

Catching Violet

Crimson Rose

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Cleaning House

Violet didn't have the most glamorous of jobs. In fact, it was downright horrible at times, but for the last two years it was all she could find. Most of her clients were considerate enough to keep things at least moderately tidy before calling her in, but there were the occasional few they were the definition of slob. Those are the ones she hated the most, yet also loved because she could charge them extra. The job of maid was a thankless one, but she did it nonetheless because she would be out on the streets otherwise.

Donning her uniform of black slacks and white blouse, she left the house for the first client of the day. The Henderson's were her oldest clients in terms of service, and also one of the few that left her alone in the home to do her job while they were at work. What she did not know was that there were more than fifty cameras hidden throughout the house.

"Hey Violet," Claire said in greeting. "Come on in. Grant and I were just about to step out."

"Thanks, Mrs. Henderson," Violet said stepping into the house. As usual it looked as if it had already been scrubbed clean. "Hi Mr. Henderson," she said to the tall, salt and pepper haired Grant that joined them from the kitchen. Though he was nearly twenty years her senior, she found him handsome. The way he smiled at her gave her all manner of wicked thoughts that saw her through the day.

"Payment is on the kitchen counter," Grant said. "There's a little extra in there for you because the rec room is a bit of a mess after a party last night. Hope you don't mind too much."

"Not at all," Violet smiled. "I'll have the place in order in no time."

"Thanks love," Claire said. "Come on dear, let's get out of Violet's way. We've all got work to do."

Claire and Grant left for work, leaving Violet alone to do her job. Going back out to her car, she grabbed her cleaning supplies and got to work sweeping and dusting the living room, bathroom, and kitchen. The dishes were already done so nothing to do there. After an hour, all that was left was the basement rec room.

Not really expecting anything too horrendous, Violet descended the basement stairs. Her mouth dropped open in shock. In the nearly two years she had been working for the Henderson's she had never seen such a mess. Dozens of empty beer and whiskey bottles lay scattered on floor, pool table and bar. Pizza boxes, potato chip bags, and plastic cups lay atop discarded clothing and Violet was beginning to wonder just what kind of party took place here.

"Well, one mess in two years isn't bad," she sighed as she put on a new pair of rubber gloves. Shaking open a large trash bag, she went around the room tossing away the trash while throwing the clothes towards the door to the laundry room. While doing the laundry was not in her job description, she did not mind doing it considering the extra money added to her bill.

With the bulk of the trash picked up, Violet lifted the cushions of a couch sitting along the far wall to see if any stray bits of food, or clothing fell through the cracks. Something had, but it wasn't what she was expecting. Lying there between the cushions was a long, fat black dildo. "Um, ok then," she gasped. *Dear lord, she thought does Mrs. Henderson really use that monstrosity?* Picking the dildo up in her gloved hand, she felt a sudden rush of excitement and

embarrassment. She laid it on the bar and went back to searching every nook and cranny the rec room had to offer.

Under the couch she found another dildo and a butt plug. A pair of cloverleaf nipple clamps were hiding in the corner pocket of the pool table while a pair of lacy panties were in another. Behind the bar, lying next to the glasses was another massive sex toy – this one a nearly two foot long double dildo with a bulbous head at either end as big as her fist.

“Dear god!” Violet gasped as she picked up the heavy toy. “What in the hell are they into?” Her mind was suddenly filled with images of Claire and Grant naked and participating in the sex party that no doubt took place here. She shuddered at the idea of such huge toys fucking into her and she wondered how anyone could find enjoyment in being so stretched open.

Where do I even put these things? She thought looking at the toys piling up on the bar. *I hate to go snooping around. I suppose I should just leave them here, let them put them away.* And then she noticed it. Along the longest wall was a door that was normally locked tight. Not today though. Today it was not only unlocked, but partially ajar. Sneaking up to it like a thief in the night, she peaked in. If the sex toys scattered about the rec room surprised her, what she saw in the room beyond nearly stopped her heart.

The back wall was completely mirrored while to the left were shelves of more dildos, plugs and vibrators. Below that was a shelf lined with bottles of lube. Hanging from the ceiling were sex swings, ropes and thin chains ending in wide leather cuffs. Hanging on a peg board on the right wall were canes, paddles, crops, and a dozen other spanking implements. Next to those were several types of clamps both large and small. Under the pegboard was a metal box contraption sitting on metal legs. It had a long rod sticking out of the front of it with a dildo flopping at the end.

“FUCKING HELL!” she gasped, pushing the door open more. “No wonder they keep this place locked up! I’m working for a couple of freaks! Good lord,” she said stepping into the dungeon room “I’ve never seen anything like this!” The toys ranged in size from the normal and mundane to the monstrously huge. She spotted one that looked like it was molded after a hand and another a fist.

Taking a closer look at the shelves of toys, she noticed several empty spots and putting two and two together figured the toys out in the rec room went in those places. Heading back out she grabbed the toys and put them away as quickly as she could, but the room was having an effect on her that she had not expected.

The feeling of the thick toys in her hands was causing her mind to race a thousand miles an hour and her pussy to tingle in humiliating excitement. Letting her mind wander, she wondered what it would be like to be cuffed to the ropes and chains at the mercy of whomever wanted to use her vulnerable body. She pictured herself in the sex swing being fucked hard and fast and the man she saw pounding his cock into her was Grant. Blushing, she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Once the laundry was washed, dried and folded she packed up her cleaning supplies and left as quickly as she could. As she drove on to the next house, all she could think about was the toy-filled room and Grant Henderson fucking her in the sex swing. While stopped at a red light she allowed her mind to wander. She saw herself cuffed to the hanging chains as Grant and Clair circled around her swatting her body with everything from cane to flogger. Only the sound of horns honking behind her brought her back to reality.