

Love Hotel

Faye Valentine

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Emerald City was one of those forgotten gems situated far enough away from the rest of civilization to remain relatively unheard of outside of those calling it home and those visiting the many picturesque parks and challenging wilderness trails. Though most of the city's nearly 80,000 residents would prefer to surround the place with a hundred-foot wall with signs telling outsiders to go away, those same park visitors and hikers brought in much-needed tourist revenue so they reluctantly put up with the frequent, albeit generally polite and respectful tourist.

The long stretch of desert road giving way to green grass and thick trees, Brynn breathed a sigh of relief if only to have a change of scenery even if it seemed like she was driving through something straight out of a horror movie. Two miles. Five. Fifteen. Surrounded by dense forest on either side, she could feel her heart pounding in her chest as every sound in the distant night was a predator coming to claim her life, or, in reality, a colony of bats hunting for other creepy crawlies to feast upon, or family of deer looking for a patch of ground to call bed. Then, just when she felt as if she were never going to make it out alive, forest gave way to homes. Then businesses. Tired and exhausted, she saw it. A huge neon sign in the shape of a heart with an arrow going through it spelling out LOVE HOTEL.

Finally! Somewhere to call it a fucking night, she thought as she pulled into the nearly full parking lot. Grabbing her purse off the passenger seat, she got out, locked the doors and then entered the establishment to rent a room. Eyes briefly, vacantly taking in the spacious lobby with comfortable seating on the right and elevators on the left, she walked up to the counter where she was greeted by a handsome man in his late thirties wearing a black vest over a light gray shirt. Although she assumed he was wearing pants she could not see that far down to confirm.

"Welcome to the Love in. I'm Will. How may I serve you this evening?"

"I'd like to rent a room please."

"I'm afraid our regular rooms are all filled, but we do have vacancies in the executive suits."

"Fine, whatever. I just need a bed before I crawl up on that couch over there."

"The executive suites are, um, how shall I put it... they come with special services that..."

"I don't care what services they come with. Just give me a price and I'll pay it."

"The rate is seven-fifty a night and you are required to not only read and sign the paperwork, but to also state clearly that you read and understood everything within. And for the record, everything in this lobby is recorded so there's no denying it later."

"You're starting to creep me out. Is there another hotel in this... where the hell even am I?"

"You're in Emerald City and, no, this is our only hotel." Which was technically true as she did specifically ask for hotels and not motels, inns, B&B's or the like. "If you don't want to stay here then the closest towns are about forty miles north and sixty miles east."

"Fine, not like it's my money anyway. I'll take a room for the night."

"Very well. Can I get your drivers license please?"

Grumbling under her breath, Brynn fished her license from her purse and handed it over.

Taking the ID, Will handed her a clipboard. "You may have a seat over there while you read and sign everything. When you're ready to pay come on up and I'll get you settled in."

Taking the clipboard, Brynn ambled to the seating area like a zombie and plopped down in one of the high-back faux leather chairs. Absent-mindedly adding her personal information to

the first page, she barely skimmed through the rest initialing and signing where indicated without having actually read more than a few words here and there. After far too short a time to have actually read more than a couple of pages, let alone the fifteen she was presented, she walked back up to the counter and plopped it and her corporate credit card down. “Can I please get a room now?”

“Did you read every page?”

“Yes,” Brynn grumbled.

“Really?”

“YES! I read the damn thing now please give me a key and a room number so I can get some sleep!”

“And you understood everything you read? There’s no confusion or doubt in your mind what you signed up for?”

“For the love of... yes, I understand what I read.”

“So, you acknowledge that you’ve accepted a stay in one of our executive suites that come with random acts of sexual perversion?”

“Yes, I... wait, what?”

If you read the paperwork then you would know you’ve agreed to stay in a room where you will be randomly used throughout the night to satisfy the sexual desired of our staff.”

“Look, if you don’t want me staying just say so and I’ll sleep in my damn car! Otherwise, stop the bullshit and give a damn room already.”

“No bullshit, lady, and you’d know that is you actually read the paperwork. The only rooms we have open cater to the bdsm lifestyle and all guests staying in them must agree to the terms of use. Now, for the last time, did you actually read the terms and do you understand them, or did you just skim though and unknowingly sign up for a night of submission?”

Too embarrassed to admit she was wrong, Brynn doubled down. I read the damn paperwork and signed it so I guess that means I agree with the terms.”

“Then say it. Tell me, on camera, that you understand and accept that you can and will be used for acts of sexual submission during your stay with us. Tell me that you understand and accept that you will not leave unfucked or unmarked and I’ll not only give you a room, but I’ll knock fifty bucks off the price.”

“I can tell you don’t want me to stay, but that shit isn’t going to work on me,” Brynn scoffed. “You want me to say it? You want me to humiliate myself to stay? Fine! I understand and accept that I can and will be used for acts of sexual submission and I accept that I won’t leave unfucked or unmarked. Whatever the hell that even means. Now, if you’re done playing games I’d like a damn room and I better get that discount.”

Knowing she was full of shit, but protected against liability should she later cause trouble, he took the paperwork, scanned and printed every page, ran her credit card and a few moments later handed her a copy of the paperwork, receipt, credit card, ID, and a keycard.

