

Big House of Whores

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

Entering Sensations – the adult toy store she worked at, through the back door, Danica immediately looked to her left to see Monica and Mitch at their stations and her mother sitting butt naked on one of their new dildo chairs where guests and clients alike could entertain themselves while waiting on a booth to open up. Not that she had ever seen all eighteen occupied at the same time, but it has come close on occasion. “Hey everyone, hope you weren’t waiting long,” she said as she approached Mitch’s desk. “The room ready for us?”

“Chloe and Zoe should be finished cleaning it in five or ten,” Mitch answered, referring to his nineteen-year-old twin daughters whose sole job at the store was to clean the gloryhole booths and the slave room. “So, how about a drink while you wait?”

“Don’t mind if I do.” Grinning, Danica pulled her top off showing the soft swell of her pregnant belly. The lacy pink bra she wore was off and dropping to the floor soon after. And then she sat down on the much older man’s lap. “Mmmm,” she purred as he latched onto her sensitive left nipple. “I’m really full so I hope you’re thirsty.”

“What he doesn’t drink I will,” Monica said from her desk.”

“Why don’t you bring that sexy ass of yours over here so you can both drink at the same time?” Hopping off Mitch’s lap, Danica sat on his desk, keenly aware that her mother was watching their every move.

“Don’t mind if I do.” Getting up, Monica gave Rachel a shit-eating grin as she walked over and sucked Danica’s right nipple, cooing in delight as the first squirt of sweet nectar hit the back of her throat.

“Ooohhhh god that’s good,” Danica exclaimed. “The only thing that would make it better is if one of you ripped the rest of my clothes off and fisted me.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth than her jeans and panties were yanked off and tossed aside.

Reaching back and down, Monica opened the top left drawer of Mitch’s desk from which she grabbed a bottle of lube. Coating her left hand, she handed the bottle to Mitch who generously covered his right. Danica’s back arched as eight fingers were shoved in and two thumbs rubbed her engorged clit. With Mitch’s fingers still inside their young lover, Monica balled her hand into a fist and pushed it in to the cervix. When she pulled out to the starting position, Mitch’s hand went in. His out, hers in. Hers out, his in. Alternating back and forth with practiced ease they fisted the eighteen-year-old mom to be to a very quick orgasm.

Exiting the slave room – the renovated storage closet that had been turned into a small dungeon where men and women could spend hours being treated as a very willing sex slave, Chloe and Zoe looked from the scene taking place on their father’s desk, to each other, then to the older woman fucking herself on the dildo chair and then back to each other. “So, um, the room’s clean and ready for use,” Zoe said. “Can we get paid now so we can get the hell out of here?” Most people would freak out seeing their father cheating on their mother with two women, but Chloe and Zoe were far from normal. Not only were they unfazed by what he was doing, they loved seeing him in action. And from the way Danica was writhing in blissful euphoria he was hitting all the right buttons.

“I’m a little busy at the moment so you’re gonna have to wait,” Mitch said as he shoved his fist into Danica’s accepting pussy.

“S-Sorry, but if the room’s clean then I’ve only got a limited amount of time to go in before someone else arrives to make use of it,” Danica said as she reluctantly pushed her two lovers away.

“Disciplining your mom again?” Chloe asked.

“Day seven of sixty,” Danica answered. “Thanks for cleaning the room for us, hope it wasn’t too bad in there.”

“Nothing we haven’t seen a million times,” Zoe shrugged.

“Um, haven’t you only been working here like a week?”

“Yep!” Chloe replied with a huge grin. “but we’ve been coming here off and on for over a year now and we know how bad the booths can get.” Suddenly looking very sheepish, she continued. “You know, I can be a very, very bad girl so if you ever want to discipline me just say the word and my ass is all yours.”

“We’re willing to take your mom’s place today if you’ll allow us,” Zoe added.

“And not just today,” Chloe said. “We love pain so we’ll take her place all day every day.”

“That sort of defeats the purpose of being disciplined don’t you think?” Danica said. “She’s being punished, not pleased. If you were to take her place I’d have to do something you wouldn’t like.”

“I doubt such a thing exists,” Zoe smirked.

“No?”

“Do you love sex?”

“Fuck yes! I wouldn’t come in here three times a week and let random men and women use me as their fucktoy if I didn’t,” Chloe answered.

