

Harlot Hotel

Alexis Alexandra

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Night one...

If not for a sexily dressed young brunette woman wearing a formfitting black dress and strappy heels exiting the building, Reagan would have thought it closed for the lack of lighting. Parking, she got out of her car, walked up to the Hotel, and then entered a small lobby where a man in his early thirties sat behind a counter looking bored to death.

"Don't think I've seen you here before," the clerk said

"Never been here before. Please tell me you have a room I can get for the next two weeks."

"That can be arranged," the man said, sitting up straight. "You looking for regular or full-service?"

"Um, what do you mean?"

"Would you like a regular or full-service room."

"What's the difference?"

"Regular rooms are six-hundred per night while full-service are two-thousand."

"Two grand? You can't be serious! No offense, I'm sure this is a nice place, but there isn't a hotel on the planet worth that much. And even if there were its way more than I'm willing to pay."

"That's how much we pay you, darling."

"Okay, now I'm really confused. You're going to pay me two thousand dollars a night to stay here?"

"Assuming you take a full service room, yes. Otherwise it's six-hundred."

"I'm either more tired than I thought, or this is some sort of weird scam, either way..."

"You know where you're at, right?"

"Apparently I'm at a hotel that pays their customers."

"You're at the Harlot Hotel, hun."

"Okay."

"Oh, oh boy. Okay, if you don't know what that means then you're definitely don't belong here."

"Meaning?"

"There's a nice motel about twenty-seven miles down the road in Allendale that might be more to your liking."

"Are they going to pay me two grand a night?"

"Probably not."

"And you will?"

"Only if you take a full-service room. Otherwise it's six-hundred."

"Other than the price, what's the difference?"

"Trust me, if you don't know then you're better off remaining ignorant."

"Or you can just tell me."

"Actually, I can't, but I can give you the paperwork and let you decide for yourself. But first, you'll need to sign an NDA," the clerk said as he slid a clipboard across the counter.

"An NDA? What the hell sort of place is this?"

"The kind someone like you definitely won't enjoy staying in. Sign the NDA and get the rest of the paperwork, or have a good night."

"I'm starting to think there's something illegal going on here. Why else make me sign an NDA?"

"I'm not making you sign anything. The choice is yours." And with that, the clerk turned his attention to the monitor on his left letting Reagan know he was done until she signed or left.

Snatching up the clipboard with a huff, Reagan read the document through sleep-depraved eyes. Though not familiar with such documents, she saw nothing too absurd so signed and dated the bottom of the page. "There, I signed, so now will you tell me the difference between the rooms?"

Removing the NDA from the clipboard, the clerk silently disappeared into a back room, made a copy of the document, and then returned to his seat. "This is your copy," he said, handing the potential customer the page. "Do you know what a harlot is?"

"Should I?"

"If you want to stay here you should. Harlot is an archaic word for prostitute, a woman of the night, a sex worker. That's why we pay you, Reagan," he said, recalling the name she signed. "Those staying in the regular rooms perform basic sexual acts such as oral, vaginal, and anal; while those in full-service perform any and all sexual acts without limit."

"Whoa! Hold on! Are you telling me that if I stay here you'll turn me into a prostitute?"

"I'm telling you that if you stay here you'll be turning tricks to earn your pay."

"First, that isn't even remotely legal. And second, why in the holy hell hasn't someone shut you down?"

"Legal or not, we've been in business going on forty years and don't see that changing anytime soon. So, would you like a regular or full-service room?"

"Don't you have a room where I can just pay you to sleep in for the next two damn weeks?"

"Afraid not. I mean, you can definitely sleep in all of our rooms, but you're also required to tend to the needs of no fewer than twenty clients in the regular room and ten in the full-service. Fall short by even one and you don't get paid for that day."

"T-Ten... twenty clients?"

"Per day. Fall short and you don't get paid for that day, but go over and you'll earn yourself a ten percent bonus for that day."

"Even if I wanted to stay, which I don't, where the hell would I get ten or twenty men to screw me every freaking day?"

"Oh, you don't have to worry your pretty head off. We provide all the clients and they won't all be men."

"I'm in town on a business trip and can't stay up all night getting screwed even if I wanted to, which I don't by the way. I'm also not into women."

