

The Manor

Crimson Rose

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The Manor

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Every city has that one haunted house sitting on the overgrown hill that is the source of untold and mostly unverified rumors that people love to talk about but never investigate further than the road. Here that was Madison Manor, or simply the Manor to the locals. Named after the family that had the nearly twenty-six thousand square foot behemoth built in the mid-nineteenth century it was the center of controversy and rumor from day one. Mainly for the extravagant parties the owners held on an almost nightly basis. According to documents and photographs surviving the time hundreds of men and women gathered for what could only be described as uninhibited orgies. What was lesser known at the time, however, was that the manor was built over a series of tunnels and said parties were used as cover to escort slaves to freedom.

Over the years the stories grew so wild they defied belief. Orgies turned into parties that would make Caligula blush. Freed slaves became sex slaves forced to do their new owners' bidding or suffer the consequences. The tunnels used as part of the Underground Railroad was actually a prison where helpless men and women here held against their will pending training in the most bizarre sexual perversions the mind could think of. These were just a few of the rumors in the manor's storied past and for the last one hundred and seventy five years people have attempted and failed to get to the truth of it. Unfortunately, the new owners who are direct descendants of the original were less than talkative.

In recent years those who poked their noses too closely into the Manor's business disappeared only to turn up weeks or months later completely changed and unwilling to talk about what had happened to them. My mother was one such woman and no matter how much I pleaded with her to tell me the truth she would not say a word. Even about who my father really was despite how much it hurt me not knowing. And that is why I left my car parked on the side of the road three blocks back and was making my way to the very manor I knew held the answers to so many questions.

Dressed head to toe in black, I snuck through the woods surrounding the massive estate using the stars and moon above in conjunction with a dimmed flashlight to see my way without tripping and breaking my neck. Spotting a path several feet to my left, I carefully made my way over and took it to the tree line that opened up into the enormous field the manor sat upon. I had seen pictures of it on the internet but they paled in comparison to seeing it in person. Easily ten times larger than my mother's home, I could only wonder what anyone needed with so much space. But as awesome as the brick structure was, my eye was drawn to a wooden box sitting on a metal table to my right and the sign hanging on the tree just above it.

Shining my light on the sign, I read: Eyes are on you. We don't like trespassers so turn around and go home and nothing more will be said or done. If, however, you insist on putting your nose where it does not belong then take a collar from the box, place it around your neck and come knock on the front door. You have three minutes to decide and then the police will be called. Fingers trembling, I raised the lid of the box and saw maybe a dozen black metal bands inside.

"Yeah right," I whispered. "There's no way in hell anyone can see me all the way out..."

"Oh, you are very much being watched," a male voice came from out of nowhere causing me to jump and look around. "You have two minutes to decide. Collar, leave or police? What will you choose?"

"W-What happens if I put the collar on? You going to make me your sex slave? I've heard the rumors. What the hell did you do to my mother? Are you the one that screwed her and

then left her to raise me alone? Who the fuck are you?” With each question I became increasingly irate until I was practically seething as I looked around for the cameras that were recording me.

“You want answers? Put the collar on and come to the house. You have one minute fifteen seconds. I should say that if you walk away now I’ll immediately call the police the next time I see you trespassing and you’ll never get the answers you seek.”

“FUCK YOU!” Nevertheless, I picked up one of the metal bands and placed it around my neck. When the ends came close they snapped shut causing me to jump in surprise. Pausing, I felt a slight tingling in my throat that grew more intense by the second. “W-What’s happening?”

“I suggest you enter the yard before it’s too late,” the man replied.

I took several steps forward and the tingling stopped. “What’s going on? What did you do to me?” but there was no answer. Eyes going from the manor to the train and back to the manor, I reached into my pocket and sent my mother a text.

Since you refused to tell me what happened to you at the Manor I’ve come here to see for myself. If I’m not home in an hour you know where I am.

OH GOD! Please tell me you’re joking. She replied.

Turning, I took a picture with the manor behind me and attached it to another text. *No joke. I’m going in now.* When she did not reply after a minute I walked up to the house and knocked on the heavy wooden door. It opened a moment later and I was greeted by a stunning twenty-something naked brunette with thick rings hanging from her nipples. “WHOA!”

“Please come in and take off your clothes,” she said, taking a step aside so that I could enter freely.

“Excuse me?”

“Please come in and take off your clothes,” she repeated.

“Um, I don’t think so. I mean, I’ll come inside but there’s no way in hell I’m taking my clothes off,” I said as I walked into a living room big enough to put half my mother’s house into.

“If you do not take your clothes off in the next minute you’ll be disciplined,” the woman said as she closed the door behind me.

“Listen, lady, I don’t know who you are but if you lay a hand on me I’ll...” and that’s when I learned what she meant by discipline. The same tingling I felt when I put the collar on intensified a hundredfold and I dropped to the floor writhing in silent agony as an electrical current coursed through my body. It only lasted a few seconds and moments after it stopped it felt as if nothing had ever happened, but I learned my lesson. Getting up onto my knees, I pulled my tee shirt off and dropped it to the floor next to me. “W-Who are you? Who was the man I spoke to before?” I asked as I unhooked my bra.

