

# **New Beginnings**

**Crimson Rose**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

The non-descript white van pulled into a long driveway leading to a huge, light brick mansion surrounded by an eight foot stone wall with large iron gates with **NEW BEGINNINGS** spelled out over it like a sign for a camp, which the driver was currently stopped at. My home for the next three years unless I did something stupid to violate probation and land myself right back in jail to finish off a suspended sentence for prostitution and multiple drug related charges. As the van approached the gate slid open – the two sides disappearing behind the walls, and the driver continued down the hedge-lined driveway that did a three-sixty around a fountain.

The van stopped in front of the mansion. The driver got out and a moment later the side door slid open and he gently grabbed the chain connecting the cuffs around my wrists and helped me out. The officer then removed the cuffs and gave me a creepy smirk before saying “take your clothes off.”

I stared at him blankly. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me. Unless you want to go right back to jail for violating your probation take your clothes off and then put your hands on the side of the van with your legs spread so I can make sure you’re not trying to smuggle any contraband into the house.”

I was fairly certain what he was demanding broke at least a few laws but I was so afraid of going back to jail that I swallowed my pride and did as he said. The jail issued tee shirt and sweat pants on the ground, I averted my gaze to the grass as I reached back and unhooked my bra. Stepping out of my panties, I turned and placed my hands against the van with my legs spread.

“Very nice.” His large, strong hands grabbed me by the hips and I found myself being pulled back as my legs were kicked wider open. Fingers roughly groped my large breasts, tweaked my nipples and it did not take me long to figure out this was far more than any strip search. I could have screamed for help but I had a feeling none would come. Couple that with the fear of spending another five years locked up and it was no surprise that I remained silent save for the grunts and groans caused by him exploring my naked body. After what felt like an eternity one large finger slid along my vulva and then he took a step back. I thought my humiliating ordeal was over and then the sound of a zipper being pulled down hit my ears.

The officer’s hands once again grabbed my hips and this time it was not a finger I felt teasing my hooded clit. “W-What the hell are you doing?” I stammered nervously.

“Yours is not to question.” And with that he slammed his cock into me. “Damn! For a whore you’re actually pretty fucking tight,” he said as he fucked me.

Not going to lie. I was absolutely mortified by what was happening but at the same time it had been more than three years since the last time I had sex and forced or not I was into it. In fact, if my time as a prostitute taught me anything it was that I actually loved it when men took control and had their way with me so I think my sudden moaning and rocking back to meet his every thrust came as a bit of a surprise to the bastard cop fucking me as he stopped. “Don’t stop now,” I purred as I started fucking myself on his throbbing cock. “Also, I haven’t been on birth control in more than three years so unless you want to risk knocking me up, I suggest pulling out.” Knowing the effect this had on past clients, I was actually hoping he would ignore it and pump every drop into me so that I would have all the proof I needed of his actions.

Minutes ticked away and after a couple of faked orgasms he eventually unloaded deep in my pussy. It was far from the greatest sex I have ever had but at least it was sex and my craving was temporarily sated. Hands still on the side of the van awaiting instructions I watched as my

clothes were tossed in. "Turn around and use your fingers to clean yourself up," he commanded. "And if another drop hits the ground I'll make you wish you were back in jail where a fucking drug addicted whore like you belongs."

Knowing exactly what he wanted me to do, I scooped up the semen and then sucked my fingers clean before going back for more. Like his sex it was far from the best I had ever tasted but I have had worse and as he watched I showed no outward signs of my disgust. When the last of it was in my belly I reached into the van for my clothes only to have my hand slapped away.

"You'll get a new uniform inside. Now be a good girl and follow."

Remaining silent, I followed him to the front door. He gave it three hard knocks and a moment later we were greeted by a tall, stern-looking woman wearing a navy blue skirt suit – her narrow framed glasses and jet black hair pulled back into a tight bun giving her the look of someone I did not want to mess with. She gave me a disapproving look. "Did he fuck you?"

"Y-Yes," I stammered. Unfortunately, any hope of her being on my side vanished with her response.

"Good. With any luck he knocked you up but if not then you'll have the next five years to try." Giving me a once over she turned her attention back to the officer. "I've got her file so your work here is done, Officer Jennings." Reaching out, she grabbed me by the left wrist, pulled me into the mansion and then shut the door behind us, leaving him standing out there alone. The place was far from the lavish home I expected from the outside, but it was at least comfortably decorated with modern furniture and art. Off to the right I saw a young brunette wearing a plain white blouse, short pleated grey skirt, stockings with garters attached and a pair of three inch heels walking across the foyer and into another room and I wondered if that was the uniform Officer Jennings was referring to.

"My name is Miss Clarke and I'm in charge here. You will follow every rule to the letter or you'll be disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Um, what do you mean by discipline, Ma'am?"

"We'll get to that later. Now do you understand or not?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Good. Your file says you were locked up for prostitution and various drug related crimes. Is that correct?"

"Y-Yes Ma'am."

"How many men and women have you whored yourself out to?"

"I...I didn't keep count Ma'am."

"Best guess. Ten? Fifty? A hundred?"

Taking a minute to do the math in my head, my eyes grew wide as the numbers rapidly increased. Four years of prostitution. An average of five customers every night without fail. Hundreds hell, I was looking at thousands. "I had sex with multiple men and women every single night for more than four years. Best guess is in the thousands. The...the high thousands," I admitted, my cheeks burning hot at just how much of a whore I truly had been.

"Thousands?"

"Y-Yes Ma'am. In over four years of prostitution I never missed a single night and it was not unusual for me to take five clients a night. I don't know the exact number but based on that math it's over seven thousand."

"Quite the little whore aren't you? Are you disease free?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"That's a miracle. Tell me, what did these clients make you do for them?"

“Any and everything, Ma’am,” I answered as a short, pixie-haired blonde wearing the same outfit as the other woman walked through.

“Be more specific.”

“Is that really necessary, Ma’am?”

“Rule number one in this house. You will do as you are told, when you are told or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Then answer my question.”

“I did everything under the sun to please my clients, Ma’am. I’ve done threesomes, learned to pleasure women, been gang banged, used as a toilet, fisted and pretty much anything else the perverts out there could think of.”

“So you can drink piss without gagging or throwing up?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“And how easily can you take a fist?” I have no idea why I did it but I just scrunched my fingers together and then slid my right hand into my pussy while staring into her dark brown eyes. “Very nice. Can you take it that easily in your ass as well?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“You’re going to fit in here just fine and from the looks of it your training shouldn’t take long at all.”

“Training Ma’am?”

“We’ll get to that right after I get you into the system, Doctor Bailey has given you a thorough exam and we get you settled into a room.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Based on her question and the docile look of the other women I saw walking around I had a pretty damn good idea of what she meant and I would still prefer it over spending another five years locked in a tiny cell twenty-three hours a day surrounded by women that would just as soon shiv me in the back than talk to me.