fingers around the thick, veiny shaft I stroked the nearly foot length. Leaning closer, I maintained eye contact and sucked his balls one after the other as if it were the most natural thing in the world despite it being my first time doing anything with a man. Licking up his shaft, I kissed the head and then sucked him down my throat. Literally. It was as if my gag reflex and throat muscles went on vacation and left a nice snug place for his cock to easily slide into. Surprised, I held it there longer than I thought possible before pulling back.

"Good job, slave."

"Thank you, Master, but I don't understand how I can suck your cock so easily when I've never done it before. Suck cock that is."

"You're a very gifted young woman, Marlee and that's what I love about you. Are you ready to become a woman? To take my seed and bear my children?"

“Yes Master.” Without being told to, I crawled to the bed and knelt head down and ass up – something in my mind telling me that was my Master’s preferred position. He got on the bed behind me. A finger traced down my spine causing goosebumps to pop up all over my skin. THWAP! His hand slapped me ass. “Thank you Master.” The huge head of his massive cock slid along my vulva causing me to inhale sharply and bite into my lower lip. “Please make me a woman, Master. There was a great amount of pressure and then he was in me – that thin flap of skin utterly destroyed by his powerful thrust.

∞ ∞ ∞

Waking in a cold sweat, I bolted upright and looked around the living room. There were no candles, no rose petals, no romantic music and definitely no men. Laying back, I stared at the ceiling. “Every damn night,” I sighed. Hands going down my belly I suddenly felt...strange. My entire body tingled. It was kind of pleasant at first but quickly grew painful as if I was being jabbed with a million tiny needles. A dozen hit my clit and to my humiliation I squirt like a fountain. Rolling onto my stomach I raised my ass and gushed again. A third came when I touched myself for the first time in my life. Unfortunately, the sensation passed and I did not get to experience a fourth.

Rolling out of bed I went to my private bathroom, opened a cabinet, reached under the towels in the back and grabbed a pregnancy test. I had no idea why I bought them, but was glad I had because if this one was the same as the others I was pregnant which begged the logical question of how, short of divine intervention, it was possible for a virgin to get knocked up. Sitting on the toilet, I opened the box and removed the test applicator. Positioning it, I peed and ten seconds later double blue lines appeared.

After finishing, I went back to my bedroom and added the applicator to the others lining my dresser. Standing naked in front of a full length mirror, right hand slowly circling my belly I stared at myself in shocked horror and confusion. Eyes drifting to the dresser, I shook my head at the little plus signs and double lines on the eleven pregnancy tests all indicating the impossible. *How?* I thought. *I’ve never had sex in my life. How in the hell can I be pregnant?* A knock on the bedroom door brought me back to reality.

“Marlee, you awake?” my mother asked through the door

Opening the dresser drawer, I swiped the pregnancy tests in on top of my bras and panties. “Yeah, I’m up.”

The door opened and my mother walked in. “I bet you’re all sorts of confused,” she said, her eyes going to my belly.

“W-What are you talking about?”

“You’re pregnant. And you’re a virgin. I imagine a million things are going through your mind right now, but...”

“H-How...how did you know? What’s going on mom? How can I be pregnant when, like you said, I’m a virgin?”

“The family curse, or gift depending on how you want to look at it. Also, I may have come in yesterday looking for you and saw the applicators on your dresser.”

“You were snooping in my room?”

“I wouldn’t call it snooping when you leave them laying out in the open.”

“Wait, despite being pregnant you still believe I’m a virgin?”

“I do because the same thing happened to me, my mother, her mother and her mother before that. Family curse, remember?”

“Thought it was a gift?”

“From a certain perspective. How many families do you know that not only have five generations alive, but each that is exactly nineteen years older than the next?”

“But I’m only eighteen.”

“And you’ll be nineteen when your daughter is born. Don’t bother giving me that look. Or have you not noticed the first born in our family are exclusively female?”

“What’s going on mom? And don’t give me that curse bullshit! I’m PREGNANT! I’m a virgin! I’ve never even had a boyfriend.”

“I’m going to ask you a very important question and I want the truth. Have you been having erotic dreams the past few months?”

“I...yes.”

“Thought so. No need to be embarrassed. Every woman in this family going back hundreds of years have had them in the months leading up to our first pregnancy and you are no exception.”

“You’re saying all these words, but you’re not telling me anything, mom. Please, what is going on? Who knocked me up? How? Believe me, I’ve checked and I’m still intact down there. I don’t even masturbate. Tell me something god damn it!”

“That’s why I’m here sweetie. Please, sit down, take a deep breath and prepare yourself for the craziest story you’ll likely ever hear.” Waiting for me to sit on the bed, she continued. “Let’s start with the dream. Stop me if I get anything wrong. You have the house to yourself for the night. You come home to find it lit with candles, rose petals carpeting the floor in the direction of your bedroom. You get there, body trembling with fear, excitement and anticipation. When the door opens you are greeted by a man you know but can’t place. You can’t resist his voice and when his lips press to yours you know you’ll do everything in your power to please him.”

“H-How?”

“We’ve all had the same dream, Marlee, and it always ends the same way. Being creampied and then one day you wake up absolutely certain you’re pregnant despite being a virgin. You tell yourself you’re crazy, but you take the tests day after day and the results are always the same. And then one day your mother comes in with a bizarre story to tell.”

“Are you trying to tell me I got pregnant in a dream, mom, because that would be pretty damn impossible. Now how about a little less fantasy and a bit more reality? Who knocked me up?”

“Would you believe me if I told you the devil is your baby’s daddy?”

“Not even for a second so stop dodging and answer the fucking question.”

“I just did.”

“The devil isn’t real, mom, so tell me what’s going on or so help me I’m going to the police!”

“And tell them what? That you’re a pregnant virgin and don’t know who the father is? Fancy a trip to the mental ward, or do you want them laughing you out of the station? Look, I’m telling you the father of your baby is the devil himself and if you don’t believe me I’ll prove it.”

“If you can prove the devil is real I’ll...I honestly don’t know what I’ll do, but we won’t have to figure that out since the damn devil isn’t real.”

“Come with me.”

“Where?”

“If you want proof then let’s go. And don’t bother getting dressed as we’re not leaving the house.”