

# **Wrong House 3**

**Crimson Rose**

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## Wrong House 3

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Sitting exactly 37 vehicles behind his wife in a miles long traffic jam – both on their way to jobs they had no chance of reaching before their shifts end, Nolan’s phone went off alerting him that their security cameras had picked up motion. Stopped dead with nowhere to go, he quickly brought up the app and watched as a group of five gorgeous young women wearing matching latex shorts, crop tops, and collars in deep purple unloaded boxes, bags, and pieces of oddly-shaped furniture, and other equipment from the back of a large U-Haul and into his open house. “What the fucking fuck?” he said in utter disbelief just as his phone began ringing.

Sitting exactly 37 vehicles ahead of her husband in a mile’s long traffic jam – both on their way to jobs they had no chance of reaching before their shifts ended, Roselyn’s phone went off alerting her that their security cameras had picked up motion. Stopped dead with nowhere to go, she quickly brought up the app and watched in utter disbelief as a group of five gorgeous young women wearing matching latex shorts, crop tops, and collars in deep purple unloaded boxes, bags, pieces of oddly-shaped furniture, and other equipment from the back of a large U-Haul and into her open house. “What in the holy hell?” she exclaimed as she immediately called her husband.

“Are you seeing what I’m seeing?” Nolan answered the phone.

“Please tell me you know those women and gave them permission to enter our home!” his wife replied.

“I was going to say the same thing. I don’t know those women and I sure as hell wouldn’t give them free access to our home even if I did.”

“Neither would I. Are they trying to move in?”

“I don’t know what the hell they’re doing, but they seem to be taking everything to the basement,” Nolan said as he watched the women walking through the house as if they knew the place. Not skipping a beat they went from truck to living room to kitchen and then to empty basement where they put their loads before going back for more. Though they looked around on the way, they touched nothing.

“Neither of us knows them so why aren’t we calling the police?”

“Um, because we’re talking to each other. Do you recognize anything they’re moving in?”

“No. Do you?”

“No. But why are they taking everything to the basement?”

“No idea. So, um, are we just going to watch them move into our home or call the police before they start claiming squatter’s rights?” Roselyn asked as she watched a lithe brunette carry several bags into the house.

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While all of the bags and some boxes were dropped off in the kitchen, the bulk of the truck’s contents were taken to the basement to be assembled and set up. “These toys aren’t going to wash themselves so I’ll take care of them while the rest of you finish setting up the playroom,” 22-year-old brunette Chloe Walker said as she removed a large box from one of the many bags while the rest of the women continued unloading the rest of the truck.

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“Did she say toys?” Nolan asked even as he watched the sexy young brunette unpacking a long, thick black dildo.

“She sure did and holy fucking hell is that a huge one!” his wife exclaimed. “What in god’s name is going on in our home? And did she say playroom?” Roselyn asked as she switched to the basement cameras to find two of the remaining four women beginning to assemble various pieces of equipment and furniture while the other two unloaded the truck. “That bench... the large metal X... oh God! Are they turning our basement into a bdsm dungeon?”

“Now that some of the pieces are put together it sure as hell looks like it,” her husband answered. “But why? Who the hell are these women and how did they even get in? Did you forget to lock the door again?”

“You left after me so if anyone forgot to lock up it’s you!” Roselyn shot back. Besides, even if we did forget to lock the door why would they pick our house and why the hell aren’t we calling the police to do something about it?”

“Good question,” Nolan answered as his car moved a whopping eight feet before once again coming to a complete stop. “We’re stuck in traffic with nowhere to go and they haven’t actually stolen anything yet so why don’t we watch and see what happens and if they start snooping and stealing then we’ll call the police.”

“Are you telling me you want them to finish turning out basement into a bdsm dungeon?”

“All I’m saying is if they set it up and leave then we have all that stuff to use or sell if not interested. And if they do anything else then they go to jail and we still have all that stuff to use or sell as we see fit.”

