

UNDERCOVER MINX #1

SAPPHIRE CLUB

Crimson Rose

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It was my first day on the job and I was not through the station doors more than three minutes when I was approached by a tall, well-built and handsome older Sergeant that was struggling to keep his eyes north of my neck. "Morning Sir."

"Morning Officer Morris. I need you to come with me."

"Yes Sir." Thinking maybe he was going to be my partner – not a bad prospect for a rookie, I followed him through the station and straight to a closed door with CAPTAIN GORDON written across the frosted glass. He gave it a few light taps of the knuckles and a moment later a woman said enter. The Sergeant opened the door and I walked in after.

"I've brought Officer Morris as instructed, Ma'am."

"Thank you Sergeant Barnes that will be all." He left me standing there confused and I stared from the raven-haired, fair-skinned Captain Kiera Gordon to the much older and far less attractive man to her right. "Please take a seat, Officer Morris." When my butt was in one of the chairs in front of the desk she continued. "I imagine being called to the Captain's office five minutes into your first day can be nerve-wracking, but don't worry you're not in trouble. Before we begin please let me introduce you to Chief Jaxen Boyer," she said motioning to the man at her right.

"Pleasure to meet you Sir."

"Likewise, Officer Morris. Kiera told me you would be perfect for the assignment and now that I see you in person I do believe she was right," he continued as his eyes went up and down my body. I wanted to get up and slap him across the face, but if I were to strike him I would have to do the same to every man and woman I pass on the street. Not to be completely narcissistic, but I do have one hell of a body that both sexes like to admire. Staring and cat-calling were just unfortunate by-products.

"Assignment Sir?"

“Undercover work,” Captain Gordon replied.

“You mean like prostitution stings, Ma’am?”

“Something like that but a bit more individually focused. I’m going to cut right to the heart of it, Officer Morris. I’ve selected you and three others based not only on how well you did at the academy, but your past and looks as well and I believe you are exactly the type of woman this assignment needs.”

“Meaning what, Ma’am?”

“I’m going to be blunt here so please don’t take any offense. You are hands down the most stunningly beautiful woman to wear that uniform, Officer Morris, and with your background working as a stripper and escort you’re exactly what we need.”

“I only did those things to pay my way through college,” I said going on the offensive.”

“I know, and I also know what you’re thinking and you have nothing to worry about. If I were going to fire you for your past as a stripper then the Chief would have to fire me for the same reason,” she said with a reassuring smile. “But that’s neither here nor there. The point is, we need you, Officer Morris.”

“For what exactly?”

“There are certain men and women in this city that have successfully eluded prosecution due to technicalities, lost evidence, witnesses suddenly backing out or disappearing altogether and corruption throughout. What we need are people willing and able to get the evidence we need to convict these criminals once and for all. Put bluntly, we need you to go back to stripping and escorting so that no one knows you’re an officer of the law. If you’re interested, that is.”

“I’d rather not go back to stripping and escorting, but if that’s what it takes then I’ll do it. The question is, how am I supposed to get evidence that sticks?”

“You’ll be implanted with subdermal microphones that will pick up any conversations had. You’ll also be given contact lenses that record everything you see. Before you accept you need to know this is real undercover work, Officer Morris. Unlike a prostitution sting where you’ll have plenty of backup, you’ll be

on your own. On top of that you may find yourself doing some less than legal things. You are authorized to do whatever it takes short of killing someone to get the job done. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Do you really, Officer Morris?"

"I'm going after criminals and that means potentially doing criminal activities in order to make them believe I'm one of them, Ma'am. There's just one problem, and I don't mean to sound full of myself, but I wear glasses because I think I'm prettier with them."

"I agree," Chief Boyer said "but the contacts are a must. And since they're non-prescription there's no reason you can't wear both. Before you give us an answer, know that refusal will have no impact what so ever on your career. This is a huge step for anyone let alone a rookie with five minutes experience, but said inexperience is one of the biggest advantages as no one outside of your family and friends know you're a cop."

"I accept, Sir. I can't guarantee I'll get results but I'll do my best. And thank you both for trusting me enough to give me the chance to prove myself."

"Are you absolutely certain you want to do this, Officer Morris?"

"Yes Ma'am. And since I have a feeling every trace of me will be removed from the records please call me Caitlin."

"Actually, Minx, I think we'll be referring to you by your old stage name," Chief Boyer replied.

"Yes Sir. So, where do I even begin?"

"First, you'll go see Dr. Erin Mitchell for the implants and contacts and then you'll head home. Take a few weeks to let the implant heal and then you'll go to the Sapphire Club. With any luck they'll need a dancer and you'll be one step closer to your first target."

"Which is whom?"

“Are you familiar with Caleb ‘the Snake’ Ross?”

“Yes Ma’am. If I’m not mistaken he’s a drug dealer.”

“You are not mistaken. He’s been arrested and charged a dozen times, but has beaten it every time. We need proof of how he’s been tampering with witnesses and evidence. Lucky for you he has a think for pretty, nerdy-looking blondes. And I mean that in the best possible way.”

“He’s a big spender at the Sapphire club,” Chief Boyer cut in. “If you want to catch his attention think schoolgirl and braids. And as much as I hate saying this to a fellow officer, don’t be afraid to give him whatever he wants.”

“Be warned though,” Captain Gordon said “he’s nothing if not perverted. So, now that we’ve gotten that all out of the way, are you absolutely certain you’re up to the task?”

“Yes Ma’am. I spent four years dancing and escorting so I’m well aware how perverted some men can be. Not that I’ve ever done anything perverted, but I’ve been propositioned enough,” I added as my cheeks heated up. I just have one question, how long do I have to collect evidence on him?”

“As long as it takes. It won’t happen overnight so don’t rush. Gain his trust. Earn your way into his inner circle if you can, but above all else be careful. Remember, everything you say and do will be recorded. The Chief and I are the only two people on the force with access to the server everything will be stored on and if we think you’re in trouble we’ll do our best to extract you before things go south.”

“I understand.”

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After filling out a mountain of paperwork and going over every scrap of information collected on one Caleb ‘the Snake’ Ross, I changed into street clothes at the station so no one saw me leaving in uniform and then went to a small clinic where I met with Dr. Erin Mitchell. I was expecting a man, but the lithe fiery redheaded woman was anything but. Taking me to an examination room at the end of a long hallway, she closed and locked the door.

“So, you’re the one Chief Boyer selected for the assignment, huh?”

“Um...”

“Don’t worry, I know all about it and have full clearance. I’m not just a doctor, I’m also a fellow officer. Anyways, go ahead and take your shirt and bra off and I’ll get to work.”

“Where exactly are you putting this implant?”

“To ensure maximal reception they’ll be placed in your back dimples, the back of the neck and your cleavage.”

“Jesus!”

“I take it Boyer didn’t fill you in on the details?”

“No, no he did not.”

“Okay, well, are you familiar with microdermal piercings?”

“Yes. Wait! You can’t be serious!”

“I am. They are all the rage these days so no one will bat an eye at a sexy stripper having a few. Full disclosure, the one in your cleavage will actually be five and you’ll be given several tops to use which spell out dirty words. Make sure you use only the letters given as one of each word contains the transmitter.”

“Well, I guess that explains why I need a few weeks for the implant to heal,” I said, shaking my head. “All in the name of duty, right?” I added as I pulled my shirt off. My bra followed and I looked up at Dr. Mitchell. “So, what now?”

“I’ll start with your cleavage and then your neck and back. Since your navel is already pierced I think we’ll change that out with a transmitter as well just to be on the safe side. Any objections?”

“Nope. The more the merrier,” I half joked.

“Mmmm, my type of woman,” she winked. “Can I interest you in a few others?”

“Are they necessary for the assignment?”

“Better safe than sorry, right? Tell me, is your hood or anything else pierced?”

“No Ma’am, but I have a feeling you’re going to suggest I get it done.”

“Not for any professional reason. I just like the look. It’s entirely your decision, but personally, I think they’ll look amazing on you.”

“What exactly are you talking about?”

To my surprise, she hiked her skirt up over her hips and pulled her panties aside to show me a double barbelled hood and a series of piercings down her labia that took me a minute to digest. First were the tiny tunnels and then there were the long barbells that went through each set with a curved one on either side which were locked together at the bottom.

“It’s called a chastity piercing. Interested?”

“You want to do that to me?”

“God yes! I’ve been trying for the last seven years to find someone else open-minded and willing to go the distance and I feel that is you. Am I wrong?”

“Sorry, while it looks surprisingly sexy on you, I think that’s way too extreme for me.”

“How about just the hood then?”

“Okay, I can do that.”

“Sweet. See, I knew you were open-minded. Go ahead and take the rest of your clothes off any lay back. Since we’re going to be doing a fair bit of work that requires you to remain as still as possible I’ll put you under so you don’t experience any pain or discomfort. Any questions before we begin?”

“How long is this going to take?”

“Microdermals are not something you want rushed so you’ll be here several hours so if you’ve got kids or pets at home that need taken care of now’s the time to call a sitter.”

“No, I live alone,” I said laying back on the bed. “I’m ready when you are.”

It was daylight when I was put under and dark when I came too and the first thing I noticed was the full body numbness. Vision blurred, I looked down to see shiny metal starting about an inch above my breasts and going down into my cleavage. Still somewhat out of it, I closed my eyes. I thought a few minutes had passed, but I slept another hour. Unfortunately, when I woke this time whatever drugs had been coursing through my system were long gone and I was in a fair amount of pain between my legs. Groaning, I tossed the sheet back and sat up.

