



## LESBIAN SEDUCTION FICTION BY JORDAN CHURCH



### DETECTING AROUSAL

“Come in, Rousseau, and for fuck’s sake, shut the fucking door behind you.”

Vivi Rousseau did as ordered and sat down across from Lead Detective Carli Wilcox.

“Did I fucking say you should sit down?”

“Ah, no. I apologize.” Vivi quickly stood back up.

“That’s better. Okay, now sit the fuck down, you have my permission.”

Vivi sat back down. Wilcox was such a bitch!

Wilcox looked over at her computer screen and appeared to lose herself in whatever it was she was looking at. It was like she forgot that Vivi was even there.

Vivi held still and tried not to break Lead Detective Wilcox's concentration if that was what it was.

Vivi was new to this Vice. It was her first chance to be a detective. She'd kicked ass in patrol and liked it but was happy for the opportunity to move up. Supposedly Carli Wilcox had personally chosen her for advancement from quite a few candidates.

Vivi found it hard to believe that Carli Wilcox chose her. She'd known of Wilcox but hadn't personally met her though she'd seen her a few times. That made being chosen personally a surprise.

Another reason for Vivi's disbelief was that Wilcox treated her so disrespectfully. Almost with scorn. Was that an act or did Wilcox just think that Vivi was the lesser of the evils as per choices of detectives to add to her crew?

It was a compliment to be selected though and not just because it spoke to Vivi's skills in the field. It was a running joke, told furtively, that Carli Wilcox's crew in Vice was known as "Carli's Angels". Every member of the now five-person Vice team was an attractive woman. Including Carli.

With Wilcox distracted, right then was Vivi's chance to get a good look at Carli. She was a well-built blonde who often, like now, wore glasses. Maybe to make herself look smarter.

Carli was plenty smart but Vivi knew how people were with attractive

females due to her own experiences. It was like they thought you couldn't be both smart and good looking at the same time.

Or maybe it was to balance out how foul-mouthed Carli Wilcox was.

"So, Vivi Rousseau, the girl who wants to make her fucking mark in Vice. The girl who thinks she's good enough but might not be. You know why you're perfect for my goddamn Vice squad?"

Wilcox always said the Vice squad belonged to her even though, of course, they worked for the city and for the citizens of the city. City = citizens. Hm. Vivi wondered if that meant people in the country were countrizens and suburbanites were suburbizens.

"Earth to fucking space station Vivi!"

"Sorry."

"When I talk, you listen. That's how it works. Don't waste my fucking time, girl."

"Yeah. Sorry." Vivi hated it when Carli called her "girl". She was much older than Carli!

"You are here to serve me. By listening and obeying. By paying attention."

"Yes. Sorry."

Come to think of it, Wilcox treated everyone who worked in vice as belonging to her. Like her slaves. She was so over the top. Vivi constantly tried to shrug it off. She just wanted to get along and do well. She'd have to put up with Wilcox's idiosyncrasies or even her belligerence if need be. Whatever it took.

Vivi was just getting to know the others in Vice and they seemed to have the same strategy in dealing with Wilcox. When Wilcox called Allison “dumb cunt”, Allison literally smiled sweetly and tilted her head like she didn’t quite get what Wilcox meant by calling her that. When Wilcox told Louisa to move her ass or she would “spank it out of my way”, Louisa simply moved. Quickly, like she thought that Wilcox really would spank her. One time, during this first week on the team, Vivi saw Wilcox push Dominique out of her way for no good reason. Dominique had just recovered her balance, both physically and mentally, and kept doing her paperwork.

Probably the worst was how foulmouthed Wilcox could be. She really should have been a trucker. She could probably make a Marine blush!

No one said anything about it, no one complained. There was a theory out there, and Vivi thought it may be correct, that Carli Wilcox staffed Vice with all females just to avoid sexual harassment complaints by guys. Though guys might not complain. Wilcox was a looker.

Maybe she thought good looking women were used to crude talk. Or maybe, as she liked to claim herself, it was because good looking women were naturally better in Vice. In Vice their looks were an asset.

What actually bothered Vivi the most, though, was that Carli Wilcox was younger than all the women in Vice and yet she was the one in charge. It had to be some kind of politics thing. She was nearly ten years younger than Vivi!

Wilcox said, “Rousseau, do you know why I chose you for Vice? Sure, you’re great looking. We can use honey to bait traps, for sure. You’ve got those long legs and that long curly dark hair, great tits, and your face would make a Greek goddess envious.”

“Um, thanks.”

“Big deal. You inherited that stuff, though you do seem to take good care of it. The big reason is that I understand you are very empathetic. You really get to understand people like you feel what they do. That is useful to me.”

“Thank you. I like people. I like to understand them and help out.”

Carli Wilcox said, “Vivian Rousseau, you may actually be extra useful right now. As long as you can keep your face shut. Can you?”

“Um, yes. I can... keep my face shut.”

“Here’s the deal. We did a raid on a porn dealer a while back who supposedly had some pirated stuff. It was all homemade but we got him on other stuff, some drugs. Anyway, now there’s a tip that one of the girls in Vice has been freelancing as a prostitute and porn actress. I have my doubts but it needs to be looked into. By which I mean, it needs to be watched. Supposedly she’s in one of the pornos we confiscated, maybe along with a city official who was going to be blackmailed. It was more than a week ago when we did the raid so I know you can’t be the hooker slut and I know I’m not going to watch a thousand hours of home-made porn. So. Lucky you.”

Vivi took a flash drive from Carli. Actually, Carli pretty much threw it at her.

Vivi bobbed it and then captured it, “So, I’m supposed to take this home and... watch porn?”

“Not quite. It’s work and who knows if you have a good work ethic. It might not look so good if I have you collecting pay while watching porn at home. We have an old suspect interview room in the basement. I’ll give you the only key. That way the others won’t run into you or suspect that they are suspected if one of them is this hooker porn slut. I’ll tell them I have you on special assignment. We do that sort of thing all the time. You can enter the

building from the outside. Bring your laptop to watch the videos on.”

Carli tossed the key to the interview room at Vivi and Vivi did a better job of catching it than she had the flash drive.

Carli added, “Bring a notebook and take detailed notes. Supposedly they do some body double stuff. You’re supposed to look at the pussy of every actress and look for two gold piercings on her inner pussy lips. That is the pussy of our Vice detective supposedly. So, in your notes, for the possible case and to make sure you work and actually watch all the videos, you have to write down detailed descriptions of every pussy you see and every single scene and sexual act. Also, go in exact order of the video files. They are numbered. Start at one, then two, so on. Don’t be jumping around or your little head will get confused and we’ll miss it. Start tomorrow morning first thing. I’ll check on you at the end of each day. You can put in overtime if you want and work into the evenings or even the nights.”

Her little head? Wilcox was such a bitch!

Vivi was appalled by the size of the task and the gritty nastiness of it. She wanted to slump down from just thinking about it but maintained her usual excellent posture.

Carli Wilcox had a half-smile on her face, an unkind one, like she knew a joke that Vivi was not in on.

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The next day, Vivi discovered, she thought, what that inside joke was that had made Carli smile.

The pornos. Every darn one of them was a lesbian show. Women everywhere, not a penis in sight. Not unless you counted the plastic ones.

Great. Just great. She was going to have to watch – and describe in detail – hundreds and hundreds of hours of lesbian porn.

And, it wasn't even romantic or artsy or soft porn. It was explicit, nasty, mean lesbian porn. Some BDSM and a lot of that weird domination and submission stuff. Ha! Like that kind of thing even ever happened in real life. Talk about fantasy!

The old interview room was actually clean and it had a plain square table and several uncomfortable metal chairs. Vivi could see why they didn't use it any more besides its basement location. There was no one-way mirror for third parties to observe suspects during ongoing interviews. There was only an old camera high up in one corner.

Vivi took a look at the camera and saw that the cable was cut. Good. No one could watch her in here. Not that it mattered. She wasn't going to do anything wrong; it was just that it was creepy if someone, maybe Wilcox, was going to check up on her by watching her on camera.

Especially creepy with Vivi watching lesbian porn!

Especially since there were rumors about Wilcox being a lesbian. Vivi didn't give those rumors much credit though. Wilcox was a strong young woman who had a bunch of attractive women working for her. Of course, there would be rumors. The gossipers wouldn't be doing their fine work if there weren't such rumors.

It was sort of upsetting, if Vivi let herself think too much about it, how a woman ten years younger than her was bossing her and everyone else around, treating them like shit, or like slaves, and now had Vivi watching all this lesbian porn.

Vivi even wondered if this was legit. Maybe this was some kind of Vice

hazing of the new girl.

The porn was so darn graphic, too!

It would be weird if she suddenly saw Allison, or Louisa, or Dominique, appear in one of these videos. Vivi had never known anyone who acted in a porn video. Who did?

Porn actresses must know people and have lives though. But not as Vice detectives! That wouldn't be right!

Vivi wondered which of them it could be. They all seemed nice. They all took Carli's shit like they were happy to take it. They all seemed smart. You had to be to make detective. Too smart to go off and be a hooker porn actress on the side. Obviously, if any of them were, it would totally compromise their job in vice.

Vivi couldn't see any of them doing it because it would make no sense to do it but people surprised you all the time with crazy stuff. Everyone in law enforcement knew that. So, in that sense, she wouldn't be surprised by any of them.

Before lunch there was a pounding at the door.

Vivi opened it and, of course, it was Carli Wilcox.

Carli grinned in her mean way, "Are you enjoying your special assignment, Rousseau? All the lezzie porn you can get."

Vivi grumped back, "Sure, it's a real smorgasbord of lesbian porn. Such a delight."

Carli smirked, "All you can eat, huh, detective?"

Vivi took a deep breath to avoid snapping. Was it illegal to choke your supervisor to death and hide her body in the basement of the police station? Yeah, she was pretty sure it was.

Carli looked around the old interview room with open disdain, "I love what you've done with the place, Rousseau. I just stopped in to tell you I've decided to make the best of your special assignment. I'll also use it to train you and to test you."

Vivi sighed, to herself. Jesus. What now?

Carli stood way too close and stared aggressively up into Vivi's eyes. Vivi was a good five inches taller than her.

Carli said, "One added duty. We'll test your empathy. Some of these porn actresses are just that. Actresses. Others are into it. It turns them on. If one of the other detectives is doing this, that may be why. For the sex. So, while you watch take notes on every pussy you see and state in your notes if the porn actress is only acting or is actually turned on. Do you understand this order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call me ma'am."

This was new!

Vivi stammered, "Ah, okay, ah, ma'am."

Carli got even closer and Vivi suddenly realized fully that it was just the two of them all alone in the basement. She felt intimidated even though she was pretty darn sure she would destroy Wilcox in a hand to hand.

