

Depths of Depravity

Faye Valentine

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With nine women gone missing in as many months and the police no closer to solving the case now as when the first victim vanished without a trace eleven years ago, Detective Zoe Sutton – unable to sleep a wink decided to go for a late night drive in the hopes of clearing her thought. Preferring the quiet darkness of the countryside to the ell-lit hustle and bustle of the city, she hit the road in the direction of her favorite childhood spot.

The Depths had been the staple of curious and adventurous men and women alike for as long as anyone could remember and Zoe was no different. Back in her youth – almost a decade before the city closed the place down due to unsafe conditions exacerbated by one too many earthquakes, several injuries and the untimely death of a fourteen year old boy scout, she and her older brothers Robert and Kyle (against their parents’ wishes) would spend hours exploring the most stunningly beautiful cave system any of them had ever visited.

Though a heavy steel door now blocked the entrance, Zoe still liked to visit the long abandoned landmark when she desperately needed a fresh perspective on things. Deciding a walk would do her good she parked in the small, overgrown parking lot and grabbed the flashlight from the glovebox. Not wanting to be bothered, she left her purse and cell phone on the passenger side floor, locked up and hit the mile long trail that would take her on a winding path to her favorite childhood location.

As she neared the top of the path that once led directly into the mouth of the cave, she heard scuffling, muffled voices and a definite female grunt, but it was not until she rounded a bend that she saw the source silhouetted by moon and flashlight. Turning her own off so that she could assess the situation before announcing her presence, she saw five men leading three bound and gagged women towards the steel door barring entry into the depths. One of the women – a dirty blonde wearing a torn little black dress, stumbled and bumped into one of the men who in turn shoved her so hard she fell to the ground with a thud.

“You sure we need this one?” the man huffed. “I mean, the worthless fucking cunt can’t even walk properly. Maybe we’d be better off tossing her in the ravine and finding someone else.” While not on the scale of the Grand Canyon, the Ravine was deep, overgrown and treacherous enough that anything thrown in was never seen again.

“Nah,” Another man replied as a third unlocked the chains holding the door shut “these are the ones that make for the best slaves.” Looking at the woman still sitting on the ground, he pulled his cock out of his pants and continued. “While you’re down there,” he said, waving his dick with one hand. She scoot away but was blocked by the other two men who grabbed and repositioned her on her knees.

As an officer of the law, someone with a concealed carry and a woman about to watch another being used against her will, Zoe was about to spring into action when a glint of something shiny caught her eye. Pausing, she squinted in the faint light and saw the barrel of a gun. Then another and a third. Five on one odds were bad enough when she was the only one carrying, so she did the only thing she could. About to reach for her phone, she realized it was in her car a mile away so she went with plan ‘c’. No about to risk the noise even carefully walking away would cause, she took slow, breaths and watched.

The dirty blonde, about to suck the cock of one of her captors was saved by another. “We don’t have time to play around. Put that damn thing away and get these dumb whores inside.”

Zoe expected a loud, rust-induced creak from the heavy metal door, but it slid open soundlessly and four of the men ushered their two captives inside. After the fifth relocked the

door he made his way around the right side of the small mountain and with baited breath Zoe followed. Several hundred yards later, he disappeared into a niche. Zoe saw a brief glow of light and then it was pitch dark. Waiting several long minutes as she weighed her options she emerged from the trees, entered the niche and was surprised to find another much smaller door built into the mountainside. *One way in, one way out*, she thought as she looked for a handle or knob to turn and found none.

Reaching the edge of the niche, Zoe heard the door creak open with a whisper. Spinning around, gun in hand she was met the gaze of a large black man. "Unless you want to make this your last night alive, I strongly suggest lowering your weapon and doing exactly as you're told," the man said with eerie calmness for one staring down the barrel of a gun.

"Who are you and where did you take those women?"

"Pretty sure I'm the one in charge here. If your gun is not on the ground when I hit five you will."

Though she did not see a firearm on the man a few feet away she knew at least three of the men whom had only moments ago entered did and while she was fast, she knew making it all the way to her car and dialing 911 before they put a bullet or twelve into her was an impossibility. Trembling as if she had just stepped into a freezer, she dropped her gun on the ground and used her left foot to push it several feet behind her. "What now?" she asked, trying to use the same level of indifference and failing miserably. "My name is Detective Zoe Sutton and people know where I am and will come looking."

"Doubtful. And even if they do they're never going to find you. Now take your clothes off."

"Excuse me?"