“Don’t move too much,” Cr. Mitchell said from the other side of the room. And please don’t be mad at me. I couldn’t help myself.”

“What did you do?” Biting her lower lip, she pointed between my legs. My eyes followed her finger and my jaw nearly went through the floor. “You...I said... what in the fuck did you do to me?” I stammered as I stared at my new chastity piercings consisting of seven tunnels in each outer labia connected by long barbells and locked with bars running down either side just like the doctor’s. “I said only the hood!”

“I’m so sorry. For what it’s worth they look really sexy on you. Feel free to take the barbells out if you want, but I’m afraid the tunnels are permanent unless you want to go through surgery to close the holes. I know you’re upset right now and would probably shoot me if you had your gun, but I ask that you leave them in and see how you feel in a few days. If you find you like them then they can become a very interesting part of your sex life moving forward and if not, like I said, you can remove the barbells, but the tunnels are there for good.”

“I could sue your ass off for this!”

“That is your right, but I stand by my work. And take it from someone with experience, your future partners are going to love them. Locks, Rings. Ribbons. The possibilities are as endless as the fun.”

My eyes moved up my body to the belly button dangle. Nothing special there. Then I looked at the letters forming the word MINX with a pair of tiny handcuffs filling the fifth anchor and I sighed. “Do I even want to see what you did to my back?”

“I did exactly as I said. The only added work is the chastity piercings.”

“Am I free to go?”

“After I give you the care instructions.”

“Make it quick because I don’t know how long I’ll be able to hold my temper in check.”

“Understood.”

One month later...

I was furious at what Doctor Mitchell did to me, but as the days turned to weeks I grew to like my new chastity piercings and after showing them off to a dozen or so friends whom all had the same reaction – shock followed by intrigue with a chaser of acceptance, I decided to keep them. I did, however, and to my great humiliation, tell Captain Gordon what her doctor did to me and was told it was all part of risks of doing undercover work. I think that pissed me off more than anything, but there was nothing I could do about it so I got on with my life.

It took a full month before I was able to do anything sexual without pain and discomfort and I took that time to sit back and relax while being paid to do so. Some might call that taking advantage of the situation, but it was not all lounging on the couch doing nothing all day. I also took the time to look into the Sapphire Club, its staff and the sort of people that visited. In my spare time I kept flexible by dancing and using the pole I had installed in my basement studio.

Friday night, I put on my tightest little black dress and a pair of four inch heels and drove to the club. There was a long line of men waiting to get in, but I walked right on by them. To his credit, the bouncer at the door showed little emotion as I approached. After showing him my ID he opened the door and let me in. Unlike the clubs I worked to pay for college, this one had a surprisingly clean atmosphere in that there was virtually no smoke in the air. The music was loud, but not deafeningly so and the women dancing on four separate stages looked as if they had come straight off the runway.

Giving the place a cursory glance, I spotted seven large men wearing black suits and knew the place took security seriously. That was a good sign. Walking up to the bar, I waited for the busty brunette bartender to make her way to me. “What can I get you, hun?” she asked.

“Who do I talk to about a job?”

“You’ll want to see Spencer,” she said looking me up and down. You ever dance?”

“For four years of college.”

“College huh? I take it the degree didn’t get you very far.”

“Not particularly. And until I can get a job in my field I need to do something to keep the bills paid.”

“And what field would that be if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Information technology and cyber security,” I honestly answered. Well, it was my minor, but she did not need to know that.”

“A geek, huh? Nice. Well, you certainly have the look for the job, but the question is can you dance?”

“Did you miss the part where I said I stripped my way through college?”

“Nope, but you’d be surprised how many women come in here with the same story. Take a look around Miss. This isn’t some hole in the wall strip club that hires just anyone off the street willing to shake their ass for a few singles. The Sapphire club is all about class. At least on stage, that is. In the VIP rooms you can be as trashy as the client wants. Anyways, you’ll have to prove you’ve got what it takes. You see the small empty stage over?” she asked pointing to a tiny, poorly lit stage on the far side of the club. “If you can draw the attention of twenty men I’ll set you up with Spencer who’ll take care of the next phase of the interview.”

“Fair enough.” I’ve worked more than a dozen clubs in my four years so jumping through a few hoops was nothing new. “Will you be introducing me at all?”

“Nope. You’re going to have to get their attention all on your own.”

“Challenge accepted.”

There was more to being a stripper than a willingness to take ones clothes off in front of strangers and it took me a long time to figure that out. Sure, there were

some men that patroned such places to see lithe naked bodies swinging from poles, but I found the real money and admiration came from those seeking something more. And I am not talking in a sexual manner though that certainly did happen more than I cared to admit. I could shake my ass and work the pole – big and small, with the best of them, but I found over the years that I was at my best when I played the part of unicorn. For those that don't know what that means, I'm of course referring to the type of woman men find irresistible and unobtainable.

Making my way through the crowd, I kept my eyes locked on the tiny stage and ignored any comments as if the men speaking them were beneath me. When I reached my destination, I stood cross-armed and looked out over the audience until the current song ended. When the next began, I performed my signature move. Placing my hands on the edge of the stage, I put my left foot against it and kicked off. In a manner of a few seconds I went from standing to doing a full split backwards onto the stage. That in itself garnered me more than a few looks and my audition was off.

For the first song I completely ignored the pole and let my body do the talking as I swayed to the beat of the music. Learning long ago not to reveal too much too quickly, I remained fully dressed. By the end of the second song my breasts were out and bills were landing on stage. To my surprise they were mostly tens and twenties and I'm pretty sure I saw a fifty in there as well, but I did not let it distract me from my goal. I was getting attention and that is all that mattered.

Going to the pole for the third song, I held it with my right hand and walked around it as if unsure what to do while nervously biting my lower lip. A few more men turned their attention to me and I went from novice to expert as I made that long tube of metal my bitch while performing a routine that had not failed me in the nearly three years it took me to perfect it. Incorporating every level of moves from the basic shoulder back stretch and intermediate diamond cut to the more advanced teddy pike and allegra extended, I blew away the competition and while many of those watching remained in their seats, they had turned them away from the other stages and towards mine.

By the end of the fifth song, I was so into what I was doing I wondered why I ever gave it up to become a cop. With ninety percent of the customers now focused on me, I felt bad for the other dancers and while holding myself on the pole with sheer leg strength, I motioned for a pretty brunette to join me. She

hesitated a moment as any good dancer not knowing their partner would, but she eventually joined me. I motioned her close and whispered to her. “Does this club permit dancers to touch?”

“Full contact.”

I spun off the pole, grabbed her hand and pulled her close. Our lips nearly touched, but at the last second I brushed my cheek along hers and playfully bit the lobe of her right ear. “I know it is hard working out of the blue with someone new like this, but let’s see where the music leads us.” Her hand went to the small of my back. Taking the cue, I arched back and she bit my left nipple. Damn, I thought when she said full contact she really meant it. Coming up, I lightly kissed her lips and then slid down her body and between her legs.

While I had never been sexually attracted to women, I had been intimately close to them during various routines over the years. This time was different, however, as something deep within seemed to snap. Grabbing her ass, I pulled her close and sucked her clit. Biting her hood, I pulled back so everyone watching could see as I let it slowly slide free. Going fully between her legs, I stood and grabbed her hips. She leaned her head back and we kissed like long lost lovers and it made my entire body tingle with excitement. Hands groping, bodies pressing against each other, we crowned out everything beyond the edge of the stage as we let the music and lust consume us.

Incorporating the pole into our impromptu routine, we went through myriad moves. After a splits lean out where she held me by the hand while my right foot was on the pole, I spun around. She moved into a split. I curled in close and buried my tongue in her pussy. The audience went wild and I continued licking my first pussy. I don’t know if it was just the thrill of the moment or if I was actually doing something right, but either way she was gushing in my mouth and I lapped it all up like a thirst pup until the music stopped and I heard a man speaking into a microphone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, give a big round of applause for our newest dancer... MINX!” he said, using the name I had pierced down my cleavage. The applause and cheer were thunderous and after collecting a rather generous sum of money, I left the stage with my partner.

“Thank you so much for playing along.”

“My pleasure. And don’t worry about splitting the take. You earned every bit of it. My name is Destiny, by the way. Real and stage,” she grinned. “I usually work alone, but the next time you’re looking to do that again just let me know.”

“Thanks. Honestly, I have no idea what came over me. That was the first time I’ve ever done anything sexual with another woman and I’m still sort of floating on cloud nine right now.”

“Well, you’re certainly a natural so the offer stands.” Seeing a handsome, well-dressed man approaching, she gave me a quick kiss on the lips. “That is Spencer coming our way and from the look on his face he liked what we did. Good luck and I hope to work with you again soon.”

“Likewise.”

Spencer walked over, circled around me, and grabbed my ass and breasts as if he owned me, but it was his finger sliding along my moist slit that made me inhale sharply. “I see you’re every bit as excited as all these men,” he said.

“And that bulge in your pants tells me I had an effect on you as well.”

“Follow me.” Putting my easily earned money in my purse, I followed Spencer to an office at the back of the club. Going in, she shut the door behind us and then walked over to a desk which he leaned against. “I’m not going to lie. That was hands down one of the best routines I have ever seen and I would really like to hire you fulltime, but there’s more to working the Sapphire Club than dancing.”

“Do you want me to suck you off, or shall we go straight to the fucking?” I purred.