Carli Wilcox leaned in yet further and Vivi refused to back away. Which wasn't much of a win because then Carli's medium breasts pressed on Vivi's larger breasts. Carli's breasts were lower down so the run in caused Vivi's breasts to rise up almost on top of Carli's. Like tectonic plates meeting.

Vivi even thought that she felt a little earthquake. But it was lower. Much lower. The kind of mini-earthquake that should never happen in this type of circumstance. When there was no man around. She hadn't thought she had any such fault line!

Carli spoke so softly she almost just breathed out the words and her breath felt hot on Vivi's neck and chin.

"Rousseau, you don't have to call me ma'am. Not when it's just the two of us. No reason to be so formal. Just call me Mistress. Can you do that? Go ahead, tell me."

"Yes, Mis—" Vivi barely kept herself from saying the whole word.

Mistress!?! That was messed up! That was not what you called your female boss. Vivi had already heard that word quite a few times when watching the BDSM lesbian porn videos just from that morning.

Carli shrugged, "I guess you're not ready yet. Not quite yet."

Then Wilcox left.

Vivi stood there, just thinking, for five minutes.

This was so crazy messed up! Her boss had just come on to her. Maybe. Sort of. It certainly had not felt appropriate!

Should she report it? Report what? Would Carli admit she'd made a pass?

Even if she did, there would be no surviving making a report about her. The higher ups seemed to love Carli Wilcox no matter how foul-mouthed she was.

Vivi would have to tune it out. She'd run it through her mental sieve, anything Carli said, and act like anything weird just wasn't even there.

Vivi went back to work. And back to watching lesbian porn. It was so weird that those two were one and the same thing.

She'd packed a lunch so she worked right through lunch. Eating food while watching lesbians eat pussy. Yuck.

Vivi made her observations and wrote her notes. She sarcastically thought that she could put this on a future resume or Carli could put it in her next work review. "Vivian Rousseau has proven herself to be a keen observer of lesbian porn and a good judge of pussy". Something like that.

Vivi found it hard to be standoffish while watching hours and hours of porn. Not with all the details she had to write down. Especially not with having to stare at all the pussies, wait for the actress's partner to spread the pussy and then try to see if the pussy had piercings.

And, of course, this made so much sense, she also had to look at the pussy and decide if the actress was really aroused.

They all looked aroused to Vivi. The bright pinks, the gleams of pussy juice. Yeah, sometimes maybe it was saliva from the licker but often the actress was wet before a mouth touched her. Maybe she applied something before the scene. But then more seemed to be produced as things progressed. So, it must be real.

The pussies all looked... flushed and colorful... swollen... aroused. The

women all seemed incredibly passionate.

Vivi didn't think she was half as passionate as any of these lesbians when she was with a guy. Which must be because she wasn't an actress and wasn't getting paid when she was with a guy.

Or...

... Vivi supposed that it was possible... that lesbians really knew what they were doing. Guys were often so clueless or so selfish. Both usually. These women seemed all in on it. Like they'd do anything with, to, or for their sexual partners.

That was hot. Like, it would be, if they were with guys.

Vivi reluctantly supposed it was still hot with no guys.

To lesbians.

Well, it must also be hot to non-lesbians. Heterosexual women like Vivi who were just way too empathetic. Maybe then also.

That would explain why Vivi's pussy kept trying to emulate the flushed wetness of the pussies of the actresses in the pornos.

That obviously *must* be why.

Damn it! Carli Wilcox had her cooped up down here, in the basement, watching lesbian porn all day! Not only that, Carli had even assigned her, unbelievably, the task of *detecting arousal* in the porn starlets!

She hadn't become a detective to make *detecting arousal* her specialty!

Carli would probably argue that it might be a useful skill for Vivi to have. What a bunch of bull pucky!

It really steamed up Vivi.

As did these darn lesbian pornos but they steamed up Vivi in a different way. She looked down at her crotch. She half expected to see those cartoon wavy lines indicating heat baking off from her pussy.

Vivi wondered what one of those FLIR cameras would see as far as the difference in heat between her sex and the rest of her. Vivi looked self-consciously at the old camera way up in one corner of the abandoned interview room. Still disconnected. She could see the cord, cut and dangling.

It didn't matter if there was a camera. It wasn't like she was going to start feeling herself up and masturbate.

Actually....

No! Don't even think it!

Vivi had to admit that there was no chance of discovery and it would make the time pass more quickly.

She was on the clock so to speak (she did not actually have to clock in) so she had to do her work. But, as long as she got her work done and no one ever knew about it... then it never happened and no harm done.

But that meant... while she did it, she'd have to be watching lesbian porn...!

Nope. Better not. Not out of fear of being caught. She shouldn't because of fear of something else. Instead of being caught, it was fear of catching

something. Catching some kind of lesbian bug.

Vivi decided absolutely for sure that there was no way she was going to masturbate – at work! – while watching lesbian porn. Zero chance.

An hour later, after another hour of lesbian porn, imagine that, she found that she felt quite differently. It didn't seem so impossible that she pleasure herself. It didn't even seem wrong. Well, not *that* wrong.

She'd be all alone like usual when pleasuring herself. There was no chance of being caught.

It wouldn't be lesbian at all to watch lesbian porn and finger her pussy to an orgasm. You couldn't have lesbian sex all by yourself! Masturbation was masturbation no matter what you watched.

If you watched a murder mystery did that make you a murderer? No. No, it did not.

Same thing with lesbian porn!

Vivi still wavered but then a new persuasive thought occurred to her. Right then that bitch Carli Wilcox was probably laughing at her knowing Vivi was stuck in the basement looking at pussy all day and deciding which pussies were aroused. Making this time in the dungeon into a good time would be a silent rebellion, a way to get her back, even if Carli never knew it.

There! It was decided! Now she *had* to jill off!

Vivi slid her pants and panties down to her knees, hoped she wouldn't catch a disease from the chair, and used both hands to deliver pleasure right where it was needed.

One hand delivering fingertip pressure to her clitoris and the other sliding two fingers in her pussy. See, it wasn't lesbian at all. Those fingers were like a small cock. So, not lesbian.

Vivi paused and found a scene, a lesbian orgy, where the actresses, half of them, were wearing strap-on dildos. Fucking away at their lesbian partners. There were six lesbians and three of them each had a different hole working with a dildo.

There. See. Dildos were like cocks. Watching lesbians dildo other lesbians wasn't lesbian at all. It was pretty much heterosexual sex. Except, you know, no men involved.

Vivi wasn't sure if she bought what she was trying to sell. But it would have to do.

Vivi worked her pussy and watched pussies being worked. She looked down at her pussy and looked back at the pussies on display. Yes, this was basically her job to do this! She was comparing aroused pussies. She was just establishing who was really aroused. She was detecting arousal as she'd been ordered to do. It was just that she was doing it even better!

It sure *felt* better....

Hm. Maybe she should go above and beyond the call of duty. Maybe she should detect which orgasms were real orgasms... by comparing her own to theirs!

Yes, a great idea!

Vivi went to concentrated work, furiously fingering her pussy and strumming her clitoris like a country band violin...!

She hadn't been sure if she could cum like this, at work, in an interview room, in the darn basement, on duty. She was sure now. She could and soon she would!

Almost...

Almost...!

Without even a rattle the door to the interview room swung open. Carli stepped through the doorway wearing a confident smile and holding a second key that wasn't supposed to exist.

Christ on crutches!

Vivi pulled her hands away from her pre-orgasmic sex and scrambled with wet fingers to get a hold on the waistband of her pants. All she could think was that she had to pull her clothes back in place and come up with some impossible excuse.

Carli walked in, "Don't bother. In fact, take them all the way off. Take everything off."

Vivi cringed down in her chair, shrinking away from the much smaller, much younger, woman.

Carli walked up next to her and Vivi could only think of one thing to say. It came out sounding like a mouse squeak, "No."

Carli laughed, "The answer is yes. Actually, you should say 'Yes, Mistress'. We'll get you started calling me Mistress starting now."

Vivi tried to make her voice sound more confident but she made the exact same mouse squeak, like a wounded mouse stuck in a mouse trap, "No."

“Yes! You’re having sex at work. Masturbating on police department property. While watching lesbian porn! What will Internal Affairs think of that?”

Vivi wasn't sure why she hadn't pulled up her pants and panties yet.

She tried to sound strong but doubted she pulled it off with her pants not pulled up. They were bunched at her knees and her bare ass was on the metal chair.

“It’s your word against mine.”

Carli grinned, “You mean my word and the video of you doing it.”

Vivi looked at the camera in the upper corner. It was still a big old boxy thing with the cable clearly cut.

Carli laughed again, “You fucking dumbass. Small wireless cameras nowadays. I have it inside the old one. Full color, great definition.”

Vivi could tell Carli wasn’t making it up. Detectives were good at knowing when people were lying or telling the truth.

“So, I’m fired?”

“No. That would be a waste. This is going to be good for you. You’re going to get what you want anyway.”

What she wanted? What was Wilcox talking about?

Carli’s hands helped themselves to Vivi’s big breasts which were still stuck in their bra and tight top. The contact made Vivi gasp.

Vivi and Carli both noticed that Vivi did not raise her hands to capture Carli's. Vivi just sat there with her pants down and her pussy blazing with need as Carli worked her breasts like they were massive stress balls.

Vivi felt her nipples hardening and expanding further.

Carli must have noticed it. She found both nipples and gave them commanding pinches. Vivi gasped again. She felt dual bolts of sensation travel from her nipples to her sex. They amped up her need for an orgasm.

Everything was happening too fast! She needed time to think!

Carli gave each nipple a savage tweak and then took her hands away.

Carli spoke commandingly, "Take all your clothes off. Now, slut!"

Vivi just couldn't seem to think. But she could act. As long as it was to obey. Vivi took off all her clothes, feeling more and more vulnerable and embarrassed, humiliated and... wild.

As soon as the last sock was pulled free, Carli grabbed Vivi by a wrist and jerked her over to the table and made her bend over it.

"Stupid slut. You forgot to say 'Yes, Mistress'. You need to answer each order with your intent to obey."

Mistress? Intent to obey?

Hey, why did Carli have her bent over the table?

Swack! Swack! Swack!

Carli was spanking her!

Swack! Swack! Swack!

Carli was spanking her bare ass! At work!

Swack! Swack! Swack!

It really hurt!

Swack! Swack! Swack!

Even amidst the pain, Vivi wondered why she held so still and kept herself bent over and made no move to prevent further spans. Had she already given up?

Swack! Swack! Swack!

She had! She had given up. Vivi felt it. She was defeated and had surrendered.

Swack! Swack! Swack!

Good Lord! That meant Carli Wilcox could do anything to her and she wasn't going to try to stop it....

Swack! Swack! Swack!

