

The Hotel

Crimson Rose

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The Hotel

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Lexi smacked the GPS for the fourth time in fifteen minutes as she barreled down the road at nearly sixty miles per hour. “DAMMIT TAMMY,” she cursed. “COULDN’T YOU FIND A PLACE IN THE CITY TO MOVE TO!” Giving the GPS one last tap of the hand, she sighing in defeat as the raging thunderstorm was making the system all but useless. Barely able to see the road ahead, all she knew was that she was now lost in the middle of nowhere and to make matters worse, she could not even call for directions because her phone had no signal.

Doing the only thing she could, Lexi continued driving until she spotted what looked like a hotel set far off the road. Though between flashes of lightning it appeared to be a rundown dump, she pulled into the pot hole riddled parking lot and into the space closest to the entrance. Up close, the building looked even worse for wear and she briefly considered turning around when the rain intensified.

“Beggars can’t be choosers,” she sighed, taking a deep breath before opening the door and stepping out into the downpour. And her stream of bad luck continued as she glanced down to see the rain had turned her thin white top semi-transparent and she cursed herself this time for not wearing a bra. At five feet eight inches tall, a hundred and twenty five pounds, with long, toned legs and flat belly leading up to gravity-defying 36D breasts, she was somewhat vain and did not care to show off the goods within reason, but even for her this was going too far.

Twenty-seven year old Lexi Jansen was the picture of beauty by most definitions of the word and hated wearing clothes. At home she was a nudist and when she went out preferred to wear as little as possible. Tonight it was a navy blue miniskirt that barely covered her shapely behind and a white top now soaked through with rain.

Pulling the band from her long black hair, she let it fall over her shoulders in an attempt to hide her now completely visible breasts as she pulled the glass door open and stepped into the vacant lobby. Sitting behind the desk was an older man with graying brown hair and the creepiest eyes Lexi had ever seen, reading a newspaper – the tag hanging loosely on the left side of his shirt read: JACKSON.

“I need a room for the night,” she said nervously.

Jackson sat there reading for another minute before folding up the newspaper and placing it neatly on the desk in front of him. “How can I help you, Miss,” he said with a deep voice.

“I need a room for the night,” she said again.

“It’s \$75 per night,” he said plainly “payable in advance if you don’t mind.”

Lexi rummaged through her purse and pulled out a credit card.

“Sorry, Miss, we only take cash here.” He pointed across the lobby. “There’s an ATM right over there.”

Huffing in irritation, Lexi walked across the lobby towards the ATM and could feel Jackson’s eyes staring at her ass as it bounced delightfully under the thin material of the skirt. And while she normally ate up such attention, there was something about the man she did not like and she forced herself to walk with a less seductive gait.

Lexi handed Jackson \$80 and he handed her a key and \$5 change. “Room two-oh-seven. It’s across the parking lot third door on the right.”

Taking the key, Lexi walked back out into the rain, thought about getting into her car and driving the hundred or so feet to the building opposite her, but decided it was too much trouble. Clutching her purse tight, she kicked off her heels and ran for it. Dodging pot holes and loose pavement to the best of her abilities all the while her shirt became even more transparent and her tiny skirt rode up giving Jackson a perfect view of her heart-shaped ass. Tugging the garment

back down, she put the key in the knob and entered room, so much as it was. Beside a full-sized bed that sagged so much in the middle it looked as if an elephant had slept on it was a small night stand with a lamp sitting on it and a stained chair facing an outdated television. Furious, she thought about storming back to the lobby to get a refund, but the thought of Jackson seeing her even more exposed from the front gave her reason to pause. Eventually settling in, she crawled into bed fully clothed and struggled to fall asleep.

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While Lexi slept, Jackson was on the phone making a very important call. And at 5am a car pulled into the Last Oasis Hotel parking lot and parked next to Lexi's. An out of place man dressed in a tailored black suit got out and entered the lobby.

"Hey, Sean," Jackson said to his old friend. "How you been?"

The man in black smiled. "Can't complain. The last batch is just about trained and ready for sale. So, you got another for me do you?"

"Yeah, she's in room 207 as normal. I've released the gas into the room so she should be sound asleep by now."

"I hope she's a better looker than the last one. It took me nearly six months to sell her off."

"Trust me, you will not be disappointed in this one."

"I hope you're right. I'm paying you for grade 'A' stock, not unwanted leftovers."

Tossing an envelope full of money on the desk, he left the lobby and headed to room two-oh-seven. Using a master key to unlock the door, he stepped inside and flipped on the light, not worried about his new acquisition waking for many more hours. "Alright Jackson," he smiled. "You finally got me a winner."