“Direct. I like that in a woman. I also like the piercings. I think the only thing that would make them better is if you were ringed shut.”

“Actually, I wear barbells that are locked tight, but left them out for the show. I have them in my purse if you’d like me to put them in.”

“Not until after I fuck my load into you.” Taking me by the hand, he pushed me over the desk. I did not resist. His zipper went down and my pussy was stuffed full of cock. “Damn! You’re pretty fucking tight for a slut.”

“That’s how the men like it and I aim to please,” I moaned. He grabbed my braided ponytail and yanked me back. Still I gave no resistance.

“Dancers are a dime a dozen, Minx, what I need are open-minded cunts like you that are willing to do whatever it takes to make my patrons happy. Is that you, Minx? Are you willing to do whatever it takes?”

“Anything and everything.”

“What if I told you to go to a VIP room and have sex with a customer?”

“As long as he’s wearing a condom he can fuck me all he wants.”

“And if I said bareback?”

“Sorry, but no job is worth getting riddled with diseases so I’d have to decline.”

“And women?”

Destiny was the first I ever did anything sexual with, but I think I’m open to doing more.”

“Are you willing to get extreme, Minx?”

“What do you have in mind?”

But instead of answering he rammed his cock in and out until I felt the first blasts of semen hitting my cervix. Shoving in deep, he held it there until his balls were drained and his cock went limp. Still holding my braid, he pulled me off the desk and onto my knees. His dick went into my mouth and the back of my throat and then I tasted the warm, bitter fluid as it rushed down my esophagus. He was pissing and I was the freaking toilet. Eyes going wide, I stared up into his pale blue eyes.

“If you can kneel there for half an hour without throwing up you’re hired. Spit, choke or throw up and not only will I send you the cleaning bill I’ll make sure you never dance in this country again.” Taking a step back, he put his dick in his pants and zipped up. There are cameras in the room so don’t think I’m not watching.” Smirking, he walked out and left me there to suffer the indignity alone.

The only saving grace was his cock being fully down my throat when he pissed which meant I only tasted the last few drops trickling out as he finished. Placing my hands on my knees, I bowed my head and did everything in my power to ignore the fact I had a belly full of urine. Easier said than done, but I managed to make it through the allotted time without spitting, choking or throwing up. The door opened about forty minutes later and Spencer walked in.

“Nicely done Minx.”

“Thanks I think. So, do you piss down the throats of all your employees?”

“Only the women.”

“Wait, so you’re telling me all the dancers, the bartender, the waitresses, they’ve all drank your piss?”

“Each and every one. In fact, if you wish to continue working here you’ll get use to the idea as it won’t be the last time you do it. The question is: are you willing to pay the price?”

“Yes.”

“Spoken like a true Minx. Very well, you’re hired.”

“Thank you Sir.”

“Did you notice anything about the other dancers?”

“They’re all extremely pretty.”

“Anything else?”

“I honestly didn’t have a whole lot of time.”

“All of my female employees must get a tattoo of a club-shaped sapphire on their inner right wrist. I’ve got an artist that does them for me. If you still want the job you’ll see him right now to get it done.”

“Is he here or do I need to go to a shop?”

“I had a feeling you were going to take the job so I took the liberty of calling

him.” Going across the office, Spencer opened the door and waved a tattoo-covered man in. “Minx, this is Jasper. Jasper, Minx.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” I greeted him.”

“Ditto. Stand for me.” When I was on my feet, he looked me up and down. “Nice work. Could use a few more tattoos, but that’s just my opinion.”

“Just the one, thanks.”

“Go ahead and sit with your right arm stretched out on the desk and I’ll get to work. You sure I can’t interest you in anything else? As long as it’s done here and now it’s free.”

“I’ve always wanted a fairy, but I think I’ll hold off.”

“I think a fairy is an excellent idea,” Spencer said. “Go on, live a little.”

“Is it required to get the job?”

“Nope, but I’d definitely find it appealing.”

“Fine, but nothing too big.”

“Where would you like it?” Jasper asked as he sat his bag on the desk to the right of my arm.

“Between my shoulder blades if that’s okay.”

“Absolutely. And when you say nothing too big…”

“I don’t want my entire back covered or even half or a quarter of it for that matter. I’d like to keep it small and feminine.”

“Not a problem, though with the wings and everything it’s going to be several inches at least,” he said as he removed bottles of ink from the bag. “Any particular color scheme you’d like to go with?”

“Well, seeing as I’m working at the Sapphire Club we should go with that.”

“Fair enough.”

I really wish I had demanded to see the picture before it was tattooed on my back, but it was done and there was nothing I could do about it now. While it was definitely a fairy, it was no Tinkerbell. Clothed in what appeared to be sapphire blue thigh-high latex stockings, opera gloves, corset and panties, she knelt with her head bowed in submission and it was only after taking a long look that I realized she looked a lot like me all the way down to the glasses and the MINX cleavage piercings.

“What do you think?”

“I think you turned me into some sort of submissive fairy,” I replied. “Or is it just coincidence that it looks like me and had the same piercings?”

“Nope, I did that on purpose,” Jasper grinned. “Do you like it?”

“It’s not exactly what I asked for, but you did an amazing job at making it look realistic. The only problem I have with it is I’m not submissive.”

“Says the woman that drank my piss and knelt without moving afterwards,” Spencer replied. “If I told you to bend over the desk and let Jasper fuck your ass you’d do it wouldn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Point made.”

Yes, he made his point, but only because I could not tell him I was undercover and would do whatever it took to get the job done. “Do you want me to bend over your desk so Jasper can fuck my ass?”

“What do you think?”

Standing, I bent over the desk and looked back over my shoulder. “My ass is all yours. All I ask is that you wear a condom and use some lube.”

“Afraid I’ll pull out and fill that sweet little pussy?”

“Nope. I’m on birth control. No offense, but I don’t know where your dick has been and I won’t risk getting some incurable disease.”

“Fair enough.”

“There’s lube and condoms in the bottom left drawer,” Spencer said. “You kids have fun and Minx, I want you back here tomorrow night at ten to start your shift.”

“Why wait, Sir? Give me an hour and I’ll be ready to again tonight.”

“Suit yourself, but make sure you shower in the employee lounge. I don’t want my girls dripping semen all over the place.”

“Yes Sir. And thanks for hiring me.”

“Honey, you’re the best I’ve seen in years. I’d be a damn fool to let you slip through my fingers. Anyways, enjoy having your ass gaped open.”

Looking back my eyes grew wider than basketballs when I saw the telephone pole hanging between the tattoo artist’s legs and he was not even hard yet. “Jesus Christ! Okay, I’m going to need some warm up before that goes anywhere near my ass.”

Jasper walked around the desk and returned with a bottle of lube. Coating his cock, he gave it a couple dozen strokes and then pressed the head against my tightly puckered hole. “Warming up ruins the fun. You’re going to take all thirteen inches until I’m drained dry and its going in on three...he added more lube...two...he used his dick to rub it around...ONE!” My sphincter resisted, but gave under the pressure and I was stretched as he pushed deep.

“Aahhgghhh! OH MY FUCKING GOD! TAKE IT OUT! Uuhnnnn! Y-You-You’re too fucking big!” I tried moving away from him, but pinned to the desk the only way to go was back and that meant taking more of his elephant cock.

“Relax and take deep breaths,” he said pulling out and pushing back in. “That’s it. I’m almost all the way in.”

“Fucking hell! H-How much more is there?”

“Only four or five inches.”

“Only? It feels like you’ve already shoved a baseball bat up my ass.”

“I’m a couple feet short but every bit as thick.” Tightening his grip on my waist, he pounded me even harder – each thrust knocking the breath out of me. Digging my nails into the sides of the desk, I grunted and to my surprise actually started enjoying it.

One to like looking my lovers in the eyes while they fuck me silly, I stood up and spun around. Lying on the desk, I spread my legs and put my feet up on the edge. “What are you waiting for? My ass isn’t going to fuck itself.”

∞ ∞ ∞

After Jasper thoroughly stretched my asshole I lay on the desk for several minutes before I was able to stand and only then long enough to drop to the floor. “Wow! I’ve never been this damn weak in the knees after sex.”

“I aimed to please,” Jasper replied. “You know, you’ll be able to take small fists in there now and with a little work even bigger ones. Think you can incorporate that into your nightly routine?”

“Um, is that even legal?”

“Fisting? Yeah, there’s no laws against it that I know of.”

“I mean doing it on stage in a strip club.”

“Oh yes. The Sapphire Club is limited full contact and by the look on your face you have no idea what I’m talking about. Basically, you’re permitted to have sex with the other employees on stage, but if you want to fuck anyone else you’ll have to use one of the VIP rooms. Didn’t Spencer go over all of this?”

“Um, not exactly. He was a little busy fucking me.”

“I see. Well, I’m not employed here so you’ll do better talking to someone that is. And anytime you want that asshole stretched just give me a call.”

“Will do. You know, I’m not really supposed to start until tomorrow. How long will it take to get that monster up again?”

“Hmm...I’m thinking the morning.”

“Aw, come on.”

“I wouldn’t want to deprive the patrons the beauty of your body. Besides, you’ve already told Spencer you’ll work tonight and he’s not one you want to start lying to. Go on, go freshen up and if you still want my monster cock I’ll be around tomorrow to take you to a VIP room.”

