

K9 Slave: Paradise Sands

Crimson Rose

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My name is Ella Davenport. I am twenty-three years old, stand five-feet-seven inches, weigh in at a very healthy one-hundred-nineteen pounds and I am a bitch in the most animalistic sense of the word. I was not always this way. In fact, prior to it happening I would rather have taken a bullet to prevent it. But sometimes choice is taken out of the equation, eyes are opened and one inevitably accepts new avenues of pleasure previously closed off to them even if it takes weeks, months or even years of deep soul-searching to get there.

I have always been more open-minded and experimental than anyone I have ever met. I knew early on that I was bisexual and as I grew older and my understanding of sex and sexual attraction matured, I realized I am, in fact, pansexual. Men, women, transgender, intersex or whatever other label one wants to slap on themselves did not matter to me, but that's a story for another day. I have dabbled with light bdsm, get off on being spanked and love being cuffed or tied to the bed. Some might call me a whore, slut or nymphomaniac for my nearly insatiable libido, but we are all sexual creatures and I just happen to like it more than some. Anyways, I digress. I could go on for days about my many exploits, but this is the story how I came to embrace one of the most taboo acts of sexual perversion known to man.

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Having saved for the better part of two years, I was finally about to take my dream vacation. Touted as the most open-minded nudist beach in the world, Paradise Sands is a veritable Garden of Eden with a strict twenty-one and over age restriction due to an open sex policy coupled together with the sale of alcohol. Anyways, the trip there consisted of a rather uneventful flight followed by a boring hour long car ride to the resort.

The first thing I noticed as I drove closer was the wall. Easily standing twenty feet high, the brick wall and banded wood gates surrounding Paradise Sands hid everything but the tallest trees from the prying eyes of the world and perverts beyond while giving it the sinister vibe of a prison rather than the exciting freedom of a nudist resort. Not that there was anything wrong with a certain level of perverseness, but some take it too far and ruin it for the rest of us. As was the case of Anthony Burgelli versus Paradise Sands that made flying drones over the area a criminal offense.

Stopping at a driveway intercom thirty or so feet from the gates, I pressed the button and was greeted by a pleasant-sounding woman. "Welcome to Paradise Sands. This is Nora, how may I help you today?"

"Hi. My name is Ella Davenport. I have a reservation for three weeks."

"Do you have your reservation number?"

"Um, yeah, it's three-seven-nine-dash-eight-four-four-six."

"Thank you. Please drive in and stop at the office to sign some paperwork and you'll be all set to start your vacation. It'll be the first building to your left."

The gates opened and I swear I saw the light at the end of the tunnel and angels calling me home. Butterflied swarming my stomach and up into my throat, I drove in and the gates closed behind. Going left, I pulled into the first available space and watched as three young women – a redhead with a light dusting of freckles and a pair of petite brunette twins, walked by. They were followed by two older black men that gave me smiles as I stepped out of my late model Ford Taurus. But since I was still in clothes that is all they gave me.

Pulling the door to the office open, I nearly ran into another naked man – this one white, about thirty-five with short brown hair, goatee and the first hints of a belly on an otherwise fit body. “After you,” I smiled, stepping aside so he could exit the building.

“Thanks hun.”

The deep soothing tone of his voice made my heart beat a little faster in my chest and his eyes darting up and down my body made my cheeks flush with excitement. And since he made no attempt to hide the fact he was checking me out, I paid him the same courtesy. “My pleasure,” I replied, my eyes locked on his uncircumcised cock. He walked on, but a few glances over his shoulder in my direction told me he was more than interested and I looked forward to seeing him around. Walking inside, I went up to the counter where I was greeted by another naked brunette – her big nipples pierced with thick rings.

“How can I help you today, love?”

“Hi, my name is Ella Davenport. I’m not sure if it was you I talked to at the gate but I supposedly need to sign some paperwork.”

