

Queen of Spades

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Walking through Sugar Valley – the name given to Emerald City’s hub of prostitution, for no other reason than it was the shortest path home, Reagan did her best to keep her head down and eyes off the many and varied women while remaining as unassuming as possible, but even then she got looks from men and women alike. Rounding the corner onto Maverick Street, she ran into a tall, muscular black man. “S-Sorry,” she apologized as she stepped around him. But before she could make it far, she was grabbed and pulled back. “W-What are you...”

“I don’t have time to negotiate so let’s make it quick,” the man said as she simultaneously stuffed a wad of cash in her hand while pulling her into a nearby alleyway.

“Oh god! I’m not a... uhnmph!” she grunted as she was pushed against the brick wall of a building. “What the hell do you...”

“I’m paying to fuck you, not listen to you complain so shut the fuck up and take it like the sexy fucking whore that you are!” the man said, cutting her off as he yanked her shorts and panties down and his big black cock out. Grabbing her by the hips, he pulled Reagan back onto him with a triumphant grunt. “God damn! You’re the tightest fucking slut I’ve ever taken! This your first time or something?”

“Uhhnnn! Oh God! I’m not... uhn... uhn... this isn’t... you’re... uhhnnn... oh God please... I’m not a prostitute! I’ve n-never... I’m a lesbian... Uhhnnn!” Reagan moaned as the impossible happened. Identifying as a lesbian well before puberty, she had only ever taken the fingers and tongues of other women – refusing anything even remotely phallic in design as the thought of it turned her stomach, and now here she was being taken by a black man in an alley – a man that paid her like a sex worker no less, and she was gushing in orgasm. Her mind reeling at the thought of a man giving her pleasure, let alone so quickly, she hung her head in shame as his hard, rapid thrusts left her panting and moaning.

Her crop top pushed up exposing her breasts, Reagan softly groaned as they were squeezed in the man’s large hands. But when he pinched and tweaked her nipples, she shoved back hard as a second orgasm tore through her like a bolt of lightning made of pure, unadulterated pleasure. “Uhn! Uhn! Ooohhhh God why is this... mmmm... I can’t... this isn’t... I’m a... sweet fucking Jesus!”

“Sounds like someone’s enjoying the ride,” the man said as he dug his fingernails into Reagan’s breasts so that he could slam his big black cock in and out that much harder.

“I... uhhnnn... I’m not on birth...” and just then she felt the first ropey strand of semen blasting against her cervix. “Oh God! P-Please pull out! I’m not on birth control!”

“Too late for that, slut. Don’t let it go to waste! Get your hand down there and catch it as it drips from your tight cunt and then gobble it up like a good whore!”

As the man’s dick slid out, Reagan reached down and in less than a second her hand was covered in semen. Cupping it, she did her best to squeeze it all out before bringing it to her lips. Had she been thinking straight she would’ve slapped him across the face with it, but in shock at being taken by a man and loving it enough to have multiple orgasms, she slurped it into her mouth and swallowed. Clit throbbing hard, she licked the rest of it off her palm and fingers as her eyes remained locked on the big black cock that had just changed her life.

“Hot as that is, I hope you left enough to put a bun in that tight fucking oven of yours,” the man smirked. “Well, I got my money’s worth so I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did.”

“I... I can’t believe...” but before she could say anything else, the man walked away leaving her standing in the dark alleyway crop top pushed up and shorts down to her knees. *I*

can't believe that just happened! She thought as she stared at the hand she had just licked clean. *He just fucking took me! Why didn't I struggle more? Why didn't I cry rape? Why did I fucking like it? I'm a lesbian! Men aren't sexually attractive to me in the slightest and yet... I've never come so God damn fast in my life! And I just slurped his load down like a fucking treat! What in the hell is wrong with me?* Movement to her right pulling her back to reality, Reagan turned to see a group of five black men walking towards her.

"Hey there, fancy a little gangbang?"

"W-What?"

"You and the five of us."

"I'm not a sex worker."

"Could've fooled us. A couple of us saw you taking money and then letting that man screw you."

"T-That was... he just... I'm a lesbian!"

