

Bound for Breeding

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Bound for Breeding

Copyright© 2018 by **Faye Valentine**. 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](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Chapter 13](#)

Life is a funny thing. One minute you're sipping a glass of wine while enjoying the setting sun and the next you are blindfolded, gagged, restrained and tossed in the back of a van – your picturesque life in the country gone in an instant as you are driven to god only knows where to be used as a hucow. For those not in the know, that is a woman used for the sole purpose of popping out babies. My name is Eliza Baxter and that is exactly what happened to me.

It was my twenty-first birthday. The party was over. Family and friends had gone home and I lay out in the back yard soaking up the last rays of the sun in the nude when my life was turned upside down, inside out and I never saw it coming. The sun had set below the horizon, and I must have fallen asleep because I never heard them coming.

Twenty-seven acres of property courtesy of my parents surrounded on three sides by trees and a house sitting three acres from the road meant neighbors that were none the wiser. By the time I realized something was wrong it was too late. My eyes were covered so I never saw their faces. Something pushed in my mouth to the back of my throat preventing me from screaming. I was flipped on my stomach, my wrists and ankles cuffed and hogtied. Hands grabbed me. They were large. Powerful. And in the chaos I had no idea how many there were, but one squeezed my left breast and another cupped my vulva – two fat fingers pushing deep.

From the sound of heavy footsteps on hardwood floors, I knew they were taking me inside. But they did not stop there. I was thrown in a vehicle. More men groped my body and I was lifted and placed in some sort of box. The garage door opened and they backed out as if just another guest leaving the party. Barely able to breath from the panic of being kidnapped, violated and with a gag hitting the back of my throat, I sucked what little air I could through my nose as my life literally flashed before my eyes.

I did not bother thinking about what they were going to do to me as their groping and probing fingers told me all that needed to be said. Voices. That's what I listened to in the tight confines of my box. Which, after taking a brief moment to calm down as much as one could under the circumstances, I found to be padded with foam on all sides. Hours and hours of crime dramas and real-life stories of women escaping captivity by being smarter than their abductors came flooding to mind and I knew without a shadow of a doubt that I had to do everything in my power to do the same.

As the vehicle drove down the road I noticed two things right away. First, they were not in a hurry. It stopped frequently and the lack of speeding and sharp turns told me they were at least obeying traffic laws. Second, there were at least six, maybe eight men and from the way they called each other 'nigga' I could only assume they were either black, or pretending to be such. Unfortunately, no names – real or otherwise, were given.

"Niggas, this sexy cunt is going to fetch mint at the stage," one of the men said.

"Fuck the stage, think how many calves she's going to pop out for us. A body like hers? Shit, if she can't give us twenty she can't give one," another added.

"Sure we can't take her out and play with her a little now?" a third ask. "I want to dump a few loads in her oven before she gets stabled."

"Nigga, how many fucking times do I have to tell you no?" the first replied. "I want nothing more than to blast my load in her tight white cunt, but we have strict orders to keep her untouched. Trust me, you don't want to piss the boss off."

Popping out calves. Stabled. Stage. Concentrating on these words alone, I drowned out the rest of the conversation as I put one and one together and got they were going to sell me like

a fucking animal and I would spend the rest of my life popping out babies for whomever the hell the boss was. I then spent I don't know how long crying so hard I started choking – the gag down my throat making it so bad I thought I was going to die. The box opened and I was yanked out.

“Scream and you die,” one of them said while another pulled the gag from my mouth.
“Calm your ass down and be quiet.”

“W-W-Why are you doing this to me? P-Please let me go. I haven't seen you I'll n-never tell anyone,” I pleaded, knowing it was falling on deaf ears but having to try anyways.

“It's nothing personal, cunt. We have a job to do and you're the target. Listen closely as this is the only advice you're going to get. Do as you are told without question or you're going to have a very short and brutal life. You are a breeding cow now so wrap your hear around that and you'll do fine.”

“B-B-Breed...breeding cow?”

“This is your life from now on, whore. You will be fucked, bred like a cow. And when you give birth to one calf you'll start over again and again. And when you're no longer able to have them you'll be discarded in some far-flung brothel where you'll spend what remains of your pitiful life pleasuring men, women and anything else that wants a used up cunt. Now open up so we can put the gag back in.”

“P-Please don't. I swear I'll keep quiet. I can't breathe with it down my throat. It gags me and I'll just start choking again,” I pleaded.

“You want to remain ungagged you're going to have to do something for us,” another man said.

“W-What?”

“Suck our cocks and drink our loads. Do that willingly and we'll leave the gag off. But let's get one thing clear right now. If you scream or try biting us it'll be the last thing you do.”

“I...okay,” I sobbed into the heavy blindfold blocking out even the tiniest sliver of light. I didn't want to do it, but I could not take the gag anymore and at least this way I would know how many there were and that they were not beyond reasoning. “I...I c-can't do it lying on my belly.”

To my surprise, the chain connecting the wrist and ankle cuffs was removed and my arms and legs fell to the floor without hitting anything. A *van*, I thought as I got up into a kneeling position with my lips parted. The head of a cock hit my lips and I reeled back in disgust. A hand grabbed my long dirty blonde hair and my mouth and throat was filled with dick. Oh how I wanted to bite it off, but I believed it when they said it would be the last thing I ever did and so after taking a moment to gather my courage, I started bobbing my head back and forth. Brining my cuffed hands up, I gently squeezed his surprisingly large balls and his cock twitched in my mouth.

Drawing my head back, I hooked my teeth on the little ridge at the bottom of the man's cockhead, paused and then went back further. He moaned and I did it again. Now stroking his cock, I sucked his balls, licked along his thick shaft and took him back in my mouth. After a few minutes he was blasting the back of my tongue with his thick load of semen and I gagged it down. Barely given time to take a breath, another dick pushed into my mouth and I reluctantly began sucking.