A wicked idea popped into Danica’s head. “Mom, go on in and I’ll join you in a minute.” Leaning in, she whispered so that only Mitch and Monica could hear her. “*Are you okay with me teaching your daughters a lesson they’ll never forget?*”

“*I’d say it’s long overdue,*” Mitch whispered back. “*What do you have in mind?*”

“*Well, they want to be disciplined, right? Can you call in Mistress Abrielle for some piercings?*” Danica asked Monica. “*Or anyone else on that list of yours if she’s busy. See if they can come in on short notice to give the full chastity treatment.*”

“*Can do.*”

“*Thanks. And you’re seriously okay with me making this happen?*”

“*If they agree to use the slave room then they’re willingly offering themselves up as slaves. They know the rules and I will not intercede just because they’re my daughters.*”

“*Cool. Is anyone scheduled to use the room after us?*”

“*Nope. It’s free the entire day.*”

“*Sweet.*” Taking a step back, Danica turned to the inquisitive looking identical twins. “So, you want to be disciplined, huh? Okay, you may follow me into the room. Just know that once you go in you may not leave until your time is up or you’ll be banned from this entire building and there’s nothing your father can do about it.”

“How long will we be in there?” Chloe asked.

“As long as it takes.”

“Your payment will be waiting for you when you’re finished,” Mitch said. “The question is; are you women enough to back up your claim?”

“You know we are, daddy,” the twins said in eerie unison. “After you, Mistress,” Zoe added.

Entering the room the twins had just cleaned, Danica held the door open and waited for them to enter. When they did, she shut it behind them. “Okay, so this is what’s going to happen

Mom, I'd like you to strap Zoe to the left Saint Andrews while I strap her sister to the right. As for the two of you, did you enter the slave room of your own free will?"

"Yes Mistress," the twins said at the same time.

"And do you know and understand the rules of the slave room?"

"Yes mistress." Another simultaneous answer.

"And those rules are?"

"Anyone willingly entering the slave room is offering themselves as sex slaves to be used however their owners see fit whether they like it or not, Mistress," Chloe answered.

"Any slave leaving before their time is up will not be paid at all and will be banned from the shop and back room for one month to life depending on how many times they've chickened out, Mistress" Zoe added.

"Anyone banned must accept being disciplined in order to return. Which..." Chloe said.

"which means being branded a traitor with a hash mark to indicate how many times they've broken the rules, Mistress" Zoe continued.

"Good girls. Now take your places on the Saint Andrews," Danica commanded.

"Yes Mistress."

"Does this mean I'm off the hook for today, Mistress," Rachel asked her mother.

"I does not. I shouldn't, but I'll remind you that this is the one-week mark and your last chance to get everyone together as promised."

"It's already set up for tonight, Mistress."

"Everyone will be there?"

"Yes Mistress." Rachel hated calling her own daughter Mistress, but the rules of the room were clear, but as the one being disciplined she was the slave leaving Danica as the dominant one in the room.

"So, how many swats will we be getting, Mistress?" Chloe asked.

"None. As you've already admitted to loving pain there's no point. No, yours will be a much more drastic and permanent form of discipline. You see the tunnels in my outer labia?"

"Yes Mistress," Zoe answered.

"OH GOD!" Chloe exclaimed. "You... you're not... oh fucking hell!"

"What?" her sister asked, the confidence suddenly gone from her voice.

"She's going to give us chastity piercings! We'll be locked up and unable to have sex!"

"That's right," Danica smirked. "And for two self-proclaimed nymphos that's one hell of a discipline. But you won't just be getting the labia piercings. No, the two of you are getting the full treatment including clit shield, nipple shields and lower back microdermals to prevent anal."

"Um, how in the hell are a couple of back piercings going to stop us taking it up the ass, Mistress?" Zoe asked.

"Simple, a device specially curved to your bodies will be attached to those microdermals, down the crack of your sexy asses and then locked to the rings that'll soon be adorning your outer labia."

"Jesus Christ! H-How are we supposed to use the bathroom, Mistress?"

"Well, nothing will be placed in the piercings for the first month so you'll be able to use the toilet as normal," Danica said as she tightened the leather strap around Chloe's right ankle. "After that you'll have to find someone you trust enough with your secret to remove the device so that you may shower and use the toilet. Or, you can say the word right now and we'll let you leave."

“And be banned? I’d rather suffer the humiliation of being put in full chastity, Mistress,” Chloe replied.

“As would I, Mistress,” her sister confirmed.

“Good girls. Shame you’re sisters or I’d totally give you one last fucking before being placed in chastity.”

“Um... we’re identical twins, Mistress,” Chloe said, her cheeks turning pink.

“I know,” Danica said as she buckled the last of the straps.

“If you think about it, Mistress, fucking each other is no different than fucking ourselves,” Zoe said.

“Wait!” Rachel gasped. “Are you saying...”

“That we’ve been fucking each other since discovering the joys of sex?” Zoe grinned.

“That...”

“Really fucking hot?” Chloe cut Rachel off before she could say how disgusting incest was.

“We love each other more than life itself,” Zoe said. “We’re consenting adults not hurting anyone so please spare us the holier-than-thou bullshit.”