"Says the woman that just had multiple orgasms being fucked by a black man in an alley. Look, if you don't want our money then just say no and we'll find someone who will, but if you want to earn a few thousand dollars pleasuring us we have a room in the motel around the corner.

"I'm really not a sex worker. That man just stuffed money into my hand, dragged me in here and fucked me before I could make him stop."

"So you took money and let him have his way with you?"

"That's not... I... I suppose that's one way of looking at it."

"That makes you a sex worker. Come on, babe, let us have a few hours of fun and you'll make bank."

"A few hours?"

"There are five of us and we have a lot of pent-up sexual energy we want to let out all over that stunning body of yours."

I can't believe this fucking night is real! This has to be a nightmare. A few hours with five men? I did actually enjoy the first one. Maybe this is the test I need to know whether I'm a lesbian or not. "If I agree what will you do to me?"

"For the money we're paying? Whatever we want until the sun comes up."

"H-w much you offering?"

Stepping closer, the apparent leader of the group pulled Reagan in then whispered in her ear: *Ten grand for several hours of uninhibited, no-limits sex. You'll do exactly what we say without hesitation or you won't get paid a dime.*

"And how do I know you'll pay me at all?"

"You really are new around here aren't you? We're the Bitch Busters. Ask any hoe on the street and they'll tell you we're men of our word and always pay what's due."

"I want to see the money before I agree to anything," Reagan said to her own surprise.

"Come with us to the motel and we'll show you. Agree to be out fucktoy for the night and we'll pay you half up front and the rest when we're finished."

"O-Okay." Straightening out her clothes, Reagan followed the five men out of the alley, and one block down the street where they entered a first-floor corner room. No sooner was she inside, then she knew she was in for one hell of an evening as all the normal furniture had been replaced with that of a bdsm variety including a queen-sized bondage bed with built-in pillory footboard and leather cuffs dangling from the ends of ropes attached to the four-post frame. "W-What the hell is this?" she asked as her eyes darted from sex toys to furniture and other pieces of equipment crammed into the space.

“This is out playroom. What’s your name, whore?”

“R-Reagan.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Reagan. I’m Myles and I lead this gang of perverts. Kaiden, go grab ten from the safe.”

Command given, Reagan watched a black man standing well over six feet leave the room. “While he gets the money I’ll introduce everyone and then go over the rules so there’s no misunderstandings. “The man in the gray tee shirt is Raymond. The one in blue is Jaxen, the one in black is Gavyn. And now for the rules. In exchange for ten thousand dollars you agree to be our fucktoy until the sun comes up. That means we command and you obey without hesitation or complaint whether you like it or not. Once the party starts you’ll call us Master and we’ll call you whatever the hell we like. If you leave early you won’t get paid. If you refuse even a single command you won’t get paid. Is that understood?”

“I haven’t agreed to anything yet, but I understand,” Reagan said just as Kaiden walked back into the dungeon with a large stack of cash in hand.

Taking the money, Myles counted out five thousand dollars in fifties and hundreds. “Time to make a decision, Reagan. You going to go back out there and make a few bucks sucking and fucking random men in alleys, or are you going to play with us for ten grand?”

“I... I can’t believe these words are coming out of my mouth, but I agree to be your fucktoy until the sun comes up.”

“You agree to let us fuck and use you however we desire no matter how perverse?”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“Good girl. Just so you know, there are cameras recording everything so consent can never be questioned,” Myles said. “You’ll get a copy afterwards and we’ll keep one for ourselves to use if need be. Now, follow us to the bathroom so we can get you cleaned inside and out.”

“Yes M-Master.” Taking the money, Reagan stuffed it into the pocket of her shorts and just hoped it would still be there in the morning.

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Douches, enemas, and a thorough washing later, Reagan no sooner stepped out of the shower stall then she was gently guided to her knees with Myles’ cock in her mouth. Eyes wide, she started to suck him deeper only to be stopped.

“You can suck me after. Swallow every drop or you’ll be disciplined.” And with that, Myles started pissing.