"Then we have nothing else to talk about so enjoy the rest of your evening." And with that, the clerk turned to staring at the monitor.

All my meetings are in the afternoon so I could technically stay up all night, Reagan thought. But to get fucked by ten to twenty strangers? How the hell can I live with myself letting him turn me into a damn hooker? Why am I even still here? Twenty people for six hundred a night? Thirty dollars each? That seems like the making of a cheap whore. Hell, if I'm being honest even two-hundred feels really low. Jesus Christ! What in the hell is wrong with me?

"What would I have to do in the full-service room? What exactly do you mean by no limit?"

"I mean exactly that. You'll do whatever your date wants without hesitation or complaint whether you like it or not."

“This is so fucking stupid!”

“The door is right behind you.”

“Give me a room,” Reagan said, heart thumping in her ears.

“Regular or full-service?”

“F-Full-service.”

“And how long will you be staying with us?”

“Two weeks.”

“You’ll service no fewer than ten clients per day for fourteen days for a total of one-hundred-forty no-limits dates. I’ll need your ID.”

Hesitating as she wondered what the hell she was doing, Reagan pulled her license from her purse and handed it to the man. “H-How do I know you’ll pay me?”

“If we didn’t pay our ladies we’d have gone out of business long ago. That being said, per the terms of the paperwork you’ll need to read and sign, you won’t be paid until the end of your stay,” the clerk said as he slid another clipboard across the counter. “Go ahead and go through that and by the time you’re done I’ll have things set up on my end.”

“O-Okay.” Taking the clipboard and pen, Reagan walked across the lobby and sat in the corner. Sexual consent forms? Check. Liability waivers? Check. Medical forms? Check. Five comprehensive pages of every fetish under the sun requiring her to rate each and every one of them on her willingness to perform them? Quintuple check. Taking her time to give each a genuine consideration, she wrote a number from zero to five with the former denoting a hard limit and the latter something she would do without a second thought. Growing more tired by the minute, she was barely a third of the way through the lengthy list when she decided to mark everything with a five. Signing and dating the final page, she got up, took a long look at the clipboard, and then returned to the counter. “I’m about to fall asleep on my feet so please tell me you have a room ready,” she said, putting the clipboard down.

“I do. I’ll just need to make you copies of all the documents and then you can head up. I’m Brian by the way. I’m here most nights while Jacob works mornings and Lacey works afternoons. Give me a moment and I’ll be right back.

“Okay.” *I can’t fucking believe I just signed myself up to be a sex worker! And a perverted one at that! Why the hell is my clit throbbing with excitement? I... I’m going to spend the next two weeks being used as a perverted whore! That’s it, I’ve lost my god damn mind! I’m going to be fucked by ten people a day. A hundred and forty over the next two weeks! I’ve only been with four men in my life! Oh god!*

Just then, Brian returned carrying a folder. “These copies are yours.”

“T-Thanks. So, what now?”

“Now you go up to room eleven-fifteen. Because I can see how tired you are I’ve set you up with a five-hour, ten man gang bang.”

“I’ve never been gang banged!”

“First time for everything, babe. They’ll be here shortly so hurry to your room. And remember, no limits. They command and you obey or you won’t be paid.”

“O-Okay.” Gulping back her fear, Reagan took the keycard and her license and then took the elevator up to the eleventh floor still wondering what in the hell she had gotten herself into. *Ten men at the same time! I’m going to be gang banged! I’ve never even done anal. God! Are they going to fuck all three holes at the same time? Of course they are!* Stopping at a door, she swiped the keycard and then pushed it open. Stepping inside, her heart skipped several beats as she took in a huge open bdsm playroom with a king-sized bondage bed in the back and a small

bathroom on the left. *I guess that's where I'm supposed to sleep*, she thought as she focused on the chains dangling from the top frame of the four-poster bed. *Five hours*, she thought, eyes drifting from shelves lined with sex toys and canes, floggers, paddles, ropes, cuffs, and gags hanging on hooks, to numerous pieces of furniture and equipment strategically placed around the playroom. While she could guess what some of it was used for just by its design, the only things she could put a name to were a pillory and a large dog cage.

