

Secret Porn Star

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Secret Porn Star

Copyright© 2016 by **Faye Valentine**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

Pulling into the driveway behind a large black cargo van she did not recognize, Lori wondered who her husband had over. Getting out of her car, she walked up onto the front porch, opened the door and stepped inside. “Honey?” she called out. “Honey,” she called a little louder when there was no immediate answer. Dropping her purse on the end table and kicking off her shoes, she walked across the thick tan carpet towards the kitchen. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!” She gasped, backing away several feet when she saw her husband Brent gagged and tied to a chair while eight big black men leaned against the counter behind him.

A gun was raised and Lori froze in place – too scared to run, let alone breath. “You must be Lori,” the man holding the gun said as he gave it a wave. “Why don’t you come on in here and take a seat?” Rooted in place, Lori did not move. “I said bring your ass in here and take a seat! Or would you rather things get messy?”

“W-We don’t have any m-money,” Lori stammered as she walked into the kitchen on trembling legs.”

“I know. That’s why we’re here. You see, Brent here owes us a great deal of cash. Eighty-five thousand dollars to be exact. And after a year of avoiding us and making excuses, we’ve come to the unanimous conclusion that he has no intentions of repaying his debts. That’s where you come in, Lori.”

“M-Me?”

“Y-Yes y-you,” the man replied in a mocking tone. “You’re coming to work for us in order to pay the money your husband owes up.” Still too scared to say much of anything, Lori sat there in wide-eyes terror as the gun-wielding man continued. “Would you like to know what kind of work you’ll be doing, Lori?”

“N-No. Please, I’ll go to the bank and get a loan, sell the cars, do whatever it takes to pay back what he owes you.”

“What it’ll take is for you to come work for us. Our deal is simple and non-negotiable. You’ll be our newest whore and twenty-five percent of whatever you make will go towards repaying your loser of a husband’s debt to us. Is that understood?”

“W-What is the debt for?”

“Gambling, hookers, drugs. A little bit of everything really. Now I know what you’re thinking. You’re thinking of telling me no. Maybe leaving this worthless asshole. Maybe going to the police to inform them we were hear threatening you with blackmail. Well, I can assure you, Lori, that the response to all three actions will be a couple of bullets before you make it out of this kitchen. So, with that in mind, what do you have to say?”

“When do I start?” Lori said after several minutes of seething glares at her husband.

“Good girl. You start right now. Consider this your trial run. Now strip out of your clothes and join us in the living room. And before you get any crazy ideas, one of us will have a gun on you at all times.”

Standing up from her chair, Lori reached out and slapped her husband as hard as she could across the face before yanking her blouse and bra off and storming into the living room where she kicked off her shoes and tugged her skirt and panties down, leaving them on the floor where she stood. “Just do it and get it over with,” she said trying to sound brave. But her cracking, fear-filled voice betrayed her.

“Oh, we’re not just going to do it and get it over with sweetheart. We’re going to fuck you ten ways to Sunday and twenty ways back. By the time we’re done with you, you won’t be

able to walk straight for a month. Now, get on all fours and crawl over to us like the sexy bitch that you are and show us your skills at sucking big black cock!”

“Alright people,” Mr. Warren shouted from across the room “that’s a wrap! We’ll pick the scene back up in the morning. And Lori, let me be the first to say DAMN woman! You even had me fooled and I wrote the script. Superb acting!”

“Thank you Mr. Warren. But do we really have to stop now? I’d rather finish the scene while the energy is high.”

“Sorry love. As much as I’d love to see you gang banged by eight black men, it’s been an incredibly long day and I caught Jerry falling asleep behind the camera.”

“Like hell you did!” Jerry yelled from the other side of the room.

“Anyways, we’ve all put in a long day’s fucking so go home, rest up and I’ll see you lot back here first thing.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Jumping into her car hornier than ever, Lori backed out of the driveway and sped down the road on her way home to her real husband who would be waiting to hear all about her first interracial gang bang. Though she was admittedly tired, the adrenaline was still pumping and she felt completely wired as she drove through the intersection of First and Benson.

WHAM! The sickening crunch of metal came only a moment before the pop of the airbag and what could only be described as a huge ball of crumpled steel and glass tumbling down the road as a dump truck running a red light slammed into the side of Lori’s Prius. Adrenaline spiking, she was suddenly aware of her surroundings on a level she never knew existed, but when her head slammed into the steering wheel and through the broken glass to her left, that all changed.

Barely conscious, breathing ragged, bones broken and vision blurred from sweat and blood, Lori was vaguely aware of a flurry of motion around her from the blaring police, fire and ambulance sirens to the Jaws of Life prying her from her metal trap. She felt hands grabbing her. Lifting her. And gently bringing her to rest on something soft before her world faded to black.

∞ ∞ ∞

“Hello, may I speak with Ms. Tori Carmichael please?”

“Speaking.”

“Hello Ms. Carmichael, this is Officer Hargrove at Metro PD calling in regards to your sister Lori.”

“Ugh,” Tori sighed at mention of her twin’s name. “I’ll be down in an hour to pay the bail.”

“I’m sorry Ms. Carmichael. Your sister is not in jail. She was involved in a hit and run and has been taken to Metro General Hospital in critical condition.”

“OH MY GOD! Is she alright? Is she going to live?”

“I’m sorry, but I’m not authorized to answer those questions. You should talk to the doctors about that. And Ms. Carmichael, I’d hurry if I were you. She was in pretty bad shape when they took her in.”

“T-Thank you officer,” Tori cried, unable to hold the tears back any longer. Hanging up the phone, she grabbed her purse and keys, ran out of the house and rushed to the hospital to see her sister – all manner of horrible images zipping through her mind as she drove. She and her sister were close as most twins were. Growing up they loved nothing better than to fool people by switching places – something that faded around high school when they finally found an interest in boys. They shared a great many things, but that was where they drew the line.

Beautiful. Educated. The world their proverbial playground, Tori opted to go to college to get her degree in physics – a field she knew would continue to change the world for the better, while Lori took the easier road and put her looks to good use in the modeling world. And now, thanks to some asshole with a lead foot, two worlds were crashing in around them.

Parking her car, Tori got out and sprinted into the hospital and up to the reception desk. “What room is my sister in?” she demanded to know.

“What is your sister’s name?”

“Lori Carmichael!”

The receptionist punched some keys on the keyboard and then grimly looked up at Tori. “I’m sorry. Lori Carmichael is in ICU and cannot have visitors at this time, but if you’ll please have a seat I’ll get the attending physician and he’ll be able to give you more information.”

Shoulders slumping, the sad look on the receptionist’s face speaking volumes on her sister’s condition, Tori sank into the nearest seat and cried until she felt a hand gently squeeze her shoulder. Looking up, she saw an older man in a long white coat holding a clipboard in his free hand.

“Tori Carmichael?”

“Y-Yes,” Tori said sniffing back the tears. “H-How’s my sister?”

“I’m not going to lie to you Tori, it’s not looking good. Your sister was sideswiped by a dump truck and suffered severe lacerations, internal bleeding and multiple broken bones. She is stable for now, but we’ve had to put her into a medically induced coma.”

“OH GOD! Is...is she...is she going to...” Unable to complete the sentence, Tori broke down again at the thought of losing her sister. “Can I see her?”

“Unfortunately, Lori will be going into surgery soon so cannot have visitors. I’m afraid it’ll be a few days until she can while we work on keeping her stable. I have to get back to her now and I’ll personally keep you updated on any changes.”

“T-Thank you d-doctor.”