

Finding Kelly

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Finding Kelly

Copyright© 2015 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book 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](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

“You wanted to see me sir?” Angela said as she entered her boss’ office and closing the door behind her.

“I did.” Mr. Carpenter replied. “There’s no easy way to do this so I’ll just get right to it, you’re fired.”

“Fired? What do you mean fired!? What could I have possibly done to warrant firing? I’m always on time. Professional. And frankly the best reporter this station has!”

“All true, but we cannot staff someone with your...proclivities.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Look, what you do in your private life is your business, but when it reflects poorly on our station that’s where I must make a stand.”

“Um, what? What does that even mean? What proclivities? What in the hell are you talking about?”

“Like you don’t know,” Carpenter said shaking his head. “You did well to hide it, but the truth is out and people are talking.” Picking up a remote from his desk he hit the power button turning the wall-mounted TV on and then motioned with a finger for Angela to watch.

Angela turned her attention to the large TV and stared in shock as it showed a buxom raven-haired beauty dressed in royal blue form-fitting, thigh-high latex boots, matching opera gloves, garter belt and nothing else. The woman – whom looked very much like the young reporter standing in her boss’ office, was walking down a street of similarly dressed men and women when a leather clad man approached and told her to get on her knees which she did.

Angela’s hand went to the sleek black collar that had been stuck around her throat for the last month and her fingers trembled. The gift arrived in the mail anonymously and she loved the look and design so much she decided to put it on. Unfortunately for her, she did not count on the powerful magnets locking the ends together and preventing her from removing it.

“Look familiar?”

“THAT IS NOT ME! I don’t even know where that place is.”

“Come on Angela, the camera does not lie. That woman is your exact double from your haircut to the shape of your body. Not to mention the collar around your throat that matches hers. And you know full well that that’s the Domination Farm.”

“WAIT! Go back. A little more. THERE! STOP! Right there’s proof that woman is not me!” Angela said pointing at the screen. “She has piercings and a tattoo on her breast. I have none of that. See,” she said lifting her blouse and bra to show her boss her piercing and tattoo free breasts. “No pierced nipples and no tattoo! That is not me!”

“Maybe you took the rings out and had the tattoo removed,” Carpenter persisted. “I sure as hell would with something that humiliating and degrading. “I’m sorry, but everyone thinks that is you and the hate mail had already been pouring in. We have no choice but to let you go.”

“This is bullshit and you know it! You can’t fire me over what someone else does no matter how much she might look like me.”

“I’m sorry, but it’s out of my hands. You’ll have to pack up your things and Mark will escort you from the building.”

“You’ll be hearing from my lawyers,” Angela yelled and stormed out of the office. She could see several of her co-workers staring at her – the men with lust in their eyes and the women with scorn, as she walked towards her small office to clear out her things. *Who in the hell*

is that woman? She thought as she tossed her stuff into a box. And what in the fuck is a domination farm?

∞ ∞ ∞

Angela sat the box of pictures and knick knacks on the coffee table, kicked off her shoes and took off all but her panties as she did every day when she got home from work, albeit this time she was home before her shift even started, but routine was routine and she was a woman of habits. Pacing back and forth in panties and collar, she thought about her doppelganger and the trouble she caused and wondered if the woman knew, or even cared. Reaching up, she once again attempted to remove the collar, but the magnetic clasp was simply too strong for her to budge so she gave up trying. It looked very much like the one the woman in the video was wearing which prompted her to stop pacing and go to her laptop.

Sitting down at her desk, Angela did a quick google search for domination farm and clicked on the top result – taking her to a page showing men and women dressed as the woman in the video her boss showed her. Some collared, others not. It also showed men and women wearing leather and latex that actually covered the intimate parts and these she soon realized wore red armbands signifying their role as Dominant.

After flipping through page after page of photographs and sample videos, she stumbled upon a gallery of herself – or at least her look-alike. Upon closer examination, she could not believe the similarities and could understand how her boss might think it was really her, but she showed the asshole her bare breasts to prove it was not and he still did not believe her. Looking at the photos was like looking into a mirror, except she would never do what the woman on the pictures was doing.

