

# **Carnal Caverns**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Epilogue](#)

Not many people can say they know their great-great-great-grandmother, let alone visit her at home whenever they like, but I'm one of the lucky few who can thanks to a family tradition of popping out babies as young as possible. Hundreds of years ago according to my thrice-great grandmother Adelaide who at the ripe old age of ninety-eight was born just after the First World War, women of the Mercer family were married off and started their families as soon as they hit puberty and it was not until after the Civil War that they settled on sixteen. Which was how old she was when she gave birth to my great-great-grandmother Jeanette who was sixteen when she gave birth to my great-grandmother Cynthia who was sixteen when she gave birth to my grandmother Evelyn who was sixteen when she gave birth to my mother Sylvia who was sixteen when she gave birth to me.

To their great disappointment, however, I broke the mold because at eighteen I was still very much a virgin and intended to remain that way at least until I started college in the fall despite every twisted attempt on their part, or rather that of my grandmother who was serving a very lengthy prison sentence for attempting to drug and give me over to a group of men who apparently paid a lot of money for the opportunity to take my virginity. Fortunately, it was my grandfather that drank the teas that day and only after he stabilized in the hospital did the truth come out.

The complete opposite of my grandmother was my great grandparents who, in their mid-sixties now were about as chill as two hippies in a hemp factory on their hundred-eighty acre farm that boasted some of the coolest privately owned caverns this side of the Mississippi that I was, for reasons I would soon discover, forbidden from entering.

It was a hot June day. The sun was blazing in the sky and I was itching to do some sunbathing. Normally, I would do so in my own back yard, except my parents were throwing a party and there was furniture set up all over the place so I hopped into my car and drove the two hours to my great-grandparents' place. Luckily, they were home and fine with me lounging in the sun all afternoon so after spending a few minutes catching up with them I raced out the back door tearing clothes off as I went. Spreading the large dark blue beach towel on the warm mid-morning grass I lay down butt naked and breathed a sigh of contention.

I have no idea how long I lay there before drifting off to sleep, only that I had and it was the worst thing I could have done. I was on my belly when I woke to my hips being lifted off the towel and before my brain could register what was happening something long and very thick plunged into me and my record of being the oldest virgin in the family ended. A guttural groan escaped my lips as the man continued pounding in and out of me. My brain was sending signals for my body to move away, but it was as if my limbs were made of jelly and for a moment I wondered if the tea I was sipping at was drugged.

"O-Oh god! P-P-Please stop!" I managed to get out after what seemed like an eternity but was in reality only twenty or thirty seconds.

"Stop?" I heard his voice for the first time. "I've been waiting months for this day. I would I ever want to stop?"

The signals finally reaching my arms and legs, I launched myself away from him so hard I tumbled a good fifteen feet before rolling to a stop with a rock in my side. Grunting, I glared at a young man of maybe twenty who, had we met under better circumstances I probably would have given myself to willingly. In all his naked glory I saw every inch of his well-toned body

including the thick eight or nine inch cock sticking out like a flagpole between his legs. “HELP!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. “SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!”

“Whoa, why are you screaming for help?” the man asked in genuine confusion.

“YOU JUST FUCKING RAPED ME ASSHOLE!” I said as I slowly backed away from him.

“Rape? What? I would never do such a thing!”

“You just did and I swear to god if you come at me again I’ll rip your dick off and feed it to the dogs!”

“Calm down. I was told you were fair game and that you were completely on board with it!”

“Bull-fucking-shit!”

“I’m serious. Please, you’ve got to believe me. I have proof. Please, just stay there and let me go get it and if I’m lying then I’ll call the cops and turn myself in for what I’ve done.”

The sincerity of his words and the concern and worry on his face spoke volumes so despite what he had just done to me I gave him a slow nod while picking up the rock that moments ago was poking me in the side. Getting to his feet he ran off in the direction of the caves and I looked around to see if anyone had heard my cries for help. To my surprise, no one, not even my great-grandparents, came running.

The man returned a few minutes later carrying a laptop and as if nothing happened walked right up next to me and sat down. “Here, I can show you.” Opening the screen, he clicked through some folders and brought up a video. To my surprise it showed him sitting in the living room with my great-grandfather. They discussed the property, our family legacy and the caves for a good ten minutes and then came the proof he spoke of. “So, you’re telling me every woman that steps foot on your property is fair game to be bred?”

“Every single one,” great-grandfather Henry answered.

“Even that hot piece of ass that like to sunbathe in the nude? Because I would totally love to breed her a few dozen times.”

“That’s my great-granddaughter Sophia and if you want her you’ll have to wait until after the third because that’s when she becomes legal.”

“But she’s on board? She wants to be bred?”

“One-hundred percent. If you can get your dick in her she’s all yours for the taking.”

My heart crushing under the weight of my great-grandfather’s words, I fell back and started crying. Arm, gentle and caring wrapped around me and I looked up through teary eyes to see the man that had just raped me holding me firmly in his arms.

“You were not on board with any of this were you?” he asked.

“N-No,” I sobbed into his chest.

“I know it doesn’t make up for what I’ve done, but I am so sorry. I have hundreds of hours of video of women in your family having rape and breeding fantasies and after my many conversations with Henry I thought you were the same.” Scooting a couple of feet away, he stared into my eyes and almost lovingly wiped the tears from my cheeks. “If you want to call the police and have me arrested I understand and I won’t fight it.”

“I didn’t want to be like the rest of them,” I sniffed back the tears. “T-That’s why I remained a virgin for so long. But now...”