“Ah, yes. Welcome to Paradise Sands. First, to verify your age I’ll need to see your driver’s license or state ID and while I’m putting that information into the system you can take a look at these,” she said, grabbing a clipboard from under the counter and sliding it towards me. You are required to read and sign and date them all where indicated. I saw in your file that you paid in advance. That being said, if you do not agree with all of the terms and rules it will be refunded and you will be asked to leave.”

“I understand. With a place like this you have to protect yourselves.” Handing her my driver’s license I took the clipboard and sat down to the right of the door one chair separating me from two fully dressed men filling out what I assumed the same paperwork. There were liability and waiver forms, three pages of rules and half a dozen other pages that I read and signed without hesitation – letting it known as so many before that I was open to the idea of sex in all its legal forms. Handing it back to Nora, she flipped through the pages types some more information into the computer and then handed back my driver’s license.

“You have been assigned to cabin seventeen,” she said, showing me a map of the resort with a blue pen lining the path from office to cabin. “As we are a nude only resort you may wear your clothes to the cabin, but they much come off after that.”

“I’d rather take them off right now if that’s okay.”

“By all means.”

A nudist at home, I did not waste a second taking me light summer dress and panties off and draping them over my arm. “Okay, you no doubt saw me looking at your breasts. I have to ask, what gauge are those rings?”

“Honestly, I get so many stares I don’t even notice anymore. And they are eight gauge. And to answer your next question, no, they did not hurt. I had fourteen gauge barbells when I had them done and stretched them to the current rings over the course of about six years. We do have an on-sight piercer if you’re interested in getting yours done. Nice belly button jewelry.”

“Thanks.” I got my belly button pierced at the age of fifteen against my parent’s wishes and the beaded gold dangle was I now wore was simple, but one of my favorites. “And I don’t think I want to have anything pierced while I’m on vacation. I like having things sucked too much to go three weeks without,” I said, giving her a knowing wink.

“No pressure. But between you and me, a nice barbell or ring would really enhance your perky breasts.”

“Thanks again. But between you and me it took me a long time to save for this vacation and I don’t have a particularly large budget.”

“Oh, honey, you’re in for a treat then. All body modifications are free of charge as are any meals eaten in our cafeteria.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely. And I’m not just saying that because I want to see more jewelry adorning that sexy body of yours. Anyways, I need to see to these gentlemen so please enjoy your stay and if you have any questions or concerns please don’t hesitate to ask any of our employees which are recognized by the blue armband with paradise staff written on it.”

“Thanks again. Taking the map and my clothes, I gave Nora and the two men another smile and then walked out into the noonday sun shining overhead. Taking a deep breath, I looked up at clear blue skies, glanced at the map and followed the paths to the cabins. Finding mine, I unlocked the door and stepped inside. Decorated with modern furnishings and abstract artwork, I could see myself living here long-term. To the right of the living room was a small kitchen and ahead was a short hallway leading to the bath and bedrooms.

Going into the bedroom, I tossed my clothes on the bed and went to the dresser – an odd piece of furniture for a nudist resort. The top left drawer contained fourteen glass dildos of various sizes from one as thin as a finger to a sixteen inch long beast in the shape of a hand with extended bunched up fingers and forearm in individual felt-lined forms. The ribbed, ridged and multi-colored toys looked like works of art. The top right drawer contained the same felt-lined mold with nearly twenty butt plugs. *I can’t believe these are mine to take home*, I thought as I opened a drawer full of lube followed by another containing clamps and gags. The bottom drawer – as wide as the two above was home to canes, floggers and paddles.

Going to the small closet, I found myriad metal and leather cuffs and collars along with coils of rope that made my clit tingle with excitement. Picking up a thin silver collar padded with black leather, I placed it around my neck and screwed the clasp together to signify to the rest of the resort that when it came to sex I preferred to take the role of bottom or submissive. Adding matching cuffs around my wrists and ankles, I closed the closet, turned all the lights off and went out to enjoy the start of what I hoped would be the best vacation I’ve ever taken.