

Mistress Sold

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Mistress Sold

Copyright© 2019 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

Though I had spent the majority of my career in law enforcement doing undercover work, I had never been more scared in my life as I was walking toward the unassuming brick ranch to begin what was by far my most dangerous operation. I have been stabbed, shot and damn near forced into an overdose all in the line of duty, but I would almost talk all of that again rather than what I was about to do, but unfortunately I was uniquely qualified for the job – a skill from my past I'm sure Captain Dumonte did not overlook when choosing me.

Steeling myself against the inevitable, I took a deep breath, slowly exhaled and then knocked on the heavy wooden door. A few moments later it swung open and I was greeted by a tall, scraggly looking man in his thirties. If you want to call being grabbed around the neck and yanked inside being greeted that is. My training kicking in, I grabbed his wrist, twisted and sent him to his knees. "My name is Mistress Emma and the next time you lay a finger on me without permission you'll lose your fucking hand," I said as if my very life depended on me being in control of the situation. "Now, which one of you fuckers is Blake?" I asked as I looked at the half dozen or so shocked faces staring back at me.

"That would be me," the man I was holding replied. "Now kindly let go before I put a bullet through you."

In my haste to take control, I had utterly failed to see the man draw his pistol. Despite my earlier thoughts I absolutely never wanted to be shot again so I did as he asked. "Maybe you should show a bit more respect the next time you answer the fucking door, asshole."

"Bitch, you keep running that pretty little mouth of yours and we're going to have to fill it," a man off to my left scoffed.

"Better men than you have tried."

"Lady, you've got exactly thirty seconds to explain why I should let you live before I don't," Blake said as he got to his feet. "Who the fuck are you and how do you know my name?"

"I guess you're as deaf as you are rude. I just told you my name is Mistress Emma. As for how I know you, I don't. But I've heard of you and I want to join your little organization."

"HA! You hear that boys, this pretty little cunt wants to join my organization. Listen, doll, I don't know who sent you, but we're not hiring."

"I don't know, Blake, we could always do with a new vacuum after the last one up and died on us," a well-built black man sitting in the far corner said, his eyes never leaving me for a second. Standing, he flexed his muscles but I'm not sure if it was a display meant to intimidate or impress because neither was the case. Approaching, he looked me up and down several times and then without warning or ceremony pulled his big black cock from his pants – and it was big. I mean, I had seen my share of dicks but his was in at least the top three for biggest. A strong hand on my shoulder, I suddenly found myself on my knees with said big black cock shoving its way down my throat while the hand on the back of my head pulled me towards him.

Knowing I could show no sign of weakness, I looked up at the man and waited for his pubic hairs to tickle my nose before sinking my teeth into his shaft. Jumping back as if, well, as if someone had just nearly bitten his dick off, the man let out a blood-curdling screech.

Unfortunately for him, I did not let go until he drew back to swing. As I rolled aside I drew my pistol so that when I came to my feet the barrel was pointed right between the man's eyes.

"Gentlemen, I do believe you have the wrong idea about me. Don't get me wrong, I love big dicks as much as the next woman, but I'm not here to submit. That being said, why don't we start

over?” Lowering my pistol, I never the less kept it out. “My name is Mistress Emma and I’m here to sell some god damn slaves.”

That got their attention. “You want to sell slaves?” Blake asked with brow raised so high it damn near met his hairline. “Stand right there. And men, if she moves an inch shoot her.” Staring at me another moment, he turned and walked out of the room.

“I wish I could say I’m sorry for biting you, but count yourself lucky you still have a dick. And unless you want to lose it you better learn to ask my permission.”

“I think it’s you who has the wrong idea about us,” the black man replied. “We’re not in the business of asking permission. We take what we want and punish those that disobey. Trust me, bitch, before this day is through you’ll be begging for my cock.”

“Unlikely. Hey, you got a bathroom in this dump?”

“The boss said don’t move,” another lackey said as if he had some authority over me.

“Well, unless the boss wants me to piss on the floor you’ll show me to the fucking bathroom.”

“Yeah right. So you can climb out the window and run off like a scared little cunt? I don’t think so.”

“Suit yourself.” Shrugging, I hiked my dress up, and pulled my panties aside as I squat down to piss. Before any of them could react the stream was soaking the nice tan carpet.

“What. The. Actual. Fuck?” Black said as he walked back into the living room carrying a black metal case in his right hand.

“Hey, I told them I had to go and they refused to let me move so you only have them to blame,” I said as I stared Blake in his beady brown eyes. When I was done I used the black man’s discarded shirt to wipe and then got back to my feet. “So, you going to let me join or am I just wasting my time here?”

“Oh, I’m going to let you join but you’re going to wish I hadn’t. There are three things you’re going to have to do to prove to me you’re not going to turn us in to the police or any other law enforcement agency. First, you have to submit in. That means your ass belongs to me for the first year. You’ll do everything I command when I command it or you’ll be severely disciplined. Fail too many times and it’ll be your sexy ass on the auction block. You understand me?”

I fully expected something of this nature, but I still could not show weakness. “What part of *Mistress Emma* did you miss? I don’t submit to anyone.”