Carli Wilcox could do anything and would do anything to her. Vivi sensed it and, God help her, it turned her on.

Swack!

Carli's tone held a sneer, "Now, do you fucking understand how things are going to be from now on you dumb fucking slut? Better answer right."

Vivi knew what Carli's "right" answer was. The thing was, that "right" answer was totally wrong!

She hated Carli and she hated the leverage Carli had on her. But it wasn't the leverage, the threat of what was on the video, that was the true danger. Vivi knew she could quit. She knew that she should quit.

Except...

... she was so damned turned on!

It was awful how Carli treated her and awful to give in to this much younger bitch.

Awful arousing!

Carli jerked Vivi's arm, "What's your answer? Or do you need more spanks to figure it out? Do you understand how things are going to be from now on?"

"Yes. I do. Yes... Mistress."

"That's a good new slut."

Carli kept her bent over and rubbed between Vivi's legs from behind. In less than two minutes she had Vivi cumming right into her cupped hand.

Even as Vivi vibrated in orgasm, Carli applied her pussy juice wet hand all over Vivi's cheeks and forehead.

Then she made Vivi lick her hand clean.

Carli said, "Time for a taste comparison."

Carli pushed down on Vivi's shoulders.

Vivi still wasn't thinking on all cylinders but even she could figure out what she was supposed to do next.

On her knees, Vivi shuffled slightly into place between Carli's legs. Carli dropped her pants and panties and stepped out of them.

Vivi leaned forward. Carli put a hand on her forehead, stopping Vivi from delivering her mouth on target.

"Slut Rousseau, did you learn some things about pussy licking while watching porn today?"

It was so much worse when Vivi had to talk! Couldn't she just follow orders and stay quiet? Did she have to implicate herself so totally?

Looking at Carli's stern and expectant eyes, Vivi realized that she did have to implicate herself totally.

"Yes. Mistress."

"What did you learn?"

"How to lick pussy. Um, to concentrate on the clit. You know. Suck it. Mistress."

Carli smiled triumphantly, "And you want to please your Mistress, your Mistress Carli, by sucking her clitty, don't you? Tell your Mistress the truth."

Oh no! Not the truth!

"Yes, Mistress. I want to suck your clitoris. I want to please you. I want to

make you orgasm on my mouth, Mistress.”

Carli pulled Vivi’s face into place and Vivi’s mouth went to work like it knew what it was doing.

Carli commanded, “Finger your snatch, slut. Make us both cum.”

Vivi obeyed.

Just before they both orgasmed, Carli moaned, “An excellent addition to Vice.”

### ***Detecting Arousal 2***

Vivi was dazed. She was dazed from passion and shook from the rapidity of events. It was hard to think, and she did not want to think. Thinking was like touching a hot burner on a stove. It burned her with humiliation and worry. Not thinking was so much better than thinking.

So every time she started thinking, she quickly gave it up.

Carli kept her busy anyway and, once you had an orgasm from a lesbian or gave one to a lesbian, there was no great difference between one orgasm and more than one orgasm except for the orgasms themselves. The line was already crossed and so... one may as well get as many orgasms as possible out of crossing it....

Vivi was dumbfounded that she’d gone down on a woman and made her orgasm. A woman she hated! A woman who was her boss!

Vivi was embarrassed that she’d masturbated herself to orgasm as she did it. Like it turned her on which, somehow, it had.

There was something so humiliating about that, to masturbate in front of someone while working to deliver pleasure to them. It was so one-way. It was worse than just giving pleasure with no pleasure in return because it was so personal. Far worse. Except... for the orgasm.

Then Carli had said it was time for round two and she had made Vivi do it all again, except, this time, Vivi had to pinch and jerk on her own nipples and was not allowed to orgasm.

That should have squashed Vivi's arousal, but being ordered about and limited like that, limited to arousing herself while not allowed to satisfy herself, had turned her on greatly. Vivi knew it to be true. Working on her nipples had aroused, licking Carli's pussy had aroused her, but the majority of her arousal came from being dominated like that.

It had done quite a number on her, and that was so troubling!

She had realized that she was vulnerable to Carli's domination charms even as she licked and sucked at Carli's wettest, most important charm.

What was worse, getting dominated or liking getting dominated? They were both worse!

As long as she kept herself from thinking about the domination, she enjoyed the domination. So... was that reason to think about it or reason to avoid thinking about it?

When her overall predicament rose to the surface of her thoughts it filled her with sick worry.

This woman had so much power over her! Her career, her reputation, and her sexuality were all at risk!

It was terrible. It was arousing. Carli Wilcox was a ruthless bossy bitch. She might make Vivi do almost anything!

Carli was a bossy boss, and she was bossy sexually. If this became a thing, something ongoing, then Carli would be bossing her around at work and off work, twenty-four hours a day.

Vivi could never stand that or stand for it. But could she stand up for herself and stop it?

And why did thinking about it turn her on?

It was... darkly thrilling....

It was like jumping off a bridge into darkness and hoping there was deep water down below. Or like jumping out of a plane and hoping the parachute was packed and ready while not even knowing how to make the parachute deploy or if there even was one.

Except... where was the deep water or the parachute in this deal? Was there a soft, safe landing somewhere?

The best/worst part of her second pussy pleasing of Carli Wilcox was when Carli grabbed Vivi's hair on each side of Vivi's head and jerked Vivi's face away from her pussy.

Carli demanded, "Tell me what you're up to down there, you stupid slut."

Vivi couldn't understand why she couldn't just lick pussy the way they both wanted her to, "I'm... I'm licking your pussy. And... I'm twisting my nipples at the same time like you told me to."

"Who are you addressing, you dumb slut?"

Vivi actually felt dumb. Made stupid by events and feeling foolish for falling into this. Her thoughts were passion-slowed as well. Carli sounded so certain, too, that Vivi was stupid. Carli was so confident, and Vivi's confidence had temporarily abandoned her. Carli's certainty that Vivi was dumb made Vivi believe it, just for the moment, just then.

"Mistress Carli."

"Whose Mistress am I, you dumb slut?"

Wait, she knew that answer! Vivi felt a curious eagerness to please. She should not want to please Carli, who she did not like and who was talking so outrageously mean to her, but the meaner Carli was, the more that Vivi wanted to please her.

"You are my Mistress." Saying it produced a deep, shaky tremble in Vivi. It was like saying it made it true!

"Put it in a sentence, idiot slut, but no more using the words me, my, or I. None of you belongs to you. You belong to your Mistress Carli. Talk about what you are in the third person."

Vivi felt her pussy contract and spasm at the dehumanization. It was wrong, but it was sexy as long as none of this was serious. It wasn't, was it?

"You are this dumb slut's Mistress."

Carli demanded, "Now do it while begging to lick my pussy. Convince me that I should let your stupid face enjoy my pussy gift!"

Vivi felt it welling up in her. Her need to beg and her need to get her mouth back onto that pussy, and her need to please Carli by doing both. It was such a new experience for her, pussy-licking, lesbian activity, and being so

dominated.

“Please, Mistress! Please let this dumb slut make your pussy happy. Please!”

The begging was genuine. The sincerity was true.

Carli pulled Vivi’s face back into place and grunted sexily, “Very well. I’ll let you, but you owe me. I tell you what soon.”

Vivi went at it like pussy was her favorite flavor, and her hunger was endless. After a minute, Carli leaned back and let go of Vivi’s hair. Vivi’s mouth pressed in just as hard, and Vivi sought as deeply as she could with her tongue.

Carli’s vaginal oils smeared on her face, and some even trickled into her nose when she had an upward face angle on Carli’s pussy. Vivi was full of the taste, smell, and feeling of pussy. Her knees hurt on the concrete floor but she didn’t even notice.

Vivi stretched her tongue out and up and sought to tunnel it as deep into pussy as she could manage. She didn’t think about it, she just did it like some ancestor of past pussy lickings had taken her over. She licked the very tip of her tongue across Carli’s vaginal wall. She licked at the mucus and the secretions.

Vivi felt hungry for it, like a delicacy that seemed gross, but you knew it was rare and valuable, so you enjoyed it like a treat. Like caviar. Fish eggs? Ew. Yet people paid big money for it.

Vivi had always had a long tongue. She’d enjoyed defeating school friends in her ability to lick at the tip of her nose. Many people could lick the tip of their nose, but Vivi was able to get her tongue halfway up the bridge of her

nose. She'd had no idea her skill had a much better use.

Fuck. She wished her tongue was even longer!

Vivi was on a mission to please pussy. It was her focus and her core belief leaving no room for other considerations. Her whole world was pussy. Nothing else mattered.

Please pussy.

Please Carli.

Vivi lost awareness of where she was and who she was other than "dumb slut."

Carli felt more than the tremendous physical pleasures. She felt triumph at a new conquest. She loved to combine her sex with a sense of accomplishment.

Carli always had many opportunities for sex in her position, and because of her looks. She always strove to get more than just sex from sex. She chose the sexual opportunities that gave her power. Power over individual women and power in a broader sense because she could make the women do interesting things that were often financially rewarding.

Carli often thought of the phrase "whip me, beat me, and make me write bad checks." Checks were nearly historical in nature, but Carli had the "whip me" and "beat me" down pat. Perhaps "whip me, beat me, and turn my ass into a gold mine" was more appropriate.

Vivi had a great ass and could be quite the sexy gold mine. No doubt Vivi would be shocked and would disagree. At this point, so far, but Carli was early in the "mining process." Carli planned to drill down into this dumb slut

and find her core of submissiveness. Then she'd mine the fuck out of it!

Power! Power was such a huge turn-on!

She'd had a lot of successes and some good luck as well to get to and to maintain her current position, and she had a lot of irons in the fire.

Vivi Rousseau was a concern because she was a new element added to Carli's operations. She was like an employee who did not even know they were hired and who wasn't trained yet.

Adding Vivi to the team was like adding an ingredient to a great dish. It could ruin it. Too much salt and all that. Too many cooks in the kitchen submitting and learning to do all that Carli ordered them to do.

Vivi Rousseau was working out great so far. Vivi's long tongue working in and out of Carli's pussy told Carli that. Instead of ruining the dish, adding Vivi was more like adding a dish to the dish. Maybe even a main course. At least while Vivi was fresh.

Carli always got tired of them to some degree though they were the ones who looked tired by the time she finished with them. Very tired. And she was never completely done with them. She just gave them new sexual assignments in which they pleased her in less direct, though more financially rewarding, ways.

Vivi's enthusiastic mouth was doing such a fantastic job for a newbie to pussy licking – pussy licking was more about enthusiasm than it was expertise – that even Carli was having a hard time thinking. And she wasn't even the dumb slut in this basement room!

Carli forced herself to think so that she could make sure all continued to go according to her wants and desires and, let's face it, her premeditated plan.

