

School of Discipline

Faye Valentine

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For as long as I could remember there were only two things that bothered me growing up. The first was how my parents were able to afford the things we had including a half-million dollar home sitting on forty-three acres in the country, five vehicles and me and my siblings wanted when we wanted it. They always told us they worked on the internet but would never explain further.

The second thing that always bothered me was our house. Or more specifically the basement. Straight ahead at the bottom of the stairs was the laundry room with the furnace in another small room beyond that. But to the left of the stairs was a heavy metal door with a digital locks which only my parents knew the code to. I had tried numerous times to punch in the right one, but with ten digits I quickly realized the futility of my effort and moved on to other means of entry. I tried using everything from screwdrivers and knives to threatening to run away or call the police and tell them they had bodies hidden in there, but the first only resulted in me being grounded for damaging the door and the latter in them calling my bluff.

I had seen many of my parents' friends going to the basement but when I asked them what was in there they all told me in no uncertain terms that it was none of my business and even if it was it was not their place to tell me. This, of course, caused a growing rift not only between me and them, but with my parents to the point that by my teenage years I was rebelling left, right and center against everything they had to say. By fifteen I was so out of control they sent me halfway across the country to live with my Aunt Michele and Uncle Andy and I could honestly say I hated my parents with every fiber of my being for abandoning me, while on the other hand thanked them for doing so because it was probably the only thing that saved me from the downward spiral I had found myself in. That's not to say they had an easy time of it.

Three days before my sixteenth birthday I joined a gang called the Ninth Street Ballers and as all females I was, well, ganged in. For nine straight hours a day for ninety days all twenty-seven male members made sure I knew exactly what my place and role in the gang would be and as humiliating and degrading as it was, if it meant embarrassing my parents I was all for it. Unfortunately, my parents and siblings pretty much washed their hands of me the second I was passed off to my aunt and uncle so they could not have cared less what happened to me. Or at least that's what I was left to believe after they all refused to speak to me. My brother Kyle whom I had been close to until my parents abandoned me would no longer take my calls, talk to me at school or even acknowledge we were related. My younger sister Beth took things to the next level by spreading mostly false rumors to the point I was glad I no longer lived in the same state.

I discovered a little over two months into my initiation that I was pregnant but they did not stop ganging me in until they branded me a full-fledged member at the end of the ninetieth day with a combination number nine and the letters 'S' and 'B' on my right hip. It was the most excruciatingly painful thing I had ever endured and given what they put me through that was saying a lot. Knowing this was only the beginning of the hell they were going to put me through, I got out of there the very next day and made my way back to my aunt and uncle's if not for my own sake then that of my unborn child.

It took me weeks of begging and pleading for my aunt and uncle to take me back in and it was not without a million rules. Adhering to them to the letter, I went back to school and studied my ass off as even one failing grade meant boarding school or worse. I gave birth to twin daughters I named Krista and Chloe in the summer between freshman and sophomore years and

while everyone thought it best for me to give them up I adamantly refused. It was hard, but changing public school for home schooling relieved a lot of the stress I was under and allowed me to take care of my daughters and schooling at the same time. And under my Uncle Andy's tutelage I found myself not only quickly catching up, but pulling ahead of the rest of the class.

My parents had made multiple attempts to come visit their grandkids, but feelings were still hurt and as far as I was concerned they did not deserve to see them for the way they treated me and I would not be persuaded otherwise. The of course tried to see them when I was not at home but after the first time it happened I told in no uncertain terms they were never allowed to see them again and if they continued to try I would get restraining orders against them. This only served to widen the rift between us, but as far as I was concerned they could have avoided this whole situation by being honest with what lay behind their basement door.

After realizing I had had more sex in the ninety days I was in the gang than most women do in years and not wanting to become pregnant a second time before I even finished high school, I took a vow of chastity and concentrated all of my time and effort on raising my daughters, graduating and getting on with my life.

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Aunt Michele and Uncle Andy throwing me a party for walking across the stage with honors, I was immediately pissed when I walked downstairs to see my parents and other siblings sitting around the living room – my mother holding my daughter Chloe while my father played with Krista. Seething mad, I stomped down the stairs. “Get your filthy fucking hands off my daughter,” I said as I took Chloe from my mother. I then took Krista by the hand and took them up to their room before returning. “I don’t know why Aunt Michele or Uncle Andy invited you but if you ever touch or even talk to my daughters again I won’t hesitate to punch you in the fucking mouths.” Turning to my aunt, I softly growled. “Thanks for ruining my special evening.” I started to walk to the stairs but my uncle’s large frame standing in front of me stopped me in my tracks.

“I invited them because this is my house and I make the rules here, Katie,” my aunt said. “I also invited them because they have something they want to talk to you about so sit down and listen or else.”

“I’d rather stand,” I said as I crossed my arms. “And they disowned me at my most vulnerable so I honestly don’t care what they have to say at this point.”

“Be that as it may, you’ll sit and listen,” Uncle Andy said with a nod in the direction of the light green recliner sitting in the far corner of the living room.

“Please, Katie,” my mother said.

“Fuck you. I’m only doing this because they asked me to so say your piece so I don’t have to sit here and look at you.”

“You have every right to be mad at us, to never have anything to do with us ever again. Your father and I have been stubbornly hardheaded about this whole situation and for what it’s worth we’re sorry.” Pausing, she sat a key and folded piece of paper on the coffee table. “If you want to know what’s in the basement the code is on that paper and the key will get you into the house.”

“Yeah, except we’re fifteen hundred miles from there. Besides, I stopped caring about whatever bullshit you and dad are into years ago. Is that all?”

