

Bitch Becki

Faye Valentine

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“You must be Becki,” Lilly said, staring at the pretty young woman standing on her front porch. “Please, come in.” As Becki entered the house she continued. “I hope you didn’t have too much trouble finding the place.”

“Not at all,” Becki smiled. “GPS is a wonderful thing. This is a beautiful hole you’ve got Mrs. Franklin.

“If you like this, wait until you see the pool. But before I give you the guided tour I need to discuss your rates.”

“They’re lower than the national average for house sitters. I…”

“No, no, it’s not that. You’re rates are more than reasonable which is one of the reasons we hired you in the first place. Ian’s business trip is going to keep us out of town longer than expected do you think you could stay another week or two?”

“I can stay as long as you need me to stay.”

“You’re a lifesaver. Now, we had a party planned for the day after we got back, but since we’ll be gone a while longer and some of the guests are coming from across the country, I was hoping you wouldn’t mind hosting for us and cleaning up afterwards. If you can we’ll not only double your going rate, but throw in a very healthy bonus on top of it.”

“I don’t think that will be much of a problem. How many guests are you expecting?”

“Oh, fifteen or twenty. But here’s the thing. It’s not just a social gathering of friends. There’s no easy way to say it, so I’ll just put it right out there. Ian and I are swingers and this is a swinger’s party you’ll be hosting.”

“Um… You’re not expecting me to have sex with these people are you?”

“No, of course not dear. Well, unless you want to that is. But I’ll leave that up to you. Now here’s the thing. On top of swinging, we are into some rather… kinky things so don’t be surprised if you see ropes and gags coming into play. Are you certain you can handle it? You don’t look too well all of a sudden.”

“Honestly, I don’t know what to think. I’ve never been asked to host a kinky party like this before. Are you sure you can’t reschedule it for when you get back?”

“Positive. It took us two months to find a date everyone could agree on. If you’re not up for it I can give you some money for your time and see if I can find another house sitter at last minute notice.”

Hearing the words and seeing her chance of making way more money than she ever gotten from watching a single home before, Becki exhaled slowly. “No, I can handle it.”

“Thank you so much. The guests know the rules and will abide by them to the letter so there’s nothing you need to fear from them.”

“Rules?”

“I’ll write them down for you.” Whistling loudly, three dogs came running from opposite ends of the house and sat in a line at Lilly’s feet. “These are Simba, Bowser and Dracula,” she said motioning to a golden retriever, black lab and a Doberman respectively.

“Dracula? He’s not going to try draining my blood is he?” Becki giggled.

“Nah, he’s as gentle as a kitten. We named him Dracula after we discovered his preference for nearly raw meat. Their food and water bowls are in the kennel room in the back. They get one full bowl of dry food in the morning and then at night alternate between the steak and chicken in the refrigerator. I think there’s enough in there for a few days and I’ll leave you some money to buy some more. I’ve written down the cooking instructions and hung it on the

fridge. Please follow it to the letter. Now that that's out of the way, on to the tour. You'll have free reign of the house while we're gone. All I ask is that you keep it tidy and if you have anyone over make sure they behave themselves."

"I never invite anyone to another person's home."

"Oh, we really don't mind. We just don't want anything broken, carpets stained or things to come up missing. Not that we're saying you run with that type of person, but you never know what can happen."

"I understand. And that's exactly why I never invite friends to homes I am sitting at. To me it's just bad business," Becki said as she followed the tall, leggy brunette from the living room and into a kitchen half the size of her entire apartment. "Wow, huge kitchen."

"We do a lot of entertaining and Ian loves to cook. That door there leads to the basement where the laundry room is and through there is the kennel room," Lilly said pointing to an open archway where metal cages lined the sides and three sets of food and water bowls sat against the back wall. "The dogs spend most of the day outside, but at night must be put in the kennels. Just go in, open the doors one at a time and then say their name followed by bedtime."

"Does it matter what kennel they each go into?"