“It’s a date,” I purred. Seeing the bottle of lube sitting on the desk, I picked it up and coated my right hand. Biting my lip, I got on all fours, took a deep breath and pushed my hand up my ass. “Ooohhhhh shit! I...mmmm...I didn’t believe it, but damn, I really can take a fist.” Pulling out, I pushed my hand back in. Out. In. Out. In.

“You keep that up and you won’t have any need of my cock.”

“I still have a tight pussy,” I moaned.

“Then guess what I’ll be fucking tomorrow night? Now stop fisting your ass and go get ready for your shift or I might change my mind.”

“Okay, okay I’m going. No need to threaten me,” I grinned. Pulling my hand out of my ass, I used some tissues to wipe it clean. “Thanks for the wonderful fuck and the amazing tattoos. Can’t wait till tomorrow.” He really was not my type, but my god that dick was a gift from god and that earned him free access to all of my holes anytime he wanted them.

“If you ever want some more work I’ll set you up free of charge.”

“I appreciate it, but I thing I’ve had enough work for one lifetime.” Gathering my clothes, I left him in the office and made my way to the employee lounge for a refreshing shower.

∞ ∞ ∞

With all of the stages occupied by other dancers, I remained in the changing

room with the others waiting for their turn to make a living when something Jasper had said popped into my head. Reluctantly getting up from the most comfortable sofa in the world, I walked over to Destiny whom was going through racks of clothing. “Still here, huh?” she asked.

“Until the lights go out,” I replied.

“You do know we’re open twenty-four-seven, right?”

“I do now. There are a lot of things I don’t know about this place and I was hoping you could help me out seeing as how you’re the only one that will even talk to me.”

“They’re all just pissed you stole the show and all the customers. If it’s any consolation, they’re mad at me as well.”

“Why would they be mad at you?”

“Because I joined your performance and they didn’t. Anyways, they’ll live. What answers do you need?”

“Jasper mentioned something about this place being a fetish club which is why we were able to have sex on stage. What did he mean by that?”

She grabbed my right hand and twisted. “You’re officially one of us now, nice.”

“Thanks. He also tattooed my back,” I said, turning to show her my new ink.

“Kinky. Also nice. Jasper does some, wait...that fairy looks an awful lot like you. Guess you’re the submissive one in the relationships, huh?”

“I don’t even know what that means. Also, I didn’t ask him to make it look like me. He did that all on his own.”

“Okay, well, to answer your first question, yes, this is a fetish club which gives us a lot more leeway than a normal gentleman’s club. You won’t see much in the way of fetish stuff except what little the dancers are willing to perform on stage though.”

“I can take a fist up my ass now,” I blurted out.

“Jasper got his dick in there, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“Nice. The men love that sort of shit so we can work that into the routine if you like. I mean, if you want to work with me again, that is.”

“God yes. I wasn’t kidding when I said you were the first woman I’ve ever been intimate with and I really want to explore that side of my sexuality more. So, what sort of fetish stuff do you mean?”

“Name it. If it’s legal it’s permitted. Have you been used as Spencer’s toilet yet? Nevermind, you’re inked so of course you have. Golden showers are a big hit as is fisting. Domination, submission and especially discipline are quite popular but can be tricky to work into a fluid dance routine. Same with bondage. Just remember you’re only allowed to have sex with employees on stage. Everyone else must use the VIP rooms.”

“All employees, or just the dancers?”

“All of them, but don’t make a habit of doing what you did with me. A random spur of the moment thing like that is fine for some, but most of the people working here like to have some notice they’ll be on stage. Especially security. They won’t even join you unless there’s someone to cover their post. Also, don’t keep anyone more than a song unless you’ve worked it out with them and Spencer in advance. Honestly, I’m surprised the boss didn’t go over all of this when he hired you.”

“To be honest he was a little busy fucking me. And then Jasper came in to do the work and I took him up my ass and, well, now I’m here.”

“Damn, you must’ve made a hell of an impression on the boss to make him forget like that. Did he even make you fill out the paperwork?”

“Nope.”

“So, then, you’re not actually employed here then. Shit, we’ve got to take care of that right now before you step foot on stage.”

“What do you mean I’m not employed? I got the tattoo and Spencer said I had

the job.”

“All well and good, but there are a ton of forms you have to fill out to actually make it official. Come on, let’s go find Spencer and get this taken care of so you’re actually permitted on the stages.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Remember all that fetish stuff I mentioned? Well, on top of the normal stuff for getting a job all employees must sign consent and waiver forms. Basically, it’s to prevent disgruntled employees from suing them on grounds of sexual perversion. You’re going to be busy for the next few hours so forget about dancing. Come on, let’s go find Spencer.”

“I don’t want you to miss your next number on my account so you stay and get ready and I’ll go look for him.”

“Make sure you read and understand everything before signing it as once your name is in ink there’s no going back as long as you’re working here.”

“Got it. And thanks again.” Giving her a kiss that, as far as I was concerned, ended too quickly, I left the changing room and looked around for the boss.

I spotted the target of my investigation a moment before seeing Spencer sitting at the same table. My heart instantly pounded into overdrive as my mind raced. Taking a few breaths to calm myself, I approached their table. "Pardon the interruption Sir, but I've been informed that in all the excitement you may have forgotten to give me the paperwork to fill out to actually work here."

"What? Oh shit, you're right," Spencer replied. "Ross, this is Minx, the new dancer I was telling you about. Honey, why don't you entertain my friend here and I'll go get the paperwork?"

"But is that even allowed? I thought I had to fill out the paperwork before doing anything? Also, don't we have to use a VIP room since he's a customer?" I said making sure to ignore Caleb's presence to my left.

"Giving lap dances is all part of the job and does not constitute sex."

"Yes Sir, but I'm not technically working here until I sign the paperwork and from what I understand customers aren't allowed to give each other even lap dances."

"HA! I like this one," Caleb laughed as he grabbed my ass.

Looking down at his hand and then into his eyes, I curled my lip into a sneer. "Remove your hand from my ass or I'll remove it from your body."

"Minx!" Spencer almost growled in anger.

"I won't apologize for his wondering hand and I stand by what I said." Looking back down at the grinning drug dealer I stood my ground. "You've got three seconds before you lose that appendage. One...two...three." His hand was still on my ass but that swiftly ended as I grabbed it, twisted and pinched a bundle of nerves that had him grimacing in pain. "I won't rip it off this time because I don't want to deal with the police, but the next time you lay a finger on me without permission you'll wake up in the hospital." Holding it for a few more seconds, I let go and took a step back.

“You can forget about working here or anywhere else. Pack your shit and...”

“And you kidding me, Spence?” Caleb grinned. “This one’s a keeper. Fire her and I’ll make sure you lose so much business you’ll have to close up shop.” He looked up at me and winked. “You’ve got skunk and I like that, Minx.”

“Actually, I washed all the spunk down the drain,” I joked.

“HA! Sexy and witty. Now there’s a dangerous combination if I’ve ever seen one. What are you waiting for? Go get this woman her paperwork so I can see her put the rest of them to shame. That is what you said, right? You said she was the best you’ve ever seen? I want to see proof of her skills myself.” Once again looking at me, he smiled. “In the meantime you may join me as my guest and I won’t take no for an answer.”

“Sorry, pal, but I don’t think I like you very much.” It was a risky game I was playing. Everything in his record pointed to him liking strong, willful women, but he also hated being upstaged and humiliated in public which I was dangerously close to doing and I knew it when he opened his suit jacket enough to show me the grip of a gun. “You know, on second thought maybe I will sit and talk. And I do mean talk.”

To my surprise, Spencer walked off in the direction of his office. I waited a few seconds and then pulled out the chair opposite my target. “So, Spencer said your name was Ross?”

“You telling me you don’t know who I am?”

“Should I?”

“You been living under a rock the last ten years or something?”

“Two bedroom house in the suburbs actually. Well, not for a decade, but the last two anyways.”

“Ever hear the name Caleb Ross?”

“Nope. HEY! Wait, are you like Bob Ross’ brother or cousin or something? That would be really cool if you were. I used to watch his show when I was a kid and almost became a painter because of him. Well, until my art teach said my

pictures looked as if they had been done by a spastic monkey, that is.”

“And now you shake that sexy and very firm ass for a living.”

“If you’ve got a problem with it the door’s over there. I don’t have to sit here and listen to some uppity customer put me down.”

“You’ve got me all wrong, doll. I love any woman confident enough in their own skin to show off the goods for a crowd of strangers and from what I can see you’ve certainly got the goods. Just a head’s up, as soon as those forms are signed and you’re hired we’re going straight to the VIP rooms.”

“I’ll be going home once they’re signed, but feel free to ask tomorrow night if you think you can handle me,” I smirked. “And do try to be a little more polite. I don’t take too well to demands.”

“Better change that attitude right now if you plan on working here long.”

“Meaning?”

Meaning you’re working at a fetish club and when you’re not shaking the moneymaker you’ll be doing a whole lot of submitting. Good grief, are you telling me you don’t even know what sort of club you’re going to be working at?”

“I’ve been told numerous times that it’s a fetish club and I’ll most likely be doing kinky stuff, but I’m new to this so cut me some slack.”

“You ever do anything kinky, babe?”

“I drank Spencer’s piss tonight and fisted my ass after Jasper fucked it. Does that count? I also had sex with my first woman on sage while auditioning for the job.”

“It’s a start, but you’ve got a long ways to go before you’re a properly trained Sapphire slave.”

“Sapphire slave?”

“How old are you?”

“Old enough to work here.”

“Please answer the question and lose the attitude. It was cute at first but now it’s just getting annoying.”