“You’ll submit to me or I’ll feed your body to the pigs. The choice is yours but you better make it quick.”

“And what’s stopping you from keeping me as your slave longer than a year or selling me so I’ll never be in control? You want me to submit to you then you can submit to me.”

“Yeah, never going to happen. But you make a fair point, Mistress Emma, and seeing as how you’ve already taught Damien a very valuable lesson you can continue doing so. Damien, for the next year you belong to her. Is that understood?”

“Yes boss,” Damien said to my complete surprise.

“And you?” Blake asked me.

“I belong to you, Master.”

“Good girl. Number two. In order to ensure you’re not going to rat us out you’ll have twenty-four hours to bring us a woman you know to sell on the auction block. And when I say sell, I mean you will do the selling and it will be recorded for all the world to see should you betray us. While the woman can be a friend, we prefer someone related. Your mother, sisters, daughters, cousins. I honestly don’t care as long as you can prove relation. And to make sure you

don't go running straight to the police..." pausing, he opened the black case and withdrew a huge hypodermic needle "you'll be implanted with a tracker." Walking over to me, he tugged the hem of my dress up and pushed the needle into my inner left thigh about an inch below my vulva causing me to yelp in pain as I felt the tiny capsule being implanted. "Go within a hundred feet of the station and it'll be the last thing you ever do. With me so far, slave?"

"Yes Master. And as if submitting to you and selling a relative into slavery isn't enough, what's the third thing I can do to prove I'm not going to rat you out?"

"We'll get to that later. Right now I want you and Damien to go fetch a relative to sell. And Emma, make it someone gorgeous."

"Yes Master." This was without a doubt my worst fears come true and even if I hated someone enough to sell them into slavery I had no idea how I was going to convince them to do it or how I was going to explain it to my actual boss at the station. Sure, I was given free rein to do whatever it took to bring these bastards down, but I am pretty sure sex trafficking was not on the list. "Come on, slave, let's go get us a relative," I said to Damien."

"Yes Mistress."

"Actually, before we go, I'm feeling a bit horny so why don't you go ahead and show me what you can do with that big black cock of yours?" I said as I pulled my dress off in a bid to stall for time.

"Actually, I think now's as good a time as any for you to show us all what a little whore you are," Blake said. "You'll fuck us all."

"Yes Master." While it would be my first time participating in a gang bang it was a small price to pay to hold off selling someone I knew and loved so I almost eagerly tore my panties off and got down on my knees. "I promise I won't bite unless you ask me to," I teased as none of them seemed too thrilled about putting their cock anywhere near my mouth. Giving Damien a smirk, I continued. "As your Mistress I command you to fuck your cock down my throat until it's nice and hard for my ass."

"Yes Mistress," he said without hesitation leading me to believe this was not his first foray into being a slave.

"I know you're just stalling for time, slave, and it won't work. If you haven't brought me someone to sell in the next twenty-four hours that chip in your leg, it'll explode. Or did you think everyone working for did so out of the kindness of their heart?"

"Then I strongly suggest getting to it, Master," I said, pulling my mouth off Damien's cock only long enough to answer.

"Alright, men, let's show her how we treat slaves around here," Blake exclaimed. No sooner were the words out of his mouth then he wrapped a hand around my throat, yanked me to my feet and then slammed my back into the nearest wall. An impressive feat in that he carried me nearly seven feet with my feet dangling several inches above the floor. His grip tightened as I watched him undo and pull down his pants one-handed. Stepping closer, he lowered me until he was able to fuck his cock into me. Needing no explanation, I wrapped my legs around his waist and as he let go I hugged him tight even as I slid down on his throbbing shaft.

I wish I could say he fucked his load deep inside of me and that was the end of it, but unfortunately things were never that simple. After maybe three or four minutes of merciless pounding, he spun around so that his back was towards the wall he had only minutes ago slammed me against and then in one swift movement that was testament to his true strength he lifted me off his cock and threw me in the direction of the waiting men including my new slave Damien who did nothing to help. Landing hard, the air was knocked from my lungs and before I

could catch it again I was being pulled onto one of the men while another moved behind me and a third shoved his dick down my throat in what was to be my first triple penetration.

“Let’s get one thing clear, slave. I’m in charge here and you’ll do as I say, when I say or that chip in your leg going off will be the least of your worries,” Blake said. “Men, you have five hours to break her in and then she is to go find a suitable bitch to sell. Damien, while they fuck your new Mistress I want you to go search her car for any identifying information. When you have it bring it to me.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Don’t bother wasting your time,” I grunted. “I made sure there was nothing tying me to the outside world including the car I rented under a false name.”

“Check it anyways.”

“Yes Sir.” And with that Damien left the house to go on a useless search while I was given the full slave treatment in the best way imaginable. Seriously. Now that I was taking three cocks at the same time I was figuratively kicking myself for not taking the advice of my Fellow Masters and Mistresses and doing it a lot sooner. In fact, I was now regretting not doing a lot of things but had the feeling my new Master would make sure I caught up on lost time.