

Training Lidia

Emily Sinclair

~ ~ ~

Training Lidia

Copyright© 2013 by **Emily Sinclair**. All rights reserved.

This book 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](#)

Twenty-seven year old ex-FBI agent turned sex slave, Lidia Dayes stood in front of the full length mirror hanging on the bedroom wall of her underground prison apartment and examined herself in detail – tears forming in her eyes at sight of how her once beautiful body was marred by piercings, tattoos and brandings that would forever mark her as a kinky whore. She hated what she had become, despised those keeping her captive and those responsible for putting her here – none more so than her former boss Director Holbert.

In truth, she was still a remarkably beautiful woman, but with pierced nipples and clit hood, cum gulper tattooed on her mound and brands on her ass denoting her not only as Boyd's Bitch, but a Fuckslut as well and it was no doubt why she was so hard on appearance. Flicking the ring through her clit hood, her fingers drifted up to the sexy, yet insidious collar locked tight around her neck – the ends riveted together to prevent removal.

As if the leather-wrapped metal band was not bad enough, it had small metal nubs along the inside that pressed firmly against her skin that acted as contact points to deliver an electric shock in the event she got it into her head to once again attempt escape. Working much like those worn by dogs in yards with invisible fences, she learned early on that escaping from Boyd's clutches was going to be a lot harder than she initially imagined. On her first attempt, Boyd used a remote to shock her into submission. On the second try, she managed to make it nearly fifty feet from the compound before it became too much for her to bear and she passed out due to the pain only to wake back up in her apartment.

Turning her back to the mirror, Lidia examined the still healing brands on her ass cheeks. *How are you going to get out of this one, Lidia?* She thought with a sigh. *I'm Fuckslut 113 and Diana is Fuckslut 112. Does that mean that monster has another one-hundred-eleven of us somewhere?* "Probably," she sighed, walking away from the mirror. "But the son of a bitch isn't working alone. Why, Charles? How could you betray me like this? It'll be more convincing," she said impersonating her boss to the best of her ability. "Boyd will be more willing to recruit a ruined and disgraced former FBI agent." Shaking her head in disgust, thinking back to all those months ago and the time she spent with Anthony Gills, she shuddered at the thought of him screwing her silly and tattooing her new nickname on her mound. *God, how could I have been so stupidly blind to fall for this shit?*

For months she endured one humiliation after another, lowering herself to the status of whore all in the name of rescuing a friend that no longer wished to be saved. A friend that was now completely brain-washed by 'Badass' Billy Boyd and his so-called Society – a group of wealthy men and women who pay a lot of money to watch innocent women initiated and trained as sex slaves. Lidia thought back a week to her own initiation and cringed. The feeling of the hot branding iron on her ass still fresh in her mind.

Also still fresh in her thoughts was the way she fisted her best friend Diana while her former boss took her like the slave she was being trained to be. And in the week since, she was forced to repeat the scene on a daily basis – drinking her fill of breast milk while Boyd's men fucked load after load into her already pregnant belly. She hated every minute of it – wished she could get her hands on a weapon, or at the very least remove the collar keeping her trapped like an animal in a cage, but even the slightest sign of disobedience brought with it swift and severe punishment and every day she felt herself slipping deeper and deeper into madness and her friend's compliance was not helping.

Going to the kitchen, Lidia searched the cabinets and fridge for something to eat – still shocked that they permitted her so many creature comforts. *As long as I comply,* she thought as

she grabbed a loaf of bread from the shelf and some turkey, cheese and mayo from the fridge to make a sandwich. Tossing some chips on the plate, she grabbed a bottle of water and went into the bedroom which also served as her living room and sat on the chair in the corner to eat and think about the rumors going around about a special party in the works with her and her best friend Diana as the guests of honor. Today was the supposed day of the party and she was scared to death what they were going to do to her next.

Whatever they have planned for me it can't be as bad as sex with my best friend, she thought, taking a bite of her sandwich. Not that it's bad. Quite pleasurable actually, but god damn it I'd rather do it with her under my own terms, not theirs.

Her meal finished, Lidia washed and dried the plate and put it back in its place before returning to the bedroom and plopping down on the bed to wait for the men to come fetch her. Flipping on the TV, she was pleasantly surprised, and deeply saddened to find her name still in the news after more than three months. Now labelled a fugitive from justice, it was believed she fled the country to avoid trial and prison. *Prison would be paradise compared to this hellish nightmare.*

"Can we talk?" Diana asked from the doorway, causing her friend to jump.

"Jesus Christ! When did you get here?"

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. We need to talk about tonight's party. May I please sit down?"

"You don't need to ask my permission to sit down, Diana. I'm not one of those bastards that think they own you."

"Master Boyd said all good slaves ask before doing anything."

"Well I'm not master Boyd," Lidia said harshly. "What would you like to tell me about the party?"

"It is going to be a very kinky party," Diana replied still standing.

"How kinky do you mean? Are we going to have sex again? Do I have to fist you? Oh for fuck sake, would you sit down already?"

"Thank you," Diana replied as if on auto pilot – a conditioning drilled into her brain time and time again. And while some might see her extremely good manners as a product of her upbringing, it annoyed the hell out of Lidia for she knew better. "Do you know what a bukakke is?"

"Never heard of it."

"A bukakke is when a group of men jerk off and cum all over you."

"How many men are we talking? And do we have to have sex with them as well?"

"From what I've been told there will be around fifty men. And yes, we'll have to fuck them all. Don't worry. It isn't as bad as it sounds. It's quite nice, really. God, Lidia, just thinking about all those cocks fucking into my every hole has my clit throbbing in anticipation!"

"How in the hell could it be anything other than bad? You're telling me I have to have sex with fifty men and let them cum all over me. In what world is that a good thing?"

"It gets easier. Trust me, once you give yourself over to the pleasure and let yourself go you'll look at sex in a whole new light. Gang bangs. Fisting. Nursing. There's no end to the fun we can have together as long as we obey Master Boyd."

"Are you here to tell me about the party, or convince me being a sex slave is in my best interest?"

"There's more," Diana continued. "Not only will we have to have sex with fifty men and let them cum all over us, we'll also have to lick each other clean from head to toe. And..."

“And what? You can’t tell me it’s going to get worse.” Seeing the anxious look on her friend’s face, her shoulders slumped. “It’s going to get worse isn’t it?”

“That all depends on how open-minded you are willing to be,” Diana said with a half-smile. “The guests are expecting to see some fisting action. But it’s not only me they want to see stuffed. I’m afraid I have to fist you Lidia. If I don’t get my entire hand in your pussy and asshole by the end of the party we’ll both be severely punished and moved out of our luxury rooms and into dank dungeon cells. I’ve been there Lidia. Please, please don’t make me go back there again. You don’t know what it’s like. The cold. The wet. Rats scurrying all over your body as they nibble at your flesh! It’s hell Lidia. A nightmare I never want to live through again.”

“Jesus Christ, Diana! How did this happen? How did you end up as Boyd’s slave?”

“Master Boyd. Please, Lidia. Please call him Master or he will punish you.”

“Fine. How did you end up as *Master* Boyd’s sex slave?” she spit the words like venom.

“You remember my boyfriend Justin?”

“Yeah.”

“Things were great between us, Lidia. I loved him more than anything in the world and did everything for him. Including letting him do things like tie me up and spank me. Had I known then what I do now I never would have, but I had no idea who he really was, or whom he was working for.”

“Oh my god! You mean...”