

Amber
EXPOSED

Crimson Rose

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Stepping out onto the back deck with beach towel in hand, my eyes went to the left where I saw my neighbor Kyle peeking with anticipation through the blinds of a second story window. Eyes going right, I saw Jenna and Lisa – lesbian lovers that had tried getting me to join them for the better part of a year, doing the same. They all knew what was coming and I did not mind them watching me even a little. In fact, I made it a point to show off as much as possible and only had a privacy fence around the property to prevent being arrested for indecent exposure. As if there were anything indecent about a woman going naked.

Lips forming into a smile, I draped the towel over the deck railing, reached behind my head and untied the strings securing my bikini top around my neck. Letting it fall and expose my perky breasts, I untied the lower strap and lay it on the railing next to the towel. Eyes quickly darting left and right I saw my neighbors still watching. The bikini bottom followed and I picked the towel up and walked out into the fenced in back yard.

Fanning the large purple and white striped towel out, I made a show of walking to each corner, bending at the waist while keeping my legs together and knees-locked straight and took my time smoothing out the wrinkles before dropping onto my hands and knees at one end. My back arched as I slowly slid my hands forward until I was stretched out belly down. Spreading my legs apart, I knew Kyle had a clear view of my naked vulva and it made my body tingle with excitement. Looking up, I could see the disappointment in Jenna and Lisa's eyes, but while my exhibitionist nature permitted them to watch me sunbathing in the nude, I am not a lesbian or bisexual and thus had no desire to give them any more than that.

I am not just being a self-absorbed narcissist by claiming to be so beautiful women get turned on seeing me

naked either. Not only have I heard my two sexy lesbian neighbors talking about fingering themselves and each other while watching me soaking up the sun and occasionally in the bedroom when I conveniently forget to close the curtains, but I've seen them doing it no fewer than three times. Not that I dropped everything I was doing to watch them going at it like fiends, but like me they sometimes left the drapes open and blinds up. And yes, I did call them sexy because I am confident enough in my own sexuality to appreciate beauty in all of its forms.

After about fifteen minutes I rolled onto my back to sun the front and give Kyle an even clearer view of my laser-smoothed vulva and pierced hood. Closing my eyes to block out the sun, I thought about his long, fat cock plowing my fertile fields and my heart beat a little faster in my chest. But that was a pipedream as he was married and would not cheat on his wife beyond watching and jerking off if home alone as he now was. Which is how I saw his impressive cock in the first place, but that's a story for another day.

As typical when so relaxed, I fell asleep as the sun warmed my body. Dreaming of Kyle taking me from behind as his stuck-up wife watched, I woke with a start as something slid along my slit. Bolting upright, I looked down to see the top of Jenna's head between my legs. Scrambling back off my towel, I clamped my legs closed. "W-What in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Licking your sweet pussy like you asked."

"I did no such thing. Now get your dyke ass the fuck off my property before I call the cops!"

But instead of leaving she sat back and picked her phone up off the ground. After a moment, she turned it me. I said get the hell...

"Mmmm...that's it," I purred as my fingers thrust in and out of my pussy as I writhed in pleasure. "Uhn...uhn...Oh god...I'm not gay but do it...finger my pussy Jenna. Shove them in deep and suck my fucking clit! Ooohhhh sweet Jesus! I

can't believe this is happening to me! I swear I'm not into women, but I just can't deny my curiosity any longer."

"That was you not five minutes ago. It goes on for about another minute but the message was loud and clear."

"I was sleeping! Dreaming. You know damn well I'm not a fucking dyke!"

"I've seen you tanning a hundred times and have never heard you talking in your sleep. Look at the way you're writhing and fingering yourself. And you can't possibly tell me you didn't hear me opening that creaky gate of yours, or my expletive-filled gasp as I tripped over the garden hose. There's no need to be embarrassed Amber. Coming out is the biggest step and Lisa and I are here to help you through it."

"I'm not coming out! What part of I was sleeping don't you understand? Now get the hell off my property you fucked up perverted cunt!" But instead of leaving, she sat her phone back on the ground, leaned down and gently kissed my right foot. Moving it to the side, I glared at her. My mouth opened to tell her off again, but only a surprised gasp escaped as she quickly crawled forward and sucked my inner labia into her mouth. Falling onto my elbows, back arched and head nearly on the ground, I saw Lisa still in the window phone in hand and I knew she was recording every second of my humiliation.

"That's it. Just relax and let me make you feel good," Jenna purred. "Your pussy tastes so fucking good. And is so tight it's squeezing my tongue."

"This isn't...uhn...h-happening! That's it...I'm still asleep. This is all a...oh my fucking god!" I gasped as her tongue pushed its way deeper into me. Falling flat on the ground I did the only thing that came to mind in that moment. I clamped my legs shut – my thighs pressing tightly against the sides of my brazen neighbor's head, but still she continued licking and sucking my pussy as if my actions were words of encouragement. "P-Please stop!" But instead she made a slight adjustment to her position so that she was sucking my clit as

her middle finger pushed deep and hooked upward in search of my g-spot.

The grip of my legs on her head loosened and I attempted to crawl back, but she was having none of it as her hands grabbed my thighs to keep me from getting away. I heard the gate creak open and closed and it was only then I noticed Lisa was no longer sitting in the window staring down at the lewd scene. A moment later I saw her coming around the side of the house pulling her flowery sun dress off without missing a step. Walking up to my right, she knelt and pressed her lips to mine and despite my embarrassment I came all over Jenna's thrusting finger. Yanking it free, she pushed her tongue in and lapped up every drop as her girlfriend continued kissing me.

Mind reeling, body writhing, I had a series of smaller tremors that left me in a state of confused arousal that had my hips bucking to meet Jenna's probing tongue and two thrusting fingers. Lisa and my lips finally parted, leaving me breathless and her grinning. Giving me a quick wink, she straddle my head and lowered herself down until her smoothly shaved vulva was pressed against my mouth which I closed. But like her girlfriend she would not be denied. Pressing down harder, she rocked back and forth – her pussy rubbing against my nose and lips Unable to hold my breath any longer, I inhaled and that's when I got my first taste of pussy.

My hands grabbing Lisa by the hips with the intent of pushing her off of me, I froze as Jenna attempted to add a third finger to my tight pussy. Lips parting to voice my humiliation and to tell her not so many fingers, I realized what I was thinking and my shock caused me to pull Lisa down even harder. Under the subtle tastes of rose with a hint of peach and maybe a pinch of vanilla hid her natural sweet, slightly salty and metallic flavors that reminded me of the taste of blood but not in a bad way.

I have no idea how long I licked my neighbor's pussy. It felt like hours had passed, but was probably more like two or three minutes – far longer than I ever expected to perform cunnilingus in my entire lifetime, and more than enough to tell

me two things. First, it was nowhere nearly as bad as I imagined it would be. And two, I now had a better idea why men and women alike enjoyed doing it. That being said, I still did not consider myself even bisexual despite the orgasm and subsequent tremors Jenna's skilled tongue and fingers forced out of me. The whole encounter had my mind spinning a thousand miles an hour.