Minutes ticked away and as weariness was once again taking over, a knock at the door made her jump with fear and maybe just a hint of excitement. *Time to earn that two grand*, she thought as she walked across the room and opened the door to see ten men. Ranging from early-twenties to mid-fifties, the mixed-race group were at least all handsome and mostly fit with only a few of them showing signs of putting on weight. "Evening gentlemen. Please, come in," she said, not knowing what else to say. When the last of them were inside, she shut the door and swallowed hard. "I've never done anything like this in my life so please go easy on me. Also, I'm not on birth control so I hope you brought condoms."

"This is a no-limits room," a thirty-something black man smirked. "That means on top of taking my big black cock you'll also take every drop of my seed," he added as he undressed.

"The same goes for all of us," a younger white man said. "What's your name, babe?"

"R-Reagan."

"Well, Reagan, as sexy as you are clothed, this party is going to require you to be naked so..."

"R-Right. What are your names?" Reagan nervously asked as she too began stripping naked.

"I'm Xander," the first black man that spoke answered.

"I'm Malcolm, another black man in his late-twenties said.

"I'm Nate," the white man that spoke replied.

"I'm Adam," a surprisingly fit white man in his late forties said. "When you say you've never done anything like this before do you mean the no-limits room?"

"I mean all of it. I literally just got into town a few hours ago and this was the first hotel I saw. I'm not a sex worker or into any of this kinky stuff. I've never even done anal before," Reagan added in the hopes they would at least be gentle on her backside.

"Well, you're a no-limits sex worker tonight so I hope your mind is as open as your holes are about to be," a third black man said with a grin that sent shivers down Reagan's spine. "I'm Darnell by the way and I call dibs on being the first to take your sexy ass.

"I'm Jaiden," a white man in his early-fifties said

"I'm Lance," a black man in his late-forties introduced himself

"I'm Brandon," a white man in his early-twenties said.

"I'm Shawn," a white man in his mid-twenties replied.

"And I'm Ryan – the last white man in his mid-thirties said as the last of his clothes hit the floor.

"And now that we're all introduced and naked, let's get this party started," Darnell said. Spotting a large bottle of lube, he grabbed it from the shelf and then returned to the group. "You can start by getting me hard for your ass. And from this point forward you will refer to us all as Master. Fail or refuse and you'll be disciplined. Is that understood, slut?"

"Y-Yes Master," Reagan said as she got on her knees. *This is it*, she thought as she wrapped her fingers around Darnell's heavy big black cock. *My introduction to prostitution and sexual submission*. Taking him into her mouth, she wanted to go slowly, but he was having none

of that. No sooner was the head of his cock past her lips, then Darnell put a hand on the back of her head and started face-fucking her. Gagging, she reached up and began jerking off Lance and Adam to get them hard in the hopes on of their more normal sized dicks would take her anal virginity. Unfortunately for her, that wish would not come true.

Already hard, 43-year-old Lance raised Reagan onto all fours and no sooner were her hands on the floor, then he was balls deep. A beat later and his big black cock was thrusting in and out of her womanhood. But not for long. After just a couple of minutes, he pulled out, and while she couldn't see it stared right into Darnell's eyes as he plunged into her ass.

"Ghaahhgghhh!" Reagan screeched around Darnell's dick as it slammed in and out of her throat. Eyes already watering from the face-fucking, no one noticed a few more tears of humiliation.

"Looks like you'll have to be second," Lance said as he pounded Reagan's ass. Not a monster, he at least snatched the lube from Darnell's hand and generously coated his dick to make penetration that much easier.

Resigned to her fate, Reagan made the best of a degrading situation and tried to relax and enjoy it if only to ease the pain in her aching ass knowing it would be used repeatedly over the course of the next five hours. *This is hands down the most insane, fucked up thing I've ever done. I can't believe I just signed paperwork turning myself into a god damn whore!* "Uhn! Uhn! Uuhhnnn! *Oh god! I don't want it to feel good.* "Uhn! Mmmm... *Oh fuck why does it feel so good?* Her body manipulated by the men, she felt herself lowered onto Darnell's cock. Content, Lance resumed fucking her up the ass while 23-year-old Brandon slid into her throat. All three holes filled for the first time in her life, Reagan orgasmed despite the humiliation.