"I am not in the habit of repeating myself Detective Sutton. To ensure you have no other weapons you will take all of your clothes off and leave them on the ground. You will then put your hands behind your head and walk over to me. If you do not follow my instructions immediately and peacefully I'll rip them off of you by force and that's something neither of us wants."

Wishing she had just shot the man and taken her chances on the trail, Zoe's gulp of fear echoed in the night as she slowly pulled her tee shirt off. The rest of her clothes soon followed and a moment later she was standing less than a foot away from the large black man. "N-Now what?"

"Now I'm going to check you out. Make any sudden moves and they'll be your last." Using the light from the partially opened door in conjunction with his flashlight, the man slowly walked around the frightened, shivering detective. "Not bad. Not bad at all," he said, taking the liberty of cupping and then squeezing her left breast and then her ass. She flinched, but otherwise took it out of fear to do otherwise would mean the end for her. "How old are you detective?"

"T-Thirty...thirty-four."

"Nice. Still well within breeding range."

The words hit Zoe like a sledgehammer to the temple and another loud gulp filled the night air. "P-Please, you don't have to do this. Just let me go..."

"And what? You'll forget everything you saw here? Come on, detective, do you honestly think we've made it this far without being discovered by being stupid? Put your hands on the wall, move your legs back until you're bent over at the waist and then spread 'em."

"OH GOD! Please don't do this."

His calm demeanor briefly turning to rage, he slapped Zoe hard across the face. "I told you I am not in the habit of repeating myself. Now do as you're told or I'll toss you in the fucking ravine." Zoe forced back the tears and got into position as the man continued. "You see, I'm the door man and I don't get to participate in a lot of what goes on in there, but I do have the singular privilege of breaking in anyone snooping around where they shouldn't." His big black cock out, he rubbed it along Zoe's slit. She inhaled sharply and then grunted as all nine and a half inches were shoved in hard and fast. After a dozen or so thrusts he slapped her ass and laughed. "You like that whore?"

"N-No!"

THWAP! "Don't lie to me whore. I can feel your tight cunt gripping my cock like it's the last one on earth so tell me the truth or I'll beat it out of you!"

"YES!" Zoe replied. "I LOVE IT! I love your big black cock filling my tight pussy!"

"You want me to fuck you all night long?"

"Yes."

"Breed you?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Say it."

"I want you to breed me."

"Do you want me to train you as my personal fuck slave?"

"Y-Yes."

"Then say it," he grunted, increasing his pace. "Tell your Master what you truly desire."

"Uhn...uhn...ooohhhh god! Please, M-Master...uhn...please train me as your personal fuck slave," she replied if only to save her own neck. Fuck your load into me, Master. Breed me. Impregnate me with your babies!"

"Not bad, Detective Zoe Sutton, I almost believed you meant that."

"I did mean it, Master. Please, train me as your slave."

"Do you even know what that means?" the man asked as he continued fucking the poor detective.

"It means following your every command without hesitation or complaint whether I like it or not, Master," Zoe answered to the man's surprise.

"And you're really willing to do that?"

"Yes Master. I've never desired anything more in my life than to serve and be bred by a big black cock." The thought made her skin crawl, but she was willing to say anything he wanted to hear if it meant saving her own ass.

"Hew Trevor what are you...oh! And who do we have here? One of the men Zoe had earlier seen enter asked.

"This is Detective Zoe Sutton and she's just agreed to be mu fuck slave. Isn't that right, Detective?"

"Y-Yes Master."

"Do me a favor and grab the gun," Trevor said as he continued screwing his new slave.

"G-Gun Master? P-Please don't do it Master! I swear I'll do anything you command without complaint. Just don't...d-don't..." Unable to go on, Zoe hung her head and sobbed while Trevor's big black cock slammed in and out of her and the other man stepped inside. Several minutes later she felt her Master's semen flooding her pussy and a minute after that the man returned.

"This should be fun," The man said as he handed Trevor the gun.

“What I’m going to do will hurt like hell. Stand with your back against the wall and hands behind your head. You will remain in position with your mouth shut or you’ll be severely disciplined, slave,” Trevor said as he turned the gun on. After a few seconds he placed the tip against Zoe’s left breast and pulled the trigger.

Zoe bit deep and hard into her lower lip as the heat went from unbearable to excruciating. Despite the warning, she grunted against the agony and when her new Master pulled the branding gun away she saw the words: Trevor’s Tramp permanently seared into her flesh.

“Welcome to your new life, slave, now get your pathetic ass inside before I cane it.”

“Y-Y-Yes Master.”