“Fair enough. Fine, we’ll do it your way. We’ll watch and see what happens, but the instant they start stealing I’m calling the police.”

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While the homeowners remained stuck in traffic the five women emptied the moving truck, cleaned and placed all the sex toys on shelves built into walls while hanging canes, paddles, crops, floggers, belts, whips, rope, cuffs, gags, and clamps on newly installed pegboards. Assembled furniture and other larger pieces of equipment including a pillory, spanking bench, stockades, kneelers, Saint Andrews cross, an octopus chair, and several types of sex machines were strategically placed to maximize the available space.

“We still have a few hours before our property and owners are due home so why don’t we pass the time breaking in their new playroom?” 25-year-old Skylar suggested as she peeled off her dark purple crop top.

“Sounds good to me!” 24-year-old freckle-faced redheaded Brynn added as she too removed her top revealing large breasts capped with double-pierced nipples. Dropping to her knees, she tugged Skylar’s latex shorts down untucking her impressive cock and balls which Brynn immediately sucked into her mouth. Her shorts pulled off by busty Maria Grant, she moaned around Skylar’s cock as a tongue flicked over her throbbing clit.

Not to be left out, the last two women – Chloe and Heather, quickly stripped and got into the ‘69’ position with the former on top only to almost instantly roll off to grab several sex toys and a couple bottles of lube to share with her longtime friend and lover. “You know how I like it, babe,” she said as she dropped two huge dildos to Heather’s left.

Once her lover was back on top of her, Heather lubed Chloe’s asshole before generously coating the massive silicone cocks. Placing the heads of each against her friend’s back door, she slowly pushed them both in at the same time and was rapidly rewarded with a gushing orgasm she was eager and ready to gulp down.

“As much as I love the taste of your pussy, I know what you truly need, babe,” Maria said as she got to her feet. Giving Brynn’s ass a hard slap, she walked up to a large pegboard lined with all manner of implements of pain. Tracing a finger along several, she plucked a cane from a hook and swooshed it through the air causing her heart to instantly skip a beat as she recalled the first time she was ever disciplined. Shivering at the thought of ever going through it again, she could not understand for the life of her how anyone would actually want to subject themselves to such brutal and barbaric treatment, but on top of being a Mistress of the Domination Farm she was also a well-trained sex slave and that meant satisfying her lovers’ desires no matter how much she might dislike it.

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Phones plugged in to maintain charge throughout their lengthy call, Nolan and Roselyn stared at their screens in utter disbelief as the five women broke in their new bdsm playroom. “D-Did you hear what she said?” Roselyn asked. “They’re waiting for us.”

“I think you misunderstood what they said, hun.”

“She said they’re waiting for the property owners to get home.”

“No, she said they’re waiting for their property *and* owners,” her husband corrected. “I don’t know a whole hell of a lot about bdsm, but I do know that what she said makes it sound as if they’re going to own us and we’re going to own them.”

“That’s ridiculous! People can’t own other people! I think you’re the one that didn’t hear them right!”

“No, people can’t own other people. Not in any legal sense anyway. But we’re not talking legalities here, hun. Those women are clearly into bdsm and in their lifestyle people can and do own other consenting partners. Either way, I’m maybe five minutes from finally getting off this damn highway so we’ll confront them together.”

“I’m fifteen minutes from home, but as much as I want to march in there and demand answers I’ll wait for you in the driveway.”

“See you soon.” And with that – after several hours on the phone, Nolan finally hung up and concentrated on getting home as quickly as possible. Taking a bit longer than expected, he pulled into the driveway forty minutes later to see his wife impatiently pacing across the front yard. No sooner was he out of his car, then she was marching onto the porch. The door already unlocked, they went inside and made their way into the basement as quietly as they could where they saw the five women engaged in a daisy chain of fisting, licking, and sucking. “I don’t know what’s going on here, but you’ve got exactly five seconds to explain what the hell you’re doing in my house and what you’ve done to our basement!”