One after the other, I sucked, licked and stroked nine big dicks and are as many loads of jizz. It was more than I had ever eaten in the five years I've been having sex, but if it kept the gag out of my throat it was worth it. To my surprise they did nothing more than squeeze my tits, pinch my nipples and occasionally slap my ass. I pleaded to remain out of the box, but they were having none of that and stuffed me back inside where I spent the remained of the drive.

When the van finally reached its destination I was taken from the box and the gag was put back in my mouth. The back doors were opened and I was carried by several men – not that I was fat or anything – I weigh a very healthy one-thirty-six, but restrained like a hog and their unwillingness to remove the cuffs gave them no other choice. I heard more men talking as I was taken deeper into wherever the hell we were. A few doors open and closed and the sounds of panting and purring women did not escape my notice.

Another door slid open and I was lowered onto a cold concrete floor. “Listen very carefully as I’ll only say this once. This will be your home until next month’s auction. It is monitored with cameras and microphones and if you break any of the rules you will be severely disciplined. The rules are hanging on the wall so there is absolutely no excuse why you cannot follow them. The restraints, blindfold and gag will be removed and you are to remain lying flat on your belly until the door closes. If you move to escape, or attack you will be severely disciplined and locked in a doghouse with barely enough food and water to survive for the duration of your stay.”

Hands groped areas of my body not even close to the restraints like my breasts, ass and vulva, but I stayed as still as a statue as everything was removed and for several minutes after the door closed, locking me in my cell with no chance of escape. When I finally dared open my eyes, I was surprised to find myself lying in a small living room with a sofa on one wall and a loveseat on the other with an area rug between so I was not always walking on cold cement. Back and to the left were two walls forming a small room – the edge of a sink letting me it was a bathroom, and to the right was a tiny kitchen with nothing more than a couple of cabinets, short counter and refrigerator. And against the far wall was a queen-sized bed with the same navy blue fleece blanket that I had at home and a mountain of pillows to match.

Rolling onto my ass, bringing my legs up and hugging my knees, I stared at a huge poster hanging on the wall to the right of the door and began reading the rules.

One: All slaves will remain silent unless spoken to.

Two: All slaves will greet their owners in the kneeling position with head bowed slightly and arms behind their backs, hands holding opposite elbows.

Three: All slaves will call their owners Master or Sir.

Four: All slaves must keep themselves clean and ready for breeding at all times.

Five: All slaves will be treated as humanly as possible during their transition into hucows, but such privileges as proper food and bedding may be taken away as quickly as it was given.

Six: All slaves will thank their owners after every breeding or other sexual encounter.

Seven: Slaves are here to be used however their owners see fit.

Eight: Slaves are owned property. As such, they have no human rights and no sexual limits.

Nine: If a slave breaks any of the above rules they will be severely disciplined at the sole discretion of their new owners.

Body trembling, heart pounding and mind racing, I buried my head in my knees and silently cried – fearing even that little noise would draw their ire. Thankfully it did not. When the last of the tears fell from my bloodshot eyes, I wiped my cheeks and walked around my new home. There were no knives or forks in the kitchen and the dishes consisted of paper plates and bowls. The cupboards and fridge were completely empty and I wondered how long it would be

before I got my next meal. The bathroom was small, and like the kitchen contained nothing that could be used as a weapon against my captors or myself.

With nothing to do but pass the time until I was sold into sexual slavery and used as a breeding cow, I paced back and forth, cried some more and wondered how long it would be before anyone came looking for me.

With no clock to tell the time I had no idea how long I had been locked up, but when the door opened I dropped onto my knees, bowed my head and put my arms behind my back as the rules said I should. Not that I wanted to follow them, but I was not about to add whatever passed as discipline to my already miserable existence. Moving my eyes up, I saw a tall, well-dressed bald-headed black man in his late thirty, early forties staring down at me.

“What is your name, slave?”

“E-Eliza, Sir.”

“Your full name, slave.”

“Eliza Baxter, Sir.”

“Stop me whenever I get something wrong, slave. You are twenty-one years old today. Five-feet-eight-inches, one-hundred-thirty-six pounds with long dirty blonde hair and hazel eyes. According to our research you’ve only had three sexual partners in your entire life and identify as straight. Before being rounded up you worked as a bank cashier and hoped to start college in the fall with dreams of becoming a doctor. Your parents are alive and well and you have three siblings – a brother named Kyle age twenty-six and two younger sisters Selina age fourteen and Molly age nineteen. Is all of that right or are you too scared to correct me, slave?”

“It is all correct, Sir.” I had no idea how in the hell he knew so many intimate details and was not about to open my mouth to say anything beyond the answers to his questions.

“Your new slave number is seven-thirteen which will shortly be branded on your left breast. It is the only name you will use and answer to from now on. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes Sir.” *Oh god! As if kidnapping, raping and selling me into slavery was not enough, they have to fucking brand me as well?* My heart sank into my stomach and I fought back the urge to cry.

“The artist will be here shortly to do his work. In the meantime I want you to make a list of all the food you’ll need for the next week. Make sure it is stuff you can make without cooking or you will eat it raw.” Sitting a pencil and notepad on the arm of the sofa, he smirked and turned towards the door. “Oh, and if you’re thinking of using the pencil to hurt yourself, know that if you do anything to endanger your life we’ll happily bring Molly in to take your place.”

The door slamming shut causing me to flinch and wipe any notion of self-harm right out of my mind. And I will not lie. It was there. The second that pencil left his hand I thought about jabbing it through my jugular to end what I saw as a long and miserable existence, but with a threat of them kidnapping my younger sisters looming over my head I would do everything in my power to make best of a horrible situation.