“I’m twenty-four.”

“And you’ve never heard of bdsm?”

“I’ve heard of it but it’s not exactly something I’ve spent a lot of time looking into. Or any time at all really.” I was going to say more but I saw Spencer walking in our direction so kept my mouth shut.

“I hope she hasn’t given you too much grief,” Spencer said as he dropped a folder in the table in front of me.

“None at all. We’ve had a very pleasant conversation. Isn’t that right, babe?”

“Yes sir. Mr. Ross was just about to explain the finer points of bdsm to me.”

“You’ll do better to take that home and read it very carefully. If you agree to all the terms and rules sign it and return tomorrow night at ten to start your shift. Now if you’ll excuse us, Ross and I have business to get back to.”

“Yes Sir.” Getting up, I grabbed the folder and went back to the changing room to grab my purse from the locker when I suddenly found myself surrounded by six half-naked women. “Um, excuse me, but do you mind getting out of my way?”

“You know, Destiny told you we were all pissed off at you, but that couldn’t be further from the truth,” the slender, busty brunette standing in front of me said. “Truth of the matter, we all find you quite stunning and want to fuck you cross-eyed. Is that going to be a problem?”

“Well, considering I don’t actually work here until I read and sign these,” I said holding up the folder “you tell me.”

“There’s always the VIP rooms,” a perky breasted blonde half-dressed as a cowgirl replied.

“Spencer told me to take the forms and not come back until they’re signed and I don’t really want to piss him off so if you don’t mind I really need to get going. I’ll definitely be back tomorrow night though so if you can wait until then to fuck me cross-eyed and you’re willing to do it on stage I’m all yours. Just bear in mind Destiny is the first woman I’ve done anything sexual with.”

“Fine, tomorrow night the six of us are going to give you a proper Sapphire Club initiation,” the brunette said.

“Can’t wait. Just one thing before I leave. What are your names?”

“I’m Ariel,” a freckle-faced redhead said “and I for one can’t wait to get my fist in your ass.”

“I’m Fantasia,” the brunette in front of me introduced herself.

“And I’m Jade,” a woman with ten shades of green hair said. “Can you take a fist in your pussy?”

“Just my ass and I’d like to keep it that way thank you very much.”

A black woman held out her right hand and introduced herself as Porsche. I shook it and she pulled me close. Our lips met and then our tongues. Her hand went under my dress and my panties were moved aside so she could push them into me. After a few thrusts she pulled them out and sucked them clean.

“Mmmm...yeah, I’m going to enjoy breaking you.”

“I don’t even know what that means but I can’t wait to find out,” I purred.

The perky-breasted blonde introduced herself as Skye and the last woman – a brunette with about sixty percent of her body covered in tattoos pulled my dress up over my hips, spun me around and bent me over a makeup table. My panties were yanked down and my ass spread open. “Don’t move,” she commanded. Curious where this was going I obeyed. She lubed her hands and the right went straight up my ass.

“Uuhhnnn! W-What did I say about waiting until tomorrow?” I grunted as she pulled out and rammed the left in. Left out, right in. Right out, left in.

“Mmmm...okay, you’ve had your fun now let me up.”

“Just making sure you weren’t lying about being able to take a fist. I’m Angel by the way and I agree with Porsche, you’re going to be fun breaking in. Also, I wanted to say I really like your piercings. Do you only have the tunnels or are there more?”

“There are barbells that lock me tight.”

“As I suspected. Wear the rest of them when you come in tomorrow or I’ll have to take the cane to your sexy ass.”

“Yes Ma’am. Can I please get up now?”

“After we all fist you for an hour. If you do that and you can go home. Refuse and we punish you instead. What’ll it be, Minx? Fist or the cane?”

“Fist,” I softly replied.

“A little louder. I couldn’t quite hear that.”

“I said fist me.”

“That didn’t sound sincere at all.”

“Please, I want all of you to fist my ass for the next hour. Shove your hands in me. Use me as your fuck puppet.”

“Only for an hour? That doesn’t sound like a fuck puppet to me,” Porsche said.

“All night!” I yelped as she pushed deeper into my bowels. Please fist me until I pass out.”

“That’s more like it. You heard her ladies, let’s turn this little minx into the Grand fucking Canyon.”

Not used to staying up all night, getting fucked so many times in one day or having my asshole stretched to the limits of human capacity, I woke late in the afternoon feeling incredibly stuffed in the backside. As the fog faded I recalled the six strippers repeatedly fisting me and they did not stop at one fist or with fisting. Strap-ons, fingers and tongues saw a lot of use by all seven of us as I participated in my first ever gang bang. That it was a lesbian one was an added bonus. Rolling onto my belly, I brought my knees up and reached back to feel the base of the plug still filling me completely. They called it the sapphire fist, and from what I remembered and now felt it made Jasper's cock seem downright tiny in comparison.

Getting out of bed, I went to the bathroom. Placing my right foot on the edge of the tub, I reached back and grabbed the base of the plug. "Uhn!" I grunted. The plug, however, stayed firmly embedded in my ass. "Fucking hell. This is gonna hurt," I groaned, giving it another tug. Taking a deep breath, I exhaled and pulled hard. My sphincter stretched wider and wider and then the plug popped free and landed on the floor with a thud. Dropping to my knees, I looked down to see a massive blue butt plug shaped like two clasping hands. Scared, I reached back and felt around. Fingers shaking, I looked and to my relief did not see any blood. "Oh thank god!"

I picked the toy up and tossed it in the tub. Turning the water on, I was just about to join it when the burner phone I got from Captain Gordon rang. Since she and Chief Boyer were the only ones with access to the number, I ran to the bedroom and answered. "This is Minx."

"Hey Minx this is Cat," Captain Gordon said using the code phrase telling me it was her.

"Hi Cat, what's up?"

"I'm in the neighborhood, mind if I drop by?"

"Um, can you give me an hour to wake up and shower first?"

“Nah, I’m actually pulling in your driveway as we speak. Don’t bother putting anything on.”

The call went dead and a minute later there was a knock at the door. Going to the living room, I opened it to see my boss wearing a form-fitting purple dress with black trim and highlights. She walked in and gave my naked body a once over. “God damn you’re gorgeous.”

“Thanks. So, um, why the house call? Also, you look pretty damn hot in that dress yourself.”

“I saw everything you did last night and let me tell you, it took a great deal of willpower not to show up and take you to one of those VIP rooms.”

“Um, wow, really? Wait, aren’t you married?”

“How’s the ass? That was some toy they plugged you with.”

“They set out to turn me into the Grand fucking Canyon and I’m pretty sure they succeeded. So, I ask again, why are...” her lips pressed to mine and I froze.

“God, I’ve wanted to do that ever since you applied for the job. I want to have sex with you, Minx.”

“Y-You do? But what about your husband?”

“Oh, honey, you’ve already taken his magnificent cock.”

“What? No I haven’t. I would never...”

“Sshhh...it’s okay. My husband’s name is Spencer. Ring any bells?”

“Oh my god! Spencer? Sapphire Club Spencer?”

“One and the same. How did you like drinking his piss? That turned me on so much I fingered myself to three orgasms. And Jasper. The lesbian gang bang. The way you handled Caleb. You really are a sexy little nympho aren’t you?”

“Do you drink his piss?”

“And more. I’m the original Sapphire slave, Minx. Holding her right arm up, she

showed me her inner wrist and the tattoo of a club-shaped sapphire. And when I say slave I mean it in every sense of the word. He commands and I obey. The same goes for everyone working for him including you.”

“Why do I get the feeling you’ve set me up to be a slave?”

“Because I did. And if you want to get on Caleb’s good side you’re going to continue your training.”

“Are you going to fire me if I say I’m in way over my head and want to back out?”

“Of course not, but I think we both know you love what you’re doing and you’re going to continue working for my husband until you’re a fully trained sex slave aren’t you?”

“Was this undercover business even about bringing in Caleb or did you use him as an excuse to make me submit?”

“A little of both. We do need evidence to bring him in and it needs to be something that he can’t easily make go away and for that we need you.”

“Why me?”

“Because you’re his vision of the perfect woman.”

“He wants to take me to a VIP room tonight.”

“That’s great. Let him. But remember, don’t let him walk all over you or he’ll lose interest. Submit, but play hard to get. Be bratty and rebellious. Of course that means you’re going to get more than a few spankings, but I think your ass can handle it. Now, tell me you want to have sex with me.”

“Right now? I just got out of bed. I need to shower. Eat breakfast. Wake up all the way. Besides, I’m getting so much sex at my new job...”

“Look, if you don’t want to have sex with me then please just say so and spare me the excuses.”

“I’m not...give me an hour and I’m all yours, but the only sex toy I have is the

plug they stuffed me with and that monster isn't going up my ass anytime soon."

"We'll make due with fingers and tongues. On second thought, let me give my husband a call and have him bring a few things over. Go on, go take your shower and let me take care of everything else."

"Yes Ma'am."

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I was feeling refreshed after my shower and when I returned to the living room I saw Spencer and Captain Gordon talking next to a pile of boxes. "Hello again, Spencer. Welcome to my home."

"Thanks, Minx, glad to see you again. How's your ass?"

"Gaping, Sir. I'm going to make breakfast, can I get you anything?"

"It's three in the afternoon."

"I had a long night, Sir. So, what's in the boxes?"

"Your new collection of sex toys," Spencer answered. "Cat said you didn't have any so I figured I'd bring a few things by."

"A few things? Wait, Cat? I thought that was..."