Rolling Lexi onto her back, Sean examined every inch of the unconscious woman. Even going so far as to unbutton her blouse and tug her skirt over her hips. "GOD DAMN, you're a hot one aren't you?" he said rolling her over onto her back and repositioning her with her ass up, legs parted. Taking out his cock, he climbed up onto the bed and fucked her, not stopping until shooting her full of potent, baby-making seed. Grabbing a plug from the bag he carried, he stuffed it into her pussy to keep the semen from leaking out as he dressed and carried her to his car.

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Lexi woke with a pounding headache and eyelids so heavy they refused to open for several long minutes. When she was finally able to open her eyes she realized she was not in the same room she fell asleep in. She was not even lying on a bed, but vertical and spread eagle – her wrists and ankles strapped tightly in place. Starting to scream, she stopped in shock as only muffled noises came out. It was then she realized something was in her mouth preventing her from making much more than muffled groans.

Struggling against her bonds to no avail, she looked down at her own naked body and her eyes grew wide as she remembered going to bed fully dressed. Shaking her head in an attempt to clear her thoughts, her mind remained fuzzy and she was having trouble forming coherent thoughts. Giving up in frustration, she started to cry – not stopping until a door opened and a tall, handsome man stepped into the room.

"Glad to see you've finally rejoined the land of the living, Lexi Jansen of 2569 Meadowbrook Lane," Sean smiled. "I took the liberty of peeking at your driver's license while you were out. And a few phone calls tell me you have no close family and only one friend that may or may not miss you. More than your exquisite looks, you really are a dream come true for

my little operation.” Redoubling her efforts to get free, Sean grinned. “I wouldn’t waste too much energy trying to escape this place if I were you. Not only would it take a man of steel to break those straps, the windows are barred and bulletproof and the doors metal and screwed shut. I’m afraid the only way out for you is through, as the old saying goes.”

Moving closer to his bound captive, Sean tweaked her left nipple and then the right until they were both standing at attention. Giving them a flick of the finger, he traced a line down her flat belly and spread her pussy open. “You truly are a magnificent creature. “You belong to me now, Lexi. And if you obey my orders your ordeal will be over before you know it and I’ll make every effort to bring you pleasure. However, should you disobey me, or anyone else during your visit, I’ll see to it that you are severely punished. Do you understand me?”

Lexi stared at him with as much hatred and disgust as she could muster, but slowly nodded her head yes.

“Good. The rules of The Hotel are simple, but first I’ll start by telling you that we are located in a well-hidden and secluded place far outside of the city where no one will hear your screams even if they could. Now, back to the rules. You’ll be here for no less than 30 days and spend a minimum of two days in each of the five rooms beyond that door,” he said pointing to a door to his left. At the end of two days, assuming you’ve completed the task, you will receive a mark of completion and be permitted access to the next room. After you’ve finished the five rooms you will spend the remainder of your time in my private dungeon where you will be trained as an obedient, upstanding member of society. Do you understand?”

Not understanding a word of it, Lexi nonetheless nodded her head in agreement.

“Good,” he smiled, running a finger between her pussy lips and rubbed her clit for several seconds. “See, I am not an unkind man and obedience will be rewarded. Now, if you disobey any order given to you in any of the rooms you will be severely punished. Punishment is decided by the people running each room, but for every infraction three days will be added to your stay. Do you understand?”

Lexi nodded a third time.

“Ok, I am going to remove your gag now. You may ask me five questions before your trials begins.”

Moving her jaw lower jaw around slowly for several minutes before being able to open and close it without pain, Lexi did what anyone in her situation would have. She yelled for the dirty bastard to let her go – keeping at it for nearly fifteen minutes all the while Sean patiently waited for her to stop. Seeing that she was getting nowhere, she sighed and asked her first question. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“Because I can. Everything I’ve been able to gather over the last twelve hours tells me you are a very defiant young woman in much need of guidance and I am here to provide that for you.”

“Will you please just let me go? I swear I won’t tell anyone about this.”

“You’ll be set free at the end of your thirty days...longer if you disobey and those terms are not up for debate.”

“What are you going to do to me?”

“As I said before, you will be trained as an obedient, upstanding member of society.”

“Are you going to rape me?” she asked with a nervous voice. She knew she was going to be raped but wanted to hear it from him.

“Of course not,” Sean said in surprise. “We are not rapists. You will ask to be fucked in whatever manner suits each room. At times you might even beg for it. It is not rape if you ask for it now is it?”

“I will never ask you or anyone else here to fuck me you disgusting bastard. You are a god damned lunatic!”

“Be that as it may, you have one more question.”

“What do you mean when you say you will train me to be an obedient, upstanding member of society?”

“What I mean, Miss Jansen, is that you will spend no less than thirty days being trained as an obedient and willing sex slave who, at the end of her training, will follow any and every command given to her without question or complaint.”