“My name is Carrie and the man you spoke with before is Master Ryan. It is my job to ensure you’re ready to see him so please do everything I ask from this point on or we’ll both be disciplined.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

“What Master desires.”

“There’s no way in hell I’m going to let you train me as a sex slave!” Grabbing my clothes, I walked to the door, but she reached a hand out and stopped me.

"I'm not going to train you to do anything. Also, you may run but now that your collar has been activated you'll never make it past the yard before you're shocked into submission. Please, I know this is a lot to take in all at once, but you put the collar on and entered the house of your own free will so please continue doing as you're told and I promise everything will be okay."

"So it's true," I said, barely able to hold back the tears. "The owner of this place forces women into slavery."

"Force is a strong word. I overheard what you told Master. Tell me, has your mother ever worked a day in her life?"

"That's none of your fucking business," I said as I dropped my shirt and bra on the floor.

"I'll take that as a no. And yet I'm guessing she and you have never wanted for anything. Ask yourself, how is that possible?"

"I...she..."

"If she came here then she was trained as Master's slave, impregnated and given enough money to live fifty lifetimes on. I wish I could say it will be different for you, but that would be a lie and if there's one thing Master hates it's a liar. Please, finish taking your clothes off and I'll get you ready."

"What does that even mean? Please, I only want to learn what happened to my mother and who my father is. I don't want any of this. I swear to god I'll go straight to the..." pulling the phone from my pocket, I dialed nine-one-one but the call did not go through. I tried again and nothing.

"That won't work here," she said as she took the phone from my shaking hand. "I'm sorry, I really am, but the only way off this property is through training."

"I called my mother before I walked to the door. She knows where I am and will call the police if I'm not home in an hour."

"I think we both know she'll never do that. Please, if I have to ask you again Master will discipline you."

Clenching my teeth so hard together they hurt, I finished taking my clothes off. Carrie then picked them up and carried them with her as she led me out of the living room, down a few hallways and into a large office painted light grey. "I need to take several pictures to put you in the system so please stand in front of the wall over there and follow my directions."

"This is complete bullshit," I said even as I complied. "I don't know how you've gotten away with this for so long but I promise I'll be the last slave your Master ever trains."

"Money is a powerful motivator for silence," she said as she opened the laptop sitting on the desk. "And if that isn't enough then the videos of your training and the ironclad non-disclosure agreement usually are. Okay, now stand with your arms at your sides and eyes straight ahead."

I reluctantly did as she said and over the next five or so minutes she took more than two dozen pictures of me in various poses from staring straight ahead to bent over, legs spread and hands against the wall. And if that was not humiliating enough she made sure to get up close and very personal with my privates. After that, I took a seat and she asked me about a million personal questions I answered honestly under threat of discipline. "Can you please tell me if my mother was even trained here?" I asked after the questions finally came to an end.

"What's her name and date of birth?"

"Her name is Cynthia Roberts and she was born July fifteen, nineteen-eighty-two. She's five-nine, a hundred-thirty-six pounds with..."

“Is this her?” she asked, turning the laptop so that I could see the screen and a picture of my mother in the top left corner of what appeared to be a dossier.

“Y-Yes.”

“She was trained here for just under twenty months before being confirmed pregnant.”

“And who knocked her up? Was it your Master?”

“The father...your father is not known.”

“BULLSHIT! I bet that pervert hiding somewhere in this place is my father and before I’m allowed to leave the sick bastard is going to knock me up as well. ”

“I’m sorry, but she was impregnated during one of the twenty-three gang bangs she participated in with any number of a hundred men Master brings in for such things and unfortunately, no names of the men are ever kept. Master loves training women but the only ones he has sex with are his house slaves.”

“Then how does he know the man that eventually knocks me up isn’t the same man?” I could not believe the words actually came out of my mouth, but I had a feeling I was not getting out of here before I was bred and I wanted to know.

“Master employs new men every few years so it is impossible you’ll have sex with any of the same men your mother did when she was here.”

“Well, at least there’s that,” I sighed.

“I know what you’re thinking right now but...”

“You don’t know shit!”

“I was you,” she said with an apologetic smile. Like you I snuck through the woods looking for answers and like you I put the collar on. Unlike you, however, I did not heed Master’s warnings and the next thing I knew I was waking up in the house after the collar shocked me to the point of unconsciousness. That was seven years ago.”

“I thought he trained women, got them pregnant and let them go?”

“Mostly. At the end of their training the women are given a choice. Participate in gang bangs until pregnant or stay and serve as one of Master’s house slaves.”

“H-How many of those are there?”

“Counting me? Nineteen that take care of the manor and all of Master’s needs.”

“And where are your kids?”

“House slaves are not able to have children,” she said with a hint of sadness in her voice. “But we are well taken care of and love everything Master commands of us. Anyways, if you do as you’re told you might find you like more than you ever imagined so please follow me and I’ll get you bathed and ready to meet your new owner.”

“I’ll meet this Master of yours but I’ll be damned if I ever acknowledge him as my owner,” I said as I got up so violently the chair I was sitting in fell over backwards. Looking at it, I huffed and walked to the office door.