

The Wrong House

By: Crimson Rose

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Chapter 1: Mysterious Delivery

I pulled into my driveway and stared at my house. The red brick ranch beckoned to me. The warmth of the fireplace within whispered my name. Sounds inviting, right? Yes. The answer I was going for there was yes. The only problem was my garage door was still broken and I had to walk, or more preferable run, through the small river that had formed in my driveway while it continued to rain heavily. I hate the rain. I took a few deep breaths to prepare for the drenching I was about to receive and opened the car door with a sigh.

Twelve steps through ankle deep water and the torrential downpour from above, and I was soaked to the bone. Sitting in the corner of the porch, pressed against the wall out of rain's way was a stack of four plain cardboard boxes. I eyed them suspiciously. *I didn't order anything*, I thought to myself. With the way things were at work I might not be ordering anything for a very long time. If the housing market didn't start moving soon I'd be out of a job. I'd even stooped to wearing shorter skirts and looser tops that I conveniently forgot to button up all the way. I got a lot of smiles and stares, and more than a few advances, but no damn sales.

I looked at the address label on the top box. Marie Gifford 1918 Trudo Street. That was me. But for the life of me I couldn't remember ordering anything. I opened the screen door and used the piston thingy to keep it opened. Next was the front door and I was nearly bowled over by Timber – my three year old black and white Husky. He ran to the edge of the porch, took one look and walked back into the house. Yeah, he hates the rain just as much as I do.

I carried the boxes into the house and shut the doors. I was tempted to open them up to see what I had won, but I realized I was wearing wet clothes and couldn't afford to get sick. I also wasn't feeling in the cleaning mood, so I stripped out of my grey skirt and jacket and let them fall to the floor. My white blouse was next, followed by my light blue thong. I wasn't wearing a bra. I had three showings at three of my most expensive properties and I was really hoping for a sale. How was I to know two of them were women old enough to be my grandmother and the third a gay man?

I dried my feet on the rug and then went through the living room, down the short hall, and into my bedroom. Timber followed close behind me. Twice he rubbed against my bare leg, his soft fur felt nice but his force was nearly enough to knock me over. "Just a minute," I said giving him a rub on the head. "Momma's got to get dressed and then I'll get you some food. He seemed to understand what I was saying and jumped up and sat in the center of my bed looking at me and the door.

I pulled on a pair of old sweats and a t-shirt and went to the kitchen to get Timber his dinner. My own stomach started to growl and Timber's ears perked up and his head went from side to side in search of the other dog he knew was now in the house. I gave him another rub between the ears and got busy making us both dinner.

With Timber and my appetite sated, I finally returned to the living room and my mysterious gifts. I examined the smallest box. It was perhaps a foot cubed and weighted ten pounds or so. I double checked to make sure it was my name on the address. It was. The sender was a company called DF Productions out of Rome Wisconsin. I sliced through the clear tape with my long thumbnail and pulled the flaps back. I moved some packing peanuts out of the way and stared, mouth agape, at the contents of box one.

"What in the hell?" I said more to myself than anyone. Inside the box were half a dozen dildos and butt plugs big enough to seal the Hoover Dam. I set the box down and opened another. This one was twice as long as it was tall and pieces/parts slid around with. I was almost

afraid to open it but I did. There were three metal rods about eighteen inches long and a round metal disk with three threaded holes on one side and two holes through the center. Also inside the box were two long, fat dildos and a slip of paper for instructions.

How to assemble your NEW dildo seat. The top of the paper said. "Dildo seat?" I said giving Timber a raised eyebrow. "What in the hell is a dildo seat?" The instructions were fairly simple and straightforward. I screwed the metal rods – which turned out to be the legs of the thing, into place and pushed the dildos through the center holes. I didn't notice it at the time, but the dildos were actually shaped slightly different than a normal one. They were very realistic looking, but at the base they got a lot fatter and had a slit around it about an inch from the bottom. With a little force they locked into place and the dildo seat was complete. I set it off to the side and opened box number three.

Box number three contained several long gloves, stockings, and garter belts in a dozen colors and all made of latex. Box four contained gags, cuffs, paddles, and a wide assortment of other items used for punishment of one sort or another. I put everything back in the boxes with the exception of the dildo seat that was still put together. I found an invoice with a telephone number on it and dialed. There was definitely a mistake somewhere. I like the few toys that I own and use on occasion, but this stuff was certainly not mine and someone was bound to be missing it.

"Thank you for calling DF Productions," said a sweet sounding female voice on the other end of the call. "My name is Helena, how may I help you today?"

"Um, yeah, so I think I just got some packages meant for someone else and would like to know what to do with them," I said to Helena.

"Alright, I can help you take care of that. And what is your name sweetie?"

"My name is Marie Gifford," I replied.

"Ok, Marie, do you have an invoice for the packages?"

"I do."

"Great. In the top right corner there should be an invoice number. Could you read that off for me please?"

"Ok, its, DF9072-15443," I read of the string of letters and numbers.

"Give me one moment here. Ah, there we go. OK, I have here seven dildos, five butt plugs, a dozen sets of submissive clothing, a dildo seat..." She rattled off every item on the invoice. It matched what I had seen and what was also printed on the invoice I held in my nervously shaking hand. "According to our records those items were shipped on April 17th and were addressed to Marie Gifford at 1918 Trudo Street. Wait, didn't you say your name was Marie Gifford?"

"It is, but this is definitely not my stuff. I've never heard of your company and an afraid of about half these items."

"Did you remove anything from the boxes?"

"The dildo seat, why?"

"Did you assemble it?"

"Yes."

"Did you use it?"

