

Friends in Training

Victoria Brynn

~ ~ ~

Friends in Training

Copyright© 2017 by **Victoria Brynn**. 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](#)

My life was going great thanks to discovering Bluefire Studios who hired me on to do a test shoot eight months ago. I started off fully clothed, but it simply was not enough to pay the bills and have anything left over so after two months I made the decision to add lingerie shoots to my portfolio. The increase in money was nice, but I had a lot of bills and not much of a savings so a month later and I was taking all of my clothes off. And that's where I drew the line despite repeated promises of more money if I went further.

Life was looking pretty good for a change. I was able to buy a new house and car, pay off all of my past due bills and have money in the bank at the end of the month. That is, of course, until Mother Nature stepped in and slapped me like a redheaded step-child. It was the worst thunderstorm I could remember and that's not only because lightning struck the giant oak tree in my back yard sending it toppling over onto the roof of my newly purchased ranch-style home.

It could not have just hit the corner and slid off, or miraculously landed without causing damage at all. No. The damn thing slammed down diagonally taking out half the damn house with it including the garage where my new car was parked. Thankfully, I was not at home at the time as I was out shopping with my best friend Jacey when the storm hit, but now I had no home to go back to. Jacey offered to put me up until the house could be repaired and I graciously accepted and she even loaned me her spare car – an older model Taurus that was on its last leg and barely capable of getting me from point A to point B, but, as the saying goes, beggars can't be choosers.

Three days after the storm wrecked my life, I called Bluefire studios to tell them I needed all the work I could possibly get to pay for repairs and to get back on me feet, but Judy – the company receptionist, just compiled more bad news on top of worse.

"I'm sorry, Natalie, but we're all booked up for at least the next six months with one exception and it's far outside of your comfort range."

"I don't care what it is, Judy. My house and care were destroyed in that damn storm. I'm living with my best friend and I really need the work. Please, just tell me what the shoot is and I'll do it."

"It's with Kyle. Do I need to go on?"

Kyle was the director in charge of the studio's most hardcore, perverted shoots that few models wanted anything to do with. But these were desperate times. "W-What is the shoot?"

"It's not just a single shoot, Natalie. He's starting a new series which means the same model has to do them all. He's projecting fifteen to twenty shoots in total. Video as well as photo. The model will be paid ten thousand per shoot with a fifty thousand dollar up-front bonus."

"Jesus Christ! That's ten times what I'm making going nude."

"We told you time and time again there's way more money to be made. But here's the catch. If you agree to do the shoot you will be contractually bound to do all twenty of them. If you back out before the last one is done you'll not only have to repay the bonus, but you'll be black listed and you'll never work in this business again so you had better be damned sure you're able to handle it."

"I have no choice. My life is in ruins right now and this is the only way I can see out of it."

"You won't be the same if you do it, Natalie."

"Meaning?"

“Meaning you’ll be used, abused, chewed up and spit out. This isn’t going to be just you having sex with one of the male models, Natalie. You’ll be subjected to the most perverse and humiliating acts of a sexual nature that you can imagine and then some. Let me put it to you this way, it is so hardcore nineteen other models turned it down. One other said she would do it, but wanted far more money than we were willing to pay.”

“How much did she want, if I may ask?”

“Fifty grand a shoot with a bonus of a quarter million up front which she did not have to repay if she quit the series.”

“WOW! Okay, I’ll admit you’ve got me worried now. So, what exactly is this new series Kyle is putting together? Why is everyone running away from it?”

“It’s a training series. As in training a model to be a sex slave. Each shoot will represent one aspect of the training, but it does not end when the cameras shut off as they never will for this one. The model who takes it will be recorded every moment of every day from the time the first shoot starts until the end twenty months later. And by the time it is all said and done the model in question will perform any and all sexual acts without hesitation.”

“Holy hell! No wonder that model wanted more money. That’s worth way more than two-hundred-fifty grand. You said it was more than the studio was willing to pay. What’s the top number on this one, Judy?”