Also, the thinking might keep her orgasm at bay a little longer. She was enjoying herself and didn't mind extending her sexual triumph tour.

Thinking might not keep her orgasm away, though, because she got such a sexual high out of dominating women and, more than that, more than just sexual domination, she enjoyed manipulating them into being her sex puppets and her valuable tools. She wanted total control, and it was like a drug to her.

She'd made that excuse up to get Vivi all hot and bothered. By lesbian porn, no less! Check.

She'd gotten her on video in the police station, masturbating, and thus had her compromised. Vivi felt like her career and reputation were in jeopardy. Check.

As Vivi worked hard on Carli's pussy, Carli felt it fair to note that, at this point, Vivi was eating pussy in a way that reflected pure pussy-eating lust. Vivi wasn't doing it to avoid trouble. The dumb slut was hot for it!

Now she'd gotten Vivi to have sex with her, also at work. Check.

However.

There was a big difference in what people – or dumb slut's! – were willing to do in the heat of the moment and what they were willing to do all the time. It was like the difference between losing a battle and losing a war. Vivi had only lost this single battle for her free will.

Also, the truth was, so far, Carli did not have all that much hanging over Vivi. No doubt Vivi thought her whole career was at stake over her masturbation. It wasn't.

Sure, Vivi had masturbated on duty and on police property, but Vivi was alone down in the basement and forced, by her supervisor, to watch porn. Throw in the whole LGBTQ angle and the “invasion of privacy” angle, and there was no way Internal Affairs would recommend termination. In fact, even a formal reprimand was doubtful.

Carli knew that, but Vivi had not realized it. Dumb slut. Well, she wasn't dumb. Carli knew that. She wasn't dumb as far as intelligence. She was as smart as Carli as per IQ and Carli had a high IQ.

Vivi was intelligent but not wise. She wasn't wise to the world. Worse than that, she probably thought she was wise to the world and yet wasn't. Vivi knew about the sinister nature of the criminal mind, but she thought the criminals were obvious and the good and bad teams were clearly defined.

Vivi simply could not have seen this coming. Vivi wasn't suspicious enough for her own good. She was street-wise on the street but street stupid in the cop shop. She saw a uniform or a badge and assumed whoever wore it was on her team.

Carli was most assuredly not on Vivi's team, but she did want Vivi on her team. Not the Vice Squad team. Running Vice was a sideline for Carli nowadays. A front.

Carli had significant plans for Vivi. She knew this tryst in the basement could have gone differently and was relieved at her progress with the developing slut. Already, she looked at Vivi less as a risk factor and more as an asset.

She was a nice tall bitch which was good because everyone loved long legs. You couldn't have truly long legs unless you were tall. Carli knew that because she wasn't tall and always resented her lack of height. If anyone should be tall, she should be tall, damn it!

Yeah, she had a bit of a Napole-anna complex.

Vivi's height and legs were great, but they were not her best assets. Her best assets were her face and her tits. The face was important, sending all those signals of passion. It was the cover of the book. No one wanted to fuck the book unless it had a good cover. Something like that.

And those tits! Everyone loved big tits. Natural ones were so much better than the surgically enhanced ones. Also, free! A penny saved was a penny earned. A boob job saved was a ton of pennies saved.

Those big natural tits would save Carli the minor trouble and expense of having them surgically enlarged.

Granted, Carli had left the breasts alone on many of her other subservient lackeys. That was fine for them. They needed to fit in so their tits couldn't be too big to fit into most standard bras.

Carli had maxed out the slots in the Vice Squad, and being Lead Detective was perfect for recruiting and selecting beautiful women and then compromising them sexually. She couldn't keep adding to the squad endlessly. She had to rotate the sluts and open up spots to move slut assets onward in ways that were appropriate and financially rewarding. That made room for new applicants. Applicants who thought they were applying to be vice detectives but were actually applying to be sluts! Applicants looking to move up in the world but were actually each about to take a big tumble downward.

Carli could move any of the four onward to open a spot but currently planned to eventually move Vivi.

It wasn't that she was loyal to the others. Carli Wilcox had zero loyalty to anyone except herself. But she knew them well in every detail and did not

like wildcard factors.

“Hmmm.” However, with Vivi turning out to be such a prodigy with her mouth, maybe she’d have to reconsider.

Carli wondered which of the others she’d give up if she decided to keep Vivi. She needed Dominique with all her connections with black gangs. Dominique, being black, could fit in lots of places the others couldn’t.

Louisa was sort of the same deal as Dominique. Having a Hispanic was damn useful. Not as useful as a black because of the relative percentages of minorities in the area, but still quite useful.

Carli guessed she’d have to give up Allison and sell her off to whoever. It made sense, too. White women sold for more. The world of sex slaves was so fucking racist!

Well, Carli was at least not racist. She wanted to dominate and own and use all types of women as long as they were sexy. If aliens landed and, if they had anything like “females,” she’d be seducing and whipping and making the female aliens orgasm like crazy. You know, as long as they didn’t look like a giant larva or some damn thing like that.

She’d miss Allison. A little. There was something about her ass. It was tight, and it had stayed tight through so many fuckings with Carli’s dildo. No matter how big of a dildo she used, Allison’s ass always bounced right back. Every ass fuck of her was like a first-time ass fuck.

Hmm. She could use that ass-et and maybe get a higher price for her. The fact Allison was a detective, in Vice no less, should also add a bit to the financial windfall.

“Hmmm.” That one was out loud. This Vivi! Carli would not have guessed

Vivi would be so good with her mouth, so quickly, and so eager to get her tongue all the way in. Or that she had such a long tongue! It was a whole new bonus asset, probably even better than those tits.

Carli told her, "Suck your Mistress's pussy, dumb slut!"

Carli had to figure out how to discover and measure tongue length when evaluating candidates in the future. But what possible excuse could she use?

Oh, fuck, Vivi's mouth was so good!

Carli had an inspiration. She'd tell candidates she needed to check the back of their throats for a symptom of drug use. She'd say a new drug caused spots at the back of the mouth. She'd get those tongue depressor things if they still made them or, if they didn't, she'd have her bitches suck a bunch of popsicles and give her the popsicle sticks afterward.

Then she'd have candidates stick their tongues way out, she'd insist, and look for the fictional spots while gauging their tongue length. Yeah, she was pretty sure that would work, but she'd only use it as a tiebreaker. The more she did it, the more likely talk would get around, and someone might start asking questions.

Vivi's tongue was revolutionary!

Vive la revolucion or, in this case, Vivi la revolucion. Not a good analogy, perhaps, considering that Carli intended to break, crush, and grind down all sense of free will and independence in Vivi Rousseau.

On the other hand, or pussy on the mouth, Vivi did have a French last name!

Carli remembered to get some positive reinforcement in while Vivi was, ha

ha, all ears and tongue, “You’ve got a perfect slut tongue. You were born to be a slut, a lesbian slut. Tongues like that are wasted on a cock. Shit, your tongue feels longer than most cocks. You’re my sexy sex mutant. That’s a good girl, dumb slut. Get it up there! Good girl!”

Carli felt Vivi – and her tongue – work quickly to obey. It was so good dominating sexy women like Vivi! Life was good!

Yeah, it was important to work on that positive reinforcement when you could. Lay it on them! Carli knew she wasn’t good at it. She was more of a stick dominant than a carrot dominant, but then, weren’t all dominants?

The magic was making the stick and the carrot the same thing. Carli knew that magic was bubbling actively in Vivi’s mind right then. It made insults like dumb slut sound like compliments and made harsh spanks somehow enjoyable. Carli sure as fuck did not understand it, and she sure as fuck was immune to that magic, happily immune, but these stupid sexy sluts ate it up even as they ate up her pussy. Like Vivi right then!

Carli spoke down to her, “Hey, you dumb slut, I’m going to cum and piss my girl juices into your mouth. I’m a mouth-flooder. Don’t you dare touch your pussy. Your pussy is my pussy now. No touching without my permission! Just focus on your Mistress’s number one pussy. Get your face angled up so my juices can fill your slut hole mouth. Get all that juice in there and keep it in there. No swallowing!”

Carli felt gratified that Vivi worked right away to obey. Vivi crouched further down and angled her mouth up towards the ceiling but kept it in contact with Carli’s pussy. Vivi pulled her tongue out and opened her mouth wide.

What a great slut prospect! Vivi was, by now, more than a slut prospect. She was a blossoming slut trainee.

Carli almost laughed to think how Vivi would feel about all this once she was clearheaded. Not too good! Hilarious!

Carli loved making women do what they did not want to do and then making them like what they did not want and then making them want what they hated the very idea of. It was her sexual elixir. It was her magic. It was her mission in life.

Just thinking about it, how she was working Vivi, dominating her, commanding her, and controlling her....

Carli orgasmed. Her leg muscles went rigid, and she shook and made sounds no one would think could have come out of her lovely mouth.

The sounds came out of her mouth, and the fluids poured out of her pussy. Her pussy was like a sexual coffee machine. First, the strange sounds from her, the shaking of orgasmic percolation, and then, moments later... the slut mouth fills to the brim!

Vivi wasn't the only sexual mutant in the room. Carli flooded when she came, and she knew her flow quantity dwarfed any man's cum though it was not nearly as thick as a man's.

Vivi jerked a little and worked to keep her mouth open and in place. She seemed startled as her mouth filled and who could blame her?

Carli could, if she wanted, because she felt like she could do anything. She loved power tripping. In this case, she enjoyed the shock she caused the first time she gave a slut a mouth-load. So sexy!

Carli's special mutant ability only showed up under exact conditions. She wished she could flood every time, but she only flooded when she had an orgasm soon after another one. It could be her second or her third or

however many, but it was never her first one.

That was one limitation, and another was she could only do it while orgasming in a standing position. Maybe gravity was the reason.

Carli loved to baptize her slut initiates this way in the first session she had with them. It seemed to have quite an effect. It was part of fully dominating them. Carli totally got it why men wanted women to swallow or, alternately, wanted to blast it all over them.

Getting sluts to wear her pussy juice or to swallow it down meant total involvement in the sexual act. It was physical liquid-swallowing acceptance of subservience.

The slut did it, something they did not want to do, usually, at first, entirely for Carli and not at all for themselves. What could be more subservient than that?

She had them ingest her sexual essence like a dark communion.

“Don’t swallow it, dumb slut.” Carli ordered. She stepped back, off from Vivi’s mouth.

Carli knew this could be a delicate time. Vivi’s whole world was no longer one of pussy pleasing and, with that, she’d begin thinking.

Thinking? Can’t have that! Not too much of it and not this soon.

The cure for thinking? Keep them busy and keep them obeying orders. Too busy obeying orders to think in their best interests.

“Stand up, dumb slut.”

