

Deephold Prison

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)

After ten years, eight pregnancies resulting in twenty-three children with her black-scaled ankathean mover, former Italian President Valeria Guardino's voluntary sentence was finally over and while she wanted nothing more than to stay for another fifty years, she had a family to think of so it was with great sadness that she gave her home of the last decade one final look as the collar around her neck unlocked and fell away – crumbling into dust and vanishing as the cell door opened and the true object of her desires entered.

“Congratulations, Valeria, your sentence is up,” the Goddess Madison said.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Is that sadness I detect?”

“Yes Mistress. Master and I have grown quite comfortable being slaves and now that our sentences are up...”

“You’ll still be my slaves,” Madison cut her soon-to-be wife off. “Just not in prison. Speaking of which, as promised, and in accordance with the degrees obtained and trained earned, you are now our newest councilor. And you, Zendrys, is our newest rehabilitation expert.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” the couple said in unison. “When do we start?” Zendrys added.

“After the wedding and honeymoon.”

“So, after everything that has happened, you’re still going to marry us, Mistress?” Valeria asked, referring to the Goddess seemingly going mad and forcing humanity into servitude only for it to later be revealed an extra-dimensional entity was masquerading as her.

“Of course. A deal is a deal and besides, I’ve come to care a great deal for both of you and want you both in my life. But not just me. You’ll also be marrying my other wives and you’ll join us in my home dimension where my children are eagerly waiting to meet their new brothers and sisters.”

“We’re all looking forward to it as well, Mistress,” Valeria replied.

“Then once you’ve gone through the release process you’ll be transported to the realm of Transcendent Servitude where we’ll be married. That being said, being married to a goddess comes with several benefits which may or may not change your mind so let me spell it out in no uncertain terms. Being married to me confers a limited immortality onto you and all of your children.”

“Limited immortality, Mistress?” Zendrys asked.

“You will never grow older than you are now. You will never get sick or succumb to toxins or disease. Your body can heal from grievous injuries in seconds, but under the right circumstances it’s still possible for you to die.”

“If we’ll never grow older does that mean our children will remain their ages forever, Mistress?” Valeria asked.

“No. They will age normally to eighteen and then that is where they will stop aging unless they wish otherwise. Same for the two of you. If you wish to grow older you may start and stop the timer whenever you desire. Being married to me also means you and your children will be incapable of telling a lie. It also means you will give yourselves to our other wives whenever they want you without hesitation, complaint, or resistance and in return they will give themselves to you., but you’ll answer to me.”

“What about family and friends back on earth and Ankathea, Mistress?” Zendrys asked. Will we be permitted to visit them or have them visit us in your home dimension?”

“Our home dimension,” Madison replied. “And yes. You’ll be granted the ability to instantaneously transport yourselves to both planets as well as the Omerthian home planet in this universe. You are no longer prisoners and as long as it doesn’t interfere with your continued training you’re free to come and go as you wish.”

“Thank you, Mistress. May Master and I have time to talk about it?”

“Of course.”

“We’ve been looking forward to this day for a decade. What’s there to talk about?” a very confused Zendrys asked.

“She’s offering us immortality, Master.”

“That’s great, but she’s also offering herself and her other wives and a chance at freedom, family, and I’m assuming job security.”

“You don’t understand, Master. While you’ll live for thousands of years. If I’m lucky my life is measured in a couple of centuries and our children somewhere in-between. Without the immortality Mistress is offering we’ll die long before you. But so will everyone we know. Parents. Siblings. Aunts and uncles. Cousins, nieces, and nephews. Friends. Everyone we know will die and turn to dust and we’ll continue on.”

