

Devil's Playground

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Seeing the lights in the building on the other side of the alley going out, Hollie perked up. Straightening her short black pleated skirt and gray blouse to make herself as presentable as possible, she put on a smile and waited. Right on cue, the door opened and a tall, well-built man in his late thirties with short black hair and goatee stepped out with a garbage bag in one hand and a bulging paper bag in the other. Tossing the former in the dumpster, he held the latter out. "We had a busy night so there wasn't much left over but it should get you through the next couple of days."

"Thank you, Sir," Hollie said as she walked over and got on her knees."

"We've been doing this for weeks now, sweetie, I think it's time you gave me a bit more than your mouth. Get up and put your hands against the wall so I can finally fuck you or you'll have to find another place to get your meals."

"If you wanted to fuck me all you had to do was ask," Hollie said as she stood up. "I'd have let you pound my silly from day one." Turning, she put her hands against the rough brick wall, scoot her feet back and then spread her legs. "I'm not on any form of birth control and seeing as how I'm homeless, please don't come inside of me. Unless, of course you're willing to take care of me and the baby."

"You can't get pregnant if I come in your ass," Simon said as he sat the bag of food just inside the close door leading into the restaurant. Walking up behind Hollie, he pulled her skirt up and panties down. Unzipping his fly, he pulled his hard cock out, slid it along her vulva and then with one unceremonious thrust was balls deep in her tight pussy. "God damn! I figured a sexy cunt like you'd be loose as fuck!"

"Y-You... uhn... you're only the fourth person I've ever had sex with," Hollie grunted between thrusts.

"How many have you sucked off, slut?"

"The same four, Sir. And I've never taken it up the ass before so please be gentle. Or better yet let me know when you're about to blow and I'll eat it as always."

Grabbing her perky breasts, Simon pounded her from behind with absolutely no intentions of pulling out. Hooking his fingertips between buttonholes, he ripped her blouse open and then pushed her bra up so he could tweak her nipples only to feel rings. Grabbing them, he tugged causing her to moan and then groan as he stretched them beyond her comfort level. But instead of letting go, he pulled harder.

"Aahghh! P-Please not so hard Sir!"

"If you want your food you'll shut up and let me have my fun," Simon said as he let go of the rings only to painfully dig his fingernails into her breasts. Yanking her shirt off, he grabbed her breasts and then sank his teeth into her right shoulder causing her to once again yelp. She hated what he was doing to her, but since the other locations threatened to call the police if she bothered them again, he was her only source of food that did not come straight out of the dumpster so she grunted, moaned, groaned and winced as he had his way with her.

After several minutes of rough sex, Simon pulled out. Thinking she was about to take it up the ass, Hollie did her best to relax, but instead of her back door being violently busted open, she was spun around, lifted, back pressed against the wall as he thrust into her from the front. "Wrap your legs around me, whore!" he commanded. "Ride my fucking cock like the little cum dumpster you are!" Kissing her hard on the lips, he then sucked her left nipple for a few seconds,

before biting hard into her breast around the areola. Her pelvic muscles contracting in response, he bit her again. Then a third time above the areola before switching to the right breast.

Putting her legs around Simon, Hollie grunted and groaned as her bare back scaped up and down the rough red brick wall. “Uhn! Uhn! Uhn! Oh god! Uhn! It... I think... please stop! I think my back is bleeding!” But instead of stopping, He pressed her harder against the wall, pounded his cock in and out several more times and then spun around so that his back was against brick. Holding her by the hips, he bounced her up and down his throbbing shaft.

“Do you want your food, whore?”

“Y-Yes Sir.”

“Then tell me to breed you!”

“But I don’t...”

“SAY IT! Or you won’t get another scrap!”

“P-Please breed me, Sir. Fuck your load into me. Use me as your cum dumpster.” As the words came out of her mouth two things happened. First, she hugged her arms around Simon’s neck as her body shuddered in orgasm. And two, Simon gave her exactly what she had just begged for – his seed fertilizing her fertile fields. “Fucking hell! Thanks for fucking me, Sir. Can I please go eat now?”

“Not yet.” Lifting her up, Simon pulled out of Hollie’s pussy. Bringing her back down, he pushed into her virgin ass.

