

# Hostile Takeover

Crimson Rose

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“What are you doing? Larissa asked as her step-sister hit the play button on the remote. “You’re not seriously going to watch that again are you?”

“I am,” Zenzele scowled. “And if you don’t like it then you are free to leave. We had to have missed something and I’m going to find out what it is.”

“We’ve watched it three times already. There’s nothing left to see.”

“Then fucking leave!” Zenzele spit as she sat down on the two large metal dildos permanently attached to a metal chair with what looked like the tips of nails covering the seat. It had taken her a great deal of time to get used to this particular one, but now the stretch of the toys, the pointed nubs digging painfully into her flesh and the random zaps of electricity were her favorites. The movie resumed and she watched as her mother came into focus.

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Fully dressed and composed, Anya sat on the hotel bed and stared seductively into the camera. “Please state your name and age for the camera,” the cameraman and her would-be Master said.

“My name is Anya Hall. I am forty-five years old.”

“And what brings you here today, Anya?”

“As humiliating as it is for me to say this... I am here to live out my deepest, darkest, most degrading fantasies.”

“Could you elaborate on that?”

“I don’t even know where to begin. The truth is, I am an incredibly perverted woman but due to family, friends and work I’ve had to keep that part of my life reigned in for so long I almost forgot it existed. To put it simply, and so as not to give away what’s to come, I have no limits when it comes to sex.”

“None at all?”

“Zero...zip...nada. I will perform and all acts of sexual perversion without hesitation or complaint as a good sex slave should. To be perfectly clear, I only use the term sex slave to show I have no limits. I am not trained in any way, shape or form. Though that certainly isn’t off the table either.”

“Very nice. So, what is the kinkiest thing you’ve done up to this point?”

“Honestly, nothing. I’ve lived a very boring and vanilla life until now. I guess the kinkiest thing I’ve done is anal.”

“Wow. That is pretty mundane. Have you ever been with another woman?”

“No.”

“Ever been gang banged?”

“No, but the thought of being taken by a large group of men excites the hell out of me,” Anya confessed the truth. When the nightmare began many hours earlier, she hated every second of it, but as the men, well, manhandled her, she started liking it to the point of having several very powerful orgasms.

“You mentioned family. Are you married? Have kids? What would they think if they ever saw this in the future?”

“I am happily married to a wonderful man, but once this gets out,” and Anya had no doubt that it would “that will no longer be the case. I have two daughters and I honestly can’t say what they might think if they ever see this. All I can hope for is that they understand and accept it as a very important part of my life that I can no longer keep hidden.”

“If doing this might lead to divorce are you sure you want to go through with it?” James asked, biting his tongue to stifle the laughter.

“Yes. I have never been more certain about anything in my life. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t want my marriage to end, but at the same time I can’t keep living a lie.”

“One final question. What would you have to say to your daughters if they ever saw the upcoming video and decided they wanted to live the same perverted life as their mother?”

“I would hug them tight, tell them how much I love them and nothing they do will ever change that. I would tell them with all sincerity that if this is the life they choose to live, and they are not being forced into it, then they should do whatever makes them happy.”

“Well said. I for one can’t wait to see you in action, but before we begin you have a statement you prepared?”

“Yes. I want everyone watching to know and understand that I am here of my own free will and that the actions they are about to watch are done with my full un-coerced consent. I want the world to know that despite the appearance of force on the part of the actors, and my struggles and pleas for them to stop are all part of the script. I also want to go on record and say I am entering into this as a sex slave and no safewords will be requested or used. I have no sexual limits whatsoever and take full responsibility for anything done to me during filming.”

The camera focused on Anya’s face for several seconds and then slowly panned down her body and back up. It then faded to black and Zenzele hit the pause button.

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“See,” Larissa sighed. “Nothing. She confessed to being a closet sex slave.”

“Just like you confessed in your video. How do we know that wasn’t after the fact like he did to you?”

“We don’t. And it doesn’t really matter does it? Look at her, Zenzele. She is calm and collected. There is no quiver of fear in her voice and her pupils look normal. Also, if she got all of those piercings and brands before the confession she’s either an Oscar-worthy actress or has an incredibly high pain tolerance as she isn’t even flinching. We’ve both been branded several times so we know how agonizing even the thinnest material is on a fresh one.”

“So, you think it’s real? You think she just happened to come out as a slave weeks after I won the lawsuit against him? Do you think it’s a coincidence she ran into him of all men, Larissa? No, he set this up to get back at me. The man’s a sadistic, manipulative son of a bitch that will stop at nothing to get what he wants.”

“No, I do not think it was coincidence that she ran into him. In fact, I’m more than certain he ran into her and somehow talked her into taking a trip with him. My guess would be to come here to talk some sense into us. He then stopped for the night at Aphrodite’s Den and then...wait, isn’t that one of the places you won in the lawsuit?”

“Yes, but what does that have to do with anything?”

“I’m just saying you’re the new owner. You can have him banned for life. Or better yet...”

“Give him a taste of his own medicine,” Zenzele finished her step-sister’s thought. “I’ll call them up and tell them to...”

“You’ll do no such thing. If he learns you’re coming he’ll just pack up and take mom to some other location where we may never see her again. No, we have to be smart about this one sis. Obviously they aren’t going to believe you’re the owner if you just waltz in there making claims so bring along all the relevant documentation. When we get there we’ll quietly gather the

staff and let them know of the change in ownership. Then we'll give our former Master what he deserves."

"And what about mom? Even if we drove non-stop it'll take us the better part of a day to get there. That's another day he has to train her as his slave."

"I know. But there's nothing we can do about that. I don't mean to sound uncaring or harsh, but what's one more day after everything she's already been through? Besides, like I said before, if he catches wind of us coming he'll take her elsewhere and she'll suffer a hell of a lot longer."

"Um, you're forgetting one very important detail. The Domination Farm and our jobs. We still have five days before we quit and if we go now we'll be registered as Farm submissives."

"The choice is yours Zenzele. Can you live with making her go through his particularly brutal form of training for another week?"

"No, no I cannot." Getting to her feet, Zenzele used several alcohol wipes to clean the dildo chair and then headed for the bedroom. Stopping, she looked back over her shoulder. "You going to get dressed or are you going naked?"

"We're leaving now? It's after midnight. She's at his mercy another day, eight more hours isn't going to make much difference. Besides, once the adrenaline rush goes away you're going to be dead tired and I don't want that happening behind the wheel. Let's go to bed and get some sleep and we'll leave first thing in the morning."

"As much as I hate to admit it, you're right. Though I don't think I'll be getting much sleep."

"You could spend a few hours in the dungeon, or we can go to the Farm. That usually wears you out."

"That just adds more time before we get mom away from that son of a bitch. No, I'll just count ceiling tiles or something until I'm so bored my brain shuts off."

"You do realize that could also take hours, right? At least my way you have fun."

"Sorry, but I'm not in the mood for sex tonight, Larissa."

"I understand. Just trying to give you options to wear you out. Come on, let's go shower and get to bed."