

Wicked Whips

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Wicked Whips

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](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

When her eldest daughter hadn't come down by noon, Alicia stomped up the steps and attempted to enter her bedroom only to find the door locked tight. Knocking hard, she called out. "Jayde! Wake your lazy ass up and get out here right now! You hear me? It's noon and I'll be damned if I'm letting you sleep the day away!"

Groaning, Jayde rolled out of bed, ambled across her bedroom, and then angrily threw the door open. "God, what do you want now?"

"You have two minutes to dress and get your ass out to the living room."

"Or what, you going to come yell at me again?" Jayde scoffed.

"Or your lazy ass will be kicked to the street. And if you think I'm kidding go ahead and test me. Two minutes!" And with that, Alicia turned and walked away even more pissed off than before.

Knowing not to question her mother when she was this angry even if unfounded in her eyes, Jayde quickly put on a pair of shorts and a tee shirt. Walking out to the living room, she saw both parents waiting. "What the shit, mom? What make-believe crime have I committed this time?"

"How about the crime of being a lazy mooch constantly and unashamedly taking advantage of your parents' generosity?" her father Braden answered.

"You're twenty-four, Jayde, you should be out on your own, or going to college like your sister," her mother said. "But no, instead of getting a job, or going to school, you've decided to lounge around mooching off us for the last six years. Well, that ends today. We gave you six months to find employment and you refused so we have no other choice but to make you work."

"As you're well aware, your mother and I own multiple businesses," her father continued. "Unfortunately for you, you only qualify to work at one of them. But before we get to that..."

"You need to read and sign this," her mother said, holding out a piece of paper.

Face beet red at the talking down too she was getting, Jayde snatched the page from her mother's hand and after reading the first line scoffed. "You expect me to sign an NDA?"

"We're going to make ourselves very clear," her father said – his voice eerily calm. "You're going to sign that NDA and then you're going to fill out a legally binding employment contract so that you can start contributing your fair share around here, or you have thirty days to find another place to live. After next month paying your car payment, insurance, and cell phone will be your responsibility."

"There won't be any more allowances either," her mother said. "You're a grown ass woman with absolutely nothing mentally or physically preventing you from working so time to start earning your own way."

"This is bullshit! You never made Scarlett work!"

"Your sister went straight to college right out of high school," her father countered. "We gave you the same option and you turned us down. That was six years ago and you've still done nothing with your life."

"And we only have ourselves to blame," her mother sighed. "Which is why we're remedying it right now. The choice is yours. Sign the NDA and then go over the employment contract with us, or in thirty days your lazy ass hits the street. There won't be any arguing or negotiating for more time as we all know you'll just waste it. So, what's it going to be?"

"What company will I be working at?"

"Sign the NDA and you'll find out. We'll give you one hour to decide."

“Even if I sign it, you can’t force me to work for you,” Jayde huffed.

“You’re right, we can’t,” her father replied. “But signing the NDA prevents you discussing any of this without facing serious, life-altering fees. And let’s get another thing straight right now. Daughter or not, break it and we’ll break you. Not that we’ll get much, but we won’t hesitate enforcing it.”

“Maybe I’ll just pack my things and leave right now!” Jayde said with all the confidence of someone clueless to how the world really works.”

“That’s your choice to make, but once you’re out there’s no coming back,” her mother shot back. “And where do you think you’ll go with no money or job? Maybe your friends will let you couch surf, but how long before they tire of your mooching?”

“Knock, knock, reality calling,” her father said. “Come on, Jayde, you might be lazy as fuck, but you’re smarter than that. Your mother and I have worked our asses off since before you were born to give you the lives we never had. We’ve built an empire of diverse businesses so if one failed, we wouldn’t be completely ruined. Your sister went to college right out of high school and is on track for med school. Where did we go wrong with you?”

“I know you love Scarlett more than me so you don’t need to keep rubbing it in,” Jayde snapped back taking her parents by surprise.

“I don’t know where you got that idea, but nothing could be further from the truth!” her mother countered. “Do you honestly think you’d still be living here scott free if your father and I didn’t love you? That has got to be the most disrespectful thing you’ve ever said and I honestly question whether we should even bother giving you a damn job!”

“Everybody needs to calm down,” Braden said as he glared at his ungrateful daughter. “You just went from an hour to think about it to five minutes. Sign and we’ll proceed to discussing your future job. Refuse and you have thirty days to find somewhere else to live. Period. End of discussion.”

Slamming the document on the coffee table, Jayde picked up a pen and put her name on the line. “There! I signed the damn thing. Now what stupid job are you going to force me to take?”

“We’re not forcing you to take any job, Jayde,” her mother seethed. “Just like the NDA you’re free to sign the employment contract or not. Just know that if you refuse, you’ll have thirty days to find another place to live. Period. End of discussion,” Alicia said as she signed the NDA as witness before giving it to her husband to do the same.

“I’ll make copies and grab an employment contract,” Braden said. “Honey, go ahead and tell her where she’ll be working and I’ll be back shortly.”

“I don’t think we should give the ungrateful brat a job of any sort,” Alicia replied. “She’s had six damn years to earn her keep so do you honestly think she’s going to change now?”

“If you’re not going to give me a job then why the hell did I have to sign an NDA?” Jayde shot back. “I’m sorry for what I said about you loving Scarlett more than me, but in my defense you’re the one that woke me up after only three hours’ sleep and then went off before I could even wake up fully. Not to mention berating me left, right, and center.”