“To make new friends and family,” Zendrys replied. “I know it sounds coldhearted and callous, but with or without immortality everything dies. We all wither to dust to feed the next cycle and there’s beauty in that. Life, with all of its frailties will always find a way to endure. We are given the chance to ensure that it does. We are being offered the chance to spend all of time making new friends and growing our family. And not just with each other. During our decade of voluntary imprisonment we’ve bred more than a thousand women each thanks to Mistress giving you the ability to grow a cock and balls. Together we have more than eight-hundred children not counting the ones you’ve had with me. That’s in ten years. Think how many we could have in a hundred. A thousand. A million years. Life endures as long as we do. There are countless planets out there, an entire universe unexplored. Our children could be the first to step foot on those alien worlds, the first to populate them. We could be the first to encounter other life out there beyond what the Goddess introduced us too. There is no limit to what we can accomplish. What our children, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren ten thousand generations removed can accomplish.”

“I guess I’m just not ready to lose everyone I love and care about, Master, but you’re right.”

“The day you’re ready to lose everyone you love and care about is the day I’ll stop loving you, Mistress,” Zendrys replied.

Momentarily taken aback, Velaria audibly gasped and then smiled. “I understand, Mister.” Turning her attention to the Goddess in the room, she continued. “I’m sorry for wasting your time here, Mistress. I’m ready to be processed out of here and then to marry you and the rest of your wives.”

“You’re not wasting my time,” Madison replied. “This is an incredibly important step in your futures and should not be rushed so please take all the time you need.”

“I have just one question for you, Mistress,” Velaria said as she nervously chewed her lower lip. “How many children will I eventually have?”

“I have a strict rule about revealing the future, but in this case I’ll make an exception as you’re only asking for a number. You will eventually have seventeen-million-six-hundred-fifty-two-thousand-four-hundred-eighty-eight children.”

“Holy shit!” Velaria said, eyes going wide at the impossibly large number. “How?”

“You’ll be immortal, my love, and you’ll spend millions of years having multi-birth pregnancies. If you think about it, that’s actually quite a low number given you may eventually see the heat death of the universe.”

“And will all of our children be immortal?”

“To the same degree as you and Zendrys.”

“I’m ready to spend the rest of my life with you now, Mistress. Thank you for answering my question even if the answer nearly gave me a heart attack. Seventeen-million children. That’s... that’s as insane as it is hot!”

“I have a question too, Mistress,” Zendrys said. “How many men will breed her?”

“More than five million, but at nearly two million you will provide her with the most children with your soon-to-be wives coming in second, third, fourth, and fifth.”

“Being a forty-seven year old stuck in an eighteen year old body is going to take some getting used to, Mistress, especially when we’ll have kids our own age. That’s just going to be all kinds of weird.”

“You can always start the aging timer if it concerns you, but I personally think you look incredible as you are.”

“Thank you Mistress. You look beyond stunning yourself.”

“Thank you. Well, if you’re ready I’ll take you to outtake and then we’ll get married. Would you like me to bring your family and friends to the Realm of Transcendent Servitude to be there on our special occasion?”

“Um, with a name like Realm of Transcendent Servitude will they have to, um, serve, Mistress?” Velaria asked.

“Only if they wish to but it isn’t required.”

“I for one would like them to be there, Mistress.”

“As would I, Mistress,” Zendrys added.

“Then they’ll be there upon arrival with full knowledge of why they’re there,” Madison said. And with that, she and her soon-to-be husband and wife were standing in a large room where several very familiar faces sat at desks doing their jobs – many of the women currently pregnant with Velaria and Zendrys’ children.

Taking her slaves to a desk where a very pregnant fox-type Omerthian woman sat, Warden Madison gave her a smile. “Sargent Tyndrina, I’d like you to process these two model prisoners out.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Hello again, Mistress,” Velaria smiled at the Omerthian woman pregnant with her quintuplets.

“Hello to you too, Mistress,” Sargent Tyndrina replied. “You too, Master. So, your decade of voluntary imprisonment is finally over. Please, take a seat and I’ll get you through this as quickly as possible. Also, congratulations of your new jobs. I for one hope you’ll have time to breed me several more times.”

“It would be our pleasure, Mistress,” Zendrys replied.

“We’ll breed you as often as you desire, Mistress,” Velaria added as she sat down.