“We’re willing to go as high as twenty-five per month with an up-front bonus of one-fifty for a total of six-fifty when all is said and done. But there’s one more catch.”

“Of course there is. And what is this new catch?”

“In order to prove she has what it takes to set aside all of her inhibitions and embrace being trained as a sex slave, the model that takes this gig has to do another incredibly kinky shoot which she will be paid very well for.”

“And the shoot is?”

“All I am permitted to say is that the model will be taken to a secret location where she’ll engage in the most taboo act of sexual perversion one can imagine and that it will last an entire weekend. So, still interested?”

“How much does this weekend shoot pay?”

“Fifty thousand. So that should give you some indication how fucked up it’s going to be. I’m sorry for the situation you’re in and I really do wish I had a more normal shoot for you, but that’s all we have right now. Are you interested?”

“Not really, but I need the money so I’ll do it. Where is this shoot and when do I need to be there?”

“Come on in to the studio at your earliest convenience. There’s a shitload of paperwork you’re going to need to read and sign for this one and then we’ll issue you the bonus check for the series shoot and half of the weekend one. Hopefully that’ll be enough to keep you going.”

“Thank you, Judy. I’m probably going to regret doing this, but I’ll see you in an hour.”

∞ ∞ ∞

I arrived at the Bluefire Agency an hour and a half later thanks to traffic and a car barely able to hit highway speeds, but thankfully the place was pretty much empty when I got there.

“Sorry I’m late. I really need to get another new car.”

“No problem. It gave Kyle time to make sure all the paperwork was in order. Are you absolutely certain you want to do this, Natalie? Like I said over the phone there’s no going back once the forms are signed and it’s going to be hardcore.”

“Can you give me any other information? Like, how hardcore are we talking? What is Kyle going to have me doing?”

“I can’t tell you anything more than what I already have over the phone.” Holding up a folder in each hand, Judy continued. “If you sign this one,” she said rocking the folder in her right hand back and forth “you are required to sign this one,” she switched to the left. “You cannot sign one without the other. Understood?”

“I understand.”

“And if you fail to complete the contract you’ll have to repay the bonus and you’ll be blacklisted. It’s all in the documents, but I want to make sure you understand what you’re getting yourself into before I give them to you.”

“I understand. This is so far outside of my comfort zone, but at this point I don’t have a choice. As much as I love Jacey I can’t live with her forever. I need my house back. Not to mention a car that can actually go faster than a damn turtle without breaking down.” I took the first folder she waved around and took a seat on the opposite side of the lobby. Flipping through the pages, it seemed like a standard modeling contract with added consent and waiver forms and though it was rather vague on the details of what I would be required to do, I signed where required, handed it back to Judy and then did the same with the other much thicker folder.

“I have to say I’m really surprised,” Judy said as she went through the documents to make sure I did not miss a signature anywhere. “You’re the last person I ever thought would do anything this perverse.”

“You’re not the only one. But it’s not as if I’m the first woman in history to willingly subject herself to being trained as a sex slave, right? I mean, there are what, five models here that work with Kyle on a regular basis?”

“Seven. I wish you all the luck in the world, Natalie. You’re going to need it. But I have a feeling that if you can make it through the weekend shoot you’ll be fine.”

“So, now that the papers are signed can you give me any more details on what I’ll be doing?”

“I wish I could, but the only one that knows everything is Kyle. Here are your checks and we’ll see you here bright and early Friday morning.”

Taking the checks, I left the studio trembling to the core with excitement, anticipation and dread. I may have put on a brave face in front of Judy, but I was scared to death. Being trained as a sex slave was the last thing I wanted to do and now I was stuck in a twenty month contract I could never afford to break. Looking down at the two checks totaling one-hundred-seventy-five grand, I shook my head. *I really hope I know what I’m doing*, I thought as I got in my borrowed car and drove to the bank.