

Training Amber

Lindsey Greene

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Taken

Amber was cursing herself as she walked down the dark street towards home. Her car was in the shop and she was offered a ride by her friend and coworker Mike, but she turned him down. A block and a half into the walk it began to sprinkle. By three blocks it was raining so hard the rain washing down over her face blurred her vision. Ducking down a narrow alley between a bakery and a convenience store, she hoped to shave some distance off of the journey.

But tonight was not Amber's night. She did not see the two men until she was on top of them and by then it was too late. Staring down the barrel of two loaded guns was not a situation she ever thought to find herself in, and the gravity of it caused her to freeze in place, unable to scream or move her feet to flee in terror.

Amber saw an arm coil back and follow through with the force of Thor as the butt of the gun came down hard on her forehead. She vaguely remembered stumbling backwards, bumping into a dumpster as she collapsed into a puddle on the ground.

"What are we going to do with her?" Amber heard a man ask. "Why did we even take her?"

"Because she saw our faces," another man replied. "We can't have her going to the police now can we?"

"No, but we can't keep her here either. Why did we even point our guns at her? She has no idea who we are or what we did. We could've just let her be on her way."

"We could've. But we didn't. Look, she's here now so let's just have some fun with her while we figure out what to do."

"You're the boss, but I still think it was damned stupid to kidnap her."

"Just leave everything to me and she'll be the least of our worries."

Amber lay on the cold floor of the empty room, arms cable tied behind her back and her legs secured with rope. Several strips of duct tape circling around her mouth and neck kept her from crying out. She struggled against her bonds, but they held firmly – the zip ties around her wrists only digging deeper. "Sounds like she's awake," she heard the man referred to as Boss say. She heard footsteps approaching and redoubled her efforts to free herself.

The door creaked open and a tall, lanky man in jeans and a tee shirt entered. He was followed by a shorter, heavysset man in a blue and great track suite. "Welcome back to the land of the living, Amber," the lanky man said with a creepy grin. "I'm Hank and this here is my partner Dave. Not our real names of course. Dave here thinks it was a bad idea to snatch you, but I disagree. A sexy young woman like you will have plenty of uses, yes? How old is she again, Dave?"

"According to her driver's license she's twenty-three," Dave answered.

"Twenty-three! What a fantastic age! So young and full of life. We'll see if that's the case when we're done with you. Dave, go remove the tape so she can talk. I'm going to say this one time only, if you so much as make a peep without permission I'm going to end your life here and now, understand?"

Amber's eyes grew large as Dave approach and she nodded her head at Hank. She was so scared that she lost control of her bladder and turned red in humiliation as having just peed

herself. Dave either did not smell it, or did not care as he carefully removed the tape from her mouth and hair.

“Now, what were you doing out in the rain so late at night?” Hank asked.

“I...I was walking...home from work,” Amber cried. “Please let me go. You don’t have to do this! I won’t tell anyone I swear!”

“Begging will do you no good. You’re here now and we can’t let you go. Dave, cut her clothes off. She won’t be needing them anymore.”

“OH GOD! Please don’t do this! PLEASE don’t rape me!”

“Rape you? Dear lord woman, what kind of men do you think we are?” Hank gasped as if truly shocked at her outburst. “I have no intentions of raping you. No, before we let you go you’ll be begging us for sex.”

“I’ll never beg you bastards for sex!” Amber shouted defiantly. “You’re sick! Let me go and we can forget about this! PLEASE!” she broke down crying as Dave used a knife to cut her blouse, skirt, bra and panties off around the zip ties and rope.

“We’ll see. Remember that thing we talked about doing for years?” Hank asked his partner.

“You mean the...”

“Yep,” Hank smiled sadistically. “I think this is the perfect opportunity to test our theory. What do you think?”

“I suppose it couldn’t hurt,” Dave replied. “She is incredibly sexy isn’t she? I think she’ll be perfect for the experiment.”

“Experiment? What...what experiment?” Amber gasped. “What are you going to do to me?”

“Just something we’ve been cooking up for a few years, but never had the chance to implement,” Hank answered. “A sexy young thing like you will enjoy it. And I promise it’ll change your life. Tape her mouth shut so we don’t have to listen to her scream while we get things set up.”

Dave taped Amber’s mouth again and then he and Hank left her alone, closing the door behind them on their way to do whatever work they had to do. The door creaked open again an hour later and again she was joined by her two captors. Dave grabbed her feet and Hank grabbed under her shoulders as they lifted her from the floor and carried her through a small house and into the basement.