The action coming to an abrupt halt, Skylar’s head whipped around to see two very irate home owners glaring back. “W-Who the hell are you?”

“You’re in no position to ask questions!” Roselyn snapped back. “Now start explaining yourselves!”

“We’re here by invitation of the home owners and you’re not them,” Brynn replied.

“We’ve never seen you before in our lives!”

“Exactly. Which means you’re in the wrong home so why don’t you get out before we’re the ones that call the police!” Choe countered.

“Are you really that fucking dumb?” Roselyn asked in utter disbelief. “This is our house and we didn’t give you permission to break in, let alone turn our basement into some sort of perverts paradise! Nolan, call the police while I make sure they don’t go anywhere!”

“WAIT!” Heather screeched. “Nolan? The man we talked to is named Mark and his wife is Amanda. They paid for all of this stuff including ownership over us for a period of ten years. Are you seriously telling us...”

“What’s the address here?” Skylar sighed.

“Fifty-three-seventeen Westbrook Drive,” Roselyn answered.

“Fuck me! Right address, wrong street,” Skylar groaned. “Fucking useless GPS! We are so sorry. We thought this was fifty-three-seventeen Westbrook Avenue which is where we were supposed to set up the playroom and begin our decade of ownership. We know you have absolutely no reason whatsoever to believe us, but we didn’t steal anything or even go snooping around.”

“We know,” Nolan replied.

“You know?” Brynn asked.

“We have internal and external security cameras that alerted us the second you stepped foot on the porch,” Roselyn explained as she let her wide eyes drift around the room. “Who exactly sent you and how are you going to pay for the damages to our property, not to mention the price of having all the locks changed? And what the hell do you mean when you say you were bought? That’s not even remotely legal!”

“I take it you know nothing of the bdsm lifestyle, let alone our place of employment that’s going to fire us for making such a huge fuckup,” Skylar said as she got to her feet. “Before you call the police on us, please let us try to make this right. Will you let me call the Domination Farm to see what we can do to rectify our horrible mistake?”

“Domination Farm?” Nolan asked.

“The Domination Farm is a fetish resort in Rome, Wisconsin where any and all are welcome to come live out their most perverse bdsm fantasies,” Chloe explained. “Honestly, I’m kind of surprised you’ve never heard of it.”

“We’re not into that sort of thing so why would we have heard of it?” Roselyn asked.

“I mean, it’s been in the news at least once a week for the last forty-odd years so even the most vanilla couples have heard of it,” Brynn answered.

“Well, this is the first we’re hearing of it,” Nolan replied. “As for calling them, what do you hope to achieve?”

“I hope that you and them can come to some sort of deal that’ll keep us out of jail,” Skylar answered. “So, will you please allow me to call them?”

“Go ahead, but it better be one hell of a deal.”

“Understood.” Still butt naked, Skylar grabbed her phone from a small table.

“Earlier you said and I quote: ‘we still have a few hours before our property and owners are due home so why don’t we pass the time breaking in their new playroom?’ end quote. What did you mean by that? Nolan asked.

“The five of us are switches. That’s someone into bdsm that’s both dominant and submissive as the scenario demands,” Skylar explained. “Part of our contract is to serve as our owners’ sex slaves while training them to be the same. In that sense they are our owners and property.”

“And what exactly do you mean by sex slave?” Roselyn asked.

“I’ll happily answer all of your questions after I’ve called the Domination Farm,” Skylar replied as she quickly dialed her place of employment hoping to still have a job afterward.

“Domination Farm, this is Mistress Jaycee speaking, how may I help you this evening?”

“Hi, Mistress, this is Switch Skylar Morrison calling to report a code jade. Also, you’re on speaker so everyone can hear both sides of the conversation.”

“How did you screw up this time?”

“GPS took us to the right address but on the wrong street, Mistress. The door was unlocked as per the instructions and we unloaded everything into the basement and sat up the playroom, but when the homeowners got home they were understandably pissed. As the lead switch I take full responsibility for this colossal mix-up and would like to know what we can do to make things right for the couple whose home we inadvertently broke into.”