"All you need to know is that I'm with the police."

"I'm trusting you to keep this information to yourself, Minx," Captain Gordon said. "No one at the club knows Spence is undercover and the club is a front used to catch criminals."

"And train sex slaves," I grinned. "Your secret's safe with me. Thank you for the toys, but don't you think you may have gone a little overboard?"

"Not at all. Variety is the spice of life and all that. Besides, this is only the half of it. The larger pieces will be delivered in a few days and we'll have your dungeon up and running inside of a week."

"Dungeon?"

“Think of it as a playroom where you can live out all your perverse fantasies,” my boss answered. “Anyways, why don’t you go grab breakfast while Spence and I unpack a few things? Oh, and you don’t mind if he stays for the fun do you?”

“Not at all. But I’m not to blame if you wear me out and I can’t give the customers at work my fullest.”

“As the newest and might I add most popular addition to the Sapphire Club you’ll spend most of your time on stage drawing the crowds. I talked with Ross last night and have agreed to give him an hour a night with you. Hopefully it’s enough to keep him interested. If not then we’ll try to work something out, but we don’t want to give you to him all at once.”

“I understand, but I’m not giving him an hour. Wait, hear me out before you bite my head off. He’ll think he’s getting an hour but I’ll get bored thirty or forty minutes through and leave him wanting. It plays right into his love of confident, commanding women and will keep him coming back for more.”

“Fair enough, but remember not to push your luck too far,” Captain Gordon said. “Now go eat before I take the cane to your ass for making us wait.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Mistress.”

“Huh?”

“You’ll call me Mistress, Spence is your Master and you’re our slave in training.”

“Yes Mistress. Why don’t you join me in the kitchen so we can go over all this slave business? Also, we need to stop early enough for me to read that folder full of paperwork, Master.”

“Honey, as much as I want to do this threesome, why don’t we give Minx time to take care of business and we’ll do this after her dungeon is set up.”

“As you wish, Master.”

“Thank you Master,” I said “but I’m fine having sex with the two of you right after I get something in my stomach.”

“You’ve been through a lot since last night and can use the break.”

“Thank you Master.”

“I’m going to stay, master,” Captain Gordon said. “Don’t worry, we’re not going to have sex. I just want to make sure she understands everything in the forms and to answer any questions she might have.”

“I have access to her contacts so I’ll know if you do. I’ll see you at work tonight,” Spencer said to me.

“I’ll be there, Master. And thank you again for all the toys. Now I just need to figure out where to put them.”

“You’ve got the spare bedroom and then there’s the basement you barely use,” Captain Gordon said.

“How do you know that, Mistress?”

“I’ve done my research into you, Minx.”

“Yes Mistress. But I’ve got family and friends that I’d like to keep this from.”

“A door can be installed in the basement so that it’s locked when not in use. I know a guy that can do it for an hour in bed.”

“Are you trying to sell me for sex, Mistress?”

“Not at all. He also takes cash if you prefer. Anyways, make breakfast and feel free to ask me anything.”

“Thank you Mistress. Why me?”

“Why you what?”

“Why did you set me up to be a sex slave, Mistress? Why not just let me go undercover and try getting into his confidence the normal way?”

“Because I like you Minx and I wanted to see if you would actually become a sex slave to get the job done.”

“So, you did it to get into my pants?”

“Pretty much, yeah. I know it was a fucked up thing to do, and I’m being completely selfish but god damn, Minx, you’re the most stunning woman I’ve ever seen and I couldn’t help myself. Truth is, you’re my vision of the perfect woman and I want Spencer to impregnate you.”

Choking as orange juice was halfway down, I sprayed it all over the floor. “You what?”

“I want you to have my husband’s babies.”

“Jesus fucking Christ! You can’t be serious, Mistress.”

“You’re in training to be a sex slave, Minx, and that means doing everything commanded of you and that includes breeding.”

“Every woman at the Club is being trained or already trained. Are you telling me they all let Spencer knock them up?”

“Each and every one of them. You know the bartender Ashley? She’s had four. Destiny is working on her third and Porsche? Porsche is practically a breeding factory. In the nine years she’s been a Sapphire slave she’s had six pregnancies and a total of ten babies.”

“Good god! How many kids does he have?”

“That we’re aware of? Ninety-seven by sixty-four women over the last eleven years. Will you be the next?”

“I think that’s about fifty different kinds of fucked up, Mistress. The answer is no. I will not have his babies. I’m on birth control and I plan on keeping it that way. I’m willing to play along with a great many things, but just so we’re on the same page here, if you tamper with my pills or otherwise attempt to trick me into having his or anyone else’s babies I’ll not only sue you both into poverty, I’ll kick your ass and make sure the whole world knows the club is a front. Is that clear?”

“Crystal.”

“I think you need to go now before I say or do something we’ll both regret.”

“I think we need to talk and sort things out.”

“I’m going to politely ask you to leave one more time. Please don’t make me use force Ma’am. Even if you were hiding a gun in that dress we’re within twenty-one feet so there’s no way you could pull it before I dropped you. Do I need to remind you I’ve had nineteen years of karate and judo?”

“You don’t have to threaten me, Officer Morris, I’m going. And I want you back at the station in uniform first thing Monday morning.”

“You’re taking me off the case after one day?”

“You’re not experienced enough to do undercover work, Officer Morris. See you Monday.”

“Is this because I won’t let your husband breed me like a fucking animal?”

“You have your orders, Officer.”

No sooner was my boss out the door then I called Spencer. “Hey Minx, what can I do for you? Wait, please tell me you’re not calling off.”

“Your wife didn’t call yet?”

“Is she supposed to?”

“She’s taking me off the case and I think it has something to do with me refusing to let you breed me. She told me to forget my job at the club and to report to the station Monday morning.”

“Do you really want to work my club, Minx? Do you honestly want to be trained as a sex slave to get in the good graces of a drug-dealing asshole?”

“It doesn’t matter if I do. My first duty is as an officer of the law and I’ve been ordered off the case.”

“Please answer my questions, Minx.”

“I don’t want to have your kids.”

“That wasn’t one of my questions.”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes I want to work in your club and yes I want to be trained as a sex slave in order to get in Caleb’s good graces.”

“Why?”

“Excuse me?”

“Why do you want to do those things? I mean, there’s got to be a million different ways to bring him in. Why go through the humiliation of becoming a sex slave?”

“Because I like it,” I blurted out. “I mean, I don’t really know what I’m getting myself into, but I thoroughly loved everything I did last night from eating Destiny’s pussy and drinking your piss, to taking Jasper’s fat cock and doing a lesbian gang bang that left my asshole completely wrecked.”

“Then come to work tonight as planned. Work your magic and I’ll deal with my wife.”

“Unless you outrank her I have to do as she says.”

“I hold the rank of Commander, Minx, and on top of that I’m her Master. Trust me, come to work and I’ll deal with my wife.”

“What about the breeding?”

“I require all of my female employees to have at least one of my babies, but you don’t have to do it right now. Take your time and when you’re ready we’ll talk. Can you accept that compromise?”

“Why do you want to knock so many women up? How in the hell can you even afford to take care of so many kids?”

“You haven’t read the paperwork yet have you?”

“Not yet.”

“Those working for me, those I breed give up all rights to sue for child support and in exchange I give them a quarter million dollar lump sum per pregnancy.”

“I see. So if I let you knock me up I get two-hundred-fifty grand?”

“It’s all in the paperwork. Normally, breeding begins immediately. You’re on birth control, however, so I’ll give you three months to make up your mind. That should be sufficient time for the drug to get completely out of your system. In the meantime you’ll only have sex with women and Ross.”

“Why him? What if he knocks me up?”

“He had a vasectomy eight years ago so that’s not possible. Do we have a deal?”

“What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Will you fuck me?”

“Didn’t you just say you didn’t want me knocking you up?”

“You can wear a condom.”

“Never going to happen. I don’t wear condoms and never will. If we have sex I

will breed you, Minx.”

“Fair enough. I’ll accept your offer and let you know in three months whether I’m ready or not.”

“Then see you in a few hours.”

“Yes Master.” Hanging up, I paced back and forth for nearly two hours until my phone rang. “Ma’am?”

“I’ve changed my mind, Minx,” Captain Gordon replied. “Go to the club. Work the case as originally planned.”

“Why the one-eighty, Ma’am?”

“You’re the right woman for the job and that’s all you’re going to get from me.”

“I want the truth.”

“I had a talk with Spence and he assured me you’re the right woman for the job. I’m hanging up now.”

The call ended before I could say anything more. Sitting my phone on the coffee table, I stared from the boxes on the floor to the folder on the kitchen table. I really wanted to see what was in the former, but with time running out, I needed to read and sign the latter so I put my curiosity on hold and did just that. On top of the standard tax documents were about a dozen consent and waiver forms spelling out in no uncertain terms that I would not only be working as a stripper, but be trained as a sex slave in the process. The pay was nearly double my salary as a police officer and that did not even include the tips.

That was the upside. The downside was I had to give up all rights of humanity. While working at the Sapphire Club I belonged to Master Spencer Gordon and my sole duty was to fulfill his every command to the letter without question or hesitation. There were a ton of rules and regulations I would have to follow and breeding was brought up less than eight times on five forms. Heart pounding in my chest, I stared at a tingle line for more than an hour with the pen shaking in my trembling fingers.

How many times will you permit Master Spencer to use you as his breeding cow?