"You'll see their names on the kennel doors. Make sure you put them in the right one or you'll hear them whining all night. And out here is what I like to call the Garden of Eden," she said, sliding the glass door open and stepping out onto a huge wooden deck overlooking a well-manicured lawn, sculpted bushes and the largest swimming pool Becki had ever seen outside of the Olympics. Set in the ground, the oddly-shaped pool had a large rock sculpture on one side complete with plants and waterfall; and on the other an in-water seating area with long oval table and six stool.

"WOW! That is the coolest pool I've ever seen."

"Feel free to use it as much as you like. At about nine the lights will come on making it look even better in my opinion. And you don't have to worry about turning them off as they're on a timer. Here on the deck we have a custom made fire pit, plenty of seating and of course built-in coolers to hold all of your drinks. Would you like to see the rest of the house, or should I end the tour here?" Lilly asked, the look on Becki's face telling her the young woman desperately wanted to dive in the pool. "Nevermind. I'll let you explore on your own. Go ahead, I can see how much you want to do it."

"Do what?"

"Jump in the pool."

"I didn't bring my bikini."

"So. Look around sweetie. We're as secluded as possible so who's going to see you? Or are you shy about stripping down to your bra and panties in front of another woman?"

"No, not really. I mean what's a bikini other than a bra and panties?"

"Good point. Go on, dive on in. We keep the water at the perfect temperature. Oh, and don't be surprised if the dogs join you. They love going for a swim but will only go in the water if a human is in there first."

Unable to resist the temptation, Becki unbuttoned her blouse and lay it over the back of a chair. Next, she stepped out of her shoes, pulled her socks off and removed her jeans. Taking a deep breath, she ran off the deck and across the lawn – Lilly watching her large breasts and round ass bouncing with every step.

Wishing she had the time to stay and seduce the sexy young woman, Lilly never the less softly sighed. "I'm going to head out now. Enjoy your swim."

“OKAY!” Becki yelled and waved from the pool. Waiting until Lilly was out of sight before diving back under and coming up with Simba staring at her from less than two feet away. “Jesus Christ! You scared the hell out of me,” she shrieked, reaching out a hand to rub the animal between the ears. “Yeah, you’re just a big old teddy bear aren’t you?” She said, giving his head a final rub before kicking off for another few laps around the pool.

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“Shit,” Becki swore as she stood on the back deck picking up her clothes that Dracula took the liberty of dragging through the dirt before making a bed out of them. “Dammit Dracula, look what you did to my clothes. I can’t wear these now and I didn’t bring a change with me. Speaking of which, I can’t wear wet underwear either.” Unhooking her bra, she let it slide down her arms. Next, she pulled her wet panties down and stepped out of them.

Walking butt naked into the house, clothes in hand, Becki went across the kitchen and opened the door leading into the basement – remembering Lilly telling her that’s where the laundry room was located. Flipping the light on, she descended the carpeted stairs into a surprisingly small room given the immense size of the house above. To her right she saw the washer and dryer and to the left a closed door – a sign reading: PLAYROOM hanging at eye level.

Curiosity piqued, Becki tossed her dirty clothes into the wash and went back out to the playroom door. Giving the knob a turn she pushed it open. Finding a light switch on the wall to her right, she turned them on and stared in wide-eyed shock at the first dungeon she had ever seen. Walls lined with sex toys, gags, spreader bars and a myriad of punishment tools from paddles and canes to floggers and whips were just the beginning.

Off in the back right corner was a queen sized bondage bed while in the left rested what appeared to be a mechanical bull with two very large dildos sticking out of the saddle. Between the breaks in shelving on the left wall were three large metal X’s with leather cuffs at the four corners while a spanking bench, kneeler, bondage sawhorse and two sex machines lined the right.

“What in the holy hell!” Mesmerized, Becki stepped further into the room to where a stockade with chest pad sat in the middle of the floor. Followed down by the three dogs, they seemed to get excited as she approached the devise – going from quietly watching from a distance to brushing against her bare legs in an attempt to steer her closer. “What is wrong with you dogs?”

Bowser jumped up on her back, knocking her off balance. She came down on her knees, hands resting on the chest pad of the stockade and the other two dogs joined in, leaping on and off of her as they tried getting her into the position they were so well-trained for. Dracula nipped at her left shoulder and nudged her down even further. “What the fuck! Get away from me you crazy fucking mutt!”