“I took that from you and I am so sorry.”

“And I believe that which is why I’m not calling the cops. I will, however, be having a very long talk with my great-grandparents,” I said, glaring back over my shoulder at the house.

“I know this is all sorts of fucked up, but I’m Colton.”

“Sophia.”

“I know,” he said with a nod at the laptop sitting to his right.

The damage done, I took a deep breath and held it until my lungs burned before slowly letting it out. Dropping onto my hands and knees I crawled over to my towel and then looked back over my shoulder. “You might as well finish what you started.”

“Huh?”

“You took my virginity. The least you can do is get me off.”

“Are you serious?”

“As fucked up as it sounds, yes, I am being very serious. No one can argue rape when I’m offering myself to you. Now do you want to fuck me or not?” He was on me faster than flies on honey and this time, as soon as the head of his cock pressed into my vulva I pushed back to take him. Why would I give myself to the man that had just raped me? Simple, he did not know he was raping me, showed genuine regret and concern for his actions and most importantly after the initial shock of being taken by surprise wore off I actually like the feelings his huge cock stirred up inside of me.

Colton and I had sex all afternoon and while we cuddled together under an old oak tree between romps we got to know each other a little better. He was nineteen, a freshman majoring in electrical engineering and knew my great-grandfather though his grandfather and father who I had apparently met on more than one occasion over the years as just two of the many visitors to the caves that ran under the property. I also learned that his favorite color was navy blue, he liked all music except country and rap and had been playing the guitar since he was four. But no matter how many times I asked or how much I threatened to never let him touch me again he would say nothing about the caves which infuriated me to no end. Fortunately for him, my threats were unfounded because he took me another three times before I finally had enough and went into the house to confront the monster that was my great-grandfather.

Walking through the kitchen without even saying hello to my great-grandmother, I stormed into the living room, over to the recliner where he sat watching TV and slapped my great-grandfather right across the face as hard as I could. “You no good, rotten rat bastard! How could you do that to me?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about young lady, but in this house you...”

“Don’t give me that ‘respect your elders’ bullshit!” I cut him off. It was about that time my great-grandmother Cynthia walked in.

“What in the world is going on in here?”

“Why don’t you ask him? He’s the one that told Colton I wanted to be raped and bred like a damn animal!”

“HENRY! Is that true?”

“Don’t you even dare deny it,” I fumed. “I saw the video of you and Colton talking. I heard you tell him that every woman that walks onto this property is fair game but he’d have to wait until after the third because that’s when I’m legal. Ringing any bells now you old pervert?”

“Honey, is what she said true? You know what, don’t bother answering. I can see by the look in your eyes that it is. God damn it, Henry, how could you do that to your own great-granddaughter?”

“How could she spit in the face of family tradition?” he spat back. “Evelyn will be spending the rest of her life in prison because of her.”

“No, Evelyn will be spending the rest of her life in prison for trying to drug and have her raped. And it looks like it’s the same road for you.” The weight of her words suddenly bearing down on her, my great-grandmother started crying until I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tight.

“I’m not going to be filing any charges as I’m sure you no doubt watched Colton and I having sex, cuddling and talking all afternoon,” I said to alleviate her fears. “I do, however, want answers and I swear to god that if you tell me I’m not old enough or that I don’t need to know I’ll have the cops here to shut this place down. Now, tell me about the caves and why I’ve been forbidden to enter them.”

“That’s what you want to know?” my great-grandfather snort laughed. “You want to know so damn badly then pay them a visit.”

“Um, I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Colton, who had remained silent until now spoke up.

“I’ve waited my entire life to get in there and I’m not about to waste another minute.”

“Please, you really don’t know what you’re getting yourself into. If he won’t explain then let me.”

“Explain on the way,” I said as I turned and stomped my way through the house and out the back door.

“Simple explanation? You’ll be turned into a sex slave if you go in there.”

“What are you talking about?”

“They don’t call them the Carnal Caverns for nothing, Sophia. If you go in there you will be put through all manner of sexual perversion whether you want to or not and the only way you’ll ever leave is as the property of the highest bidder.”

I had heard them called that before but just assumed it was because couples used them as a somewhat private place to have sex. Shows what little I know even about my own family. “If that’s true then I’m definitely calling the police!”

“Don’t you think others have tried? There’s nothing illegal in consensual bdsm and everyone that enters must sign paperwork consenting to everything before they’re allowed past the first room. Once that’s done you’re theirs to do with as you please.”

“You went in and grabbed a laptop. Does that mean you force women into slavery?”

“It’s not force if you consent. And yes, I am one of many men that train women in the fine art of submission. That is why I’m begging you not to go in there.”

“How do I know you’re telling me the truth? How do I know you’re not lying to scare me into not going in there?”

“Jesus Christ, Sophia! If the truth doesn’t scare you then I honestly don’t know what will, but if you don’t believe me then I can show you videos. I can show you live feed from the hundreds of cameras installed inside so you can see for yourself without having to subject yourself to untold humiliations.”

“If you’re one of the men that trains women to be slaves then what do you care if I’m subjected to untold humiliations? Isn’t that what you want?”

“No. It’s the exact opposite of what I want. I like you, Sophia, and I don’t want to see you turned into a piece of property to be used and abused by whomever shows you even the tiniest bit of attention. Please, I’m begging you to stay out of there.”

Unfortunately for us both, I was as hard-headed as they come and when someone tells me not to do something that something is exactly what I was going to do. Yanking my hand out of his, I ran across the property in the direction of the caves.