

Fetish Broker

Faye Valentine

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With an increase in homeless squatting in empty homes all over the city, Katelyn arrived at 719 Brookwood to give the house a once over to make sure it was still clean and in working order before the prospective buyer arrived. The nine-bedroom, ten-bathroom home with three car attached garage, finished basement with bar in one room and small theater in another had been on the market for more than a year without a bite so when someone came along showing interest not only in buying it but at full market price, she could not believe her luck. Not only was this the seventh house she had sold since becoming a real estate broker but was worth more than triple the previous six combined.

The lockbox still hanging around the knob on the front door was a good sign, but if her short experience taught her anything it was that if someone wanted to get in without causing noticeable damage they would find and utilize it to their advantage. Cell phone in hand with 911 dialed and the button ready to press in case of emergency, she left the black metal box alone and instead did a perimeter check. The grass was freshly mowed. No trash littered the yard close to the dwelling. Looking back over the expanse of seventeen acres, she considered checking it all out, but a sudden uneasy feeling gave her enough reason to pause and stick to the house. Windows were still in one piece and locked. As were the back and side doors and the garages. Back on the front porch, she put the code into the lockbox, removed the key and inserted it into the lock just as she heard a vehicle coming down the long driveway.

Quickly stepping inside before the vehicle came into view, Katelyn took a look around the large living room that opened up into the kitchen. Hardwood floors were still waxed and clean. No trash was visible. Counting herself lucky that she would not have to explain away a mess, she waited. The vehicle stopped. A door opened and then closed. Every step the buyer took made her heart beat faster. She heard each and every one and yet she still jumped at the knock on the front door. Exhaling to calm her nerves she put on her selling smile, opened the door and was greeted by a woman wearing a curve-hugging black latex dress and thigh-high boots with crisscross hatching down the sides. Long, jet-black hair pulled back in a high braided ponytail. One blue eye, one green. Full lips. Skin lightly tanned. She was a vision of beauty and intimidation that enticed the butterflies in Katelyn's belly to flutter.

"You okay?" the woman asked after a long moment of silence, the left side of her mouth curling up into a knowing grin. The look on the broker's face was one she had seen a million times before and it never ceased to please. "I really don't mind you staring, in fact I encourage you to do so, but can I at least come in while you ogle me?"

Snapping back to reality, her entire body flushed with embarrassment for her very unprofessional behavior, Katelyn stepped aside. "I am so sorry. I didn't mean to stare."

"I'm used to it."

"That's doesn't make it okay. I'm Katelyn," the broker said, extending her right hand.

"I'm Evelyn," the buyer said, taking the broker's hand in her own. For a moment she considered pulling the younger woman in for a kiss but figured that would be breaking a few too many rules so instead offered a full smile. "I know my appearance can be off-putting, and to be completely honest that's exactly why I dress this way, but you shouldn't be so tense." Letting go of Katelyn's hand, she began walking around the living room. "So, would you like to give a guided tour or should I just look around myself?"

Katelyn had been so taken aback by Evelyn's look and force of personality that she practically forgot how to do her job. "Oh, right, I'll give you a tour and if you have any questions please free to ask."

"The same goes for you," Evelyn replied. "I can see the questions burning in your eyes. It's okay, I won't be offended if you ask. In fact, I'll be upset if you didn't."

"What kind of actress are you?" Katelyn blurted out.

"Isn't it obvious from the way I'm dressed? I work in all fields fetish related. Porn, magazines, webcam modeling. Name it and if it's bdsm related I've probably done it at least once."

"Cool."

"Cool?"

"Were you expecting me to be disgusted and berate you for your life choices? Who am I to judge? Besides, you're obviously doing very well at it to afford a place like this."

"Honestly, while I didn't think you'd outright condemn me because you've got a house to sell, but I at least thought you'd give a look of disapproval."

"That would make me a hypocrite."

"Oh?"

"I've dabbled a bit," Katelyn teased as she escorted Evelyn into the kitchen.

"That's sweet, but you don't have to lie to keep me interested in buying."

"If I were going to lie it wouldn't be about something like that. I've done several things society at large would deem perverted."

"Such as?" Seeing the broker's face turn an even brighter shade of red, Evelyn's smile grew wider. "Go on, tell me what fetishes you've done."

"Are you going to leave if I refuse?"