"Switch places," Jenna said. Lisa obeyed without hesitation and after a flurry of motion she was between my legs and I was staring up at Jenna's quickly descending pussy.

"W-Wait!" I gasped. "Don't I get a damn say here? Why are you doing thimph..." the rest of my comment was cut short by Jenna's pussy pressing to my lips – a gentle rocking and added pressure telling me to stop being so stingy with the tongue. She tasted remarkably similar to her lover and I could only assume they shared the same soaps and diet as those are the only two things I knew could influence the taste of one's pussy. I'm sure there are more, but those were the only ones I was aware of. Pinching her ass, she jerked forward and I gave her a push. Not hard enough to cause her any real pain, but she got the point and rolled off to the grass. "Dammit! Let me fucking speak! Please just stop and leave me alone. I am not lesbian. I don't want any of this."

"Then why did you lick me for several minutes?" Lisa asked. "A straight woman would have made Jenna stop the second it started."

"I tried to but..."

"But you let her continue, Amber. I watched you from the window, recorded it on my phone so there can be no doubt as to what happened. You let her lick and finger you and when I came over you willingly and might I say pleasantly licked me and based on how deep your tongue was going there's no way in hell you're going to convince me you did not enjoy it."

"I didn't...I can't...I don't have to explain myself to you! I am not a god damn lesbian so get off my property or I'm calling the cops!"

“Fine, but remember we have the videos and won’t hesitate in using them as evidence should you decide to claim rape,” Lisa huffed.

“No need to toss around threats,” Jenna stepped in before her girlfriend and I went for each other’s throats. “We’ll go and we won’t come back unless you invite us, but just know we are just next door if you ever want to talk about this or experiment further. I know you’re not a lesbian, but I think you’re a deep in the closet bisexual and the only reason you’re lashing out at us now is because you enjoyed it and that scares the hell out of you. All I ask is that you keep an open mind and think about everything I’ve said and what you’ve done.” Standing, she picked up her dress. “Come on Lisa, she’s made it clear she does not want to continue and we will not force her to do anything against her will.”

Huffing in disappointment, Lisa never the less got up and put on her dress. Sitting on the ground, I watched them leave before getting up and running into the house, locking the door behind me as tears of humiliation rolled down my cheeks. Going to every room of the house I lowered blinds and shut curtains – something I only did on the rare occasion I wanted to be alone with my thoughts, or if I was with someone not as comfortable with showing off their body as me. Feeling dirty, I went to the bathroom and showered – using every drop of hot water available before stepping out and drying off.

Not one for wearing clothes at home, I paced the house naked as I thought about what had happened in the back yard – Jenna’s words running over and over in my racing mind. Yes, I told her to stop. No, she did not listen. Yes, she dove right in and licked and fingered my pussy. Yes, I had several orgasms including a particularly intense first one. Yes I licked Lisa’s pussy for several minutes without much in the way of complaint. Yes, though I hate to admit it, I did sort of maybe liked the way they tasted. Yes, I was going to tell Jenna not to use so many fingers. Not to stop completely and leave me the hell alone, but to not use so many and I kept coming back to that one single thought as I walked from one room to another.

It took me most of the afternoon to digest what my neighbors did and to digest what I was thinking and feeling before, during and after the incident and while I could not deny the feelings those actions elicited in me, I ultimately chalked the whole encounter up to a series of misunderstandings and ultimately maintained my status as a straight woman and forgave Jenna and Lisa for what they had done. At least in my mind. Still too embarrassed to talk to them face-to-face, I made a mental note to do so when that was no longer the case.

One week later...

Going out of my way to keep the curtains tightly closed, using safety pins to prevent them falling open so no one could peek in on me, I spent a week in total isolation. I may have been at the office eight hours a day, but every time a woman gave me a smile my mind went right back to me sunbathing in my back yard and my neighbors giving me my first taste of lesbian love – an experience I thought more about the harder I tried not to. In hindsight I know that I was just being paranoid and they – the women smiling at me and not my neighbors were just being polite, but all I saw were a lot of women suddenly showing me way more interest than ever before and I would be lying if I said it did not make me blush.

Unable to take the life of a hermit another second longer, the first thing I did when I woke Saturday morning was throw open the curtains, raise the blinds and stand in the window so the hot sun could washed over my naked body. Eyes darting left and right, I did not see Kyle, Jenna or Lisa staring back and wondered if they had finally given up hope of ever seeing me nude again. My exhibitionist nature re-exerting itself, I went throughout the house opening every curtain before going to the bathroom to get my morning routine under way.

After showering and eating a light breakfast, I went back to my bedroom and put on a loose lime green summer dress and a pair of matching panties. Breathing deep to calm my jittery nerves, I left the house and walked over to Jenna and Lisa's. Hesitating, I finally knocked on the front door and a moment later it opened.

"Hey stranger," Jenna greeted me. "What brings you by?"

"Do you have a minute to talk?"

“Sure. Come on in. Lisa is just finishing the dishes, but I think she can listen and do them at the same time. Can I get you anything to drink?”

“No thanks. I’ve already downed half a pot of coffee so I’m good.” Following her into the kitchen I saw Lisa at the sink washing a plate.

“Hey honey, we’ve got a visitor,” Jenna said.

Swirling around, Lisa took one look at me and huffed. “Pfft, come by to threaten us with the police again?”

“Stop it,” Jenna reprimanded her girlfriend. “You said you wanted to talk to us?”

“First, I want to apologize for the way I acted last week. That whole ordeal was so far outside of my comfort zone I just freaked out. I want you both to know I never would have called the cops. Second, I want to talk about what happened if you have the time.”

“What the point?” Lisa asked. “You’ve made your feelings abundantly clear.”

“At the time, yes. But the truth of the matter is I haven’t been able to get it out of my mind and frankly it’s driving me crazy. I keep telling myself that I’m straight, but I can’t help but return to the fact that the two of you gave me several orgasms and that’s not something that should have happened if I really was straight.”

“That’s because you’re not straight, Amber,” Jenna smiled.

As if triggered and unable to stop myself, I walked over to Lisa, cupped her right cheek and then kissed her. It started with a gentle static shock that intensified as the sensation coursed throughout my trembling body. Our lips parted at the same time and our tongues twisted around each other. The humiliation started growing, but I fought back, pushed it down. I needed to know one way or another if I was straight or bisexual and this was the only way I knew to make that happen. Ten, maybe fifteen seconds in and Lisa started to take a step back. Holding her hand, I looked pleadingly into

her eyes. She hesitated a fraction of a second and then we were kissing again while Jenna silently watched.

Thirty or forty seconds later and I felt hand on my hips. Not stopping, I continued kissing Lisa. Hands reached under my dress and my panties were pulled down. Still I did not stop. Jenna turned to give her better access and her tongue slowly licked along my vulva. She sucked my clit into her mouth and my knees went weak. Grabbing the hem of my dress, I pulled it off and dropped it on the floor. "I can't believe these words are coming out of my mouth, but I honestly and sincerely want to have sex with the two of you."

"So you can freak out on us again?" Lisa said with undisguised skepticism.

"I promise that won't happen. Please, I need to know one way or another if I'm bisexual and you're the only two that I trust to help me. I swear if it becomes too much, or I find it's not to my liking I'll say so in a calm manner and I'll never mention it again."