“No,” my dad said. “The way we all treated you is unforgivable so we won’t hold it against you if you never do. That being the case, however, you’re still our daughter and we love you. For graduating with honors your mother and I have bought you a house closer to where we

live. We've also agreed to pay for your entire college education and give you enough money to live on while in school."

"You can't buy my love so don't bother."

"We're not trying to buy your love, Katie," my mother replied. "We're trying to make up for a horrible mistake."

"Then tell me what's in the basement."

"A dungeon," she replied. "As in bdsm. That is what your father and I are into. That's how we've made enough money to give you kids the life you deserve."

"The life we deserve?" I scoffed. "So you think I deserved to be abandoned and disowned? You know this is all your fault, right? I never would have been such a horrible child, or joined a gang or allowed said gang to knock me up had you just been honest. But no, your precious privacy was worth more to you than me so don't you dare sit there and pretend you care. And bdsm? Seriously? That's the huge, life-altering secret you refused to tell us all these years? That's what you sent me away to protect? Why? After making such a big deal of it why are you telling us now?"

"Because I caught the code for the door on camera and went in while they weren't home," my sister Beth answered. "To say I was surprised would have been an understatement, and when I confronted them they attempted to lie but when I marched down and opened the door they came clean."

"How did you catch it on camera?"

"Easy, I used some of the money I've been saving for a new car to buy a small camera which I hid in such a way that it was easily overlooked by anyone that did not already know it was there. They make their money doing bdsm, Katie, but that's not all. They have at least a dozen websites catering to different fetishes. They're on webcam sites. And to top it off, they even own a chain of dungeons all across the country called the School of Discipline where men and women from all walks of life are trained to submit."

"If you're truly not interested in having your father and me in your life then we do have a dungeon a few miles from here you can have," my mother said. "We were actually going to talk to you about it when we got home, but it's seeming less and less likely that'll ever happen so we might as well do it now."

"The only catch is you have to complete a year of submission training first," Beth chimed in. "I only know that because I'm going to start working at one when I turn eighteen in four months."

"Yeah, sounds more like their way of getting us into their perversions," I huffed. "No thanks."

"I thought the same thing but then I went behind their backs and talked to a few people that work at various ones, and they all told me the same thing. All employees are required to undergo a full year of submissive training if for no other reason than to be a better dominant. The same goes for owners. They actually have a book that's about five inches thick containing nothing but the rules and regulations governing each place."

"But if I owned it I could make my own rules."

"Actually, that's one thing you can't change," mom replied. "It has taken me and your father years to build the dungeons into a brand people can trust and we will not have our name smeared any further than it already has. If you want the dungeon we will sign it over to you free of charge with the stipulation you undergo three full years of training as the rules actually say as well as agree to never change even a single said rule."

“I can honestly say I have absolutely zero interest in owning a bdsm dungeon, let alone being trained as a submissive so if that’s the best you have to offer I think we’re done here.”

“You’re not done until I say you’re done,” Aunt Michele said. “You’ve made your feeling towards your parents abundantly clear and to be honest I don’t hold them in much higher regard, but what they’re offering isn’t just a well-established business, trained staff and regular clientele. They’re offering you a slice of a multi-million dollar pie. Tack on a free house and money for college and everything you earn from the dungeon is bank. Three years of training as a submissive is a small price to pay for that. Put your feelings aside for one minute and actually think about what they’re offering.”

“Aunt Michele is right,” Beth said. “I’ve looked into their records behind their backs and the dungeon they’re offering to you for free averages right around the four million dollar mark after expenditures and while there are rules in place preventing you from taking it all and running away, there’s nothing stopping you from selling.”

“Except the three years of training you’ll be required to go through first and the fifteen year ownership clause after that,” mom said as she shifted in her seat. “Look, the choice is yours to make, but you have until we leave Sunday night to tell us one way or another but know that if you refuse now we’ll never make the same deal again.”

“Spend a day at the club,” Beth said. “Get to know the people there, what they do and what’ll be expected of you and if you don’t like it or don’t think you can handle it for half a million dollars a year plus benefits then tell them no. If nothing else at least you’ll get to learn a few things about sex.”

“I was gang banged by twenty-seven men for nine hours a day for ninety straight days,” I countered. “I’m pretty sure I can teach them a thing or two.”

“Then do it. Accept their gift and teach everyone at the dungeon everything you have to offer. Also, holy fucking shit! Nine hours a day? Every day?”

“Every day for ninety days. I did the math and it’s somewhere around eight thousand times. That the equivalent of having sex with twenty-two men a day for an entire year.”

“Fucking hell! What’s the biggest you ever took? Did they fuck you up the butt?”

“BETH!” Dad yelled.

I held up my left arm bent at the elbow and made a fist. It took her brain a minute to register the meaning and when it did her eyes went as wide as her gaping mouth. “No. Effing. Way!”

“Like I said, the equivalent of twenty-two men a day for an entire year crammed into three months. That being said, you and Aunt Michele are right. I’d be a fool to not at least look into it. Which is exactly what I’m going to do. I want access to all of your records, website addresses for everything you run including those for the dungeon I may soon run and no less than my first years’ pay. Agree to all of that in writing and I’ll spend the rest of the weekend there getting to know my future employees as well as allowing them to give me a crash course in submission. Refuse and I’ll make damn sure this is the last time you ever see me or my children again.”

“I’ll have something drawn up by the end of the night,” dad said. “Now can we please see our grandchildren?”

“You may, but don’t think for a second that all is even remotely forgiven.” And with that I went upstairs to get my daughters.