“Actually, I was going to say in a twisted way that makes sense,” Rachel said. “I’m getting caned in a freaking dungeon by my own daughter so who the hell am I to judge?”

“True, but you’re not fucking your daughter,” Chloe said. “Big difference.”

If she had all the time in the universe to ponder her decision, Rachel still would not have enough to explain why she did what came next. Looking from the bound twins to her daughter, she got down on all fours as always, but instead of crawling into position in the middle of the room, she crawled up to her daughter, sat back in a kneeling position, grabbed her ass and then pulled her in. Without word she sucked Danica’s inner labia and then let the tip of her tongue playfully flick over her clit.

“M-M-MOM!” Danica moaned. “What... uhn... w-what the fuck?”

“God damn! Now that’s hot!” Zoe exclaimed.

Grabbing a handful of her mother’s hair, Danica meant to push her away, but teeth sinking into her clit instead pulled her closer. “FUCK ME that’s good!”

Knowing her daughter’s proclivity for fisting, Rachel balled her hand up and shoved it in hard and deep. A moment later she was falling forward as her daughter’s knees buckled bringing her to the floor. “I love you Danica,” she said as she crawled between her daughter’s legs.

“Would you like me to drink some of your milk to help relieve the pressure?”

“I can’t... you’re my... why are you... yes please,” Danica said as she saw the genuine love in her mother’s eyes. “Wait! Before you do I want you to release Zoe so that she can eat her sister out. And if you refuse,” she said, directing her attention to the bound woman “I’ll make sure you regret ever claiming to have sex with your sister.”

“Does your father know?” Rachel asked as she got up to do her daughter’s bidding.

“He doesn’t just know, he fucks us as well,” Zoe answered. “And yes, mom knows. In fact, because she’s unable to satisfy his sexual needs anymore, she came to us herself and begged us to take her place in the bedroom. We were hesitant at first. But now we look forward to being his fucktoys.”

“So, you still live at home then?” Danica asked

“Yes Mistress.”

“Great, then you’ll have no problem finding someone to remove and attach the chastity device.”

“None at all Mistress.” Temporarily released from bondage, Zoe knelt in front of her sister and without hesitation licked.

“She’s doing it, Mistress,” Rachel confirmed. “She’s shoving her tongue in deep.

“Good, then get your ass over here and drink my milk.”

“Yes Mistress.”

No sooner were the words out of Rachel’s mouth then the slave room door opened and Mitch stepped inside. “We’ll talk about this later, for now, know that your secret is safe with me and Monica. Abrielle will be here in an hour to work on those two so you’ve got that long to have your fun. When you see the light turn blue you know it’s time to stop with the incest is that understood?”

“Yes Sir,” all four women answered in unison.

“God, and I thought it sounded freaked when just the two of them did it,” Misch said with an involuntary shudder. Stepping out of the room he returned to his desk to watch mother drinking daughter’s milk while one twin sister pleased the other. It was a sight he had fantasized about ever since Rachel walked into the shop for the first time. “I can’t believe they’re actually doing it,” he said, adjusting the pole in his pants.

“I’m surprised it took them this long,” Monica replied. “That shit’s going to sell like hotcakes on the black market. Thanks to those dumb sluts we’re going to be rolling in the money.”

“Two of those dumb sluts are my daughters.”

“No offence, but one’s eating the other out knowing full well they’re being recorded and that said recordings may be used however we see fit. They didn’t even ask for a mask to first conceal their identity. I’d say that makes them pretty fucking dumb sluts.”

“I’m telling you here and now that video doesn’t leave this shop. In fact, I’m cutting the feed and deleting the recordings before you get any ideas,” Mitch said.

“You can’t do that!”

“I absolutely can do it and if you try stopping me I’ll show the world videos of you and your kids. Or did you think this was the only place I’ve wired?”

“Wait, before you cut the feed why don’t I go in and tell them to put masks on? That way they can continue their perversion and you can delete everything before the masks.”

“Fine, but make it quick.”

The door opened again and this time the four women saw Monica. “So, Mitch forget to mention that if you’re going to fuck each other in a room full of cameras you should probably wear a mask so those watching won’t know you’re related. Especially the two of you,” she said to the twins.

“You don’t seem upset or fazed by the fact we’re screwing each other so what family member do you fuck?” Danica asked.

Knowing everything up to this point was going to be deleted, Monica saw no reason not to answer. “My three sons and two daughters.”

“It’s true, Chloe said. Our families have orgies together like once or twice a month. Um, we’re not going to leave especially after this little display of perversion so can you please release me so that sis and I can fuck each other properly, Mistress?”

“Monica, do you mind letting the little whore loose so she can fuck her sister?” Danica asked.

“Not at all, but this is the last time you refer to each other as family.”

“Yes Ma’am,” All four women replied.