Shocked at being used as a toilet and being disciplined scaring her to death, Reagan did her best to keep up, but some of the warm, pungent fluid dribbled from the corners of her mouth as she struggled to not choke on it. When he finished she started sucking his big black cock to the best of her virtually non-existent ability, but he stepped aside so that Kaiden could use her. Then Jaxen. Belly so full it hurt, she looked to the toilet, but Gavyn stuck his cock down her throat and added another bladderful. Groaning, she looked up at Raymond. “P-Please, Master, I... oohhhh God... I can’t take anymore.”

“Sure you can, slave,” Raymond said as he fed her his piss.

“We’ll be in the playroom,” Myles said. “You can join us when your stomach is empty and you’ve brushed and rinsed.”

“Y-Yes Master,” Reagan said as she quickly crawled to the toilet. *What the hell did I agree to?* she thought as she threw up. *This isn’t me. I’m not into men. I’m not a slave. I’m not a fucking whore! Why in the fuck did I agree to let them use me? Why am I enjoying it? Oh God! Am I a whore and slave?* Despite her current condition, her clit throbbed so hard it hurt. *I’m a*

fucktoy! I'm a sex slave! I love being taken by big black cocks! I... oh my fucking God... I want them to completely destroy me! Every thought turning her on more than the previous, she felt her entire worldview change in an instant.

Stomach purged, teeth brushed, and mouth thoroughly rinsed, Reagan walked out to the playroom and gave each of the men a knowing look. "I'm ready to be your fucktoy, Masters. Please use me to fulfill your every desire no matter how perverse it might be. I want you to completely and utterly destroy me. Until the sun comes up I'm your no limits sex slave to do with as you please. That being said, there are two things I'd like to mention. First: I've never taken anything bigger than that man's dick in the alleyway. And second, I've never taken anything up the ass. So unless you want to send me to the hospital all I ask is that you take it easy when stretching me open."

"Don't worry, slave, twelve hours is plenty of time to stretch your holes to take our fists," Jaxen said as he picked up a silicone coated speculum and a bottle of lube. Head down ass up, slave."

"Yes Master." Getting down on all fours, Reagan lowered her head onto folded arms and spread her legs to give the men easy access to her holes. Jaxen disappearing behind her, she felt lube dropping onto her asshole and then the head of his cock rubbing it in.

"I'm going to pop that anal cherry of yours and then we're going to spend the night gaping it open as far as humanly possible."

"Thank you for using your dick first, Master," Reagan grunted as she felt him slowly pushing in. "Uhn! Aahhgghhh! Oh my fucking god that hurts!" she wailed as he slid deeper. "Don't stop, Master! M-Make... uuhhnnn... make me suffer! Oh God why do I love cock so fucking much? I... I'm a lesbian... this is... uhn... uhn... this shouldn't... P-Please fill all my holes at once, Masters! I am so fucking confused! Uhn... uhn... I don't... I can't... uuhhnnn... please pound me into submission! Ple fuck my brains out so I know one way or another what the hell I am!"

"Look at me, slave," Myles commanded.

Getting up on all fours, Reagan looked up into Myles' dark brown eyes.

"Are you really a lesbian, slave? Was that man in the alley your first? Is Jaxen really the first up your ass?"

"Yes to all of it, Master. I've never been with a man in my life until he shoved money in my hands and took me in the alley. I don't want to like it, but I can't help it. My ass is aching but I want him to keep going because being humiliated and degraded is turning me on and I don't know why."

"Maybe you're a masochist."

"I don't like pain, Master."

"There's more than one type of Masochist," Myles replied. "Pain is one type, those that get off on humiliation is another. Gavyn, set up your equipment so we can see what sort of masochist out fucktoy is," he commanded while getting down on the floor. "Come on, slave, crawl over here and ride my cock while Jaxon finished pounding your ass and Raymond fucks your pretty face."

"Yes Master." Pulling herself off of Jaxen's dick, Reagan crawled on top of Myles and lowered herself on his hard cock. A beat later and her ass was once again stuffed. And then her mouth. A minute in and she was seriously drooling and gagging while simultaneously gushing in orgasm.

"Kaiden, call the rest of the gang and tell them we have a fucktoy to breed."