"Of course we'll help you," Jenna said, giving my clit a soft kiss. "If you don't want to participate that's fine, but I don't want to hear anymore complaining out of you," she added, her head turned to she was looking at her girlfriend. "I'd say kiss and make up, but you've been doing that the last couple of minutes. Now, shall we take this to the bedroom?"

"No," Lisa said, her lips forming a crooked grin. "If we're going to do it then I want to do it in her nice big fenced-in back yard and I won't take no for an answer. Now the two of you head on over and I'll grab a few toys to make things interesting."

"It's okay," I said, looking down at a frowning Jenna. "I understand her skepticism and agree to her terms." Picking up my dress, Jenna gave my pussy a few more licks and my hand went to the back of her head as she started to pull away. "Please don't stop." Unfortunately, she did not listen.

"Sorry babe, but we better head over to your place before Lisa gets pissed at us both. Don't worry, assuming you

don't stop us we're going to spend the rest of the day fucking you in every conceivable way."

"Seeing as how I'm getting hornier and not freaking out I'm really starting to accept the fact that I just might be bisexual. I don't understand how I can go twenty-four years without knowing, but there it is. I really liked kissing Lisa and the feeling of your tongue on my pussy."

"That could just be the adrenaline and endorphins running rampant in your brain, but don't worry, we'll know for sure in a few hours." Getting to her feet, Jenna gave me a quick peck on the lips and I tasted my own juices for the first time. Smiling, I put my dress on, took my neighbor by the hand and pulled her along behind me through the living room and out the front door.

Reaching my back yard, I removed the dress and was kissing Jenna before the garment hit the ground. "Yep, definitely loving it a lot more than that first time," I smiled. Dropping to my knees, I looked up into her eyes as I unbuttoned her shorts and tugged them and her panties down her long toned legs. This was the moment of truth. Kissing another woman was one thing, but to willingly lick pussy was another matter entirely. Placing my mouth over her vulva, I extended my tongue and pushed it into her pussy as deep as it would go. Moaning softly, I started licking and did not, could not stop.

"Mmmm...you really are serious about this aren't you?"

"Mm hmm," I replied, not removing my mouth from her pussy for even a second until I heard the gate creak open and closed again. Looking around Jenna's left hip, I saw Lisa coming around the side of the house carrying a large blue duffel bag in her right hand. Giving her a smile, I resumed licking Jenna's pussy as if I had done it a thousand times before and from her occasional moans I thought I must have been doing something right.

"Hey honey, I don't think she's going to freak out this time," Jenna purred.

“I brought some of the kinkier toys so we’ll see just how serious she is,” Lisa replied. Walking over to the patio table, she set the bag down and pulled the top zipper open. “I’m only going to say this once so listen carefully. You are going to let us use every toy in this bag without hesitation of complaint or we’re leaving and we won’t be back no matter how much you beg and plead. Understood?”

“What’s in there? I mean, you could have anything in there so it’s hardly fair for you to ask so much of me without letting me know first.”

“I will not tell you everything I have in here, but I will say there’s nothing that will cause serious or permanent injury and Jenna can vogue for that.”

“I can,” Jenna confirmed. “Lisa and I are into some kinky stuff, but we keep it safe, sane and consensual. I think the worst you’re going to find in that bag is a flogger or cane. While some of the things might be a little uncomfortable, we do not own anything that will do any serious or permanent damage. Also, she’s serious. If you don’t agree we’ll both leave and this will be the last time we ever play with you.”

“Fine, I agree.”

“Hold on one second,” Lisa said. Pointing her phone at me, she smirked. “I want to get this on the record so there isn’t any doubt. Step aside, Jenna.” Jenna did so and Lisa looked down at me. “Please state your name, age and where you are.”

“My name is Amber, I’m twenty-four years old and we’re in my back yard.”

“Why are we in your back yard?”

“Because I want to have sex with you and Jenna to see if I really am bisexual and this is where you said you wanted to do it.”

“And you’re okay having sex in your back yard?”

“Absolutely. I’m an exhibitionist so I have no problem with it at all.”

“I have a bag of toys were that Jenna and I are going to use on you. Do you agree to let us use them all without hesitation or complaint?”

“I agree.”

“I want to make sure we’re on the same page. Every toy?”

“Yes. I agree to let you and Jenna use every toy in that bag without hesitation or complaint from me.”

“Very well. Jenna, would you please take the phone and record what happens next? I want to see how serious she is.”

Jenna walked over to her girlfriend and took the phone. Moving to the side so she could record from the best possible angle, she gave me a reassuring smile as Lisa retrieved a small bowl from the bag and set it on the table. Next, she grabbed a bottle of rubbing alcohol and poured about half of it in the bowl. She then put on a pair of blue nitrile gloves and then stepped in front of the bowl as she added something to it. “I want you to stand with your legs shoulder width apart and your arms behind your back, hands holding opposite elbows like this,” she said with her back still to me. Moving her arms, she grabbed opposite elbows. “You will remain silent until I’m done working or we’re gone. Is that understood?”

I remained silent.

“You may answer the question.”

“I understand.”

Lisa’s arms dropped and went back in front of her and I assumed the position. After a minute she turned and walked over to me. Pinching my right nipple between finger and thumb, she swiftly pushed a needle through close to the areola and I jerked and gasped. Looking down, I saw the thick length of metal sticking in one side and out the other and I watched as she placed a ring in the hollowed end and pushed the needle all the way out. And with that my nipple was pierced. Hanging from the ring was a small tag with the word SEXY stamped

into it with silver so it stood out from the gold. My left nipple was pierced just as expertly and the tag read SLUT.

“Well, I suppose you really are serious about experimenting with us.”

“You lied to me, but I’ll forgive it only because I really want to taste your pussy, I said, still looking down in shock at my pierced nipples.

“How exactly did I lie?”

“You said there was nothing in that bag that would cause me permanent damage.”

“And I spoke the truth. The holes will heal so it’s not permanent damage,” she smirked.

“The holes will be though. But it doesn’t matter. I’ll accept the pierced nipples but nothing else so don’t even get any ideas. Now, are we going to have sex or what?”

“We are. And you can start by doing a sixty-nine with me. You can be on top so Jenna can fuck your ass with a strap-on. Any more complaints?”

“Nope. And I was only pointing out the fact that you lied, not complaining. I did let you complete the piercing process after all didn’t I?”

“I think that’ll be enough out of both of you,” Jenna said. “She’s more than proven she wants to have sex with us so stop with trying to talk her out of it. If you don’t want to join in then go home and I’ll fuck her alone.”

“I’m ready to lick your pussy whenever you’re ready,” I said, looking in Lisa’s eyes. “Before we get this party started, all I ask is that you take it slow. I’m not used to taking more than two, maybe three fingers in my pussy and believe it or not, I’ve never taken anything up my ass and I’d rather this be enjoyable for everyone including me.”

“I can live with that. We have a variety of plugs from as thin as a finger to thicker than my fist. We’ll start at one end and work towards the other, but I can assure you that unless you’ve got the most elastic ass in the world you won’t be

taking the largest one for at least several weeks or months. Once you're comfortable taking a two incher we'll switch to the strap-on and go from there. Sound okay?"