They set her on the cold cement floor and Hank went to a back wall where he opened a door leading to a short hallway with a heavy metal door at the end. He opened that door before returning to once again help carry Amber.

Hank and Dave carried Amber passed the heavy metal door and down more than fifty stairs into what looked like an underground vault. They sat her on the floor and Dave ran back to close the door they left open. “This was my uncle’s place,” Hank explained. “He had it built back during the Cold War when everyone thought the nukes were going to drop. This here is the bunker he had built. We’re about eighty feet underground now so there’s no chance in hell anyone will ever hear you scream. Got it?”

Amber nodded her head in defeat as the tears continued to pour. She was trembling more out of fear than cold and the only thought on her mind was survival. As much as she wanted to just go home and sink into a hot bath to wash away the humiliation, she knew that was never going to happen. She knew her only option was to do as her captors demanded and survive long enough to one day hope for freedom.

“I’m going to make this perfectly clear,” Hank continued “You belong to us now. We can and will do anything we want with you and there’s nothing you can do about it. Fight us and you’ll meet a swift end, but do as you’re told and we’ll take good care of you. Through that door,” he said pointing to a door behind Amber “is your new home. There is a bedroom, bathroom and kitchen with everything you’ll need to live comfortably.”

Walking over to her, Hank removed the tape from her mouth and the binds from her aching arms and legs. She cringed at his touch and from the flow of blood as it finally returned to her extremities. “What...what are you going to make me do?” she asked.

“We’ll get to that later. I want to make one thing perfectly clear, we know where you lived and thanks to your phone, it’s an easy thing to find out where all of your contacts live as well. If you do anything to cause harm to yourself we’ll make sure at least one family member or friend suffers for your selfishness. Is that understood?”

“Yes.”

“Good. As long as we understand each other you’ll be fine. Now, through that door over there is where all of the fun will take place. You see, Dave and I came up with this crazy idea years ago of bringing a few women down here and seeing if we could turn them into sex-craved nymphomaniacs. That is what we’re going to do to you Amber. That is what fate has in store for you.”

“I thought you said you wouldn’t rape me?”

“And we won’t. We won’t touch you at all until you beg us to do so. And then the real fun begins. This entire vault has been wired with cameras to document your transition from normal woman to cock-hungry nympho. It also allows us to monitor your every action so don’t do anything stupid or you know what’ll happen.”

“You can’t be serious! Keep me down here for the rest of my life and I’ll never beg you for sex! You’re a disgusting asshole and I’d rather die than get raped by the likes of you!”

“That can be arranged,” Hank replied with his increasingly creepy grin. “But for now we’ll see what happens. Dave will go shopping for you since there’s no food down here and I’ll go make us something to eat upstairs. I hope spaghetti is ok,”

“I’m not hungry,” Amber replied honestly.

“I’ll bring you some down when it’s ready,” Hank said as if he had not heard what she said. “Feel free to explore your new home. All of the toys are new so feel free to break them in.”

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Left alone in the bunker, Amber opened the door Hank indicated would lead her to her new home. There was a small living room with a couch against the back wall and a recliner in the corner. The only other items in the room were a TV sitting on a stand opposite the couch. To the left was an archway leading to a kitchen and to the right was a door leading to the bedroom and bathroom.

The bedroom was small, barely large enough for the full-sized bed and small dresser taking up most of the floor space. A path about two feet wide along the right wall lead to the bathroom. It too was as basic as it got with only a tub and shower, sink and toilet. A free-standing shelving unit was stocked with towels.

Going into the kitchen, Amber was surprised to find sharp knives in one of the drawers. Two thoughts crossed her mind – Kill her captors, or kill herself. But Hank’s words came back to haunt her. *Harm yourself in any way and your family and friends suffer for it.* She dropped the knife back into the drawer and pushed it closed. Going to the sink, she turned the knobs and was relieved there was running water.

Leaving the kitchen, she went back out into the entrance and stared at the door Hank said led to where the fun would take place. The thought of what could possibly lay beyond that door scared her more than anything and she backed away from it and back into the living room where she paced back and forth until Dave brought her down a plate of spaghetti and garlic bread with a can of coke to wash it all down.

“I’m not hungry,” she said angrily.

“You will be. It’s all the food you’ll have until I get a chance to go shopping tomorrow so eat up. You’re going to need your strength.” He sat the plate on the kitchen counter and left her alone.

Amber lasted a few hours, but the hunger pains started getting to her and she put the plate in the microwave to heat up the food. She took a couple bites, found that it actually tasted pretty good, and scarfed down the rest. When she did not keel over dead she relaxed only slightly and fell asleep on the couch.