"Maybe."

Putting the sell above her own personal discomfort, Katelyn took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. "I love anal."

"That's hardly a fetish."

"I'm not finished. I love anal so much I can't get enough of it. I love having my back door stretched to the limits and am even now wearing a plug the size and shape of a fist."

"Really?"

"Really. I wear it to work every single day."

"I don't suppose you'd like to prove it?"

"Um..."

"It's okay if you don't. I'll just have to take it on faith that you're telling the truth. So, what other perversions have you supposedly participated in?"

"There's no supposed about it," Katelyn countered. Feeling her integrity challenged, she did something that would change the course of her life in ways she, in that very moment in time, could never have imagined. Turning on her three-inch heels, she hiked her skirt up over her hips revealing that she was not wearing panties and that she did, in fact, have a plug in her butt.

"Very nice, But just because you have a plug in doesn't mean it's as big as..." before she could finish the sentence, Evelyn watched as the plug was pulled free. It was big. It was black. And it was shaped exactly like a large fist with knuckles angled for ease of penetration. "I'm sorry I doubted you. Also, I absolutely love your gaping hole."

"T-Thanks. I don't know why I just did that," Katelyn said as she pushed the plug back into her well-trained ass.

“You did it because I challenged you and you had to prove yourself honest. And you have. Now I’m going to do the same by saying I’m about half a second away from getting on my knees and seeing how you taste so unless you want me to eat you out I strongly suggest pulling your skirt down.” Katelyn playfully wiggled her ass in response. “I’m serious, Katelyn,” Evelyn said as she moved closer. “If you don’t stand up right now I’m going to dive in and I’m not coming up for air until you’re writhing in orgasm.” More wiggles. Evelyn dropped to her knees. “This is your last chance. Like you I’m not a liar so if you don’t want to be licked then…” her words were cut off by the broker’s vulva pressing against her lips.

“I proved I’m not a liar so now it’s your turn to do the same,” Katelyn purred as the sudden surge of power made her do things she otherwise never would have imagined. She was not even lesbian or bisexual, but something about the potential buyer was bringing out her perverted side and though she was straight she wanted the woman to prove herself honest. But she also hoped that Evelyn’s participation would somehow alleviate at least some of the humiliation she was feeling due to her perverse actions. Hands on her hips caused her to softly gasp. The tip of the tongue flicking over her hooded clit made her push back while instinctively dropping onto all fours, back arching as her head kept going until resting on folded arms. “H-HOLY SHIT that feels good!” she exclaimed. “Y-You… You’re the first woman I’ve ever been with,” she added, her voice a soft, nervous whisper.”

Not stopping to talk, Evelyn dug her long, painted fingernails into Katelyn’s hips and pulled her back as her tongue pushed as deep as it could go. Choosing to believe she was indeed the broker’s first lesbian experience, she aimed to make it as pleasurable for her as humanly possible in the hopes it would not be her last.

“B-B-Bite me,” Katelyn purred. “I mean… uhn… I like playful nibbles and sometimes harder ones as well. Especially on my clit. And please don’t use more than three fingers,” she grunted as she felt four fingers slowly pushing their way deeper. To her surprise, Evelyn actually removed her pinky and the remaining three digits slid right in no problem. But what surprised her more was the fact that she was actually having sex with another woman and actually enjoying it. At twenty-one she thought she had herself figured out, but now, now she had to rethink her entire sexuality and that alone made her clit tingle all kinds of excitement. *But getting fingered and licked by another woman is one thing. The real question is can I return the pleasure?* She thought as Evelyn’s teeth sank into her exposed clit. “Ooohhhhhh fuck me!” she moaned as she suddenly gushed in orgasm.

Her mind racing a million miles a second, Katelyn pulled away and crawled around a confused Evelyn where she tugged the latex dress up over her curvy hips. Seeing she was going commando, Katelyn moved a little closer and then licked. First to see if she could actually being herself to pleasure another woman. Having sucked her own juices off of fingers, toys and cocks, she knew she would like the taste, but that was completely different than actually putting her tongue in another woman’s pussy.

“Why don’t we do a sixty-nine?” Evelyn suggested. “That way we can pleasure each other.”

“Mmmm… Okay. Also, I don’t think I’m actually straight because I really liked that.”