“You’re in nine-fifteen. You can take the elevators up to the ninth floor where you’ll want to take the first right and your room will be the fourth on the left. Enjoy your stay and if there’s anything else you need please don’t hesitate calling down.”

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Shoving everything but the keycard in her purse, Brynn rode the elevator to the ninth floor, took the first right and then slid the key at the fourth door on the left. The lock clicking, she pulled the door open and then stepped into a large open bedroom with small kitchenette on the left and two doors – one leading into a bathroom and the other closed leading to what she

would soon learn was a playroom all executive suites came equipped with. Stripping naked, she walked into the bathroom and turned on the water in one of the largest, strangest showers she had ever seen. The five heads she understood. But the heavy-duty d-rings set into the ceiling and walls? Clueless. Nevertheless, she reeked from her long drive so once the water was just right, she stepped in and let it cascade down her tired body.

Their orders were clear. Give the guest in 915 a lesson she would never forget. Entering silently, hoping to find her already passed out in bed, the five men heard the shower running and quickly stripped naked not knowing how long they had before she finished. Tools of the trade in hand, they barged into the bathroom, yanked the glass shower door open, and then completely surrounded the gorgeous, startled guest. Quickly going to work, they had wide leather cuffs buckled around wrists and ankles.

“W-What are you doing?” Brynn shrieked. “Get out!” she said as her arms were pulled up and locked to rings in the ceiling. A pair of hands grabbed her hips and then a long, thick cock penetrated her from behind. “UHN! O-oh god!” It was then she realized Will was not kidding about her being used during the night and that she had openly and albeit begrudgingly agreed to it all for the sake of a pillow to lay her weary head.

“If we hear anything other than moans, groans, grunts, or the answers to direct questions coming out of your pretty mouth you’ll be disciplined,” a tall, well-built man with short dark brown hair and hazel eyes said. “For the next two hours we’re your Masters and you’re our fucktoy to use however we desire. If you don’t like it then you’re free to leave but all sales are final. Do you understand?”

“No! I thought he was kidding! Are you seriously telling me I have to have sex with five men I don’t even know?”

“If you’re here then you read and agreed to the terms so, yes, you’re required to have sex with us and whomever else wishes to use you and if you don’t like it then you’re free to leave, but seeing as how you’re already getting fucked you might as well accept the inevitable. That being said, I’m Master Sean. The one plowing you from behind is Master Lance. The black man on your left is Master Damien, the one on your right is Master Wayne, and the man securing your feet in place is Master Brian. We’re going to take turns screwing your pussy and ass while adding a few welts to your sexy body.” Stepping closer, he slid the head of his cock against her clit before stuffing it into her pussy alongside Master Lance’s causing her to grunt as the pain of being stretched coursed up her spine.

“UHN! UHN! Uuhhnnn! Oh god! I... uhn... I’ve never... it’s t-too much! P-Please... ooohhhh fuck!” Brynn grunted as the pain slowly gave way to humiliating pleasure. Shielded front and back by the two men double penetrating her womanhood, she thought she was safe from the other three, but as the sharp spikes of a wartenberg wheel rapidly and repeatedly pierced her left side as it was rolled from hip to armpit, and needles pierced through pinched skin on the right, she realized the nightmare she was now enduring was one of her own makings.

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Her first hour at the Love Hotel feeling like days, an aching, exhausted Brynn crawled out of the shower and winced as the men toweled her off – the hundreds of pinpricks on her left side and the needles still stuck in the right now depicting a triskelion, stinging with every touch. “UHNMPH!” she grunted in shock. “O-O-Oh god! Is that... are you... Uuhhnnn,” she panicked as the knuckles of Master Damien’s closed fist pressed against her cervix.

“Nothing like some double penetration to open a slut like you up for fisting,” Master Brian said as torrents of orgasm gushed from their fuckdoll. “I guess she agrees. What do you

say we make it interesting? You currently have three hundred swats coming for breaking the rules, but you can minimize it or eliminate them altogether by winning a little game I like to call fistee's gambit. The premise is simple. If you can make it all the way to the play room without pulling off of Master Damien's hand then we'll reduce the number of swats you have coming to just twenty. And if you fail, you not only get the full three hundred, but something else as well. I'm thinking branded tits. Any questions, slave?"

"W-What if he just pulls it out to make me lose, Master?"

"That won't happen, but if it does then you get to give him three hundred swats and we'll make sure you're not bothered by anyone for the rest of the night. So, ready to play?"

"Do I have a choice, Master?"

"Not really, but it's only polite to ask."

"Where is this play room? How far do I have to go?"

"It's in the other room. Did you really not open the door and peek inside?"

"No, Master."

"In a moment you're going to feel Master Damien's hand open and close inside of you three times. When he makes a fist for the third time that's your cue to start crawling. He will keep pace so it's up to you to ensure his hand remains inside of you."

Once. Twice. Three times. When she felt the hand closing inside of her, Brynn started to crawl towards the door. Taking her time, every movement of it inside of her a ticking time bomb waiting to make her explode, she passed the threshold into the bedroom. Carefully turning left, she crawled about five feet. The orgasm was as intense as it was sudden. Moaning loudly, she pushed back and then fell flat on her face – Master Damien's clenched fist pulling out as she did so.

"Aaawww! And you were doing so well," Master Sean exclaimed. "Unfortunately, you've lost fistee's gambit, but I think we're all winners in the end."