“UHN! OH GOD DAMN!”

“Relax, whore, or it’ll hurt more than it needs to.”

“Y-Yes Sir. I’m trying but your dick is big and like I said before, I’ve never taken it up the ass before.”

“Which is why I wanted to fuck it before anyone else had a chance, slut.”

“Yes Sir.”

Putting his mouth over Hollie’s left areola, Simon bit so hard that she arched her back and cried out into the night. Turning, he pinned her against the wall next to the restraint door and then slammed a hand over her mouth. Teeth sunk deep, he slowly pulled back until reaching her nipple which he gently sucked. Reaching over, he opened the door and carried her inside. With a quick flick of a finger one row of lights came on. Giving her a tender kiss, he stared into her wide, tear-filled eyes. “You trying to get us arrested, whore?”

“S-Sorry, Sir, but that really hurt. Oh god!” Hollie exclaimed as she saw the bite marks crisscrossing her breasts. “C-Can I please go now?”

“Not yet. I’m going to finish off in your ass while you eat and then I’d like to have talk.” Lifting her off his cock, he stood her in front of him and then kissed her on the lips. “Head down and ass up and don’t move.”

“Yes S-Sir.” Gulping back her fear, Hollie watched as Simon fetched the bag of food from the alley and then disappeared into the kitchen. When he returned a few moments later it was with two metal bowls on a tray and the intoxicating aroma of lasagna.

“You’ll eat and drink from the bowls while I fuck your ass. And if you make a mess you’ll use your mouth to clean it up,” Simon said as he put the tray on the floor in front of his young lover. “Understood?”

“Really?”

“Really. If you don’t want it I can always toss it...”

This being her first meal in over a day, Hollie buried her face in the bowl of pasta and did her best to eat without getting it all over her face.

“Good girl.” Walking behind her, Simon pulled a long wooden spoon from his back pocket, lined up and then brought it down on her raised ass.”

“Aahhgghhh! W-What the hell?” Hollie screeched more in shock than any real pain, though it did hurt some.

“Eat like a good puppy and I’ll give you desert. Keep stopping and complaining and this’ll be our last interaction. Got it?”

“Why are you doing this to me? You’ve always been so nice. Why are you acting like this?”

“Another word before I’m finished plowing your tight ass and we’re finished. Now eat!”

Taken aback by his tone, Hollie buried her face in the bowl. Not caring how much of the sauce she covered herself in, she scarfed the delicious meal down as quickly as she could through more than three dozen more swats of the wooden spoon. Then, he was inside of her again. And not her ass. Disgusted by the thought of him fucking her pussy after being up her butt, she resisted the urge to leave and lose her last meal ticket.

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Her back, sides, shoulders and arms covered in deep bite marks, her shirt lying ruined in the alley, Hollie sat at one of the tables opposite Simon, unable to look him in the eye as she nervously fidgeted. “W-What do you want to talk about, Sir?”

“Many things. Look at me, Hollie.”

It took several long seconds and a lot of willpower, but she managed to meet his gaze and what she saw was genuine concern.

“I know I put you through a lot tonight, but are you okay?”

“I…”

“Please be honest.”

“It was a lot. I’ve never been treated like that in my life, Sir.”

“I gathered. I did my best to make sure I didn’t break the skin so the bruises should heal in a few days to a week. But are you okay? Not just physically.”

“Do you really care sir?”

“Of course I care! I wouldn’t be asking if I didn’t care. If I were to fuck you like that every time you dropped by for a bag of food would you continue coming around?”

“Yes Sir.”

“For the sex or for the food?”

“Both, Sir.”

“So, did you like being treated roughly?”

“I…”

“Please be honest.”

“I don’t know, Sir. I loved the actual sex. Even the anal when it stopped hurting was pretty nice, but the rest… Part of me hated the biting and spanking, but another part liked it. Two of the orgasms I had were while being bitten. That means some part of me liked it, right? I mean, I wouldn’t have orgasmed if I hated it, let alone twice. Right?”

“That’s something that only you can answer, Hollie, but I will say there’s nothing wrong with liking a little pain and humiliation. What would you say if I told you I wanted to tie you up, flog your breasts and cane your ass? Would you let me?”