“In order to tell you about your new job, your father and I must tell you a secret we’ve been keeping since before you were born. Have you heard of the fetish club, Wicked Whips?”

“I’ve driven by it. Why? Wait! Don’t tell me you and dad go there!”

“Your father and I haven’t just been there, we own it,” her mother confessed. “Your father and I... I’m his sex slave and he’s my Owner, my Master. You may or may not like it, but you’re going to be working at Wicked Whips where you’ll be paid fifty dollars an hour working fifty

hours a week and fifty weeks a year. The math on that works out to one-twenty-five a year before taxes with a minimum five-dollar-an-hour raise per year of employment, and a mandatory five-year contract. Meaning, you'll work there for five years or you'll be in breach of contract."

"You want me to work at a fetish club that you and dad own? You want me to, what, be trained as a sex slave like you? That's fucked up on more levels than I care to count! Come on, mom, you can't be serious!"

"I've never been more serious about anything in my life. Don't worry, your father and I rarely go in these so we won't see you working. And even if we did, so what? It's not as if we're ever going to do anything illegal so get those thoughts out of your head right now."

"You didn't answer my question, mom. Do you honestly expect me to be a sex slave?"

"The only thing I expect is for you to take the job and start learning some responsibility for once in your life. You'll spend time working every station, but being trained as a submissive or sex slave is optional. Actually there's an addendum for that which comes with a yearly bonus, but it also means accepting a ten-year contract, so let's not get ahead of ourselves."

"What do you mean by stations?" Jayde asked as her father returned with folder in hand.

"You'll be a waitress, cook, dishwasher, and booth worker," her father explained. "If you accept the training addendum, you'll also work the various scene stations where you'll be trained in every legal fetish as well as learn obedience, positions, and proper slave etiquette."

"Mom said that comes with a bonus?"

"It comes with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar yearly bonus plus an additional quarter million should you complete the entire ten-year employment contract."

"Jesus Christ! And that's on top of the salary?"

"Correct," her mother answered. "With standard raises every year that's one-point-nine-five-million-dollars before taxes and excluding tips. But that's only if you accept training as a sex slave which isn't necessary for employment."

"What does that even mean?" Jayde asked. "Being a sex slave that is."

"Let's go over the contract and then I'll give you a wealth of information to go over. If it's something you think you can spend the next ten years of your life doing then we can include the training addendum. Read every word on every page and if you have any questions ask."

"Give me the addendum," Jayde said as she took the folder from her father.

"One thing at a time. Let's..."

"You want me to work at your damn fetish club, then give me the addendum. That way I have ten years of job security."

"Once signed there's no going back, Jayde," her mother replied. "You'll spend the next decade being trained whether you like it or not. The only way out is to breach the contract which comes with very stiff fines. As we said earlier, daughter or not, we will not treat you different than any other employee."

"Give. Me. The. Addendum," Jayde replied.

"Very well. Start filling that one out and I'll go grab an addendum," her father replied.

"Who else in the family knows you own a fetish club? Does Scarlett know?"

"Several people know, but like you they're under an NDA not to talk about it," her mother answered. "And no, I will not give you names, but will say your sister isn't one of them."

"I can't believe I'm sitting here talking about being a damn sex slave with my parents! What the hell is wrong with me?"

"You're the one that demanded the training addendum so you tell me."

“I’m just going to read the contract now,” Jayde replied even as her entire body blushed in embarrassment. Consent forms. Waivers. A 17-page contract spelling out her duties in exacting detail. With the training addendum came more waivers and consent forms as well as a 32-page contract spelling out exactly what it meant to be a sex slave and what she would have to do to earn that title. Every word read, every box initialed, all that was left was for her to add her signature on the line and she would be contractually obligated to spend the next ten years being trained as a sex slave. “I have no sexual experience to speak of,” she blurted out.

“Excuse me?” her mother replied.

“I’ve never had a boyfriend or girlfriend,” Jayde clarified. “I... I’ve never done more than rub myself and not even to orgasm. I’m twenty-four years old and still a virgin and now I’m going to be trained as a sex slave,” she said, signing the documents. “There, it’s done. All you need to do is sign and I’m employed for the next ten years,” she said, sliding the folder in front of her mother.

“Are you serious about being a virgin?”

“Why would I lie about it? The only thing to go in me is a tampon and that’s all I’m comfortable saying to my parents. Now, the ball gag is in your court. Sign and you get what you want.”

Sliding the folder in front of him, her father flipped through the pages, found everything in order, and then added his name to the line before pushing it in front of his wife and slave.

“You heard her, slave, sign it so she can get to work.”

“Yes Master.” Flipping to the last page, Alicia signed and dated the document.

“Congratulations, sweetie, you’re now employed at Wicked Whips. You’ll go in this evening and ask to speak with Mistress Marley Dixon. She’ll take care of your orientation and training moving forward. I speak from experience when I say being a sex slave isn’t an easy life so no matter how humiliated you might be, we’re here for you.”

“Thanks, mom,” Jayde said, pulling her mother in for a hug. “I am so, so sorry for going off like I did before.”

“Apology accepted. Now, you’re going to need some new clothes and toys so I want you to head over to Secret Cravings and ask for Lilyana. I’ll call ahead and tell her you’re coming and she’ll take care of the rest.”

“Is that another place you and dad secretly own?”

“It is. Now you don’t have a lot of time so go shower and you can grab something to eat on the way.”

“O-Okay.” Not knowing what else to do, Jayde got up off the couch and went to her room to shower wondering what the hell she was thinking demanding the training addendum and what she was going to do if she hated being turned into a sex slave.