I wanted to leave it black, but knew in the pit of my stomach that I would have to give him a number. I let scenarios play out in my mind. How long would it take for him to knock me up in the first place? Will I get the evidence against Caleb before then or long after? Will I quit my training as a sex slave once he is caught, or will I continue for the rest of my life? These were just a few of the questions I had to honestly answer in the next few hours.

As if going back was not proof enough, I outright told Master Spencer that I loved everything that happened to me last night and wanted to continue my training. Life, I thought as I continued staring at that line. Maybe not with Spencer and definitely not with Captain Gordon, but I'm going to be a sex slave for the rest of my life. Closing my eyes, I thought back to the night before in my new Master's office. I thought about what he said to me, how he commanded and I obeyed. I thought about his cock slamming in and out. I thought about his semen flooding me and the orgasm it triggered. I thought of the VIP rooms which I had yet to visit, but no doubt would and all the men that would fuck and fill me with their loads.

Spencer gave me three months, but what happens after that? What happens when some man, or group of men forget or refuse to wear condoms and they breed me instead? Better to let a man you know and like knock you up. At least that way you'll get paid for it, I thought. My cheeks were suddenly on fire, but more important was my tingling clit. Pen went to paper and after some more hesitation I wrote ∞ with the intent of having as many of my Master's babies as possible while working at the Club and serving as his slave – a concept I was still wrapping my head around.

Going to the bathroom, I opened the medicine cabinet and grabbed the container of pills. Standing in front of the toilet, I raised the lid and a minute later I watched them go down the drain. Dropping the container in the trash, I went back to the living room and started opening the boxes of toys.

I arrived at the club early so that I could give Master Spencer the folder and to ask him several questions pertinent to my case. I found him in his office pissing down Destiny's throat. She drank every drop of it and then licked her lips. "Oh, hey Minx," she grinned. How's the ass?"

"Stretched and waiting to be used," I replied. "I've filled out all of the paperwork, Sir. If you've got some time I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Go ahead."

"Um, of a personal nature, Sir."

"You may go now Destiny."

"Yes Sir."

When she was gone and the door was closed and locked, I walked over to my new Master, dropped to my knees and started sucking his still exposed cock. He did not complain and I did not stop until he was at full attention. Standing, I put my hands on the edge of the desk and backed up while spreading my legs. "I flushed my pills, Master, I want you to breed me starting right now."

"That's not possible, Minx."

"Why not Master? I'm asking you to do the one thing I didn't want to do. I thought you would be happy."

"Oh, I'm very happy, but I can't breed you while you're in chastity," he said running a finger along the barbells connecting my outer labia together.

"God, I'm such an idiot. I was so excited I forgot I put them in. There's just one thing, Master. I only want your cock until I'm confirmed pregnant."

"That can be arranged. So tell me, slave, what number did you write on the form?"

“Infinite, Master. I will have your babies for as long as I’m working here and serving as your slave.”

“Why the sudden reversal?”

“I gave it a great deal of consideration and after the initial shock wore away, I was left feeling pretty damn excited at the idea,” I said as I unlocked the restraining bars from the hollow beads on either end of the barbells. Sitting them on the desk, I slid the barbells free and then got back in position. “I know I can’t get pregnant right away, but please breed me, Master.” He rubbed the head of his dick along my slit and I pushed back to take all eight and a half inches.

“Mmmm...I love your cock, Master.”

“And I love your tight pussy, slave. That’s why I’m forbidding you to stretch it until after you’ve had at least three of my babies. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

∞ ∞ ∞

After Master Spencer filled me with his load, I cleaned up and replaced the rest of the chastity piercing. “Before I hit the stage I need to ask you a few questions about a certain Snake, Master.”

“You may ask.”

“Thank you Master. I couldn’t help but overhear part of your conversation last night and one part in particular has been on my mind. He made a comment to the effect that he could shut this place down. What did he mean by that, Master?”

“As his name implies, Ross is a slithering slime ball that thinks he has more power than he really does. Like you I’m playing the long game. Unfortunately, I don’t have your particular assets so getting anything out of him has been... frustrating.”

“When you say assets?”

“Your body, Minx. He thinks you’re absolutely gorgeous and rightly so. Here’s the thing you need to understand about him. He may like chasing after confident, head-strong women, but once he gets his hands on them he expects nothing short

of total obedience. It's one of the reasons I train all of my female employees as sex slaves. Unfortunately, none of them have kept his attention long enough to be invited to his place and even if they were, they're not us if you know what I mean."

"Yes Master. Please don't take offence to this next question, but I need to ask. Are you working with Caleb Ross in any way, shape or form?"

"Absolutely not. In his mind he thinks he has some control over how I run my business and I play along to keep him coming back, but that's as far as that relationship goes."

"So you're not using the club as a front to sell his drugs or launder money, Master?"

"My books are handled by an outside company and you know my wife. She makes sure we get searched at least a few times a year which is typical of this sort of establishment. If you like, I'll give you full access to search the entire club however and whenever you like."

"What about the other employees, Master? Can I talk to them?"

"You may, but chose your words carefully, Minx, as any hint at interest in drugs will send them directly to me and with enough complaints I'll have no choice but to fire you."

"I understand, Master."

"I can tell you none of my employees have anything non-prescription in their system."

"Right," I said, remembering one of the forms I had signed consenting to random monthly drug and disease tests. "Thank you Master. I think that's all the questions I have for now."

"You're welcome, Minx, and feel free to come by my office anytime you've got more."

"I will Master. I better go get ready for my set now. I didn't exactly have time to come up with anything unique so I hope you don't mind me winging it."

“Honey, you could stand out there doing nothing and customers will shower you with cash.”

“Thank you Master, but I think I’ll play into Caleb’s fetishes and from what I’ve been told he likes schoolgirls.”

Leaving the boss’ office, I went to the changing room where I saw many of the women that gang banged and wrecked my ass the night before. Walking over to Porsche, I gave her large breasts a squeeze and kissed her. Going around the room, I kissed them all. “Thank you all again for the amazing initiation. Just so you know, I passed out with that freaking toy up my ass and that’s where it remained until I woke this afternoon.”

“Nice,” Angel replied. “And I’m glad to see you wearing the rest of the jewelry.”

“Good thing too because Spencer said he didn’t want my pussy stretched open like my ass for the foreseeable future.”

“That’s a shame,” Porsche fake pouted “I was looking forward to seeing how long it would take to double fist that hole as well. Oh well, there are still plenty of other things we can do to you.”

“And I’m more than willing to let you, however, I would like to work them into routines that will keep the customers happy and I don’t want them to occupy my every working moment. I need to have a few songs to myself,” I said, taking a seat at one of the makeup tables. Running a brush through my hair, I parted it and then started loosely braiding it into pigtails.

“We saw you with Caleb Ross last night,” Skye said. “We can’t tell you what to do, but you really don’t want to give that asshole a minute of your time.”

“Why do you say that?”

“You do realize he’s a big-time drug-dealer, right?”

“Unless he’s actually convicted I have no reason to believe rumors and speculation.”

“Rumors and speculations?” Porsche said. “Are you fucking kidding me? He’s guilty as sin and everyone knows it.”

“Then why isn’t he in prison?”

“Because he’s a crooked son of a bitch with people everywhere tampering with evidence, threatening witnesses and buying off jury.”

“If you know this for a fact then why not tell the police?”

“Two reasons. First, like everyone else here I’ve spent time with him and they could easily go with the scorned lover defense. And second, he’s a slippery bastard that has easily escaped every charged thrown at him.”

“He also very careful not to do the dealing himself,” Jade added as she laced up her corset. From what I’ve seen he’s got a core group of assholes doing all the dirty work for him. Unfortunately, they’re completely loyal and would never turn on him in a million years.”

“Yeah, because he threatens to have every member of their families killed if they do,” Porsche said.

“I don’t understand why the police can’t do anything about it,” I said, hoping to keep the information flowing.

“Because the police are just as corrupt as he is and I’m sure he’s paying more than a few of them off,” Angel huffed. “I mean, how else can so much evidence against one man keep coming up missing, right?”

“I think we all know the outcome of that investigation before it even starts,” I said alluding to the vast amount of negative news surrounding police all over the country while wondering if someone on the force could actually be helping him and how I would go about finding out given I’ve been on the job little more than a month of which I spent all of an hour at the station.

“The point is, he’s bad news. And despite his constant boasting he’s pretty lousy in bed.”

“Amen to that, sister,” Destiny exclaimed.

“Be that as it may, he’s shown interest in me and I’ve been ordered to give him what he wants.”

“Well, hopefully he’ll quickly lose interest and move on to someone else.”

“I hope not. Otherwise I’m not doing my job and the last thing I want is a reputation for not being able to please in bed.”

“Spoken like a true slave,” Porsche replied. “So, which of us is the lucky one that gets to work with you tonight?”

“Sorry, but I’m going solo for a while so the customers can see what I have to offer on my own.”

I spotted Caleb in the crowd the second I stepped foot on stage and he motioned me over the instant the final song played. There were no words between us as he took my hand and led me to the back of the club. Going down a door-lined hallway, he opened the first one marked unoccupied and took me into my first VIP room. There was a queen-sized canopy bed straight ahead complete with all manner of restraints. To the left and right of the bed were bookshelves lined with dildos, butt plugs, anal beads, vibrators and enough lube to fill a small swimming pool. Hanging on the right wall were whips, paddles, canes and crops while there were enough gags hanging to the left to quiet a stadium of women whimpering from the clamps that accompanied them. Yeah, that is probably an over-exaggeration, but the point is there were a lot of them.