"Sounds good. And thank you for not forcing me into anything too extreme," I said, my eyes drifting down to the rings dangling from my nipples.

"For what it's worth I think they look good on you. I also didn't know those needles were in our travel bag."

"Of course you didn't," Lisa grinned. "I added them before coming over to see if she'd stand there and let me pierce her nipples and she didn't disappoint." Turning her attention to me, her smile broadened. "Jenna's right, they do look good on you. Now, be a good sexy slut and take my clothes off so we can get this party started."

“Just so you know, we’re being watched,” I said, seeing Kyle in his bedroom window out of the corner of my eye. “Hmm...maybe I’ll invite him to the party. I’m confident he’ll gladly screw all three of us if we ask nicely.”

“Absolutely not!” Jenna exclaimed. “We are lesbians, not bisexual and we will not have sex with men.”

“Hypocrite much?” I said as I raised Lisa’s tee shirt, stopping to squeeze her breasts and suck her nipples before pulling it off over her head. “It’s perfectly okay for me to have sex with you, but you won’t have sex with a man?”

“What part of lesbian don’t you understand?”

“What part of straight don’t you? I never imagined I’d like women and yet here we are. Besides, you use strap-ons and butt plugs so you can’t tell me you don’t like being penetrated.”

“Not by men,” Lisa scoffed. “There’s one major difference between us. Where you were an in the closet bisexual until last week, Jenna and I were born lesbian and knew it from a young age.”

“Or so you tell yourself,” I countered. “I was straight all my life, never even considered having sex with another woman until last week. How do you know you’re not in the same boat? And don’t you dare stand there and tell me it isn’t possible because I never thought it was possible either. I think it’s only fair for the two of you to step outside your comfort zone and let a real man fuck you at least once.”

“Never going to happen,” Lisa replied matter of fact.

“Then we’re done here,” I said, handing Lisa back her shirt. “And don’t bother ever asking me for sex again because it isn’t going to happen.”

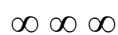
“Bitch, you’re the one that came knocking on our door,” Lisa snapped back. “Come on honey, I’ve had about

enough of her crazy for one lifetime.”

“I really wish I could give you what you want, Amber, but the simple fact of the matter is men don’t even remotely turn me on and there’s no way I could ever bring myself to have sex with one even for you.”

Pissed and humiliated, I snatched Lisa’s phone from Jenna’s hand and stopped the recording. Lisa tried taking it back, but I gave her a quick kick in the shin which stopped her in her tracks. “I’m deleting the video before you get any ideas of showing it to people or posting it on the internet. Take one more fucking step towards me and I’ll smash the whole god damned phone.” Once the video and a folder containing about two hundred pictures of me in the bedroom and lying out in the yard were deleted, I handed the phone back to Jenna. “If you ever take another video or picture of me without my permission I’ll press charges. Now get the fuck off my property.”

Following them to the gate, I slammed it shut behind them and made sure the lock was slid in place so they could not open it from the other side. Going into the house, I once again stared at the rings dangling from my nipples and almost had the right one out when I stop, put it back in place as I had to admit they did look pretty good and the SEXY SLUT tags gave me an odd sense of pride so I decided to keep them even if I was upset with the one that gave them to me. Going back through the house, I closed all the blinds and curtains on the windows that would give Jenna and Lisa view inside, while allowing Kyle to still peek in whenever he wanted. My day and mood ruined, I wasted most of the day indoors watching TV.



Tired of sitting around doing nothing, I decided to spend the rest of the evening at Bottoms Up – a strip club on the other side of town I frequented when I was in the mood to dance and show off for a crowd. Though not official on the roster, I did partake in their Saturday amateur nights and usually did fairly well for myself. Taking a shower around seven, I dressed in my favorite form-fitting little black dress

and a pair of heels. After doing my hair, I went to the closet and grabbed the dress bag containing the one and only costume I bought for such occasions.

Arriving at a packed club shortly after nine, I opened the dress bag and carefully removed a thin wooden box from a top compartment. Opening it, I looked down at the masquerade mask sitting in its felt-lined mold. Primarily white with black trim the lips, around the eyes and the spade and fleur de lis patters on the left side were done in silver. Though it did not completely hide my whole face, the crescent-shaped mask would completely cover the left side, my right eye and along the jawline. Picking it up, I placed it over my face and secured it in place behind my head by the two elastic straps.

Getting out of my car, I walked up to the back door of the club, pulled it open and made it all of five feet before I was stopped by a muscle-bound black man I did not recognize. “Whoa, there little lady,” he said, looking me up and down. “You’re going to have to take the mask off and show me an ID.”

“No, I really don’t.”

“Yes, you really do. Or you can turn your ass around and walk right back out that door.”

“Go, get Drew, he’ll vouch for me. And don’t bother telling me he isn’t here because I saw his Subaru in the parking lot on my way in.”

“You’re good Mystique,” a blonde I recognized as Tiffany said from her seat in the small booth ahead and to the right. “As for you, how many times do we need to tell you to stop harassing the customers?”

“My job is to make sure no underage people get in and that’s what I’m going to do. She can put the mask back on after I check her ID.”

“And I’m telling you she’s okay,” Tiffany sternly stated.

“Your job is to collect money so butt the hell out of mine.”

“Listen, jackass, you hold her up for one more second and I’ll make sure this is your last night. She is Drew’s special guest and you will not question her or me again. Now step aside and let her pass you stupid oaf.”

“I got your oaf right here,” the man said, grabbing his crotch as he stepped out of my way.

Shaking my head at the man, I continued down the hall, but instead of going through the double doors at the end which would take me into the club I went right, walked down a shorter hallway and entered the huge dressing room where four dancers were lounging around relaxing while a fifth was getting into a cowgirl costume.

“Hey Mystique,” a naturally busty raven-haired stripper named Celeste greeted me. Like Jenna and Lisa she was a lesbian and had been trying to get me to do a duo with her for the last year. Unfortunately, that would require me to actually work at the club. Not that there is anything wrong with stripping, but for me the novelty would have quickly worn off. This way, I only ‘worked’ about fifteen minutes a week or the duration of three songs and brought home more than a week’s pay. And since it was all paid in cash it was tax free.

“Hey Celeste. The answer is still no,” I grinned. “That being said, if you’re willing to work with me to come up with a routine we can dance together on amateur night. Excluding tonight, of course.”

“You know I like the full contact routines, right?”

“Yep. Recent development but...” Leaning down, I stared into her large brown eyes and though she could not see it I was smiling behind my mask as my hands made their way down the front of her tank top where I squeezed her large breasts and pinched her nipples. “Long story short, turns out I’m bisexual.”

“Mmmm,” Celeste purred, looking up at me through glassy eyes. “Help yourself, sweetie. And glad to hear you’re finally out of the closet. I think we can come up with a routine

that'll have the men emptying their wallets, but it all depends on how far you're willing to go."

"As far as it takes as long as the mask stays on. I will not remove it for anyone or anything."