“Are the homeowners there with you?”

“Yes Mistress. Would the two of you please introduce yourselves?” Skylar asked.

“I’m Nolan.”

“And I’m his wife Roselyn.”

“And can you give me your address?”

“Fifty-three-seventeen Westbrook Drive, Glendale Arizona, eight-five-three-zero-four,” Nolan answered.

“Thank you. Give me one moment.” Bringing up the contract, Mistress Jaycee checked the address and while the house number and city were correct, the street and zip code were not. Nor were the names of those on the signature page. “Thank you for holding. First and foremost I want to apologize for the mix-up and our switches breaking into your home and setting up a playroom you did not order. Second, This falls squarely on our shoulders and while we cannot and will not prevent you going to the police if that’s what you desire, I would ask that you please hear me out before ruining the lives of five idiots that can’t input the correct address into their GPS.”

“We’re listening,” Roselyn replied.

“If you’ll print and sign a contract promising to absolve them of any wrongdoing you may keep everything free of charge. On top of that we’re willing to offer one year of free entrance fees, fifty thousand dollars for each of you, and the transfer of ownership of the five switches currently in your home to the two of you for the original duration of their contract to use and train as you see fit.”

“That is very generous, but my husband and I are not into bdsm.”

“I understand completely, but ask that keep an open mind and give it a try. How does one month sound? Use them as an outlet for all of your sexual desires whether that’s disciplining and breeding them, or being their fucktoys and at the end of the trial period you may opt to keep them for the next ten years, or send them back to us. As for your one year of free Domination Farm fees valued at over a hundred and eighty thousand dollars each, I can exchange it for an additional twenty-five thousand dollars each on top of the fifty already offered, but I think you’ll be passing up an amazing opportunity to explore your sexuality. So, what’ll it be? Is my offer good enough to keep five switches willing to obey your every command out of legal trouble, or will you ruin their lives anyway?”

“What was their deal with the couple they were supposed to serve?” Nolan asked.

“That’s confidential,” Mistress Jaycee answered.

“If you want us to make an informed decision that’ll keep them out of jail then we need to know the details,” Nolan countered.

“This goes against policy, but as you already know they were to train the couple as sex slaves while being used as such for a period not to exceed ten years. During that time he was to breed all of the women and she was to be bred by Skylar with an end goal of no fewer than five

pregnancies. If they meet that goal then they'll be given one hundred thousand dollars for every pregnancy, but if not then they'll be registered as Farm slaves and be required to spend ten years living here and serving those wishing to show them even a hint of attention."

"You're not seriously considering..." Roselyn asked.

"The only thing I'm doing is getting all the information we need to make an informed decision," her husband answered. "Besides, we've always wanted to have a large family."

"Not at the expense of being a sex slave!"

"Like she said, if we keep an open mind we might like it."

"I want kids with you, not some random trans woman no matter how pretty and well-hung she might be, but okay, if you want me to be Skylar's breeding cow then you can strip naked and let her pound you up the ass right now!" his wife countered. "Go on, take her huge cock and then gulp down every drop of her load without complaint and I'll consider accepting the offer."

Staring into his wife's eyes, Nolan unbuttoned his shirt and then let it fall to the floor before kicking off his shoes and pulling his dress slacks and boxers down. His socks the last to go, he got onto all fours. "I've never taken anything up my ass, but it's yours for the taking," he said to Skylar while maintaining eye contact with his wife. "And when you're close to coming shoot it in my mouth so that I can eat it."

While she could've asked if he was sure this was what he wanted, Skylar was a woman of action so instead of questions, she grabbed a bottle of lube. "You can use your mouth to get me nice and hard for his ass," she said to Roselyn as she stepped behind the shocked brunette's husband.

"I... um..."

"You heard her, hun. If you want me to take her up the ass, then you can take her down the throat," Nolan said. "You have one minute to strip naked and start sucking her off before I get up and this evening goes an entirely different and wholly unpleasant direction."

