

Second Chances

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Second Chances

Copyright© 2020 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](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

Keeling in a mostly dark alley Natasha's stomach rumbled as she desperately waited for the door across from her to open and for one of the workers to step out and exchange sex for whatever food they were able to sneak out to her. Normally, one of half a dozen men were out within minutes of her arrival but today she had waited nearly half an hour to no avail. She had not always lived on the streets or used her body to pay for meals or if she was lucky enough cash to spend the night in the relative comforts of a motel bed. When she was younger she lived the pampered life of a billionaire heiress who wanted for nothing. She was by all accounts completely out of touch with reality but that did not bother her as she had access to enough money to buy all the happiness she ever needed. Or so she thought.

When she was nine her father – billionaire philanthropist Elliot Stone left for work one day and never came back. Within days all the money his family knew about was withdrawn from accounts and like him never seen again. The business empire he had spent nearly two decades building was sold and with the exception of fifty million dollars he left his wife to take care of herself and the kids, the profits vanished into off-shore accounts no one had any hope of finding. The impact of her father leaving without so much as a goodbye hit Natasha hard. Days turned into weeks. Months turned into years. And while the rest of the family had moved on, she remained fixed on finding him to the detriment of all else.

By fifteen Natasha was an alcoholic addicted to numerous drugs. Dropping out of school at sixteen she spent most of that same year in and out of rehab centers. Tired of her running the family name into the ground, her mother Debra imposed extreme conditions meant to get the young woman back on track, but they only pushed her further away. At seventeen she took what money she had and bought a house, new car and all the expensive accessories no one truly needed. She through wild parties lasting days. In drunken or drug-induced stupors she handed out money as if she had an infinite supply. And then her world came tumbling down.

For most, one's eighteenth birthday is a milestone marking the passage of childhood into adulthood, but for Natasha Stone it was the worst kind of wakeup call. Like every week for the last year she invited all of her friends over for a party. There was drinking. Drugs flowed like champagne. It was, without a doubt, the best thirty-seven hours of her young life. But as the party died down and friends passed out around her, she was approached by her friend Terry. He was several years her senior, but that's why she loved him. In exchange for a few sexual favors he would buy all the things she was not legally old enough to buy on her own. It did not hurt that he was handsome, athletic and hung like a horse.

Woken from a deep slumber, Natasha's head was spinning a million miles an hour as the aftermath of the party hit her like a bullet. Before passing back out, she vaguely recalled being asked to sign a few pieces of paper. When she woke it was to Terry staring down at her with a shit-eating grin. Three hours later she was informed her house and everything in it now belonged to him and the power-of-attorney she had unwittingly signed allowed him access to drain her bank accounts. Just like that she was penniless and homeless. She immediately tried suing him but the documents were air tight and could take years and hundreds of thousands of dollars in litigation to resolve.

One week after signing everything over to her supposed friend, Natasha learned what he wanted from her. The first month of being used however men wanted to use her was the hardest. To cope with her new life of prostitution and slavery, she drank so heavily she could not remember most of what she did during her second month being pimped out. After eleven weeks

and more than a thousand men she was deemed used up and worthless. With nothing more than the clothes on her back she was kicked out of her own home to fend for herself on the streets. With no education or job skills to speak of, she turned to the only thing she was good at. That was three years ago.

Sighing, Natasha was just about to get up and look elsewhere for a meal when the heavy metal security door across from her opened and a lithe, pale-skinned woman stepped out and she was definitely not wearing the khaki pants and green polo uniform the restaurant workers wore. Dark green eyes. Long black hair pulled back in a French braid. A form-fitting white latex dress that hugged her every curve and showed just enough cleavage for the startled Natasha to see she had at least two microdermal piercing. The woman was as stunning as any she had ever laid eyes on.

“Well, I’ve never had sex with a woman before but if you’ve got a meal hidden somewhere in that dress I’ll do whatever it takes to get it,” Natasha said as she got back down on her knees.

“No offense, but my standards are far higher than a drug-addicted, disease-ridden whore,” the woman replied.

“Fuck you! Get the fuck out of my alley before I kick your fucking ass.”

“You can certainly try,” the woman replied unphased by the threat. “Is your name Natasha Stone?”

“I’m not telling you shit, bitch.”

“Then I guess you don’t want to see your father.”

Natasha sprang to her feet and was in the woman’s face faster than she thought possible. “If you know where my father is you’ll tell me right fucking now or so help me god you had better get the fuck out of my sight.”

“I not only know where he is, I’m here to take you to him.”

“And who the hell are you?”

“My name is Mistress Claudia and I know your father very well.”

“HA! That rhymed,” Natasha laughed.

“So it did. Come with me if you want to see your father.”

“How do I know you actually know him and this isn’t just a ploy by my bitch of a mother to get me back in rehab?” Not that she actually thought her mother cared enough about her anymore to send someone to bring her home after more than four years, but at the same time could not discount the possibility outright.

Claudia pulled her phone from her purse and brought up an image of her with Elliot stone standing in front of a beautifully sculpted fountain which she showed to Natasha. Swiping left, she brought up another. Then another. And ten more after that. “As I said, I know your father very well. Now, if you ever want to see him again you’ll come with me.” Putting the phone back in her purse, she turned and walked out of the alley.

Natasha knew the chance Claudia was leading to her father was on even odds with being led to her own death, but she did not care. “W-Where is he?” she asked as she jogged to catch up. “Why did he walk out on us? What did I ever do to make him hate me so much?” As the words came out of her mouth she started sobbing.

