

7 Stories of Submission

Faye Valentine

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7 Stories Hotel. Eyes going from the neon sign at the edge of the road, up the narrow lane, to the building sitting atop a large hill in the middle of nowhere nearly forty miles to the next town, Lillian breathed a sigh of relief as she finally found a place to spend the night that was not her car. Pulling in, she parked just as a petite brunette woman wearing a form-fitting black and purple corset dress and knee-high boots and a pale-faced redhead wearing a black latex dress with strategically placed cutouts hinting at what lay beneath and stiletto heels – both with thin, leather-backed silver metallic band around their right bicep, stepped out of a Lexus and began walking towards the hotel.

Catching up just as the redhead pulled the door open, Lillian entered the hotel lobby after the woman motioned for her to go ahead. “Thanks.”

“No problem. Good luck,” the redhead said after giving Lillian a once over.

Too tired to process the comment, Lillian walked up to the counter where she was greeted by a tall, clean shaven, well-built man in his mid-thirties wearing tailored black suit – the nametag on the left side of his jacket reading: DAMIEN. “Welcome to Seven Stories, how many nights will you be staying with us?”

“Just one. How much is it?”

“Five hundred per night plus tax.”

“FIVE HUNDRED! Are you serious?”

“You do know where you are and what we do here, right?”

“I’m at a hotel in the middle of fucking nowhere and you apparently rip people off!”

“If you don’t know about Seven Stories then perhaps you can find a place to stay elsewhere.”

“I’m too damn tired to drive another hour on the off chance of finding somewhere else to stay. I’ll just go sleep in my car.”

Looking the beautiful brunette up and down, Damien smiled. “Tell you what, I’m in a generous mood so I’m willing to offer the employee discount which’ll bring it down to three-fifty per night taxes included. That’s the best I can do.”

“That’s still highway robbery.”

“Strip naked and let me fuck you and I’ll drop it to two-fifty.”

“EXCUSE ME? What the hell did you just say?”

“You really have no idea where you’re at do you? We’re not just a hotel, ma’am. We cater to the bdsm lifestyle and those wishing to test their limits is a safe environment without fear of being judged by those that simply don’t understand the pleasures of relinquishing total control to another. In order to stay you not only have to pay the nightly rate, there’s also a rather lengthy set of forms you’ll need to read and sign. So, if you’re shocked by my request for you to strip and allow me to fuck you, then you’re definitely in the wrong place.”

The way the two women were dressed now making more sense, Lillian’s shoulders slumped. “Can’t I just get a damn room?”

“Unfortunately, no. We are bdsm only and in order to stay you must agree to being used in such a manner. On the bright side, if you manage to make it through all seven stories of submission before checkout time you’ll not only get five times your payment back, but also a pretty damn good idea whether this is a lifestyle you want to spend the rest of your life partaking in plus a very special prize that will only be announced if you make it through to the end. That being said, I can see from the look on your face that you don’t believe me so please allow me to

give you a copy of the forms for you to read and sign if you so choose. Also direct your attention to the sign hanging by the elevator,” Damien said, reaching under the counter and grabbing one of the more than sixty-page bound sets while keeping his eyes on the red-faced guest.

“There’s no way something like this is legal!”

“If it wasn’t legal we wouldn’t be in business. Now, you may sit over there and read the forms and stay the night, or you may find another hotel more in line with your sexual preferences.”

“And I have to do bdsm to stay?”

“Correct. Please read the sign by the elevators if you don’t believe me.”

Walking over to the elevators, Lillian found the bronze plaque and read:

NOTICE: Any and all guests going beyond this point agrees to participate in all aspects of the BDSM lifestyle without question or complaint. They will subject themselves to all legal acts of a sexual nature by trained professionals without them needing to seek permission first as blanket permission is assumed by all who have read and signed the proper paperwork.

“That’s some seriously fucked up shit! I can’t believe this is legal!”

“This hotel is classified as a fetish resort which makes it legal. Now, would you like to stay the night and would you like to cut the price in half by allowing me to have sex with you after reading and signing the paperwork?”

“I don’t understand why you’d give me five times what I pay back. What’s that about and how is that even remotely profitable?”

“If you stay you’ll have twenty-four hours to make it through all seven floors of submission and back down here to the lobby. If you leave before then you get nothing but whatever our trained Doms do to you throughout the night.”

“Without needing to ask first?”