With her husband's consent spoken, Roselyn stripped out of her navy blue skirt suit and then got onto her knees in front of the stunning brunette trans woman. Wrapping her fingers around Skylar's cock, she leaned in and sucked the switch's balls as her hand slowly moved up and down the throbbing shaft. A bead of precum forming at the tip, she instinctively licked it up and then took Skylar's cock into her mouth and down her throat – years of practice on her husband's large manhood allowing it to slide down with practiced ease.

"We all heard what Mistress Jaycee said. If you're going to take over the contract then you're going to need to breed the four of us so why wait?" Brynn said as she wiggled her way beneath Nolan. Adjusting her position, she pushed back onto his long, thick manhood. "Uuhhnn! Fuck! Y-You're every bit as huge as Skylar and I love it!" she declared as she rocked back and forth.

"Roselyn, seeing as how there are three other women and you have three holes, I want you to take them all," Mistress Jaycee commanded. "You can eat whichever of them you want while the other two lick, suck, finger, and fuck your pussy and ass. No questions, hesitation, or complaints. A sex slave does as commanded whether she likes it or not and that's exactly what you're going to do while Your husband breeds Brynn and has his ass wrecked by Skylar. In the meantime I'll draw up a contract and send it your way.

"Mmmm... you're quite the talented cocksucker," Skylar purred as she placed a hand on the back of Roselyn's head. But instead of throat-fucking the stunning brunette, she instead pulled back and then unleashed a stream of piss that took her lover my surprise. Grabbing a

handful of Roselyn's hair, she continued using the shocked woman as her personal urinal. "Didn't spill a drop. This isn't the first time you've drunk piss is it, slave?"

"We've been drinking each other's piss three times a day for the last three years," Nolan answered.

"That's so fucking hot!" Heather said as she and Maria pushed the bulbous ends of strapless strap-ons into their pussies leaving Chloe as the one to be eaten out by the now red-faced homeowner.

"Be honest, slave, are these going to be too big for your holes?" Heather asked as she teasingly stroked the huge dildo.

"N-No," Roselyn answered.

"What's the biggest you can take, slave?" Maria asked.

"I... I've fisted myself a few times but it takes a lot of work to get me to open up that much so please don't go ramming your hands in me." And with that, Roselyn sat back and watched as Skylar's cock disappeared into her husband's ass with one smooth motion.

"Uuhhnnn!" Nolan grunted as his asshole stretched to accept the trans woman's throbbing manhood. "Sweet fucking Jesus it hurts!"

"Relax and breath and you'll get used to it," Roselyn said, using his own words against him. "That's what you told me the first time you fucked me up the ass. Remember?"

"Time for us to play, slave," Chloe said as she lay on the playroom floor. "Come on, Crawl between my legs and eat my pussy before the others add a few more scars to that sexy body of yours. Speaking of which, how did you earn them, slave?"

"Do you want me to eat you out or explain my scars?" Roselyn asked as she crawled between Chloe's thighs.

"I want to hear how you got the scars on those fat tits of yours, Heather answered.

"I have them to her," Nolan grunted as he fucked Brynn while Skylar pounded his ass. "I may have gotten carried away, but in my defense she didn't move away."

"What did you use on her, slave?" Skylar asked.

"A switch."

"It took more than a week for the welts and bruises to finally go away, and about three for the cuts to heal and when they did, well, you can see the scars for yourselves," Roselyn said. "I've never had sex with another woman before so I hope I do okay," she added as she lowered her head and licked Chloe's pussy.

"Mmmm... just go slow and do what comes naturally and I'm sure you'll do just fine, slave," Chloe purred.

"My wife and I accept your offer," Nolan grunted between thrust. "Send us the same contract these five switches agreed to and we'll sign. Isn't that right, s-slave?"

"Y-Yes!" Roselyn moaned as a thick silicone cock slid into her from behind.