“Um…”

“I only want the truth from you, Hollie. No is a viable answer and I don’t want you saying you’ll do something on the assumption I’ll stop giving you food. Will you let me tie you up, flog your breasts and cane your ass?”

“I’m willing to try it, Sir, but can’t guarantee I’ll like it.”

“Fair enough. What if I said I wanted to invite a dozen men over to gang bang you? Or a dozen women? What if I said I wanted to train you as my personal toilet. Would you do those things for me, Hollie?”

“Do you want to train me as your sex slave or something, Sir?”

“Yes, yes I do.. I want to see you engaging in every perversion under the sun, Hollie. And I know just the place to do it if you’re truly willing.” Seeing she was about to say something, he held a hand up. “Wait, let me finish before you answer. “I know you don’t like talking about why you’re homeless and that’s okay. What isn’t okay is that you smart, beautiful young woman such as yourself is living on the streets fucking random men for table scraps. I want to help you, Hollie. I want to get you off the streets and on a path to bettering your life. But you have to be willing to put in the hard work. I can get you a job right now tonight at another establishment that I own that not only pays well, but has apartments for rent above. Let me take you there. Let me show you what you’d have to do and where you’d be living and if you agree we can discuss terms.”

“What sort of establishment is it, Sir? You said you knew just the place to train me as a sex slave, where do you want to take me?”

“Ever hear of The Devil’s Playground?”

“No Sir.”

“It’s a fetish club that I own on the outskirts of the city. I’ve designed the work routine to train my employees in all things submissive. There you’ll learn everything from obedience and etiquette, to being used as a toilet and proper slave positions. You’ll also make thirty-five thousand a year plus very generous tips and if you agree to let me be the first to breed you I’ll let you live in the apartment rent and utility free for as long as you work for me.”

“And if I don’t want to work there or become a sex slave?”

“Then you’re free to go back living on the streets.”

“And you’ll stop giving me food?”

“Our previous arrangement will remain in effect but I will say that I’ll be more than a little disappointed at you for not taking advantage of my offer.”

“You’ll put everything in writing?”

“One hundred percent. I know this is all kinds of creepy and weird, but I really do have your best interests at heart, Hollie, but the choice is ultimately yours to make.”

“What about my shirt, Sir? Do you know how long I had to dive through dumpsters before finding something that looks nice and actually fits me?”

“I’ll get you a shirt from the storeroom to wear and if you take the job at the club I’ll buy you an entire wardrobe.”

“This is sounding too good to be true, Sir. What’s the catch?”

“Other than being the first to breed you? No catch.”

“That’s a pretty damn big catch, Sir.”

“It is. And a serious one at that which should tell you how serious I am about helping you get back on your feet. Tell you what, let me get you a shirt and the rest of your food as well as that desert I promised and then you can think about it. Just let me know one way or the other the next time you come back.”

“Seeing as how you completely wrecked me tonight, Sir, do you think you can give me enough money to get a motel room for a few days?”

“Only if you agree to take a look at the club and apartment. If you decide not to work and live there I’ll give you enough cash to rent a motel room for a week.”

“You really want me to work there don’t you, Sir?”

“I do. But like I said, the choice is yours to make.”

“I’ll do it, Sir. Um, go to the club that is. But I make no promises.”

“Understood. Let me go grab you a shirt and I’ll be right back.”

“Um, what about my food, Sir?”

“If you take the job I’ll fill your fridge. And if not, come back tomorrow and I’ll buy enough to get you through your motel stay. Deal?”

“Deal, Sir. FUCK!”

“Something wrong?”

“It just dawned on me. This is why you insisted I always call you Sir, isn’t it? That was just one small way you asserted your dominance over me and I didn’t even realize it.”

“It was. And for the record, Hollie, I don’t think you’re a whore, slut or any other derogatory thing I called you tonight. Those were just things I said to gauge your reaction to being humiliated and degraded.”

“It worked, Sir, because I never felt do degraded in my life.”

“Good. And how did that make you feel? Did you like it or hate it?”

“Both, Sir.”

“Good. Now, sit tight while I go fetch a shirt and then we’ll head out.”

“Yes Sir.”