Vivi got off her knees, her cheeks bulging a little with fluid and her eyes bulging a little as well.

Carli grabbed her and pulled her over to the chair and then pushed her down into it, "You keep watching those videos. Keep that mouth-load of my woman juice in your mouth. See, we're working things out for the best. It's all going so well. Just trust in your Mistress, dumb slut. You watch those videos, do not put your clothes on, and don't swallow. Oh, and you have to keep petting your pussy while you watch, but no cumming. Keep yourself on edge. I'll check in on you with the camera view. I want to see a slut being slutty but not orgasming. I want you ready to cum within a minute when you are told to cum."

What could Vivi say? Ha! Nothing with a mouth load of girl cum!

Carli got her clothes in order and left, going back to her office upstairs. There she checked on the video feed from the basement. Vivi's cheeks still bulged, a little, not as much. She must have accidentally swallowed some.

She was watching lesbian porn, and her hands framed her pussy, but she only slid one finger up and down her slit. Her chest was heaving. She did look like she was on the edge of orgasm.

Vivi looked up at the camera.

That's right, honey, you sweet dumb slut, you valuable moneymaker you. Mistress is watching.

Vivi delicately tapped a finger pad on her clitoris, revealed because her hands pulling outward at her pussy, and she bucked a little and shook. Wow, that looked pretty close to orgasm!

Pretty close was just right!

Carli, of course, had a plan. Vivi may not know it, but she was only slightly compromised so far. The masturbation was of no concern to anyone due to the police union and horny men in general who were, if they were honest, not against a sexy woman masturbating anywhere and everywhere.

Damn, if they got the video, they'd insist on watching it hundreds of times and take weeks before deciding to do nothing at all. They'd individually lock themselves in their offices and masturbate while watching Vivi masturbate!

Carli wouldn't blame them, but she did not plan on them having that video or that opportunity.

The sex with Carli was even less than nothing. Sure, sex on police grounds while on duty, that probably could get her fired. Oh, but who else would get fired with her? Carli Wilcox!

So Carli had almost nothing on Vivi though Vivi almost certainly did not realize that yet.

There was no way that Carli could let Vivi go home and think this through or maybe even get legal advice if she dared. No. Fucking. Way.

Carli needed to get the goods on Vivi, but in such a way, Vivi would not feel compelled to resist and would not realize her situation could greatly worsen.

The next part of the plan?

Carli had already decided that, if push came to shove, Allison was expendable. Fuck, she'd miss that ass! Well, not really. She'd still get to tap that wonder ass with her dildo whenever she wanted because Allison would always be hers, even if she no longer worked in Vice, unless Carli sold her off. But she could lose the convenience of having and taking Allison right there at work.

Carli would send Allison down there to “catch” Vivi in her current state. Allison would “take advantage” of Vivi. To Vivi, it would just be more lesbian sex, been there and done that. Vivi would maybe even be grateful for the sexual relief.

In reality, it would not be a good event for Vivi. Carli would then have video evidence of actual true sex at work, sex not involving herself. If necessary, if Vivi became a problem, Carli could “accidentally discover” the video and reluctantly turn it in to Internal Affairs. She’d sacrifice Allison like the sexy tight-assed pawn she was.

But that would probably not be necessary.

Carli called Allison into her office, had her close the door, and told her what to do. She left out the part about Allison being a pawn or being on video down there in the basement.

What a slut pawn did not know... yeah, it could hurt them!

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Vivi’s arousal was stronger than her alarmed disbelief but not by much, and the gap was closing. She wasn’t getting less aroused, just the opposite, but her situational awareness was catching up.

Her situation was unreal and the flickering fluorescent light added to the air of unreality. She was plopped on a chair, at work, in a *fucking basement*, with her legs spread, masturbating but without trying to achieve orgasm. She could have orgasmed long ago. She could have orgasmed twice more by now!

If only her Mistress allowed her to orgasm.

Fuck. If *Carli* had said she could. Mistress Carli? Was Carli really her Mistress? No way.

But she was still obeying her Mist—*Carli*, wasn't she?

She had to stop thinking of that bitch as her Mistress. Then she could disobey her Mistress... *Carli*... and let herself cum. Then maybe she could take her eyes off this riveting lesbian porn and get some thinking done.

Circumstances were bad (except for the sex and orgasms), and only sharp thinking could save her.

Was she now some subservient lesbian sex toy for Mistress Car—... to Carli? If she was, then she really would be a dumb slut! She did not want to be a dumb slut.

She did not.

She didn't....

She kept telling herself that she also kept tapping at her hyper-sensitive clitoris and kept herself at that bubbling almost a boil point, just shy of an orgasm.

The cherry on top of this predicament was her mouth half full of... what?... was it cum, girl juice, pussy juice? Whatever. It was a bodily fluid is what it was. Stuff that used to be inside Carli Wilcox and was now inside Vivi's mouth.

That was nasty!

She should put a stop to all this.

She kept meaning to stop and then she kept doing it.

She just kept obeying. Masturbating. Not letting herself orgasm. Watching lesbian porn. Holding Mistress's... *Carli's*... sexual spend in her mouth.

Carli was her supervisor! Worse, Carli was a total bitch.

Carli was hot. She was sexy. How had Vivi never really noticed before? Oh, yeah, that's right... *not a lesbian!*

Was that still true? Heterosexuality was a hard claim to back up after giving her female supervisor a couple mouth-delivered orgasms and while holding a load of girl cum in her mouth.

Maybe she'd wait and try to sell herself on her being a complete and perfect heterosexual later on after Mistress Carli gave her permission to swallow and after Vivi had another orgasm. She'd like at least one more from this... lesbian experimentation.

Yeah, but it wasn't just lesbian, was it? Lesbian was one thing, sex with another detective, her boss, was another. But Carli had dominated the fuck out of her! Mistress Carli was still dominating her, and Mistress Carli wasn't even there! Mistress Carli must still be dominating her because Vivi was still following her orders, wasn't she?

Vivi wanted to swallow that girl spend. That woman juice. That sexy pussy juice. Wow, how the Hell did Carli make so much of it?

The door opened. Vivi jerked like a strong electric current ran through her. She jerked so hard that her hand jerked away from her pussy before she could even think to move it. Which would have been fortunate except that her pussy was still bare and her other hand was still in contact with it.

It was Allison!

Allison was a dirty blonde with a clean complexion. She'd been friendly with Vivi but always with a bit of reserve, some distance, like she wasn't ready to trust the new girl in Vice.

She wasn't reserved right then!

Allison did not seem surprised or disturbed by Vivi's state of affairs. She came in and closed the door behind her. She walked up to Vivi.

Vivi had a moment to think that if she'd ever walked in on someone at work looking like Vivi was at that moment that she would have immediately shut the door and tried to forget what she saw.

Allison sure had a different approach!

Allison's different approach... was to approach!

Allison took off her top.

Vivi wanted to ask what Allison was doing or, you know, maybe try out some excuse for sitting there naked with her hot wet pussy on display, but she still had a mouth full of girl juice.

Damn Mistress Carli for making Vivi keep her mouth full! That damn damn double-damn Mistress Carli. What now? If there ever was a time to disobey Carli Wilcox and deny her hold over Vivi, right then was the time.

She just... couldn't quite get herself to swallow it...

Allison had already seen Vivi naked and compromised anyway. Maybe Vivi should just be quiet, and maybe Allison would leave.

Allison took off her bra, showing off small but firm breasts. Nope. It didn't look like she was leaving.

It looked like... Allison had ideas in her head... about... maybe getting involved in this....

Then Allison said something that made no sense to Vivi.

"Vivi, I agree this is a great idea. Like you said, Internal Affairs has the stupidest cops on the force, and they'll never have a clue we had sex down here. Thanks for inviting me."

Wait, what? Vivi had not invited her here! No! For more lesbian sex with yet another woman? No! Were they going to? No, or... maybe....

What was going on? She hadn't invited Allison! Why was Allison pretending like Vivi had? Was this some kind of off-center role playing?

Or did Carli maybe send Allison a message that looked like it was from Vivi?

Think, think, she had to think. Why was it so hard to think?

Allison took off all her clothes. All of them. Vivi watched dumbly, feeling dumb in more ways than one. Her mind tried to work even as she stayed still and quiet.

The door. Mistress Carli forgot to lock the door when she left. Or did she leave it unlocked on purpose? She'd said she was coming back.

Did Allison maybe see Vivi on the camera view?

Was Allison the member of Vice that was in one of these pornos Vivi was watching? Was she the one?

Allison walked around behind Vivi, then bent down and handled Vivi's generous breasts. Then she leaned down further and forward and pressed her lips to Vivi's. Her tongue pried at Vivi's pressed closed lips and Vivi, still clueless, still having a hard time thinking beyond her need to orgasm, allowed her lips to part.

She'd have thought that Allison would be surprised by her mouth's contents, but Allison instantly formed her lips to Vivi's, creating a seal. Allison's tongue darted and swished through Carli's girl spend. The kiss went on and on and, gradually, they both swallowed down the thickening mixture of pussy juice and saliva though some did leak across their chins.

Allison pulled away, and Vivi was too breathless and too overwhelmed to say anything.

Allison moved around to one side of Vivi. Allison grabbed gently at the back of Vivi's head and slowly drew her face to her womanhood, which was shaved clean.

Vivi resisted, a little, for a moment. Then she felt like she'd already gone too far to stop now and that she preferred pleasing a pussy than trying to explain herself.

Or being turned in! After all, Allison knew as much about her transgression, masturbating in the basement, as Carli Wilcox. It seemed almost right that Allison should get the same sexual benefit as Carli had. It seemed like the going rate.

Except... Allison would never turn her in because that would mean turning herself in....

There was something about that thought. Even as Vivi began licking Allison's pussy she thought there was something she was missing. Some piece.

Some idea. Something important...

... but not as important as licking this beautiful pussy that Allison had between her legs. It tasted good. It looked different from Carli's, even besides the lack of pubic hair, and it tasted different.

Vivi lost herself again in the world of pussy and to her passion.

Allison moaned and moaned and Vivi worked hard like pussy licking was her new favorite hobby. Maybe it was.

Vivi had already learned how to use her long tongue to great effect, and she thought she might be a dumb slut, but she was smart enough to give pleasure where needed.

Allison took pleasure and gave none in return. Not until Vivi earned it. Not until they both felt Vivi earned it.

Allison came, and Vivi was slightly disappointed Allison didn't supply a flood of juice like Mistress Carli had during her second orgasm. Allison yanked at Vivi's hair, and it hurt, but it felt right at the same time.

Allison recovered and knelt between Vivi's legs.

She looked up at Vivi, "Do you want me to lick you? You have to say it, or I won't do it. In fact, you have to beg for it."