“Fucking bitch ruined my life,” she huffed angrily. “I should go to the fucking farm and teach her a lesson! Make her tell the world she is not me!” *I don't want to work for that asshole again, but the least she can do is clear my name!* She thought as she clicked through the gallery of images. When she saw a set of the woman on her knees surrounded by three men clearly pissing on her, she just about lost it. “That’s it! I can’t have people thinking I’d do something so horrible!”

With her mind made up, Angela went back to google and planned a route to the Domination Farm. It was a three day drive halfway across the country, but she was bound and determined now to clear her name once and for all no matter what it took. After spending the rest of the day packing and planning her trip, she turned in early. It took her a good three hours to finally fall asleep, but when she did, she was out cold.

∞ ∞ ∞

Brian tested the door and found it unlocked as he was told it would be. So far, so good. Stepping into the dark room – using only his cell phone for light, he locked the door behind him and tiptoed through the house towards the bedroom where he silently eased the door open and gazed upon the woman lying in bed. He recognized her immediately and approached the bed with the handcuffs and gag at the ready. One padded cuff went around Angela’s right wrist and then the headboard. The next set was attached to the left wrist and headboard and the next two went on the ankles, leaving the sleeping woman spread eagle on the bed.

Brian stripped out of his clothes, lubed his cock and climbed into bed between Angela’s open legs. Placing the head of his cock against her asshole, he leaned down and placed the gag in her mouth and pulled it tight. Angela woke with a start and thrashed about. Her hips rocked back just as Brian lurched forwards and she felt his full nine thick inches push into her ass. Holding onto her hips, he thrust in and out hard and fast – giving her the rough pounding she had

requested of him. Well, not him personally, but the agency he worked for. He just happened to be the lucky son of a bitch to land the celebrity client.

When he felt himself ready to cum, he pulled out of her ass, flipped her over onto her back which caused her arms and legs to cross painfully and then shoved into her tight pussy where he unloaded as ordered – Angela’s muffled cries and pleas only making him hornier. When his cock had finally gone soft he pulled out and got off the bed, but his job was not yet done. He had received very specific orders and he was nothing if not thorough.

Grabbing the bag from the floor, he withdrew a long tapered needle and placed a gold ring in the hollowed out end and then did the same to second and third. After climbing onto the bed, he lay one of the needle and rings sets on Angela’s heaving belly and pushed the other through her right nipple. The ring dropped into place and he closed it before quickly piercing the left. He then moved between her legs and pushed the last needle through her clit hood. When he was done he got off of the bed and went back into his bag where he retrieved the gun and other supplies to finish the fantasy.

Getting back between Angela’s legs, Brian went to work giving the ex-reporter her first tattoo – the word SLAVE tattooed on her shaved mound. And when he was done he put everything away and undid the cuffs and removed the gag. “I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did,” Brian smiled. “Was it everything you dreamed it would be?”

Angela stared at her attacker with wide-eyed horror and disgust – unable to form the words as she shook uncontrollably. “Y-You r-raped me!” she stammered.

“That is what you requested. So, was it to your satisfaction?”

“MY SATISFACTION!? YOU FUCKING RAPED ME! YOU BROKE INTO MY HOUSE AND RAPED ME! You sick son of a bitch!” Reaching for the phone, she suddenly felt Brian’s strong hand around her wrist. “Let go of me!”

“Hold on a minute, you’re not calling the police are you?”

“Damn right I am! You fucking raped me!”

“No, I fulfilled your rape fantasy as you requested.”

“What in the fuck are you talking about? Who in their right mind requests to be raped?”

“Please, let me explain! I have the evidence right here that you requested it. Just hear me out and then you can decide to call the police or not, okay.”

“What evidence?”

“It’s in my bag.”

“Yeah, more like you have a gun in there to kill me!”

“Fine, I’ll stand over by the closet and you can get it from the bag. There are several photos and a video recording of you calling the agency. Please look at it before calling the police and you’ll see I’m telling the truth. I don’t go around raping innocent women.”

“Well you raped me you fucking bastard because I made no such call!”

“The video is on my laptop in the bag. Please, I beg you, look at it.”

“Move over to the closet and get inside. Don’t open the door or I’m calling the police.”

“Fair enough. There is no password and the video is on the desktop under your name.”

Once Brian was in the closet, Angela grabbed the laptop from the bag and turned it on. Once it finished booting up she saw a video icon named Angela Brice. She clicked it open.