“On your knees, slave,” Caleb commanded.

“Nah, I think you should kneel before me,” I replied.

“I don’t think you fully understand your role here, slave. You’ll do as you’re told or you’ll be punished.

“Get over yourself. We’re going to do things my way or not at all.” He drew his hand back as if to slap me across the face and I grabbed him by the balls. “Do I need to remind you what I did the last time you touched me without permission? If you want to keep them then I suggest lowering that hand.”

I had apparently stepped over the line as the next thing I know I was sitting on the floor with a stinging cheek and a very pissed of drug-dealer towering over me. He reached down – his hand going for my throat, when a lifetime of martial arts kicked in and I went into autopilot. He yelped in pain when I twisted his arm and then grunted as my foot slammed into his crotch. His eyes went wide and he dropped. Adrenaline fueling my actions, I grabbed a pair of cuffs and secured his hands behind his back. Another pair went on his ankles and I stood back wondering what to do next.

I was pretty sure at that point I lost any future chance of gaining his confidence so I had no other choice but to get the information I needed then and there.

Grabbing a penis gag from the wall, I attempted to put it in his mouth, but he recovered enough to struggle against it.

“You just made the biggest fucking mistake of your life,” he growled. “Your family, friends, I’ll make you watch as I turn them all into drug addicted whores working the streets before I sell you as pig food!”

“You’re not really in any position to issue idle threats. This is how things are going to work,” I said picking up some sort of tool that looked like a pinwheel made of needles attached to a handle. “I’m going to ask you some questions and you’re going to give me honest answers or so help me I’ll use this to turn that pathetic pecker of yours into Swiss cheese.”

“Touch me and you’ll be arrested for assault,” he said.

“Really? The big, bad Caleb Ross is going to go running to the police after having some fun in a fetish club? How loyal would your crew be once they found out you had your ass kicked by a woman?” Ripping his jacket and shirt open, I held the toy firmly in hand and rolled it hard across his chest. As a trail of blood drops formed in its wake, my eyes grew wide with a mixture of fear and excitement while he grunted, and scowled in his attempt at breaking free of the cuffs around his wrists. “Yeah, that’ll make short work of that tiny cock.” Walking behind him, I grabbed him in such a way that he would dislocate his shoulders if he attempted to attack or move in any direction I did not direct. Once on his feet, I shoved him onto the bed.

“I’ve known what a corrupt piece of shit you were ever since my uncle disappeared after serving as a juror on one of your trials,” I lied. “What did you do to him?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about you crazy fucking bitch.”

“No?” I yanked his pants and boxers down to his knees and placed the pinwheel about two inches above his cock. “Maybe this’ll jog your memory,” I said slowly moving it south. I thought for sure he would spill his guts the second the needles touched his dick, but to my surprise he screamed under his breath while clamping up tighter than a virgin gnat. “Where. Are. All. The. Missing. People?” I asked, adding another line of pinholes after every word. And still he remained silent. Well, he grunted and groaned, but he was not giving me any useful information.

“Look at the dots,” Caleb snarled “that’s how many friends and family members I’m going to ruin as you helplessly watch. I’ll whore out your mother, sisters, hell, I’ll sell your daddy too if I thought I could make a buck off of him! You have no fucking idea who you crossed.”

“Spare me the bravado you limp-dicked weasel. Maybe I’ll spare the world the possibility of you spreading your genes by turning you into a woman. Not that you would miss such a tiny dick. Snake? More like maggot. And I mean that in terms of size and what I think about you.” Getting off the bed, I took a few steps back and then looked around for ways to further his humiliation. There were all manner of toys, but I was well out of my element here and it took my brain several minutes to piece things together. Throughout the thinking process, my eyes kept going to the head of the bed and then the pieces came together like a puzzle.

“I’m going to uncuff your ankles. If you even hint at trying to hit me I’ll kick you so fucking hard in the nuts you’ll have a vagina.” After locating the key, I unlocked his right leg and brought it back over his head. Placing it in the outer hole in the headboard, I locked it in place, walked around the bed and did the same to the left giving me easy access to his cock and ass. Grabbing a sapphire fist from the shelf, I sat it on his chest. “You’ll answer every question I ask honestly or I won’t stop until that’s fully up your ass.”

“Piss off!”

“Suit yourself.” Picking the mammoth toy up, I placed the tips of the fingers against his tightly puckered asshole. “Did I mention I won’t be using any lube?” To reinforce my newly acquired sadistic side I gave it a push. It did not go anywhere, but he sure as hell bitched as if it had.

“FINE! What are your god damn questions?”

“Where are the people you made disappear?”

“How should I know? I gave them some money, threatened lives and told them to get lost. They were smart enough to listen to reason.”

“And the evidence? Always being acquitted? How do you pull it off?” He remained tight-lipped until I added more pressure to the plug and it slipped in about an inch.

“Aahhgghhh! You motherfucking cunt! I swear to god I’ll rip your god damn tits off when I get out of here!”

“Promises, promises. Answer the questions or I won’t stop until your asshole is wrecked.

“What do you think you idiot? I paid them off. I’ve got every judge and half a dozen officers on payroll. They can try me all they fucking want and I’ll walk free every time.”

“Bullshit! There’s no fucking way in hell you’re paying that many people off.”

“Tip of the iceberg, bitch, tip of the iceberg.”

“Funny, I was just thinking the same thing.” Pushing hard, I did not stop until another two inches went in. “How do I know what you’re saying is true?”

“I’ll never answer that question so you might as well just kill me now.”

“I would be doing this city a favor, but I think I’ll settle with humiliating you first. When you’re wearing diapers because you can no longer hold your shit in, remember I gave you the chance to come clean.” Putting all my weight against the base of the plug, I felt it going deeper as he cried in agony.

“OKAY! OKAY! I’ll tell you what you want to know, just stop!”

“I’m listening.”

“I’ve got a safe in the floor of my barn that contains all the information I have on everyone I’m blackmailing! Now take the fucking plug out of my ass!”

“Not until I’ve confirmed what you’re saying. If you’re lying to me, the plug will be the least of your worries.”

“W-Who the fuck are you?”

“Can’t you read?” I asked pointing to my cleavage. “My name is Minx. Don’t go anywhere.” Getting up, I casually walked out of the room and did not stop until I was at Spencer’s office door. I knocked and he called me in. “Sir, please tell me you seen all of that?”

“Every second of it.”

“Do you think he’s telling the truth, Master?”

“Maybe, but we have no probable cause to go onto his property and with the judges in his pocket we’ll never get a warrant.”

“Would getting him to confess to having drugs on the premises be enough, Master?”

“That’ll do it.”

“Then give me five minutes and I’ll get everything you need to nail him to the fucking cross.”

“Remind me to never get on your bad side. Before you go, is it true what you said about your uncle?”

“Nope. That was a complete lie, Master. I’ll return once I’ve gotten everything I can from him.” I turned to leave when the phone rang. He answered and then told me to stop. “Something wrong, Master?”

“I have Chief Boyer on the line and he’s pulling you off the case. He says you are to report to the station immediately and leave Ross to them.”

My mind raced and came to one conclusion. Walking over to Spencer’s desk, I picked up a pen and was about to write something on a piece of paper. Stopping, I dropped the pen and removed the contacts before proceeding. Does the Chief have access to the contact feed? I wrote down. He nodded and then put two and two together and came up with the same conclusion.

“I’ll send Minx right over,” he said. “Yes Sir. Yes Sir. I’ll drop her off myself.” Hanging up, he stared at me. “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

I put my finger to my lips and then wrote. They can still hear what we’re saying, Master. I did not know if he knew about the jewelry containing micro bugs or not so I pointed to them and then my ear. For the first time since they were put in, I unscrewed each of the tops. Going to his private bathroom, I wrapped them in a wad of toilet paper and flushed them down the drain. To be on the safe side, I flushed the barbells and tunnels as well before returning.

“Please tell me you have the ability to access the contact feed from here Master.”

“I do.”

“Hurry up and do so and start downloading before the Chief has the chance to erase the evidence. And we need to get feet on the ground, Master, before that safe comes up missing.”

“Calm down, Minx, I’m on it.”

“Sorry Master. I just thought it would take a whole lot longer to get this far and I’m a bit excited.”

“I can see that. Why don’t you go gag Ross and then get back on stage? Unless you’re planning on quitting, that is.”

“God no! I plan on serving as your breeding cow for the rest of my life Master!” I exclaimed. “I mean...I’m just going to go dance now, Master.” I said, putting the contacts back in. When I got back to the VIP room, I noticed Caleb had moved around enough to dislodge the plug, but his asshole was still pretty much gaping open. “You’re finished, little worm. Your days of pushing your drugs on every street corner are over and by the time the police are done raiding your place you’ll never see the light of day.”

“I’ll be out of jail by morning and then everyone you know will pay for your mistakes you stupid fucking cunt!”

Picking up the penis gag, I shoved it in his mouth. “Anyone ever tell you that you talk too much?” Torn between dancing and humiliating the bastard restrained to the bed, I could not help myself. Wearing a strap-on, I got into position and rammed it up his ass and used a paddle to spank the backs of his legs as hard as I could hit him. When my arms were too tired to swing, I took a short breather during which time I pissed all over his face and chest. Looking down at him with unmitigated contempt, I smirked. “I do believe I just marked you as my bitch,” Getting off the bed, I shoved a fat plug up his ass and that’s how I left him as I finished the second of many shifts to come.