Begging was an alien idea to Vivi Rousseau. She never had and never thought she would, for anything, but especially for sex. She was a big girl and could always make herself orgasm when needed. Or so she'd thought.

Now she needed Allison licking her pussy more than she'd ever needed anything. She'd never felt such sexual need. It had to be from keeping her

orgasm so near for so long.

She was truly desperate. Begging seemed... logical!

"Please, Allison! Please lick my slutty pussy! I'm a dumb slut for your beautiful mouth! I'll do anything!"

Allison interrogated, "What about police department rules and procedures?"

"Fuck the police department! Fuck their fucking rules! Please! Tongue fuck my pussy!"

Allison must have liked that answer because she dove in, literally headfirst.

Vivi came in less than a minute.

Carli watched on the camera view. She had an earbud in just one ear so she could listen to Allison and Vivi but also listen for calls. Cameras nowadays had such clarity and such color and such great audio.

It was perfect. Allison had followed her orders strictly. She'd expected no less from her as she had Allison so well trained.

Allison had made it sound like it was Vivi's idea to have sex down there, and Vivi hadn't corrected her. Vivi was too busy holding that mouth-load of cum from her new Mistress Carli!

Anyone seeing the video would not perceive any pressure on Vivi. She'd look like the instigator because Allison made it sound like it was all Vivi's idea!

The insults towards Internal Affairs and the police department policies were icing on the cake. Begging in such a slutty way made it even more legit

sounding and more humiliating as a threat if needed. The idea of anyone seeing it would scare Vivi.

Ha! But it wouldn't scare her straight, would it?

It was perfect, but hopefully, the video would never be needed for anything other than simple enjoyment.

Ah, yes, walking down memory lane of the time Carli Wilcox dominated and changed forever the sexy Detective Vivi Rousseau.

Probably more like reclining on her bed while watching it and with some subby slut between her legs licking her pussy. Maybe even Allison! Maybe even Vivi!

Carli watched as Allison got Vivi to lay on her back on the floor and then sat on her face. She watched Vivi's long tongue extend and get right to work. She watched Allison alternate between gently slapping Vivi's pussy and leaning down to lick at it.

Good stuff! Now that was what Carli called entertainment!

Still, it was only a preview of Vivi's future, and Carli had lots more work to do on her.

Carli Wilcox loved her work!

### ***Detecting Arousal 3***

Vivi recovered from what happened but could not get over it.

What was going on with her? Lesbian sex with her supervisor, Carli Wilcox and then, more lesbian sex with Allison also!

What were the odds of having lesbian sex with two co-workers with so little time between events? It was almost suspicious. No, hell, it was just plain suspicious.

You had to adjust those odds dramatically when you added factors like Vivi being heterosexual and against relationships with co-workers.

It wasn't all on Carli and Allison. Vivi had... participated. No, she'd more than "participated." She'd orgasmed like a sexual race horse!

It was embarrassing.

It was compromising.

It was so unprofessional!

Having sex with her supervisor, Carli, was wrong. It would deligitimize any advances Vivi made in the department if anyone learned she'd had sex with Carli Wilcox.

Not that Vivi meant to let the sex continue. But, once she put a stop to it, Carli was in a position to strike back at her and limit her ability to advance. Carli could also block a transfer.

Vivi hadn't wanted sex with Carli. Now Carli had video of her, first masturbating down in the basement of the police station, and then, presumably, she also had video now of the two of them having nasty sex.

Vivi needed to start saying no! Vivi needed to get herself back on track.

But could she? Carli had "the goods" on Vivi. The goods, which meant "the bads." Vivi shook her head in dismay.

What had possessed her to finger herself in the basement at the station?  
The ghost of lesbian past, perhaps.

Either Carli would leave her alone or... or... or she'd quit!

No, she couldn't quit. Law enforcement was her dream, and becoming a detective so early was beyond her greatest hopes.

She did realize she likely only made detective because Carli was a lesbian and found her attractive.

Well, as Dad used to say, "It isn't how you get opportunities. It's what you do with them."

It wasn't Vivi's fault that Carli was some dominant lesbian!

It *would* be her fault if she, Vivi, were a submissive lesbian slut. Er, if she was more of one by continuing to be one.

Vivi Rousseau had her clothes back on, but she felt icky and sticky. The basement felt haunted but not by a ghost. Her recent actions haunted it. And she still needed to review more of this damn lesbian porn!

Vivi wondered about that. She hadn't seen any sign of the other members of Vice in any of the pornos. That was why she was watching them. Possibly one of her co-workers starred in them.

According to Carli. But Carli Wilcox could not be trusted! Had she made it all up?

If she had, how had she known, or guessed, that Vivi would masturbate down here?

She probably hadn't known, but she'd set up the circumstances and the hidden camera and hoped Vivi would do something like that. Then, boom, she stepped in and took advantage of Vivi.

Vivi knew she wasn't guilt-free. No one made her masturbate. That was on her. So were her reactions to being dominated by Carli and then Allison.

Carli... and then Allison....

Wait a minute!

Carli talked about having a video of Vivi masturbating. That led to Vivi giving in to Carli's lesbian domination, also on video. But masturbation wasn't *that* big of a deal. No harm done.

And Carli couldn't show the video of the two of them having sex, or she'd be in as much trouble as Vivi, or maybe more because she was Vivi's supervisor.

Hell! Vivi almost could have blackmailed her instead of being blackmailed! Not that she would have.

Vivi wished she'd calmly thought things through. She could have avoided... all that great nasty sex....

She would have been fine if it was just her masturbating or her and Carli having sex. But then Allison showed up and lesbian-dominated her in that same room in front of that same wireless camera.

Now that. That!

Now Carli had the two of them, Vivi and Allison, having sex at work, and it would not implicate Carli Wilcox.

She wouldn't quit, but she also couldn't face those two women and their expectations day after day.

Vivi formed a rough plan. She'd look for work in another precinct or maybe another town. Once she had it lined up, she'd leave. She'd ask them not to contact her current supervisor to avoid impacting her work situation if she didn't get hired. That way, no one would talk to Carli Wilcox.

Once hired, she'd leave, and she wouldn't tell anyone where she was going. She'd give her two weeks and use vacation time.

There. That was a plan.

She needed to be careful around Carli and Allison until she could make it happen. Her plan might take weeks. If she made sure not to be alone with Carli and Allison, then they wouldn't be able to make a move on her. She wouldn't answer her phone or her door when she was off duty.

Surely Carli and Allison would get the hint and move on to other lesbian prospects.

The problem was Vivi was stuck alone in this basement. Either one of them could show up at any moment. She had to finish these pornos.

So, she watched more. She still had hours left in her shift.

She couldn't help watching the pornos with a new perspective. A "how-to" perspective. She watched how the woman touched each other and where and how they licked. It was a lesbian love-making tutorial.

Useless knowledge! No more lesbian encounters for Vivi Rousseau. But she felt deep doubts about that.

Why the Hell had everything felt so damn great?

As she watched the porn, she could not help picturing herself as the “giver” at times and as the “receiver” at other times. She then could not help getting turned on.

It also brought back memories, those shameful, darkly attractive memories, of what she did with Carli and then Allison.

Which also turned her on.

She felt like masturbating! Again!

She wouldn't. She now knew that Carli Wilcox could be and probably was watching her. So, no way, Jose!

Actually... there was something about that....

Vivi guessed she must have a streak of exhibitionism. The idea of Carli watching her do it to herself wasn't a turn-off. It made her more aroused.

Vivi shook her head again. Everything about recent events and her behavior was topsy-turvy to how it should be.

After another hour of porn watching and getting more and more turned on, she heard the door open.

She sat up and felt freaked out. Carli was back for more! Or Allison was back for more!

But it wasn't Carli or Allison. It was Louisa. Vivi knew she should be relieved, and she mostly was relieved. But she could tell she also felt disappointed.

A part of her had liked what happened and wanted more of the same.

Vivi thought self-deprecatingly, "Ya think? What was your first clue, Vivi? The orgasms or the other orgasms?"

Louisa said, "How are you doing down here?"

"Good." Vivi quickly closed her laptop. Louisa was one of Carli's "suspects," and Vivi didn't want her to know what was up.

"You having a party in this basement? It smells like sex in here."

Vivi thought Louisa was joking but knew it probably did smell in the room. There had been a lot of intensive sex going on here recently!

Vivi almost responded that there was no party and she was all alone down here watching lesbian porn, but immediately realized that excuse did not sound good at all for explaining away the smell.

"Just me and my perfume."

"Shit, girl, I think I know what their secret ingredient is for that perfume!"

Vivi wasn't comfortable keeping this conversation going, "What's up, Louisa?"

"I got a special circumstance opportunity, and Carli gave me permission to use you."

Vivi jumped to the wrong idea. Carli gave Louisa permission to "use" her? It made Vivi nearly panic.

But Louisa looked serious. She looked like she was here for a professional reason and not some twisted sex reason like Carli and Allison.

“What special circumstance opportunity?”

“You’re going to like this. It’s your chance at the big times. Well, not really, but you can maybe get an in. So, you know how Dominique, being black, is good for undercover in black groups we suspect, and me with other Hispanics? I’m sure you already knew this, but you’re white. Whites get in with whites. The whole fucking world is color-coded except the government and education. It’s hilarious. They say we police are racist, but the most racist groups of all are criminal ones. Look at the mob. They’re all Italians! See? Fucking racist!”

Vivi had never thought about it. Louisa made a fair point, but Vivi knew it wasn’t as simple as that. There were racists in any group or organization if it had enough members.

Louisa went on, “Anywho, whites like you get the stink-eye because even white criminals think white women can be cops and beautiful white women. It’s best if they don’t even have that suspicion in the first place, so they don’t look too hard.”

“How would I manage that?”

“Right now, today! We’ve got a transfer of a couple of white women involved in prostitution. We think they work for a woman known as Lady Boss. No known details, but the chief has, excuse the term, a hardon to nail her. Between you, me, and these walls, Lady Boss got a hold on his ex-wife and his daughter and they both hook for her now. We’ve wanted to infiltrate her organization for years but didn’t have anyone to pull it off. Allison isn’t quick-witted enough.”

Hmm, Vivi had thought Allison was pretty quick-witted with how she took advantage of Vivi. Vivi would have greatly preferred for someone clever to have taken advantage of her. Now she felt even stupider!

“These two prostitutes are being moved from another department holding cell to this one because of overflow. They had a few big busts over there. So, here’s what we’ll do. You’ll be a prisoner here already, and they’ll be put in with you. They’ll probably visit with you. You tell ‘em you’re an independent prostitute. With your looks, they’ll probably try to recruit you.”

Vivi realized this was an opportunity. She could prove herself as a detective. This was also a chance to get away from the endless lesbian porn. Lesbian porn that was far too arousing!

At the very least, she wouldn’t have to lick any more pussy.

