

# **Hotel Fornication**

**Emily Sinclair**

~ ~ ~

# **Hotel Fornication**

Copyright© 2019 by **Emily Sinclair**. 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](#)

“This just in,” the seductively soothing voice of Misty Dawn came out of the radio as thousands listened in. “Proposition six-oh-nine, the city’s last measure to halt the opening of Hotel Fornication has failed. I repeat, proposition six-oh-nine has failed. After dozens of setback, hundreds of protests and too many lawsuits to count, Hotel Fornication has finally won the battle and is now open for business. For those of you that are new to our fair city or simply missed the news, Hotel Fornication is being billed as twenty stories of uninhibited adult fun. It is a nudist resort, fetish club and hotel all wrapped up in one great big bundle of perversion and yours truly will be there live when the doors open at midnight to interview staff and visitors alike, but due to the sensitive nature of the material it will only be available online behind an age-verification wall. Until then, Fremont, kick back, relax and enjoy the music.”

As to be expected, hundreds gathered to protest, but their inaccurate sighs and derogatory slurs were drowned out by the thousands gathered to be the first to fill the hotel’s nearly four hundred remaining rooms while every available police officer was on hand to prevent things from escalating to all-out rioting as the minutes ticked down to the midnight grand opening. News helicopters flew overhead while media vans lined the road only to be told to move by the police. Several arguments about freedom of the press broke out but the police, in a surprising show of patience reminded them that while they may have freedom of the press, they did not have freedom to break the law and the vans were subsequently moved further down the block.

The doors opened at midnight and protesters attempted to block the stampede of paying customers, but a mix of police interference and the desire not to be crushed underfoot made them part like the Red Sea. The huge lobby filled fast and seeing they had no chance of staying opening night, those at the back of the group filed away.

Followed by her cameraman Luke, microphone in hand Misty Dawn squeezed her way into the lobby and along the right wall towards the reception counter where a dozen men and women dressed in latex and leather did their best to keep the lines moving. “Sorry, Miss Dawn,” a sexy brunette wearing a form-fitting green latex dress with silver trim said “but we’re a little busy to do interviews at this time.”

“No problem. Do you mind if we head up to our room?”

“By all means.”

“Thanks.” Turning to the camera, Misty smiled. “As you can see folks, business is good on their opening night. As you just heard, we were given a complimentary room so that we could tour the place and see what it’s all about so that’s what we’re going to do right now.” Giving her cameraman a nod, she walked in the direction of the elevators and took one up to the seventeenth floor. The hallway leading left and right, she pointed to the sign reading: Dungeon 17 posted on the double doors directly in front of her. “I’ve been assured by management that every floor has an identical central dungeon and we will definitely see what that’s all about, but first we want to see the room.”

Turning left, Misty walked down the hallway, found room seventeen-seventeen and slid her keycard. The lock clicked and she pushed and held the door open so that her cameraman could enter. “Wow!” she exclaimed. “They told me there would be bdsm elements but I was not expecting a bondage bed. And from my research I do believe that’s a Saint Andrews over there on the wall.” Nervously chewing her lower lip, she then went to the closet and her eyes went wide. “Ladies and gentlemen, Hotel Fornication continues to live up to their word.”

“Did you see the rings in the ceiling?” cameraman Luke asked. Misty spun on her heels and looked where he was pointing. “Wonder what those are used for?” he continued.

“Probably in conjunction with the ropes and cuffs in the closet,” Misty answered. No sooner were the words out of her mouth than Luke walked over to the closet and took his time recording shelves and racks lined with everything from dildos and butt plugs to gags, cuffs, clamps, canes, floggers and paddles.

Going to another closed door, Misty pushed it open to reveal a spacious bathroom with tiled floor and two sets of built-in shelves at the end of the shower and tub – one stacked top to bottom with towels, washcloths, shampoo and body wash, and the other with enema supplies. Stepping back out into the bedroom, she saw her cameraman filming every inch of the room. Catching his attention, she stared into the camera and continued. “Well, I can say as far as the room is concerned it is everything promised. I should also note for those thinking about visiting, everything here from the moment you step into the lobby, to the rooms and the dungeon is recorded and paying guests are entitled to a free copy of everything they’ve done. Second, if you decide to use any of the toys in the room you’ll be charged a nominal fee but they’ll be yours to keep.”

Misty was about to say more but Luke turned to the closet and when he faced her again he was holding a long glass butt plug. “So, you’re saying if you used this it’s yours to keep?” he asked, holding the two inch thick toy up for all the viewers to see.

