

Gloryhole Glutton

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Gloryhole Glutton

Copyright© 2025 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story 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](#)

Waking naked on a cold, hard surface, Paige immediately knew something was terribly wrong even before opening her eyes. Fighting the instinct to panic, she lay there and listened for movement, voice, or anything else that might give a clue as to what was happening and how she went from the comfortable bed she shared with her husband, to wherever she was now. Unfortunately, all she heard was silence so after several intense minutes she dared open her eyes. The first thing she noticed was that everything was tiled. The second thing she took in were at least a dozen holes cut into the walls. Heart skipping a beat at the implication, she gulped hard as her gaze drifted over a toilet, sink, shower stall, and shelves lined with towels, shampoo, body wash, luffas, toilet paper, toothpaste, and other items one would expect to find in a bathroom. Everything, that is, but a door.

“Welcome back to the land of the living, slave,” a heavily distorted voice came from a speaker in the corner to her left. “I’m sure you have no end of questions so let me clear things up. You’re mine now, slave, and nothing you do will ever change that. I command and you’ll obey. Accept your new role in life and you’ll be rewarded, refuse and you’ll be disciplined.”

“If you can get in here to discipline me then there’s a way out and when I find it I’ll rip your fucking dick off and beat you to death with it!” Paige vowed.

“I’ll ignore that outburst as you’re confused and angry, but make no mistake, slave, you will not get another.”

Suddenly feeling a growing tingle in her feet, Paige looked down just in time for it to spike into a strong jolt as if she had just stuck her toes in an outlet. Muscles seizing, she fell to the floor and the sensation coursed throughout her entire naked body. When it subsided, she continued lying on the floor unmoving.

“That was settings one through five. They only get worse from there so I strongly suggest obeying your new owner and doing exactly as you’re told without hesitation or complaint. Now, back to why you’re here. Put simply, you’re here to prove to the world what a cock obsessed fucktoy you really are. I saw you looking at the holes in the walls and they’re exactly what you think they are. Over the course of the next two weeks you’re going to suck and get fucked by hundreds of men, but don’t worry as more than dicks will be going into your holes. But first, I need to see how well you obey so we’ll start with a test. Get on all fours and crawl to the vanity. Open the right door and you’ll see a thick leather glove and an insulated container. You’ll put the glove on, open the container, and pull the object out. Don’t look at it too closely. Just make sure the blue part is up and then press it directly into your mound until I tell you to pull it away. Obey and you’ll get a treat. Refuse and the floor will be the least of your worries.”

“You might as well just kill me now as I’ll never do as you say!”

“Kill you? Why on earth would I kill the most beautiful and perverse woman in the world? Do as I command and you’ll be returned home safe and sound and so much happier.”

“And if I refuse?”

“Then you’ll only know pain until you comply. Two weeks, Paige. Stop pretending this isn’t turning you on and do what comes naturally. Obey your Master and your Master will show you no end of pleasure.”

“What are you commanding me to put on my mound?”

“Only one way to find out, slave.”

“Will you stop calling me that! I am not a slave! And trust goes both ways, so if you want me to play along then you’re going to have to give me a reason to trust you.”

“Inside that container is a short metal rod that’s been sitting on dry ice for the last several hours. You’re going to press the tip into your mound permanently freeze branding you what you’ve always desired to be.”

“And how the hell would you know what I desire to be?”

“I’ve been watching you a very long time, slave. I know everything about you including the fact that you’re married, want nothing more than to be bred like an animal, and have fantasized about being used at a gloryhole since you learned what they were so why fight it? Accept your fate as a perverse sex slave and you’re every desire will become reality.”

“Who are you?”

“To you, I’m Master. And from this point forward that’s how you’ll refer to me or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Master,” Paige said as she put the thick leather glove in her left hand. *Fucking bastard even knows I’m left-handed. Who the actual fuck is he and how the hell does he know so much about me?* She thought as she removed the container from the cabinet beneath the sink. Opening it, she jerked her head back as a cloud of ice-cold wafted out. Slowly reaching in, she withdrew the short metal rod, oriented it so that the blue part of the tip was facing upward, and then brought it close to her mound. “I can’t fucking believe this is happening,” she said as she brought it in. Flinching from the immediately cold, she sharply inhaled in surprise at the lack of serious pain. Yes, it was uncomfortable, but nothing like she expected from branding herself.

“That’s it, slave,” the distorted voice spoke. “If it’s going to be permanent you need to keep it there for at least a minute. Fun fact, freeze branding is how farmers mark their cattle. How does it feel knowing you’re nothing more than an animal now, slave?”

“You might know a few things about me because you’re a creepy perverted stalker, but let’s get one thing straight, I’m a happily married woman so no matter what you put me through I’ll never be your slave. Master,” she said, spitting the last word with venom.

“And what do you think your husband will say or feel about having such a sex-crazed slave of a wife when he sees the videos we’ll be sending him every day? Oh, and you can pull the branding iron away now.”