“As the sign says, you give them blanket permission the moment you sign the paperwork meaning they’re free to use you however they desire for the duration of your stay.” Seeing a group of three young women entering, Damien shifted his attention. “Would you mind stepping aside while you think about it so that I can tend to our other guests?”

Craning her neck, Lillian saw two blondes and a brunette woman – all dressed in latex and leather, walking across the lobby. Taking three steps to the right, she nervously exhaled.

“Can I read that?”

“You may. Take your time and if you have any questions don’t hesitate to ask. Evening ladies, and welcome to Seven Stories. How long will you be staying with us?”

“Three nights,” the brunette who did not look a day over eighteen answered.

“Have you ladies stayed with us before or is this your first time?”

“First time for all of us, but we know what this place is about and are ready to give it a go,” the same woman answered.

“The price is five hundred per night per guest and you’ll need to read and sign the paperwork before continuing,” Damien replied.

“No problem.”

Handing each of the women a bound stack of paperwork and a pen, Damien continued. “You may take a seat over there and if you’ve got any questions don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Thanks.”

The first page an NDA, Lillian absent-mindedly signed and dated it before flipping to a series of consent forms and waivers. Despite the perverse nature, she signed and dated each one if only to see what ridiculousness came next – her sleep-starved brain not bothering to realize there was absolutely nothing but the words printed in ink preventing her from turning the page. Rules, including how one must proceed through the hotel in order to claim the prize. Lists of fetishes one must willingly submit to in order to stay. Initialing and signing where indicated on every single page despite having no interest in bdsm, she eventually returned to the counter and handed it over. I read and signed everything so can I stay now?”

“You going to let me fuck you for the offered discount?”

“Right here in the lobby?”

“We’re all adults here. Also, you do understand that by signing everything and staying the night you’ll be used by members of staff throughout the night, right? You’re a sex slave now even if for the next twenty-four hours so I really don’t need to ask.”

“I haven’t paid so I’m technically not a customer yet.”

“Look, you can pay the full price and then I fuck you, or you can let me fuck you and pay half. Either way you’re fucked. Now strip or leave because I’m not dealing with your undecisive bullshit all damn night.”

“Fine, I’ll do it,” Lillian said as she quickly began stripping out of her clothes, catching the eyes of the other two women in the process. “N-Now what, M-Master?” she added, using the word only to save herself being disciplined.

“Now get on all fours facing the doors, slave,” Damien said as he grabbed an object from beneath the counter.

“I can’t believe I’m letting a guy I don’t even know fuck me in the middle of a hotel lobby for a freaking discount,” Lillian said as she got down on all fours.

“I’m going to do so much more than fuck you, slave,” Damien said as he pressed a trigger on the device in his right hand. Stroking his cock with his left hand until hard, he shoved it ball’s deep into Lillian’s surprisingly tight pussy. Grabbing a handful of her naturally curly hair, he yanked her head back, and then pressed the tip of the device into her right ass cheek.

“Ghaahghhh! Sone of a fucking hell! W-What did you just do to me, M-Master?”

“You’re a slave now so does it matter?” Damien replied as he dropped the branding gun on the floor. Grabbing her by the hips, he focused on the words SUBMISSIVE FUCKTOY permanently seared into the tanned flesh of her perfect ass.

“YES, Master! God damn, it hurts!” Unable to look back thanks to him still holding her by the hair, she suffered through his thrusting cock until feeling him blowing his load deep inside of her what felt like an hour later. Finally able to look back, she saw the brand and tears immediately welled up in her eyes. “Fuck me!”

“Just did, babe. Now, let’s get you a room, shall we?” Damien smirked. “You two doing okay over there?” he asked the other women still going over the paperwork.

“Y-Yeah. Just about finished,” one of them answered. “A-Are you going to fuck and brand us like that?”

“Only one way to find out.” Turning his attention back to Lillian, Damien continued. “As for you, you’ve got twenty-four hours from the time I issue a room key to complete the challenge. Or not. Your choice, but I think it’ll be a waste for you to chicken out after coming this far. Per the terms of the rules, you’ll need to complete every red-doored room,” he said, handing her a red keycard. “You’re in seven-fifteen.”

“T-Thank you Master.” *What the actual fuck have I gotten myself into?* She thought as she walked towards the elevators keycard in hand. *Why in the hell did I just do that? Why did I sign those papers? Why did I let him fuck me? Not that I’m complaining as he was actually really good, but he branded me!* Stepping into the elevator, she pressed the button for floor seven. *I’m a sex slave now. People I don’t even know are going to use me in ways I’m probably going to hate. Why the hell is that turning me on?*