"I can work with that. Amateur time doesn't start for another hour, how about we see just how bisexual you really are?"

"If you want to have sex with me just say so," I said with a wink.

"Okay, let's have sex." Her hands pushed the hem of my dress up revealing I was not wearing panties. Leaning in, she gently bit my clit hood and slowly pulled back.

"Oohhhh!" My dress was unzipped. Looking over my shoulder I saw one of the other dancers – a perky-breasted brunette named Samantha. Giving me a smile, she raised the garment over my head and then reached around and pinched my nipples. "Aahgh! Shit that hurt!" I yelped, twisting free as I looked down at my nipples.

"Damn! When did you get pierced?" Celeste asked.

"This morning and they are still really tender."

"Sorry, I didn't know," Samantha apologized. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I'll live."

"Love the tags," Celeste said. "Though I'm not sure how true the left one is," she added, referring to the SLUT tag dangling from my left nipple.

"I did just walk in and kiss you, let you bit my hood and let Samantha undress me," I countered. "Okay, maybe I'm not a slut but I'm certainly more willing to experiment now than ever before and you can go ahead and bite my hood like that again. And you," I said looking into Samantha's pale green eyes "can do whatever you want as long as it doesn't involve my breasts. "That goes for all of you," I said looking around the room. I've recently discovered my bisexuality and anyone that wants to play with me has my permission.

“I don’t think we all have time to play before you take the stage, but how about we meet in one of the VIP rooms afterwards?” Celeste suggested.

“I have a better idea. As you all know I’m an exhibitionist. I say we return to my place and fuck in the back yard. It’s fenced in, but I have a few nosey neighbors that like watching.”

“Fine by me,” Samantha replied.

“Me too,” Celeste added.

“Count me in too,” Another brunette named Felicity said as she stepped into her chaps.

“I think it goes without saying that we’re all in,” a strawberry blonde named Eliza said. “That being said, I hate to be a party-pooper, but you and Celeste can’t dance together on amateur night as she is most definitely not an amateur.”

“She’s actually right,” Celeste confirmed. “However, if you only want to dance one night a week, I’m sure Drew will allow it with the right incentive.”

“You mean having sex with him?”

“Take it from me, he’s great in the sack and hung like a horse,” Samantha giggled.

“I’d say more like a pony,” Eliza grinned. “And he has the biggest, most delicious loads of jizz you’ll ever take or taste.”

“Invite him to the after-hours party,” Felicity suggested. “He can screw us all and finish off with you.”

“I’ll think about it while I’m dancing. Putting in eight hours is a much larger commitment than fifteen minutes and I’m not even sure when I’ll have the time given my current schedule.”

“Trust me, Drew will work with you,” Celeste said. “I was in college when I started working here and he let me come in for an hour or two a night. If he like you, and we all know he adores the hell out of your sexy ass, he’ll do whatever it takes to get you out on that stage.”

I knew she was right. As far as amateurs went I was amongst the Manager's favorite which explains why he keeps letting me come back week after week. Not to toot my own horn, but I drew a crowd as customers tried their damndest to get my mask off so they could finally put a face to the enigmatic Mystique – the only name anyone at the club knew me by. If I took a job, even for a single shift that would change and it was the biggest reason I wore the mask. If it ever got out that I was stripping my career would be over and I loved being a beat cop even if I were still a rookie. The only way I would ever do it is if he agreed to pay me only in cash without any paper trail what so ever and I did not think even he would go that far.

“WAIT!” I suddenly exclaimed. “We can't go back to my place without giving away who I am so we're going to have to do it here or somewhere else.”

“Good lord woman, what are you being so paranoid about?” Celeste asked with raised brow. “Are you a celebrity or something? Who's hiding under that mask?”

“That's for me to know and you to never find out. I love my day job and don't want to lose it if word gets out I'm stripping. Please don't push the topic any farther.”

“Now you've really got me intrigued. Teacher? Budding politician? Law enforcement? Who are you Mystique? No, I'm not trying to pry any deeper, just curious who's hiding behind the mask. You have a day job so I'm assuming you're no longer in college. Based on your gorgeous body and what little I can see of your face I'd put you in your early twenties. Five-sevenish, what, a hundred ten or fifteen pounds? Thirty-four cees...please, stop me when I'm wrong. And based on past conversations, what you did tonight and the pierced nipples I'd say you're more than just an exhibitionist. You also enjoy experimenting with new things. Are you a model? Nah, I don't think that's it. I don't know of any modeling agency that'll fire a woman for stripping on the side.”

“Who I am under the mask isn't important so would you please stop? I like dancing here on amateur night and

really don't want to find a new club."

"So, does that mean you're going to wear the mask when we play together?" Samantha asked. "How are you going to lick us or suck Drew's cock when your mouth is covered?"

"I'll figure something out. Or we can just forget it was ever mentioned."

"You could always look into getting a hood," Felicity suggested. "The shop attached to the club sells all manner of bondage gear including latex hoods."

"Yeah, so you can follow me in and see my face? I think I'll order one online thank you very much."

"Suit yourself. Anyways, you don't want to keep your fans waiting so you better start getting ready."

The first of my three dances went off without a hitch and after raking in close to four hundred dollars from the stage floor I picked up my costume and walked behind the curtain so the next contestant could take her turn. Going to the changing room, I placed everything neatly in the bag. Deciding it would be easier to just remain naked, and with at least an hour before I would be called out again, I walked butt naked out into the club and was greeted with cat calls from all angles.

Word of my recent emergence from the deepest closet in the world must have gotten around as a waitress named Lana – a sexy, freckle-faced redhead wearing a short skirt and underbust corset, pulled me close and kissed the lips of the mask as a finger of her free hand pushed into my pussy. I did not resist and when she broke the embrace she brought her finger to her mouth and sucked it clean. “Mmmm, just as sweet as I imagined. So, it’s true then? You really are bisexual?”

“Yeah, it’s true.”

“If I wasn’t working right now I’d take you up on that stage and fuck your brains out.”

“Promises, promises.” Giving her a slight nod of the head, I walked by and continued on towards the manager’s office – reaching it a few minutes later, but not before three more waitresses tasted my pussy and half a dozen men slapped, squeezed or pinched my backside. Seeing as how I was walking around a strip club in nothing but a mask and heels I could not blame them for their actions and let it pass.

As I approached the door to Drew’s office I could hear the sounds of sex within and was just about to turn and go back to the club when the door opened and a woman I did not recognize opened it and stuck her head out. “Come on in, the boss is waiting.”

Entering the large office I saw another woman bent over a large oak desk, the hem of her dress pushed up over her ass and panties down to her knees as Drew nailed her from behind. "I can come back later when you're not so busy."

"Don't be silly. Monica here was just keeping me ready for the real prize and now that she's here why don't you take her place?"

"Excuse me?"

"I want that sexy ass of yours bent over my desk, Mystique." Pulling out of Monica, I got my first look at his mammoth cock and my eyes went wide. I've never seen a horse erect before, but I think Samantha was closer to the mark when she said he was hung like one. My eyes going from his pole, to her gaping pussy, my mouth dropped open in surprise behind the mask. Jesus Christ! You're not putting that thing in me!"