Yeah, she remembered, later on, thinking that.

She changed into rougher, sluttier clothing. Much sluttier.

A mini-skirt. A skimpy tank top. No panties or bra. Prostitutes had to show off the goods!

Louisa had loaned her the clothing and told her not to ask why she had them. So Vivi didn’t ask, but she did wonder. What did Louisa get up to outside of work?

Louisa joked about taking a picture of her with her smartphone and putting the picture up on the breakroom wall.

Vivi told her not to dare it, and Louisa laughed.

Louisa also complimented her legs....

Vivi wondered about her. Carli was a lesbian. Allison was a lesbian. Pushy taking-advantage dominant lesbians.

Vivi could definitely picture Dominique, the black female member of Vice, being a dominant lesbian. She was feminine but in an Amazonian way, and she had short hair. Like a sexier Grace Jones.

So, what about Louisa?

She seemed nice. She was very attractive. The guys must fall over each other for her.

But that was the thing. Carli was – quite obviously! – willing to have sex with her subordinates in Vice and seemingly chose them for attractiveness because all of them were beautiful.

Carli must have hit on Louisa at some point. Or maybe more than hit on her. Or perhaps they were similar, both lesbians who liked to dominate.

Vivi could picture Louisa being submissive, and she could also imagine her being dominant. Either one seemed possible.

Louisa was outgoing and confident, which would seem to add up to a dominant personality. However, Vivi was also outgoing and confident, and look what had happened to her!

Vivi wasn't sure if Louisa was submissive, but she was certain Carli Wilcox would like to dominate her and almost certainly would have made a play for her. Louisa was in Vice long before Vivi arrived.

Vivi told herself to be careful around all of them, Louisa included. She needed to figure out what was going on in Vice, and she had to get out of Carli's, cough cough, vice grip on her career and reputation.

Louisa put her in a holding cell, all alone. Basically, all cells were holding cells in that they held prisoners. Holding cells just happened to be larger

cells where multiple non-associated prisoners were kept. It wasn't practical to have a cell per person other than for prisoners who might be dangerous to others.

The prisoners in holding cells waited to be bailed out or appear in front of a judge in the morning. They weren't convicted, yet, so they didn't wear jail outfits, just whatever they came in wearing. If they had to be held for trial, then they were moved to county lock up.

Louisa shut the door, and the locked-up feeling put a lump in Vivi's throat.

Louisa told her, "They'll be moved in here in a few minutes. I won't tell you anything specific about them, so your ignorance is genuine. If they ask, you've been in here for hours and hours and were arrested for hooking. Tell them you were on Graham Street. They were picked up on the other side of town, so they would not expect to know you. Just in case, tell them you've just started hooking. Make up some sob story about needing money and not wanting to live on the streets. That sort of thing."

That sounded easy.

Louisa continued, now with a twinkle in her eyes, "They've probably heard about cops pretending to be prisoners. They might ask you to prove that you're a prostitute. That's easy. Prostitutes are willing to do anything for money. Anything. Just prove to them you're willing to do anything."

Wait, what!?!

That part sounded hard!

Louisa winked from the other side of the bars, "You can do whatever it takes. To be successful, you need to go the extra mile and ignore rules. Just think like a total slut and act like a total slut, and you'll be fine. You'll fit in

great around here.”

Louisa left, and Vivi managed to close her mouth, which had dropped open in shock.

What did Louisa mean by that? Think and act like a total slut, and Vivi would... fit in?

Vivi strongly suspected Louisa was no stranger to Carli's ways. Carli sure liked Vivi slutty! So had Allison!

Vivi realized that all the men and lesbians she'd ever had sex with liked their women slutty in bed. It seemed like she needed to start a lesbian relationship with a heterosexual woman if she wanted someone who didn't want her to behave like a slut.

Minutes later, an officer guided two women into the holding cell. The officer locked them in and left.

The women were white, as advertised, and looked like prostitutes, also as advertised. What stood out about them was how tall they stood.

Vivi bet the tall one was the tallest prostitute in the city. She looked to be six and a half feet tall. She was thin and feminine.

Vivi bet the short one was the shortest prostitute in the city. Unless there were any dwarf prostitutes. The short one was well under five feet tall.

They acted like friends and looked at Vivi with transparent distrust.

They asked her how she got arrested.

Vivi told them, “For selling my body for sex. That's what the po-po say. I'm

innocent. You can see I'm wearing my Sunday best and was on my way to church on a Wednesday."

The women laughed.

There, Vivi had broken the ice!

The short one said, "Quite the coinki-dink! Stilts and I are also innocent!"

The tall one, "Stilts," snickered, "I wonder if the pastor is looking for us at church right now! Haha! No, we weren't going to service. We were *providing* a service, right, Baby?"

The short one nodded and grinned, "I provided service. You know, on our way to church. Hey, you can call me Baby. Everybody does. I'm short like a baby, get it?"

Baby looked young but obviously not that young. She wore tight, bright pink stretch shorts that looked sized for a six-year-old. Baby sported a clear — a far too clear — camel-toe. Vivi bet Baby did a booming business with the child molester types.

The reason for Stilts' nickname was apparent. Her height and her incredibly long thin legs. She featured them with the shortest mini Vivi had ever seen and, incredibly, with six-inch heels. They added half a foot to her height!

Vivi wondered if Stilts' height was a detriment or a positive to her in prostitution. Vivi thought a lot of guys wanted their women shorter than them. On the other hand, Stilts was uniquely tall, and maybe having sex with her gave guys bragging rights. Did guys brag about prostitutes? Probably not.

During the next hour, she made a few attempts at casual conversation with

them. Baby seemed pretty friendly, but Stilts was suspicious of Vivi, to the point of crossing her arms and frowning at Vivi at times.

Vivi started to get impatient. This was, after all, her chance to make an impression in Vice and make herself indispensable as the “white undercover” member of the team.

She’d had enough of her job consisting of watching lesbian porn in a basement and licking her supervisor’s pussy. That was no way to prove herself!

Well... not to her, it wasn’t.

She needed more than talk about the damn weather.

She needed to fit in with them. She needed them to invite her onto their team or into their stable, whatever the term for it was.

Vivi had the looks. She’d made it clear she was independent – pimp-free – so there was no worry of territorial disputes. She’d even made it obvious she was hard up for money by talking about rent being late.

She decided to try to befriend Baby instead of trying to include both in conversation. Baby seemed more open and less suspicious.

Honestly, Baby seemed more... stupid.

So Vivi sat next to her, and Stilts glared. Vivi compliments Baby on her slutty apparel and too-thick make-up. Once she sat next to Baby, she could see the crow’s feet at the corners of Baby’s eyes. Not only was she not an adolescent, she wasn’t even in her twenties. Maybe not her thirties either!

Vivi told Baby, “I’m just starting my street career, if you know what I mean.

Not what I pictured for myself, but it isn't too bad. Except I was beaten up a few times, and I lost a lot of money when a guy put me in the hospital with busted ribs and a collapsed lung. He nearly killed me. Staying at the hospital put me way behind. I couldn't earn, except for this male nurse twice, and then, besides not earning, I had to pay the hospital. I tell you, we streetwalkers need a health insurance program."

Baby laughed and laughed and talked about how that was never going to happen. Vivi knew that. She was just trying to get some sympathy rolling.

It was hard to be suspicious of people you were sympathetic towards and hard to distrust people who were like yourself. Vivi had read a lot of autobiographies written by detectives and undercover cops. Learn from the best!

She wanted to make it clear she'd like to have someone looking out for her. Most prostitutes did, and then, of course, the pimps looking out for them generally abused them anyway while taking the lion's share of their earnings.

Stilts, who could not help hearing their conversation, was having none of it, "Baby, stay away from that skank. I'm thinking she might be po-po. Look at her. She looks too clean, too mainstream. Listen to her, she be telling you everything you might want to hear if a police wanna get in with us."

Oh-oh, Stilts had it exactly right! Vivi thought she'd been smooth but maybe not.

Baby said, "Ah, c'mon, Stilts, she a'right."

Thank God Baby was stupid!

Stilts said, "I don't trust this bitch."

Damn that too-wise Stilts!

Baby looked uncertain and leaned away from Vivi on the bench they shared.

Damn!

Vivi said, "Fine. I guess you think because I'm so fine that I can't hook for a living. You ever see a cop look as hot as me? Not counting on television!"

Baby ended her lean away, straightened, and looked at Vivi with a look of growing trust.

Stilts felt differently, "What do you mean, too hot? What about Baby and me? We ain't too hot, and we're hotter than you!"

Vivi felt like retorting with a sarcastic question about whether Stilts had looked in the mirror at any point in the past decade. But she needed to make friends with these two. Insults and arguments were not a path to friendship.

How could Vivi redeem this situation?

If in doubt, ask....

"I'm game, just for shits and giggles. How can I prove to you I'm a hooker? I don't see any paying customers in this cell."

Baby whined to Stilts, "Yeah, how can she prove it, Stilts? I think she's like us. We should bring her back with us when we get bailed. We can even bail her. Lady Boss wants more girls on the string. She'd be a good earner, and Lady Boss gonna be happy with us."

Stilts scoffed, "She won't be happy if we bring back a cop!"

Stilts' next question was for Vivi, "What's your name?"

Vivi hadn't thought up a cover name! She didn't want to use her real one because the internet made it way too easy to research people. She settled on something close.

"Uh, Violet, Violet... Ruston."

Stilts walked over, practically tiptoeing in her six-inch heels, "You ain't a shrinking Violet, but maybe you are a making-cocks-grow Violet. Or actually, making nipples and clitties swell. I'll tell you a little secret, and we'll maybe see if you're even interested before we see if you can prove yourself. Thing is, our clientele ain't men at all. We be in a boom market. Women make as much as men nowadays, and they even more horny. Would you swing that way?"

Vivi thought of recent events, "Are you kidding? I have lesbian sex all the time. Twice today already! I love it. It makes me cum the way sex with men can't."

Vivi realized what she'd said was entirely true! That was so fucked up.

But useful in this moment.

Stilts put her hands on her hips, "A'right then. But you could be a cop. Let's prove you are or you aren't. Hookers don't mind showing off their bodies, but girl cops are all repressed and ashamed, even if they are hot. So, take off all your clothes."

This was easy. It was no big deal. It was like getting naked in a locker room.

A locker room with bars and a couple of lesbian-style hookers but....

Vivi stood up and took off all her clothes, trying to make it look like it was no big deal to her at all.

Baby gushed, "You have a great body, Violet! Yum!"

Stilts' eyes gleamed with lust.

Vivi was pretty sure these two didn't hook lesbians only for the money.

Stilts said, "I ain't convinced. It gonna take more than some ass and titty show to convince me."

