

# **Schoolgirl Minx**

**Crimson Rose**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Epilogue](#)

Sitting on the couch with feet up on an ottoman – Chloe latched onto my left breast happily enjoying breakfast while her five month old twin Sophie quietly waited in her rocker, my day of relaxation was immediately ruined when my work phone began ringing. Sighing, I answered. “Morning Captain Morgan.”

“Morning Officer Morris. I know this is your day off, but we have another assignment for you so do you mind if I drop by to fill you in?”

“Do I have a choice, Ma’am?”

“Not really, but that doesn’t mean I have to be rude about it.”

“I’m feeding the kids right now so can you give me an hour? Also, is this going to interfere with my job at the club?”

“While you may still serve my husband, your days working at his bdsm club are over. I’ll see you in an hour.”

The call ended. Hanging up, I let out a long sign. “Master, you still in the kitchen?”

Spencer poked his handsome face out and gave me a wide, jovial grin. “Breakfast will be done in a few minutes. What’s up?”

“Kiera just called, Master. She said I’ll no longer be working at the club. Did you know anything about that?”

“First I’m hearing about it. Did she say why?”

“No Master. Only that I had another assignment and it wasn’t at the club. I like the club, Master. I don’t want to quit.”

“You were there undercover, Caitlin. We both knew this day would eventually come so there’s no sense crying over it. Shame though, I was enjoying training and breeding you.”

“Oh, she said I could continue serving you, Master, just not at the club.”

“Well, at least we have that. The question is, since you’ll no longer be working at the club and thus no longer obliged to honor the contract we have do you still want to be used as a submissive breeding cow?”

“I’ve served you faithfully for two years, Master. We have two kids together and trying for more. Do you really need to ask that question?”

“I just need to make sure. So, do you have to go in or is she letting you have your day off?”

“Actually, she’ll be here in an hour Master.”

“Good to know. You finish feeding the girls and I’ll bring you in a plate.”

“Thank you Master.”

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Getting up to answer the knock at the door, I looked out the peephole to see my boss standing there dressed in normal street clothes with a black and purple backpack slung over her right shoulder. Pulling it open, I let her in. “Morning Ma’am.”

“Morning Caitlin. Surprised to see you dressed. I thought Master made you go nude at home?”

“He does, but I didn’t know if you were coming alone or not so he gave me permission to put clothes on. That being said, I don’t appreciate you doing this on my one damn day off so can we get to it while there’s still time for me to enjoy it?”

“That’s a good way to get a demotion, Officer Morris.”

“Can’t get any lower in rank than I already am. Now please get on with it before I ask Master to take care of you.”

“My husband can butt his nose out of police business that doesn’t concern him, and unless you want to spend the rest of your life taking your clothes off for men and women that just want to use you like their personal plaything I’d be careful how you talk to me,” Captain Gordon said, sitting her backpack on the couch and sat next to it. “Now have a seat.”

“I don’t have to tell you how much I’ve enjoyed my undercover work at the Sapphire Club and what Master means to me so if you want to fire me go right ahead. Otherwise get on with it, Ma’am.”

“Let me make one thing straight right now, Officer Morris, you might be screwing my husband but I’m still your boss. Now sit down.”

“I don’t just screw your husband, *Ma’am*, I’m his submissive and we have two kids together and working on more which could have all been yours had you not been a barren bitch,” I angrily snapped back. Now give me my assignment or get out of my house. Or perhaps you’d prefer I go to Chief Solomon and tell him how you’ve been using the station for your own perverse means. Actually, maybe I should. Then you can spend the rest of your life taking your clothes off for men and women that just want to use you as their personal fucktoys,” I said, not bothering to hide just how much she annoyed the hell out of me. Which was not always the case.

I met Captain Kiera Gordon within five minutes of beginning my career in law enforcement and I respected her for her position, but the more time I spent working in her husband’s club being trained and bred – a job she sent me to do in the first place, the more her jealousy showed and it did not take long for us to barely be able to stand each other.

Walking over to the recliner, I sat down and glared in her green eyes. “Where are you sending me now?”

“Back to college. We’ve had numerous calls claiming there’s some sort of underground prostitution ring at Maple Grove University and you’re going in undercover to learn one way or another.”

“And how long will this assignment take, Ma’am?”

“As long as it takes for you to learn one way or another. That could be five minutes or five years. And to answer your next question, yes, you’ll go through the registration process and properly enroll as a student majoring in whatever you like. And yes, your expenses will be covered so you should count yourself lucky that you’re receiving a free education and accept it so we can move on.”

“Fine, I accept. Anything else I need to know or are we done here?”

“The fall semester doesn’t start for another four months but you’ll need that time to apply, study for and take your ACT or SAT and hopefully get accepted so you can register for classes.”