"Trust me, you'll love it," he smirked. "Isn't that right ladies?"

"God yes," Monica purred.

"He does know how to use it," the other woman added.

"I've never taken anything that damn big in my life. It'll never fit."

"Sure it will. You may go now ladies. I want to be alone with my mystery quest." The women left the office without hesitation, leaving me alone with Drew and his monster cock. "So, word has it your contemplating taking on a shift and did I hear something about a back yard orgy?"

"Some people need to learn to keep their mouths shut," I sighed. "But yes, I was thinking about it and I don't think it's going to work out. I initially wanted to do it at my place, but I can't risk anyone finding out who I really am. And as far as working here goes, the only way I would ever do it is if I was paid completely under the table with no paper trail what so ever and I know you can't do that legally, so I'm stuck with amateur night. Not to mention the fact I don't have eight hours free in any given night to come here and dance."

“Honey, you have no idea what I can and can’t do. And as far as eight hours go, no one dances for that long or there wouldn’t be enough time for the other dozen performers. I’ll give you two choices. First, you can pick a night to put in your eight hours in which you’ll be worked into the roster four times while waitressing when not on stage and I’ll pay you two-fifty in cash plus whatever tips you earn. Or two, you can come in for an hour a night seven nights a week, perform your routine, let me fuck you and then call it a night and I’ll pay you a grand plus tips. And before you say anything, those are the only two options you have and they are non-negotiable. The offer is also only on the table until you leave my office and I cannot guarantee I’ll make the same one again. You can bend over the desk while you give it some thought.”

Knowing full well what he was going to do if I bent over the desk, I took one more look at the hard cock and huge, full balls between his legs and involuntarily shivered. Whether from excitement or fear was unknown, but my feet started moving of their own accord and I found myself standing to his left. Biting my lower lip, I bent over at the waist and tightly gripped the opposite edge of the desk. My legs spread open and I hear him moving into position behind me. The bulbous head of his cock pressed against my vulva and with one hard, swift thrust it was in me.

“OH MY FUCKING GOD!” My grip on the desk tightened, fingernails dug into wood as he worked what felt like an arm into me. “Uhn...uhn...aahhhh shit! Uhn...not... uhn...not so fast. L-Let me get used to it.”

“Where’s the fun in that?” Holding me by the waist, he slammed the full length of his cock in and pulled back to the head with every powerful thrust of his hips. “I’m not the only man at this club you drive crazy, Mystique and I can have a hundred of them lined up and ready to pleasure you every night if you’re willing to make a little extra money on the side.”

“Uhn...uhn...uhn...you mean you want to pimp me out?”

“Pimp is such a strong word. I prefer to see it as managing your sexual affairs. With your stunning body and air of mystery you could easily make three-fifty per client. After I take my fee of course. What do you say? Ready to make some serious cash?”

“I’m not a prostitute.”

“Of course you’re not. You like sex, right?”

“Obviously,” I grunted as it felt like the head of his cock was ready to burst through my cervix.

“And you like money, so why not combine the two?” His cock pulled from my pussy and I felt completely empty. “Stay where you are. I’ll go round up as many men as I can that are willing to pay five hundred to fuck you and I won’t even take a cut of it tonight.” Without waiting for a response, he walked out of the office, leaving me bent over the desk gasping for breath and wondering how this night could get any more fucked up. Reaching back to my stretched pussy, I pushed one, two, three and then four fingers in before it really got tight and I silently thanked god he didn’t shove it up my virgin ass.

Weighing my options, I lost track of time. The door opened and Drew led a small army of men into his office. “Glad to see you’re still in position,” he said. “I actually thought you would be gone when I got back. Anyways, I have thirty-four men here ready and willing to pay five hundred bucks to fuck you silly, but there’s one condition. You have to do it out on stage so the whole club can watch. You’ll also end up with a lot more in tips if you do so.” Helping me up off the desk, He escorted me out of the office and I followed along, my mind in a haze deeper than the closet I apparently spent the last twenty-four years in. A song was just ending and I saw Felicity walking behind the curtain as I was taken up onto the stage. Turning on the collar mic he always wore, Drew spoke to the crowd.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN do I have a surprise for you! You’ve come back week after week to see her, but you’ve never seen her like this! Tonight, and tonight only, the

mysterious Mystique has agreed to let these thirty-four men gang bang her on stage for your viewing pleasure! Unfortunately, her mask must remain on so her mouth is off limits, but she has two other holes for these men to use and abuse as they see fit for the next six hours so sit back, relax and enjoy her first ever gang bang!”

Taking me by the hand, Drew pulled me to the stage floor and pushed his fat cock back into my pussy. Another moment later and my virgin asshole was stretched around a thankfully much smaller dick. “Aahgh! Son of a bitch! Take it easy back there I’ve never taken it up the ass before,” I complained. The audience cheered and I saw bills flying in my direction. I had no intentions of actually going through with it, but now that I was on stage and their dicks were filling pussy and ass, my exhibitionist nature took over and I gave in to the pleasure of taking two cocks at the same time.

Everything was going great. Drew filled me with the load of ten men and five others took my pussy and ass, but two holes weren’t enough for the greedy bastards. The mask was ripped off my face and a thick black cock pushed into my gaping mouth before I could protest. Thankfully, the six-hundred dollar work of art did not break, but my identity was revealed to everyone watching and fucking me and then there were the cameras all over the club recording every second of my descent into perversion.

“You stupid son of a bitch!” I growled. “What part of the mask stays on don’t you fucking understand? Get the fuck off this stage right god damn now before I bite your pathetic dick off!” The nine or so inch long shaft was far from pathetic, but I was no longer in the mood to be nice. Scrambling off the two men desperately trying to keep their cocks buried in me, I grabbed the mask and ran off the stage and into several women I did not stop to introduce myself to. Sprinting into the changing room, I slumped against the wall and cried. Not out of humiliation as I loved being watched, but for the sole fact that because of one impatient and horny man I could kiss my job as a police officer goodbye.

The door opened and Drew walked in and closed it behind him. It was the first time I had ever seen him in the changing room in all the time I had been coming to the club and I found it kind of strange, but did not say so. "I am so, so sorry that happened," he apologized. "I gave them explicit instructions not to remove the mask for any reason and that man has been permanently banned from the club as a consequence."

"Little good that does me now," I sobbed. "My life is over. It won't take long for word to spread and I'll be out of a damn job!"

"I think you're overreacting just a little."

"No, I'm really not! You don't fucking understand. There's a damn good reason I wear the mask and it's not because I'm shy."

"Then tell me. Why is it so important you hide your identity? Other than the fact it added to that sexy air of mystery."

My shoulders slumped and I let out a pitiful sigh. "Because I'm a cop," I confessed. I come to this club because it's on the other side of town from where I live and lessens the likelihood of someone I know recognizing me, but there's always a chance and now that a hundred people saw my face I can kiss my job goodbye."

"JESUS FUCKING CHRIST! Are you serious? Are you telling me I just pimped out a freaking cop?"

"I thought you preferred manager of my sex affairs? Don't worry, I have no intentions of turning you in, but I will collect every penny owed to me for that gang bang whether they fucked me or not and if any of them want to baulk about it they can easily be arrested."