Baby tutted, "Oh, Stiltsy, you're so suspicious all the time! Look, Violet will be happy to make out with me. Watch."

Wait, what? Make out with her? She'd be "happy" to make out with Baby!?! While nude?

Baby pulled Vivi down to the bench. Baby leaned her little clothed body into Vivi's nude body. Then she pressed her lips up against Vivi's.

Vivi felt like it was too late not to do this. She'd come this far. It was just some kissing or maybe some feeling up, she wasn't sure yet, but it was nothing compared to what she'd done with Carli and Allison. Compared to those encounters, this one was chaste.

So far....

And quite constructive if it meant she had an in with them.

She kissed back passionately.

She could see, out of the corner of her eye, Stilts leaning in and peering at

the kiss and then at her body. She felt Stilts' breath on her body as she felt Baby's narrow tongue poking into her mouth.

No big deal. She was only kissing a lesbian prostitute while nude, one that was almost forty but looked like a kid. At the same time, another lesbian prostitute watched way too closely, one who might be in the Guinness Book of Records for the tallest lesbian prostitute in the world.

See? No big deal.

Baby's hands came up and captured Vivi's breasts, squeezed almost to the point of discomfort, and then rubbed them deeply, confidently.

The no big deal was becoming a bigger deal....

Stilts reached in and flicked at one of Vivi's nipples, "Mm. Her nipples are hard. Can't fake that. Still, she might be a lesbian cop."

Vivi guessed it was good that her nipples were hard. For reasons of her mission. But as per her sexuality? Not good!

At least this was just lesbian stuff and none of that filthy, nasty, demeaning, and... yes... way too arousing, domination and submission stuff.

It was good that prostitutes treated each other with respect!

Baby broke the kiss, "This bitch is hot. She kisses like a lesbo."

Stilts said, "It's just kissing. I'm still not convinced."

Baby jerked at Vivi, and Vivi went along with the pushing and shoving until she found herself on her knees on the floor.

Baby said, "Violet, persuade Stilts with your tongue. Cops don't lick pussy so... lick her pussy! Do it, you sexy slut!"

See, hear that respect? Prostitutes were so honorable to one another. Like she'd just thought.

Actually, these two were, so far, treating her better than Carli or Allison had.

Stilts pulled her skirt up, revealing a distinct lack of panties, and stepped into Vivi's face.

Vivi sighed, right into the pubic hair tickling her nose. This, again? More pussy licking?

Her inner sarcasm rang hollow. Her mouth watered, her nose unconsciously took a deeper than necessary whiff, and her hard nipples felt harder as they brushed Stilt's stilt-like legs.

Vivi wasn't nearly as reluctant as she should be, was supposed to be, or thought she would be.

She may as well....

For the mission....

And because, apparently, she wanted to do it!

Vivi licked. She knew this was wrong. A new naughty. She was a member of law enforcement, in a cell, licking a prostitute's pussy!

Baby almost cheered, "That's a girl! We're going to have all sorts of fun together. We can serve customers together. There's no bonding like sexual bonding."

Vivi licked and licked, and she didn't mind it. She liked it. It wasn't just the pussy. The naughtiness turned her on.

Stilts said, "She's good with her mouth. Lady Boss is going to want a full report. Check her pussy for tightness, heat, wetness, and taste."

Did that mean...?

Baby got down on her back behind Vivi and slid under her like a mechanic. A child-sized pussy mechanic.

Baby checked her for tightness with one and then two fingers.

Baby checked her for heat, apparently by seeing what effect friction had on Vivi's pussy as she thrust her two little fingers in and out.

Vivi was sure she passed the wetness test based on how easily those fingers slid in and out. That and Baby's oral report.

"Stilts, her pussy is as wet as my tongue. I'll just go ahead and make sure."

[Oh! Oh, here comes the taste test!](#)

Baby's tongue arrived like a warm splash that came and stayed.

Vivi moaned into Stilts' pussy.

Stilts murmured, "Let's see how she takes to pain. Lady Boss will want to know."

Vivi wondered about Lady Boss. How high ranking was she in the underworld? What criminal activity was she involved in?

Vivi would find out. She just needed to please pussy and let herself be

pleased. No real hardship.

Stilts reached down and tweaked Vivi's nipples.

Hey!

But Vivi didn't say anything. She knew her role and stuck with it. She just had to do as they said and let them do anything they wanted. She just had to hang on to her purpose, like how her hands clung tight to Stilts' sexy tall-girl ass.

Stilts directed Baby, "Her nipples like some pain. She takes it like a trooper. Baby, smack her ass some. Taking a spanking is more important. You know our customers."

Baby didn't have a good angle, but she did deliver quite a few spansks. Vivi held still and kept licking.

Baby stopped the spanking and went back to licking, focusing on Vivi's clitoris, with two fingers sliding in Vivi's pussy.

Vivi's mouth was saturated with naughty flavor, her ass buzzed with spank-pain, her pussy vibrated with spiraling pre-orgasmic trembles, and her mind hummed with dark lust.

She felt so slutty, but it felt so good. Finally, she was using her sluttiness for good. She hadn't even known she was a slut until today. She hadn't believed she was one no matter what Carli said or made her say.

Now she couldn't deny it. Maybe, once she freed Stilts and Baby from their evil Lady Boss, she'd meet up with them again.

Maybe they'd want her to pay.

Maybe she would pay them.

It would be like charity, but she wouldn't want them to feel like charity cases, so she'd have to have sex with them.

Stilts jerked at Vivi's hair and came on her face. Her whole face. She rubbed her pussy all around Vivi's face like she was marking her.

It was nasty and turned on Vivi enough to push her over her own edge. She came on Baby's mouth and fingers.

No one doubted Vivi after that!

But that didn't mean the tests were over.

Stilts directed the action, "Baby hasn't cum yet. Violet, get on your back on the bench. Baby, sit on her face. I'm going to do some crazy shit to Violet."

Vivi wasn't about to protest anything by then. She was too close to success and too darn horny. She'd go along with anything. Anything at all!

Which was pretty much what happened.

Vivi lay on the bench, and Baby sat on her face. Vivi licked at Baby's small pussy. It was shaved smooth, likely to play up her young-looking frame.

Vivi felt helpless as Stilts spread her legs. She was on her back with another woman sitting on her face. She was in a vulnerable position and defenseless against her arousal.

Stilts said, "Lady Boss will want to know how she takes to penetration. Violet, lots of our customers like to use dildos on their "dates." They also like to stuff weird shit into slut holes. This test will determine if you're good for

both.”

What? How?

There were no dildos here. Or weird shit. Was there?

Vivi felt something at her pussy. It didn't feel big. A finger?

It kept sliding. In and more in. Even Stilts' fingers couldn't be that long.

What was it?

Stilts said, “See that, Baby?”

Baby sat on Vivi's face facing Vivi's feet, “That is sexy. Hey, Violet, you pass. Looks like Stilts has almost all six inches of her heel up your pussy.”

What!?!

The heel (?) fucked in and out. It felt slim and hard.

She had no choice but to believe it. She was being heel-fucked!

Baby bounced on Vivi's face. Vivi felt swamped with pussy and lust.

Stilts snickered, “Her snapper is snapping at it like it wishes my heel was wider. I can't make it wider, but we can get her final hole involved.”

Final hole...?

Did she mean...?

Oh, fuck! She did mean that! Vivi felt contact with her asshole. Her rear slightly hung over the end of the bench, so she was quite vulnerable. It was

too late to bring her legs together, and she couldn't anyway with Stilts in between her legs.

Vivi didn't know what it was at the entry to her "final hole," but it pressed harder and harder. All she could do was contract her ass muscles, but that wasn't enough. Whatever it was popped past her ring. It felt hard, almost sharp, and it was cool as well. It wasn't a finger.

It slid up and up, and Vivi stopped licking to groan. It didn't hurt. It just felt bizarre and wrong. Baby didn't like that Vivi stopped licking. She bounced her pussy on Vivi's face. The back of Vivi's head was against the bench, so she had nowhere to go. She endured Baby's pussy slapping on her face.

She went back to licking. Whatever happened to her ass had nothing to do with the important work her mouth needed to do.

Whatever was in her ass slowed progress, withdrew a few inches, and then slid back in, achieving more depth.

Vivi found she could moan and groan and keep licking. Baby seemed to like the moaning against her pussy. She settled down, literally down, and twisted her pussy back and forth on Vivi's mouth like she was trying to screw it down.

Vivi sucked in Baby's pussy lips, and she moaned and groaned, vibrating pleasure into Baby.

Vivi guessed whatever was in her ass was working out great for Baby!

Vivi thought she knew what it was.

Stilts confirmed it.

“Hey, Baby, check it. I’ve got one heel up her cooze and one heel up her ass. And they say wearing high heels isn’t practical! It looks to me like Violet is well-heeled.”

Baby laughed and panted.

Vivi did not find it humorous.

She did find it arousing.

Laid out helpless and with her legs spread, all she could do was take it. Take it in both holes.

It was a strange feeling, deeply penetrated. The heels were hard but thin. Stilts slid the heels in and out, slow and steady, Vivi guessed, so she didn’t break her tender inner skin. Lesbian prostitutes sure were considerate with how they fucked you with heels!

Stilts alternated with one heel slowly working in as the other slowly withdrew, back and forth. It was a constant fucked feeling no single penetration could achieve.

Vivi’s pussy and her ass tried their inner slippery best to grip the intruders. All that did was increase sensation, sensation that felt all too good.

Vivi felt like saying something, anything, maybe even begging Stilts to keep fucking her. She didn’t know what she’d say, but she couldn’t say anything with Baby grinding her pussy down on her mouth.

Vivi realized, even swamped in pleasure and pussy, that Stilts had worn these heels in here and hadn’t had any way of cleaning them. The ends of the heels, the parts deepest up her pussy and ass, just minutes ago, were in contact with the floor, over and over with each step Stilts took.

They were dirty, and they were deep inside her!

Vivi felt dirtier than the heels could be. She felt like a dirty slut. She felt like she loved this. She felt like this was all so wrong but exactly right for a slut like her.

Vivi's body bowed up at the middle and twisted like she was yawning and stretching from a prone position. But it wasn't a yawn. Just the opposite. It was a huge double-penetration orgasm.

Once it started, it seemed endless.

Baby's orgasm began after Vivi's and ended long before Vivi's ended.

Stilts said, "She cums like a champ. The clients will love that."

Baby agreed, breathlessly, "So will Lady Boss. Violet will be a great earner. Her mouth is amazing. Her tongue is fucking long, Stilts!"

"I know. I felt it. She's almost some kind of mutant. Lady Boss says long tongues are best purposed for going up asses. Maybe Violet can be the new Ass Licker girl. Too bad about what happened to the other one."

"Yeah, what is it about those Ass Licker girls? They just don't last!"

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