“That is correct, but never going to happen especially live on air.”

“Wait a minute, on the ride here you told me you were perfectly fine with people participating in the bdsm lifestyle so what better way to prove it?”

“Just because I’m fine with it doesn’t mean I’m going to shove a plug up my ass,” Misty shot back. Normally she would have censored herself but seeing as how this recording would not be seen on live TV, she saw no reason to hold back. Unfortunately, neither did her cameraman.

“No offense, Miss Dawn, but it sounds to me as if you’re all talk. Why are you even here if not to participate in everything they have to offer? I guess this is one way to give your fans a look at your true self.”

Glaring at her cameraman, Misty snatched the plug from his hand. Heart pounding in her chest, she grabbed a bottle of lube from the closet and then went into the bathroom. Luke followed and she turned around red-faced. “You can wait outside thank you very much.”

“So you can pretend to put it up your sexy ass? I think the fans would want to see you’re a woman of your word.”

“I hope you’re enjoying yourself because this is your last night as my cameraman,” she seethed.

“We’ll see. And since I’m going to record it you might as well make yourself comfortable on the bed.”

Misty thought about it for a moment and then reluctantly agreed. Taking several deep breaths, she sat the plug and bottle of lube on the nightstand and then stepped out of her heels before getting onto the bondage bed. Pulling her dress up and panties down, she did everything in her power to avoid the camera Luke pointed in her direction despite there being half a dozen others catching her every move from around the room. Picking up the lube and plug she suddenly stopped when Luke sat the camera on the dresser and approached the bed. “W-What are you doing?”

But Luke remained silent. Lifting the top of the stockade footboard, he guided the reporter's head through. She gasped as the top came down and locked in place. "Damn it Luke! This isn't funny. Let me out of this thing right now."

"In a minute." Going to the closet, he came back with two pairs of leather cuffs which he used to secure her wrists and ankles together. Lubing the butt plug, he climbed on the bed behind her and then used it to tease her asshole.

"Ooohhhhhh god!"

"Just relax and let me work it in, babe."

"I so hate you right now!"

"I know, but seeing as how you haven't used the safeword..." there was a beat and then he eased the toy in about three-quarters of the way. When she squealed in discomfort he stopped, pulled it out, added more lube and then fucked it back into her.

"L-Ladies and gentlemen," Misty grunted as her cameraman fucked the toy in and out of her ass this...uhn...t-this is...oh god damn! This is a good time to bring up safewords. L-Luke is right. If I said it he would have to stop immediately, but since I didn't he was...UHN!" she groaned as the fattest part slipped in. "he was within his rights to f-f-fuck me. And now I've got a fat plug up my ass." No sooner were the words out of her mouth then she felt something rubbing along her vulva. It did not take long for her to realize it was the head of Luke's cock. Unfortunately, she did not say the safeword and all seven inches filled her.

Turning to face the camera," Luke smirked. "Ladies and gentlemen, I've just fulfilled one of my biggest fantasies. I am now fucking the stunningly gorgeous Misty Dawn. All she has to do is say the safeword and I'll have to stop, but nothing will ever change the fact that she allowed me to not only restrain her, but to stuff her holes as well." Grabbing the zipper on the back of her dress, he pulled it down but with her wrists and ankles cuffed together as they were he took hold of the two loose sides and ripped the garment off her body.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?" Misty screeched.

"Pretty sure I just tore your dress off so I can see the rest of your beautiful body."

"That was my only clothes. What the hell am I supposed to wear for the rest of the interview?"

"It's an adult only nudist resort, remember? Trust me, no one is going to complain if you do it in the nude and when we're done I'll gladly buy you something to wear. Now be a good girl and let me pleasure you."

Misty bit her lower lip and moaned as her cameraman fucked the plug in and out of her ass as his cock filled her tightly clenching pussy. She had never been more humiliated in her life, but she still did not utter the safeword. After maybe fifteen minutes she felt the first globs of semen filling her and thanked her stars she was on birth control. "You want to let me out of this thing now so we can continue the damn tour?" she purred.

"And ruin all my fun? You have the room until noon so why not make the best of it?"

"Damn it Luke, I said untie me right now."

"You gonna use the safeword?" Luke asked as he got off the bed and went to the closet where he grabbed a long, hole-filled wooden paddle. Drawing back, he slapped it hard across her ass causing her to yelp and thrash about wildly.

"Aahhgghhh! Son of a bitch!"

"You memorized the rules, Misty, so you know that's not what you're supposed to say when getting spanked."