“I hate to sound callous, but the damage is done, right? I mean, everyone out there has already seen your gorgeous face so why not go back out there and let them finish what they started?”

“I am not letting them fuck me after what just happened.”

“Then I’ll pay you for the men that screwed you and that’s all you’ll get. And before you open your mouth, remember that this club is wired with cameras recording around the clock and I have video evidence of you accepting the terms of the gang bang and willingly going up on stage to perform. Pretty sure that’s not going to look good when it goes to court. Now, are you going to go out there and take those cocks, or are you going to pussy out and be banned for life? Also, if you lose your job in law enforcement you can always come work here. The illusion of Mystique has been shattered, but I’m sure we can come up with another persona that suits you.”

“Fine, I’ll finish the gang bang but don’t expect to ever see me here again,” I said, the words coming out of my mouth far from those I was thinking.

“Then don’t keep your adoring fans waiting any longer.”

Against my better judgement, I let my exhibitionism rule my actions with an iron fist. Exhaling in defeat, I put the mask away and went back out on stage. Hands groped me and I was on top of another black man – his dick buried in my pussy as another took my ass and a white man fucked his dick down my throat to the clapping and cheering of those watching.

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Forty-nine men, eleven hours and more than thirty grand later and it was finally over and I was left lying barely conscious on the stage covered in semen and sweat as my first gang bang came to an end. Head spinning, vision blurry I felt hands grabbing me and I groaned. “Oh god please let me take five minutes.”

“It’s okay,” I heard Celeste reply. “Let’s get you cleaned up and you can rest in one of the upstairs apartments.”

I gave no further resistance as she, Felicity and Eliza helped me to my feet and into the bathroom at the back of the changing room. I only vaguely recall the hot water cascading down my body as they gently washed, rinsed and then dried my aching body. Practically carrying me up the stairs I fell into bed and was out before my head hit the pillow.

When I woke much later in the day Celeste, Felicity and Eliza were there to greet me and I immediately scrambled in search of my mask. I then remembered my identity was no longer a secret and slumped back in bed.

“I’ve spent the last year imagining what lay hidden behind that mask of yours and nothing comes even close to how beautiful you really are,” Celeste said. “Can we finally have a name to go with the face?”

“My name is Amber.”

“Pleasure to meet the real you, Amber. How are you feeling this evening?”

“Evening? What time is it?”

“Going on six,” Felicity answered. “You’ve been out for a while and rightly so. I’ve never seen anyone take so many cocks. I hope you’re on the pill because I don’t think many of them pulled out.”

“I’m not,” I sighed, adding another level to the humiliation.

“Not going to lie, that’s pretty hot,” Celeste purred. “So, are you going to take the job offer or have we seen the last of you?”

“Did Drew tell you about my day job?”

“He did and none of us understand why you felt the need to hide it from us.”

“Because it will cost me my job when they learn I’ve been stripping, that’s why. And now that my face has been

seen by I don't know how many people I might as well resign."

"He also told us you live on the other side of town. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"How far on the other side of town?"

"I shouldn't tell you this, but since my face has been revealed it's only a matter of time before I'm outed completely. I live in Oakdale."

"Oakdale? That's more than an hour away and you're worried someone is going to recognize you?"

"All it takes is one person to ruin my career and hundreds have seen me now."

"I wouldn't jump to conclusions. Go home, rest up and go to work Monday morning. If now one says anything then I'd say you're free and clear. But you didn't answer my question. Are you going to work here?"

"Yes," I blurted out. "I mean...nevermind, yes, I decided about five hours into my gang bang to take Drew up on his offer and work an hour a night seven nights a week."

"Nice. So, when do you want to get started on our routine? Assuming you still want to dance with me, that is."

"Give me a week to recuperate and we can talk. In the meantime I think I'd like to be alone with my thoughts."

"Of course. Can we get you something to eat or drink?"

"My stomach is a little upset right now from all the spunk I swallowed so I don't think it would be wise to eat anything else."

"Fair enough. Come on girls, let's give her some time alone. We'll be down at the club if you need anything. Don't worry, it's closed right now so no one else will be seeing that pretty face of yours."

"Is Drew still here?"

“Nope. We’re the only ones. He gave us permission to stay and look after you,” Celeste answered. “Why, you want his fat cock again already?”

“No. I felt like a damn canyon after he screwed me.”

“I know, right? He’s got the greatest cock in the freaking world. Is there something you need? We’re authorized to help however we can.”

“No, I was just curious if he was still here. I think I should dress and go home before I get myself in deeper than I already am.”

“There’s no rush. We’re closed on Sunday and won’t open again until this time Monday so feel free to stay.”

“Thanks, but I really need time alone to think and I do that best at home.” Slowly getting out of bed, it took me a minute for my legs to cooperate but I eventually got dressed, bid them goodbye and left with a million questions on my mind, least of which was how long before I was fired in disgrace.

Still exhausted despite nearly ten hours of sleep, I stripped out of my clothes the second the door closed behind me and went to relax in a hot bath before going to bed and sleeping through the night.

I was a wreck as I put my uniform on and by the time I reached the Oakdale Police Station I was practically on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I knew the second I walked through those doors I would be called to the Captain's office and fired on the spot and it took me nearly fifteen minutes to compose myself. I was greeted by several officers and more than a few asked if I was okay, but there was no mention of my life as a stripper and my heart decided to beat again.

Going through the routine, I met up with my partner Officer Randel Maxwell and we got in our assigned cruiser and patrolled the streets as we have done five days a week for the last nineteen months.

"So, how was your weekend?" he asked as I took a left onto Eleventh Avenue. My grip tightened on the steering wheel and I felt my face flush. He noticed as well.

"That good, huh? You know I have to hear the details so spill it. What did you do?"

"Nothing," I lied.

"Don't make me go detective on you, Amber. We both know what a terrible liar you are so why do you even bother?"

"Honest, I didn't do anything. That's my story and I'm sticking with it." But he maintained his stare and the car heated up even more. "Okay, fine, but you better not tell anyone or so help me I'll...nevermind, I've already said too much. The reason I blushed is because I was sunbathing in the yard and noticed my neighbors watching me."

"Really? You're embarrassed by being seen in a bikini?"

"I'm a nudist," I blurted out to his surprise. "They saw me lying out butt naked."

"Ah, well, that's different then isn't it? Don't take this the wrong way, but if they're that close why would you lay out

naked?”

“I thought they were gone,” I lied. Apparently they weren’t and all three of them saw me. Now, can we please change the subject?”

“Sure, and might I suggest not laying out nude if you don’t want people seeing you?”

“I don’t like tan lines. And like I said, I thought they were gone.”

“I’ll agree with you there. I don’t like tan lines either, but I don’t have the guts to sunbathe in the nude to get rid of them. Especially since my neighbors are all men.”

“Two of mine are lesbians so there’s that.”

“Oh? Why do I suddenly get the feeling there’s more to this story than you’re letting on?”

“What do you want to hear, that they came over and we had wild, passionate sex in my back yard?”

“Did you?”

“I don’t think that’s an appropriate line of questioning, Randal.”