"Um, no. It's not my stuff. Why would I use it?"

"Damn, it would make my job a whole lot easier if you had. Getting RMA numbers and all of that are a pain around here. "I know this is forward, but would you mind giving it a quick go? Our policy is, if you use it, it's yours."

"I could just tell you I used it."

"Did it buzz?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then you didn't use it. Please, all I ask is that you sit fully on it for about three minutes."

"Why so long? And I don't think those things are going to fit inside of me even if I *did* want to sit on it. They're freaking huge!"

"Were the toys in a box?"

"Yes."

"What's the name on the box?"

"Hold on a sec," I said as I bent over and picked up the box. Across the otherwise plain white box was the word Matador. "It says Matador."

"Oh, that is a biggie," Helena said almost sounding envious. "Ten inches long two and a half inches thick. Yeah, that'll stretch you out your holes good. So, please tell me you are willing to be a good sport here. If you sit fully on it for three minutes the entire order is yours. Otherwise we have to spend the next hour going over every item and getting RMA numbers for it all."

"Why three minutes? Why all the way?"

"The dildos used on the dildo seats are made special for us. When fully inserted you'll hear a buzz after about fifteen seconds. About two and a half minutes after that there will be another buzz. The second buzz indicates that the small microchip has been activated and will function properly. If we can get it activated the entire order is yours to keep."

I eyed the boxes and the seat. I was feeling so damn lazy. I didn't want to spend my entire evening going over a hundred items. I would never use this stuff, but I might be able to sell it for a pretty penny. "Alright," I replied. "I'll try it but I have no idea if they'll even go in me. I'm not exactly the grand canyon you know?"

"Oh thank you," she sighed. "You are such a sport. You'll need to put your phone on speaker and try to hold it as close to the dildo seat as possible so I can pick up the two buzzes."

"Ok," I replied softly. I dug through the box of dildos and plugs and pulled out a large bottle of lube.

"You know, if you don't think the Matador will fit, you could always use some of the smaller toys to sort of open you up a bit. Oh, here we go. I see one of the dildos is The Spiral. That would be perfect. Um. It's the one that's small at the top and tapers larger and larger towards the base. It looks like it's made of about twenty silicone rings."

I saw the toy she was describing and pulled it from the box. According to the box it was eleven inches long. The head was an inch and three-quarters, and it tapered to three and three-quarters inches at the base. "Yeah, that would certainly do the trick," I said into the speakerphone. I sat it down in the pine chest I used for a coffee table and stared at it, pretty sure I had lost my mind as I drenched it with lube. "I'm going to straddle it for a minute," I said to Helena. I was suddenly embarrassed I said so."

"That's great, really. When you feel you are ready we can get you seated and you can go on enjoying your new toys."

I straddled the bulbous head of the gigantic dildo, leaning forward and placing my hands on the pine chest for support. "Aaahhhh," I moaned in surprise as the head popped into place.

"Are you alright?" I heard Helena's concerned voice ask over the phone.

"I...yes...the head...popped in," I stuttered. "Oohhhh, that feels so weird." I could feel the little ridges as I sank an inch lower in the spiral.

"Did you take more of it sweetie?"

"Yes, a little." I replied, still unsure why I was telling her this.

"How much?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe an inch past the head." I let my weight and gravity pull me down a little more. Timber brushed against my right leg and it fell out from under me. "Aahhhggghhhh!" I screamed as the spiral shoved in hard and deep as my full weight pressed down upon it.

"What's wrong Marie?" Helena asked. "Are you ok? Tell me what's happening there."

I didn't answer right away, too preoccupied with regaining my footing and assessing the damage done to my poor womanly bits. "I lost my footing," I said with heavy breath. I was trying to remain as still as possible as my body attempted to adjust to the girth now stretching it open.

"Did more of it go inside of you?"

"Yes."

"How much of it is still not in you?"

"I don't know. Maybe three inches."

"OH MY!" she gasped. "Are you alright? Is there any bleeding?"

"No, I don't think so. About the blood, I mean. There isn't any. I'm ok as long as I don't move."

"That's ok sweetie. Just take your time. If I know that toy as well as I think I do, you are now stretched to about three inches. The good news is you should be able to easily take the Matador now."

"Oh, that's just the best news I've heard all day," I replied sarcastically. I pulled up off the spiral several inches and lowered myself back onto it several times, testing how far I went down with each thrust. About the same as before. "FUCK!" I exclaimed as I pulled myself fully off of the spiral.

"What's wrong dear?"

"I just realized I'll need to use the spiral in my ass as well. I'm assuming I have to sit fully on both toys, right?"

"I'm afraid so. Take your time, there's no rush. Believe me, I know what it's like to sit on those toys."

"Really?"

"Yes, hun. What do you think I'm sitting on right now?"

"OH MY GOD! They make you sit on them at work?"

"You really have no idea who we are do you?" She said with a giggle. "Oh sweetie you have no idea."

"No, I've never heard of you before," I said as the head of the spiral popped into my behind. "It's in my butt now. This is going to take some time. I'm not really big on anal."

"That's ok dear. When you're done here you will be plenty big."

"Haha," I mocked laughed. I worked my way up and down the spiral for fifteen minutes, gradually going lower and lower until more than half of it was inside of me. I rode up and down on it for another five minutes before I felt ready to sit on that damn seat. I'm going to go sit on the dildo seat now," I said to Helena.

"Alright Marie," she almost seemed to coo. "Remember, your butt has to be fully on the seat and both toys inside of you for three minutes."

"I understand." After the stretching the spiral gave me, the Matadors slid in easily. "I'm sitting on the seat now."