“Will I be going in as myself or under an assumed name?”

“Assumed.” Reaching into her backpack she pulled out a large orange envelope and tossed it on the coffee table. That contains everything you’ll need including birth certificate, social security card, and identification for your new identity.”

“Are there any contacts on campus I should be talking to about this supposed prostitution ring?”

“None. We’ve extensively interview everyone making claims and nothing panned out. Besides, if you go in and start asking questions day one you’ll be made and we risk them going even deeper underground or moving off campus entirely. Come on, Officer Morris, you’ve been

at this for two years. Do I really need to explain the intricacies of undercover work to you this far in?”

“Then if there’s nothing else you know the way out.”

Walking in from the kitchen, Master looked from me to his wife. “Hello honey, now that you’re business with Caitlin has concluded you can come to the dungeon with us.”

“I’m on the clock.”

“Do you need reminded that I outrank you, Captain?”

“No Sir, Commander Gordon,” Kiera blushed.”

“Then what are you going to do?”

“Join you in the dungeon, Master.”

“Then take your clothes off and get on all fours like the bitch that you are.”

“Yes Master, but I have a meeting with Chief Solomon at three so I’ll have to leave by two. And before you say it, he’s your boss and if you keep me here longer than necessary I’ll see to it the strip club is your only source of income.”

“First of all, it’s a bdsm club,” I said, giving Kiera a seething glare. “And second, Master, why do you put up with such a disrespectful bitch?”

“I’ve asked myself that same question a million times since she sent you to work for me in the first place.”

“If you want a divorce then file the fucking papers and then you can move in here with that bitch and your bratty kids!”

Moving so close to her we were touching noses, I glared into Kiera’s eyes. “Unless you want to wake up in the hospital, I strongly suggest you start apologizing for talking shit about our kids.”

“And unless you want arrested I strongly suggest you back the fuck off.”

“And I suggest you start apologizing or I’ll give the new Chief all the dirty details on your extracurricular activities,” Master said. “And who do you think he’s going to believe? The woman constantly kissing his ass, or the man with all the evidence?”

“You can both rot in hell,” Kiera huffed. Breathing so heavily through her nose she sounded like an angry bull, she glared at me and her husband. “I’m sorry I called your kids bratty.” Snatching her backpack off the couch, she stormed out.

“Sorry about that, Master, but I’m not going to stand here and let anyone talk about our kids no matter who they are.”

“You have nothing to apologize for Caitlin. You know what a jealous woman my wife can be.”

“Which confuses the hell out of me, Master. I mean, not only did she send me to work for you in the first place she’s the one that insisted I become your sex slave and breeding cow. Speaking of which, would you like to take me to the dungeon before I go apply for college again?”

“Absolutely. And can I make a suggestion?”

“Of course Master.”

“Apply under your real name and take all the time in the world to investigate the rumors of the prostitution ring. Make the department pay for another degree.”

“But Captain Gordon game me a new identity.”

“You’re going to college, Caitlin, and if it takes long enough for you to get a degree then you’ll be getting it under false pretenses which makes it worthless. Whether she likes it or not I’m her boss and I’m telling you it’s better to just use your own name. It’ll also make the

application and registration process that much faster. Not to mention they'll have your records on file and you won't have to take the ACT or SAT again. Unless you want to, that is."

"Honestly, at twenty-six with, um, well, two well-paying jobs I thought my college days were behind me and as much as I'd like to cut corners, I think the idea of using another identity is because no one knows how far up the chain this supposed ring goes and if they know I graduated with a degree in criminal justice they might connect the dots and know I'm there undercover."

"True, but if they still have your records on file which they most likely do then that'll include your picture which will immediately connect you to your real identity. Also, correct me if I'm wrong here, but I do believe they fingerprinted registering students even when you went to college the first time."

"You are correct, Master, and I see where you're going. As much as I don't want to talk to her I'll call Captain Gordon and let her know I'll be going in as myself and if she doesn't like it she can find someone else to go in undercover."

"Go ahead and take care of that and then meet me in the dungeon."

"Actually, Master, instead of playing in the dungeon I'd like to put on one final show at the club tonight before I have to quit."

"You know you don't have to quit, right?"

"I appreciate that, Master, but there's no way I can keep up with a full course load, a job and raising a family."

"I understand, but my jealous bitch of a wife aside, we have an amazing support network of family and friends that would be all too eager to spoil the girls. Not that I'm trying to pressure you into remaining at the club, but you are one of our favorites."

"I've got four months before the semester starts so you'll have me there until then, Master. I can't guarantee anything after that."

"Then it won't be your last show so take care of that call and meet me down there when you're finished."

"Yes Master."