“Nothing wrong with that.” Pulling away, Evelyn sat back in a kneeling position to remove her dress before lying on the hardwood floor. “Now be honest, am I really the first woman you’ve ever been with?”

Taking in her attire and general attitude, Katelyn smiled. “Yes Mistress. And I really, really liked it. You said you’ve done everything bdsm related, right?”

“Correct.”

“Cool. There’s something I’ve always wanted to do but have never found the nerve to ask and I’m afraid if I do you might change your mind about doing the sixty-nine and buying the house.”

“You may ask me anything, Katelyn, and I promise I won’t get mad and it definitely won’t change my mind on buying this place. Which I totally plan on doing.”

“Really?”

“Really. Now please tell me what I can do to fulfill your fantasy.”

“I’ve been drinking my own pee for years but have never asked anyone else to do it. Would you drink my pee, Mistress?”

“First, I should clarify that while I do dominate on occasion I learned everything as a submissive so it’s not technically proper to call me Mistress.”

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay. As for drinking your pee, I’ll drink yours if you promise to drink mine.”

“Deal,” Katelyn quickly agreed.

“That means we’ll have to stay here until we both have to go.”

“I have to go now and I’ll stay and wait for however long it takes for you to have to go.”

“Then stand up so that I can be your toilet.”

“This isn’t even remotely how I thought my day would go, but holy shit I’m glad we met. Seriously, Only one person knows about me fisting my ass and she thinks I’m a freak for doing it so I’ve held back telling her that I’m virtually a sex slave in that I’ll do anything for pleasure.”

“No offense, but it sounds like you need to find some new friends that won’t judge your sexual preferences.”

“Oh, none of my friends have a clue. It’s actually my sister that knows and only because she walked in on me doing it one night,” Katelyn said as she guided Evelyn’s mouth to her vulva. “I’m kind of the black sheep of a very religious family and group of friends that believe anything perverse is the tool of the devil,” she said as her pee freely flowed down Evelyn’s throat. “Personally, I’m an atheist so I think they’re being overdramatic, but for the sake of keeping the peace I mostly keep my opinions to myself.”

When she was done drinking, Evelyn sat back on her heels and looked up into Katelyn’s brown eyes. “Thank you for using me as your toilet. As for everything else my statement stands. You need people in your life that aren’t going to judge. Now please get on top of me so that we can sixty-nine,” she added as she lay back on the cool floor. “If you still want to eat me that is.”

“I do. I really, really do. And that both scares and excited me. All I ask is that for the sake of my career you keep this between us.”

“Actually, I’m thinking of ways to make your career more interesting but if you don’t want to heat it I understand.”

“I’m listening,” Katelyn said as she lay on top of her new lover. Pushing her ass back, she lowered her head and sucked her inner labia, giving them light, playful nibbles as he really started relaxing into her new sex life. The initial stock of eating out another woman passed, she still found it to her liking and only let up to ask “how many fingers may I use?”

“All of them,” Evelyn answered. As in both hands in my pussy at the same time. Though, if we’re going that far I should probably bring in my to go bag so that you can use lube.”

“I’ll do whatever makes you the happiest.”

“if that’s true then strip completely naked and while crawling go fetch the duffel bag from the back of my car. It’s unlocked and since you’ll need your hands you may walk back in.”

Hesitating only a moment, Katelyn crawled off of Evelyn and quickly began stripping. “Yes Mistress. And don’t give me that look. That was clearly a command which means you’re in control. That makes you my Mistress. Which, by the way, means you’re also now the first person I’ve ever submitted to and I like it.”

“You said that you’re a sex slave in that you’ll do anything for pleasure, right?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then grab the black metal case as well and we’ll put that to the test.”

“Yes Mistress.” As nervous as she was excited, Katelyn got on all fours, crawled to the front door, reached up and opened it and then crawled out into the warm summer afternoon. Normally, she would have never done anything so risky, but with three hundred feet, a line of trees and a privacy fence blocking the view all but from above she figured it was safe enough to accept the challenge without complaint. Going out onto the front porch, she carefully made her way down the three steps and then down the driveway to the back of Evelyn’s escalade before standing. Opening the hatch, she saw a huge black duffel bag with multiple bulging side pockets and a comparably smaller black metal case. Nervously grabbing each, Katelyn walked back into the house wondering what she was getting herself into.