

Training Emma

Lindsey Greene

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“Are you absolutely certain you want to do this?” Mike asked as he stuffed the photos into a large orange envelope.

“I thought we both agreed this was the only way to bring her around?” Amy replied. “Everyone knows how much Emma loves her parents and would do anything for them, right?”

“Right. I just want to make sure because once they are dropped off there’s no going back.”

“My only concern is if this whole thing backfires on us and instead of bringing her around we alienate her from everyone she holds dear.”

“It’s a chance I’m willing to take to see her turned into a little slut like her mother.”

“Me too,” Amy exhaled slowly, only the tiniest bit of doubt nagging on her mind. “But do you honestly think it’ll work? I mean, we’re basically asking a virgin to become a complete and total slut in order to protect her mother’s reputation. What if she doesn’t go for it, or tries to go to the police?”

“I don’t think she’ll go to the police because they’ll definitely drag her mother’s name through the mud. I think she’ll think about it, see that it’s her only choice and play along in the hopes of making it go away.”

“Yeah, you’re right.”

“Then I’ll have these dropped off before she gets home from work. I found a guy to do it so that in case she has nosey neighbors they can’t trace it back to us.”

“He doesn’t know what’s in there does he?”

“Actually, he does. But he already has a copy for himself so we don’t have to worry about him running off with these.”

“He has a copy of everything?”

“Every last photo.”

“Man, that’s going to embarrass her when she finds out.”

“All part of the plan.”

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Amongst the water bill, cable bill and junk mail, Emma found two large orange envelopes – unmarked save for two words written in neat block letters across the front. OPEN FIRST and OPEN LAST. After going into the house and closing the door, she tossed the rest of the mail on the end table and opened the first envelope. Inside she found a typed letter addressed to her and another envelope that said: OPEN AFTER READING!

Emma,

I am writing this letter to bring a very important and potentially damaging situation involving your mother to your attention. Over the course of three months I’ve personally witnessed her going to many different homes and clubs known to cater to the seedier crowd. I know your mother holds high position in this city and a leak of this magnitude would only hurt her and everyone she loves, so I am willing to make a deal with you in order to keep not only her name, but your entire family’s name from being trampled upon and ruined.

I am sure you have you doubts so please open the envelope that accompanied this letter and take a look for yourself.

Hands trembling, Emma opened the envelope and withdrew a stack of about twenty 8x10 full color photos depicting her mother in a club setting. They started off innocent enough, but as she went from one picture to the next, clothes started coming off and she saw her mother giving blowjobs and having sex with multiple men and women that were most definitely not her father. She scrutinized the pictures over and over looking for signs of photoshopping, but when she found nothing out of place she returned to the letter.

I know this is a lot to take in, and they you shouldn't have to see your mother in such compromising situations, but I did not think you would believe me without the evidence to back up my claims.

And now for what I want from you. You're not going to like it. You're not going to want to pay the price for my silence, but in the end I think you'll find it a far better option than your dear mother losing everything she's worked so hard for. Truth be told, I think you are one of the most beautiful young women I have ever laid eyes upon and I want you in a very bad way. But I will not force myself on you as that is not the type of person I am.

Here are your options and choices:

You can take the pictures and go to your mother or the police, in which case I release them to the media and everyone your family knows resulting in your family's shame, or you can keep them to yourself and do as I command and nothing will ever be released. I have eyes on you at all times and if you do not believe me then please go ahead and open the second envelope.

Visibly trembling, anger rising, Emma sat the letter on the coffee table and opened the second envelope and removed the contents. Like the first one, it contained about twenty or so 8x10 pictures, but instead of her mother, they depicted her in various rooms of the house and in various states of dress with the last five showing her lying on the bed rubbing her clit.

What I want from you is simple. Go to 1934 Fairmont Drive at exactly midnight and tell the woman answering the door that you are there to learn the true meaning of being a bitch. If you do not go I will assume you have no intentions of keeping your family's name safe and that you do not love your mother as much as I've heard. You will do everything she tells you before leaving and know that I will have eyes on you.

The letter ended there and Emma was on the verge of tears as she felt trapped, humiliated, violated and confused as the anger welled within. With the pictures of her in one hand, and those of her mother in the other, she tossed the lot of them across the living room and watched them rain down upon the floor. Instinct told her to call her mother and then the police as she was clearly being blackmailed, but the letter was clear about what such a decision would bring about. And then came the tears as she realized she had no choice but to give in the blackmailer's demands.

Pacing back and forth as she weighed her options, Emma went to the window and drew the curtains as tightly closed as possible in the hopes of blocking whomever was taking candid photos of her. Room by room, window by window she made sure every crack was sealed. By the time eleven o'clock rolled around she still had not thought of a way out of it and resigned herself to whatever fate awaited her on Fairmont Drive.

Instinct once again told her that it would involve sex and that depressed her more than anything. Not because she would finally have to lose her virginity at the age of nineteen, but that she would have to lose it to a complete stranger and not the man she loved. She fought hard to remain as pure as possible – only ever sucking one boyfriend’s cock and going so far as to rub her clit when feeling horny and now she was being told to throw it all away to protect her family’s honor. It was a heavy price, but one she would reluctantly pay.