

The Center

Faye Valentine

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The Center

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The four men tiptoed through the house silent as ghosts, using night-vision goggles to remain unseen as they made their way up the stairs – missing the loose second, fifth and eighth steps as instructed so as to not wake the sole occupant sleeping soundly down the hall. Up in the small hallway, the man in the lead withdrew a latex hood with built-in penis gag while the remaining three prepared thick zip ties to secure the target.

Opening the bedroom door, the man in front stared at the pretty brunette sleeping soundly and felt a tingling in his loins as he thought about all of the things they were going to do to her over the next several hours. Looking from her to the photo he held in his hand and back, he pointed at the woman, then to the photo and then gave his men the thumbs up.

Acting as one well-oiled machine, they entered the room and had her bound, gagged and hooded before her mind had time to wake up and realize something was terribly, horribly wrong. Lifting her out of the bed, they carried her down to the garage and placed her in a large metal tote screwed to the floor of their van and then backed out as if nothing was amiss.

“I love it when an acquisition goes off without a hitch,” the leader of the group said as the van drove down the road. “Quiet down in there!” he added with a hard thump to the tote their target was stored in, but it only made her thrash around all the more as she fought to free herself from the plastic zip ties now digging deep into her wrists and ankles.

Several miles away, they turned down a deserted country road, shutting off their headlights as they pulled behind a parked semi. Getting out, the driver opened the back of the trailer and the remaining three men hauled the metal tote inside, not opening it until they were safely driving down the road – the driver of the van getting back in and going the other way.

Haley felt herself being lifted roughly from the metal box and placed on an equally cold and hard metal floor. She could feel the movement of the trailer as it went down the road and fear turned to panic as she redoubled her efforts to break the bonds.

“As per your contract with the Center you, Marla Malone will be trained and bred as a hucow for a minimum of ten years to repair your debt to us,” a handsome, stern-looking man said as he approached from the other end of the trailer. “You knew this time was coming, so why continue to fight it? Men, cut her clothes off so I can see what we’ve got to work with.”

Haley squirmed around, but the men held her as another cut her nightie off with a pair of scissors. Quickly following were her bra and panties leaving her completely naked and vulnerable. And then she suddenly froze. *WAIT!* The thought hit her addled brain like a brick. *Did that man call me Marla? Oh god! Oh god! Oh god! What in the fuck have you gotten yourself into sis? What have you gotten me into?*

“Not bad. My name is Master Paul and I will be responsible for your initiation during our five day drive to the Center. The rules are very simple. You will do exactly as you are told, when you are told or you will be punished. You will not speak unless spoken to, or you will be punished. Over the course of the next five days me and my men will discipline and breed you in accordance with the terms of the contract you signed with us. Nod if you understand.”

Hayley vigorously shook her head no and pointed to her mouth while moving her fingers in a manner indicating she desperately needed to talk.

“You have something to say, slave?”

Haley nodded her head.

“Do you accept the price for permission to speak?”

Haley threw her hands up to indicate she had no idea what he was talking about.

“If you wish to speak without being spoken to you must accept the price. Twenty swats of the cane to be delivered in equal swats to the ass and breasts. If you accept, nod. If not, sit there and be quiet.”

After thinking about it for several long seconds, Haley reluctantly nodded her head. And no sooner had she done so then she was lifted onto her feet. Her arms were raised above her head one at a time and secured to wide leather cuffs attached to ropes and her ankles were secured with a spreader bar and locked in place to hidden hooks in the floor. Unfortunately, the hood remained over her head preventing her from seeing anything at all.

WHACK! The first swat landed hard across Haley’s ass causing her to scream into the gag and thrash about wildly. WHACK! This one landed on her breasts, knocking the air from her lungs as a third swat bit deep into her ass. And as she wailed and squirmed about in an attempt to get free from the agony, the men continued to administer the price for speaking.

When the last swat landed across her breasts, Haley felt the gag being pulled from the back of her throat and she spent several minutes crying and attempting to catch her breath. “You may ask any combination of three question or comments,” Master Paul explained. “Any more than that and you’ll have to pay the price again. Do you understand?” Haley nodded. “Then speak, slave.”

“M-my n-name isn’t Marla Malone!” she stammered. “I’m her twin sister Haley!”

“Amazing how many twins we get at the Center. You perfectly match the appearance of the woman whose debt we paid and you were taken from her bed as per the terms of the contract.”

“Terms of what contract?”

“The contract you signed with us to repay the nearly seven million dollars you owed to various organizations. And to repay said debt to us, you have agreed to ten years of breeding and training as a sex slave at the end of which you will be auctioned off to the highest bidder who will then own you for life.”

“But I am not Marla! Please, you’ve got to believe me! I really am her twin sister Hayley! Oh god, please don’t do this to me! Let me go so I can prove I am who I say I am!”

“Men, give the slave another forty swats.”

“FORTY!” Haley gasped. What in the fuck are you hitting me for now?”

“Make that sixty. The more you talk, the more you’re going to get. Feel free to keep going if you want. You used up your initial three questions or comments and then proceeded to say another seven. You have two more things you may ask or say before I add another twenty.”

“You’re making a huge mistake! Please, please let me prove I am not Marla!”

“Men, give her the sixty swats,” Master Paul said placing the penis gag back into Haley’s mouth. “We have all the proof we need. You look exactly like Marla Malone and we took you from Marla Malone’s bed in Marla Malone’s house. Cry twin all you want, but that’s about as creative as crying wolf as far as we’re concerned. Accept your new lot in life and maybe, just maybe you’ll enjoy being a breeding cow. Or don’t. You’re choice. When you’re done, go ahead and breed the stupid cow.”

Haley hung her head and cried as her breasts and ass were repeatedly assaulted by cane swats that left behind wicked welts and bruises that quickly turned purple. And then she felt a pair of hands grab her by the hips and tug them back. A cockhead pressed against her pussy and then pushed in and whomever it was slammed into her hard and fast for about fifteen minutes until he eventually deposited his load deep inside.

When the first man pulled out, another took his place. And then a third, fourth, fifth and sixth – filling her with so much semen that it oozed out and ran down her inner thighs. But her ordeal was only beginning. There were seven more men to go and the next in line shoved into her pussy long enough to coat his cock. He then pulled out and pushed into her tight asshole, causing her to once again scream into the gag.

Nabbing a pair of cloverleaf clamps from a pegboard, Master Paul attached them to Haley's nipples and tugged the chain to draw them tighter. Using a remote, he loosened the ropes and grabbed a handful of her long, dark brown hair. "You are going to suck my cock and only suck my cock. If you open your mouth for any other reason you will be punished. If you think about biting me, know that what you've felt so far will be nothing compared to the hell I'll bring down on you. Do you understand me?"

Haley nodded her head out of self-preservation and the gag was once again removed. Desperately wanting to say something, to somehow convince them that they really did have the wrong woman, she instead said nothing – accepting her new Master's cock without a word. As it shoved deeper, banging against the back of her throat, she gagged and nearly threw up several times, but Master Paul stopped to allow her to catch her breath every ten or fifteen seconds.

"Hmm, you have potential, but you still require a lot of work if you're going to be depthroating cocks like a natural. Men, when you are ready, throat fuck the slave, but remember to come only in her pussy. We have five days to breed the worthless cow before we get to the Center and they stretch her open so wide no man will ever satisfy her again, so enjoy it while it's fuckable."