“Sorry. Got a little carried away. It won’t happen again, but now I have a picture in my head of...nevermind, I’ve already said too much.”

“For Christ’s sake! Are you seriously picturing me having sex with women?”

“My lips are sealed.”

“But your dick isn’t,” I huffed, my eyes locked on the large and growing lump in his pants. “Dammit! Way to make things awkward. Am I going to have to request a different partner now?”

“Hey, you’re the one that brought it up, not me. Pull in the gas station over there. I need a coffee.”

Doing as asked, I parked the cruiser and got out to stretch my legs as Randal went inside. A few minutes later he

emerged with two large cups and as he approached the car I heard a man calling out from three pumps over.

“Mystique? Holy shit! You’re a cop?” he said loud enough for the other customers and my partner to hear.

“Mystique?” Randal said with raised brow. “You know that man and why is he calling you Mystique?”

“No idea. I’ll go have a word with him.” Not waiting, I walked over to the man I recognized as one of the participants in my gang bang. “Hey buddy, I don’t know who you think I am, but my name is Officer Hayes, not Mystique,” I warned him.

“I’ll never forget that beautiful face. You’re definitely the one we all gang banged at the club the other night. Oh, I see, right, um, my mistake,” he stammered when the look on my face told him I’d rip his balls off and feed them to him slowly if he pursued his claims. “Sorry to have bothered you Officer.”

Walking back to the cruiser I got in and shut the door. “What was that all about?” Randal asked.

“He thought I was a stripper he knew, but he was mistaken,” I replied, immediately regretting the words. Thankfully, my partner was thinking with his little head and did not put two and two together in any serious manner.

“Not going to lie Amber, you’d do well in that line of work and that’s all I’ll say on that topic.”

“Yeah right. I dance so bad I’d get booed off the stage.” *Says the winner of forty-three consecutive Amateur night contests*, I thought as I pulled out of the gas station parking lot.

“Somehow I find that hard to believe. You could stand there like a statue and I’m sure you’d make a killing. Dammit, forget I just said that. I’m going to shut my mouth now.”

“No, no keep talking. And just why do you think I’d make a killing?”

“No way. I wouldn’t touch that one with a hundred foot pole. This is already heading into dangerous territory for me and I’m not digging myself in any deeper.”

“Go ahead, I want to hear what you have to say and you have my word I won’t hold it against you.”

“For the love of god, Amber, are you blind? You’re gorgeous. Honestly, for the life of me I don’t know why you’d settle for police pay when you could be a world-class model. The latter is also a hell of a lot safer.”

“You think I’m gorgeous?”

“Don’t tease. You asked and I gave you my honest opinion. Now I think we should change the topic as suggested before I say something we’ll both regret?”

“Like?”

“Nope, I’m not saying another word.”

“Oh, come on, we’ve gone this far we might as well take this conversation to its logical conclusion.”

“That’s why I’m ending it now.”

“Really? You’re just going to leave me hanging like that?”

“You’re not going to trap me, Amber so please just stop.”

“I’m not trying to trap you, Randal. I honestly want to hear what you have to say. We’re partner, one might even say friends and I value your opinion so what would you regret telling me?”

“I was just thinking how I’d love watching you up on stage,” he admitted.

“You want to see me stripping?”

“In for a penny,” he sighed. “Yes, yes I would. And since were being all open and honest I wouldn’t stop there.”

“Do tell,” I said, my clit tingling with excitement.

“This will probably land me with another partner, but I’d screw you ten ways to Sunday. There, you happy now?”

“Thank you for being so honest. Now it’s my turn. I’d let you fuck me ten ways to Sunday if you asked,” I said, not taking my eyes off the road. There was dead silence for a good twenty or thirty seconds and then he let out a gasp.

“Wait, what did you just say?”

“You heard me. What you do with that information is up to you.”

Stopping at a red light, I was staring straight ahead, but I could feel Randal’s eyes on me. “Look at me,” he said. I turned my head to the right and he quickly moved in. Our lips met and tiny bolts of electricity coursed through my body. I let him know I was amenable to his advances by kissing him back, but stopped after a few short seconds.

“Not on duty. Come by my place tonight and we’ll pick up where we left off.”

“There’s no way in hell this thing is going to wait until tonight,” he said, looking down at his hard cock. “Head over to Alphada. I know a place we can use.” Probably hornier than my partner, I made a left on third, another left onto Eastwood and right on Alphada. “Drive down to seventeen-sixty-three and pull around back.”

Going half a mile, I pulled into the driveway of a brick ranch and went around back so the car was hidden from sight. “What is this place?”

“This is one of the houses I own that just happens to be empty at the moment.”

“We really don’t have time for this, Randal. If we’re caught we’ll both be fired and I love this job more than anything.”

“It won’t take long. Just a quickie to tide me over until tonight.”

Getting out of the cruiser, he went to the back door and opened it with a key. I hesitated, but I got out and followed

him inside. The door closed and locked and he pressed his lips to mine. “You really are the single most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen and I’m not the only one at the station that thinks so. You have no idea how many people you turn on, do you?”

“I’m starting to get the idea. Unbuttoning my uniform shirt, I took it off and lay it on the counter. After kicking my shoes off my pants followed and then my bra and I suddenly stopped – remembering the tagged rings hanging from my nipples.

“That is so fucking hot. I have a thing for pierced nipples,” Randal confessed. “Sexy slut, huh? Well, at least one of them is right.”

Taking my panties off, I placed my hands on the counter, backed up and spread my legs. “You’ve got five minutes so make it count.” His zipper went down and his cock pushed into me. While nowhere nearly as long or thick as Drew, he was still plenty big enough and I pushed back to take every inch of it. “I’m not on birth control so you better pull out,” I said with a glance back over my right shoulder, knowing full well he would not do as commanded.

Holding my by the hips, Randal rammed his cock in and out of me like a jackhammer and I did not want him to stop until his seed was swimming around inside of me – the risk of impregnation suddenly a whole lot more exciting after being gang banged by nearly fifty men only two days ago, but I was not going to voice it for fear it would lessen the perversion and cause him to actually pull out.

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Randal did not disappoint. Eight, maybe ten minutes his cock first penetrated me, I felt the first blast of semen splashing against my pussy walls. Lowering my head down towards the counter, I pushed back to ensure he did not pull out until every drop had been deposited. “Mmmm, I thought I told you to pull out? Are you trying to knock me up?” I purred.

“And yet you made sure I didn’t pull out. Maybe both of those tags are right after all,” he smirked. THWAP! His

hand slapped me hard on the right ass cheek. “Come on, we better get back out there before we get ourselves into trouble.”

“If I end up pregnant there’s going to be trouble for one of us,” I teased, giving his cock a playful squeeze.

“So, we still on for tonight then?”

“You bet your perfect cock we are. That being said, I’m only going to say this once so pay attention. I don’t care how horny you get, this is the last time we have sex while on duty. Got it?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“I hope so because I like you Randal and I really don’t want paired with another partner I may not get along with so well.” Quickly getting dressed, we went back out to the cruiser and resumed our patrol – promises of him taking me again in a few hours and all the days after keeping me in a state of sexual euphoria.