Looking down, Paige saw the words: BLACK COCK BREEDING COW now permanently frozen into the tender flesh of her mound in stark white letters. “He’ll know none of this was my fault, Master. And neither of us will stop until we hunt you down and give you everything you deserve. I’ll do as you command for no other reason than I don’t want to be tortured to death and that’s it.”

“We’ll see. Since you branded yourself a black cock breeding cow you’ll prove it. You see the small nook in the back? I think you know what to do, slave. Don’t disappoint.”

Putting the branding iron back in the container and taking the glove off, Paige walked to the nook in the back left corner of the bathroom where she bent over in line with holes in front and behind. Less than two seconds later she was being spit-roasted between two big black cocks. No sooner were her holes filled, then every thought left her brain save one: *Oh my fucking God, YES! I’m finally the gloryhole bitch I’ve dreamed of being!* The space leaving her little room to move, it was as if the holes were placed at the perfect height to optimize double penetration.

“That’s it, slave, embrace your inner fucktoy and enjoy the multiple breedings and shots of jizz,” the distorted voice spoke. “Once you’ve been spit-roasted ten times I’ll give you a break to shower and put something other and cum in your belly. If you leave the alcove before you’ve taken all twenty cocks you’ll be disciplined, but hearing your moans of pleasure I don’t think that’ll be an issue for a cock-craved slave like you.”

Spit-roasted by big black cocks. Stuck in a gloryhole nook until fucked and bred. It's straight out of my dreams. Dreams I write down in my diary. Motherfucker! Has this bastard been in my house? Did he read my diary? Is that how he knows so much about me and my fantasies? Fuck! If that's the case I'll never be able to hold out. He's right, I'll be begging to be his fucktoy if only to get more cock and to increase the odds of being bred like the cow I fucking branded myself as! Which was in my dream diary too. Those and a hundred other thoughts raced through Paige's mind as the black men took her from both ends. Focus going to the pleasure of being spit-roasted,

Two men. Four. Six. Panting and writhing in orgasm, Paige had to brace her hands on the wall to prevent dropping to her knees as the orgasms never ended. Gulping down every intoxicating load, a mixture of semen and pussy juices dripped from her pussy in torrents. Eight black men. Ten. Twelve. Back aching and legs threatening to buckle, she locked her knees and continued on being a receptacle for their potent seed and just hoped her husband would understand should she end up pregnant. Fourteen men. Sixteen. Eighteen. As the last two men slid into her throat and womanhood, both ends were raw, but she was not about to quit now even when the man pushing into her throat began pissing. Letting the warm, pungent fluid fill her belly, she offered no resistance as the man used her as a toilet despite every fiber of her being telling her to bite his fat cock off.

"You really are a cock-crazed whore aren't you?" the distorted voice asked as Paige collapsed to the tiles floor panting and groaning.

"Y-Yes Master."

"Food will be brought in shortly. Until then shower and prepare yourself for the next game."

"Game, Master? How is any of this a game?"

"It's a game because I say it's a game. Now do as you're told and shower."

"Yes Master. Who are you, Master? How do you know things I've never told anyone – things I've only ever written in my secret diary?"

"That would be telling."

"You're really not going to give me anything, Master? You just expect me to obey the commands of a man I don't even know without question? Would you do the same if our positions were reversed?" Paige asked as she set the water.

"You assume I'm a man. All you need to know is that I only want to give you what you desire. This whole thing is to finally awaken your inner pervert, Paige. It's to show you there's nothing wrong with desiring the kinky, in being a fucktoy to men, women, and everything in-between. You've said it yourself hundreds of times. 'I've come to the realization that while I must put on a façade of being normal in bed, I want nothing more than to go hog wild. I want to be used and abuse, beaten and bred. I want to be broken down and rebuilt as the perfect fucktoy willing and eager to fulfil my owner's every desire.' Does that sound familiar, slave?"

"Y-Yes Master. Or is it Mistress. Please at least give me the correct term to refer to you."

"Master works for now, slave. So, were those just words you wrote down for no reason, or do they have some truth behind them? Remember, I've read your diary numerous times so please be honest."

"I... everything in the diary is true, Master."

"Then you crave being turned into a mindless fucktoy?"

"Yes Master."

“So, are you going to continue resisting, or are you going to finally let go of your inhibitions and whatever societal views you’re still holding onto, or are we going to spend the next couple of weeks fighting each other?”

“You’ve read my diary, Master. You know I have to be a brat. I can’t help but push back so that I can be disciplined. Not that I like pain, but the thought of being put in my place turns me on more than anything,” Paige replied as she slid the shower door open.

“Push back if you want, but make no mistake, there’s a limit to what I’ll put up with and the floor is the least of the forms of discipline I’ll subject you to.”

“Yes Master,” Paige said before stepping into the hot shower.