“We’ll talk about that after I get you cleaned and sobered up.”

“For the record, I may be a prostitute but I get checked at least once a month and I’ve never had an STD in my life.”

"I guess miracles really do happen," Claudia said as she emerged from the alley and into the restaurant's parking lot. "The next few weeks are not going to be easy, but if you want to see your father you're going to need to be completely sober, drug-free and prepared for what's to come."

"Son of a fucking bitch! My mother sent you, didn't she?" Natasha angrily growled.

"I can assure you I've never met your mother. Alcohol and drugs are not permitted where I'm taking you so you're going to need to get it all out of your system. In the meantime you'll stay with me and I'll answer any and all questions I've been given permission to answer."

"You can start by telling me where you're taking me. Where is my father? I want to talk to him right now."

"Right now I'm taking you to a hotel for a hot shower, meal and a change of clothes. As for where your father is and talking to him, you'll just have to wait until you're completely sober. Like I said, it's going to be a rough few weeks but think of this as the motivation to get clean you've been lacking all your life."

Getting into Claudia's Nissan, Natasha wordlessly stared out the passenger side window for the duration of the drive, check-in at a very expensive hotel and the ride up on the elevator. Stepping out, she stopped. "Seriously though, are you going to have sex with me?"

"Do you want to have sex with another woman?"

"Not particularly, but I get a sense you're going to want something from me in return for taking me to see my father and the only thing I can think of is sex."

"I'm not going to lie, Natasha, you're an incredibly beautiful woman and if you were completely clean I wouldn't hesitate introducing you to my kinky world, but you're a fucking mess and sex is the last thing you need to worry about right now."

"Your kinky world?"

"What does that mean?"

"Seriously? Wow, I guess I just figured you'd get the reference seeing as how I introduced myself as *Mistress* Claudia."

"Oh. OH! You mean like bdsm?"

"Exactly."

"I spent a year pretty much serving as a sex slave to the bastard that took everything from me," Natasha huffed. "I don't like that sort of thing."

"Then he wasn't doing it right." With that, Claudia slid the keycard and pushed the door to their room open. "You'll take a shower before touching anything. In the meantime, I'll order room service. What would you like to eat?"

"Honestly, I'll eat anything as long as it's edible so surprise me." Showing no modesty, Natasha pulled her tee shirt off and dropped it on the floor. After kicking off her shoes the rest of her dirty clothes followed. She gave Claudia a brief smile and then walked into the bathroom still thinking the woman was going to pounce on her at any moment. Not that she would have given much of a fight.

∞ ∞ ∞

With nothing but dirty clothes to wear, Natasha remained naked after her bath and shower. Claudia did not seem to mind and the two sat at the small dining table to eat a meal of salmon steaks, roasted parmesan rosemary potatoes, buttery garlic green beans and the freshest rolls Natasha could remember having. "Sorry I'm naked but I don't really want to wear dirty clothes if I don't have to."

"I don't blame you. After dinner I'll get your measurements and then buy you something to wear."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"What's going to happen to me? Really? Are you actually taking me to see my father? Are you going to take me to some hidden location and force me into a life of slavery? Is this my last meal before you off me? Please just tell me what's going on."

"I'm absolutely taking you to see your father. No, I'm not going to force you into a life of slavery though you may think I am as the drugs and alcohol are worked out of your system. And if I wanted you dead I wouldn't put you up in a four hundred dollar a night hotel, feed you an expensive meal and offer to buy you new clothes."

"How did you meet my father? I haven't seen or heard from him in thirteen years. What's he like now?"

"Your father, Elliot, is a very kind, gentle and caring man."

"Who abandoned his entire family without word," Natasha seethed.

"Because he was drawn to a higher calling he did not think you or anyone else would understand. Believe me, he has suffered endlessly for the way he left things, but at the time he thought it best to just go for fear of facing you all again would hold him back."

"From what? What could be so damn important that he would abandon me like trash? What's he doing that keeps him so fucking busy he can't even take five damn minutes to call and let me know he's okay?"

"Those are questions best answered when you're a little more sober, but what I will say is that even if he didn't called, he never once stopped thinking about you. But to answer your original question, I met your father ten years ago. Like you I was going through a rough period in my life. Not to go into detail but I lost everything. I was at the end of my rope and contemplating ending it all when I was approached by an older man offering to help get me back on the right path. I had nothing left to lose so I accepted his offer fully believing he was going to take advantage of my situation and then dump me in a ditch once he was done using me. That never happened. As I am doing with you right now, he took me in. He gave me a place to call home and a new purpose in life I never would have found without him. That man was your father."

"Yeah? And what purpose did he give you?"

"That's a question best answered when you're sobered up and at our final destination."

"Bullshit!" Natasha said as she pushed her half-eaten plate of food away from her.

"Look, I get it. You're angry and want answers. Unfortunately, the truth is a hard pill to swallow and if I dump it all on you at once you just might open the window and jump out. Please, trust that I have your best interest at heart when I say this is one time you want to take it slow."

"I don't trust a fucking thing you say." Getting up, she made it halfway towards one of the bedrooms before stopping and looking back over her shoulder. "Give me one reason I shouldn't call the police and have them make you tell me where he is?"

"Go right ahead and I can guarantee you'll never see him again. We'll be leaving first thing in the morning so unless you want to wear those same dirty clothes for the next month I suggest cooling your jets, finishing your meal and then letting me take your measurements so I can buy you something decent to wear."

Natasha huffed in frustration but after a minute walked back to the small table and sat down to finish the best meal she had had in years.