

INDECENT PROPOSAL

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Getting Prepared

I knew what Chief Whitaker was going to ask before I ever stepped foot into his office. Rumors had been running around the station, and after months of putting it off, intensifying investigations and scouting for the best person for the job, here I was. Chief Whitaker looked at me with concern in his eyes and I knew the news was going to be bad.

“Please sit down Officer Grant,” he said motioning to the two chairs sitting in front of his large desk. I sat down and he continued. “Do you know why I’ve called this meeting?”

“Yes Sir. I can only assume I’ve been chosen for the Corban Studios assignment.”

“I wouldn’t say chosen. I will not make this an order, but you are the only one we have available that fits their look.”

When I first heard of Corban Studios and the perverts running it, I knew I’d be the one going undercover. They liked- young, innocent-looking woman that they could put into kinky, downright perverted situations for their select clientele. When word got out that the station would be going after the Studio for some of their illegal activities, I went out and purchased everything I could find and watched it religiously day in and day out so that I would know what to expect. And I knew what the Chief was going to say next. I’d be getting some body work done if I took the undercover job.

“In order to pass yourself off as a prospective candidate for their new movies, you’ll have to get some work done.”

And there it was, I thought. “What work will I need to get done, Sir?”

“Go see Officer Perkins down in room 304 and she’ll set you up. And remember, this is not an order. If you don’t want the assignment we’ll keep looking.”

“I’ll do it Sir,” I said with a sigh. “I know I’m the only one that fits the specific look they’re looking for, besides, it’ll take weeks or months to find someone else.”

“Then go see Officer Perkins and she’ll get you taken care of.”

“Yes Sir.”

I left the Chief’s office and took the elevator down to the third floor and walked to room 304. I gave the door a light knock and was invited in by the exotic voice of Officer Silvia Perkins. A stunningly beautiful woman with long, silky black hair and emerald green eyes, she had been in America since the age of nine but had never gotten rid of her French accent.

“So you’re the one Chief Whitaker chose for the job?” Silvia asked as the door closed behind me. She was wearing a white lab coat and latex glove and for a moment I wondered if I had interrupted her.

“Yeah. He said you were going to take care of me whatever that means.”

“Strip out of your clothes and let me see what I’m working with,” she said frankly.

“Excuse me?”

“Don’t make me repeat myself,” she said sternly.

“Why do I need to get naked?”

“Because I fucking said so. Look, you’re going undercover at a damn porn studio. You’re going to have to get used to stripping on cue. Now get out of your clothes.”

I saw that she was getting irritated and I wanted to ask her a few more questions, but I kept my mouth shut as I slowly stripped out of my clothes. When I was naked she walked over

and circled me, checking out every inch of my body. “What the hell are you doing?” I gasped when her hands reached around and grabbed my breasts, her finger and thumb tweaking my nipples. She didn’t say anything as her right hand slithered down by belly and to my pussy where she cupped my mound and pushed a finger into me. “Jesus Christ!” I said jumping forward. “What in the fuck are you doing?”

“I was fingering your tight pussy until you stopped me,” she said with a wicked smile. “Are you sure you’re the right one for this assignment?”

“I’m the only one here that the studio would accept,” I shrugged.

“That doesn’t make you the best candidate. Look, you’re going to a porn studio. You’re going to be commanded to do kinky and humiliating things without complaint or question. Have you ever seen their movies?”

“I’ve watched about three dozen of them. I know what I’m getting myself into.”

“Then you’ll know that if you don’t do exactly as told then you’ll be in deep shit, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then get on your hands and knees with your head down and ass up. Don’t give me any lip, just do it.” When I got down into position I felt her hands on my ass and I closed my eyes. I had never been touched like this by another woman and I was suddenly incredibly insecure. I wanted to grab my clothes and run away screaming, but I remained in position as her fingers lowered to my pussy.

“Uhn,” I moaned as two fingers pushed into me. She rapidly fucked them in and out several times and then in one swift motion pulled them out and pushed them deep into my asshole. “Uhn, oh my fucking god! I...I’ve n-never done anal,” I gasped.

“That’s got to change if you want to be a porn star,” Silvia said pushing her fingers deeper. Stay put. Chief Whitaker told me about this assignment weeks ago and I took the liberty of buying a few necessary toys just in case.”

Looking back over my shoulder, I saw her walk over to her desk, bend over and open a bottom drawer. After some shuffling around she returned holding a butt plug and a bottle of lube. The plug looked absolutely massive to me. It was long with a base thicker than and real cock I’d ever seen. “A-are you going to put that in my ass?”

“I am. You need to be able to take a cock easily in every hole. You saw their movies so you know they’re going to fuck you with big dicks. Are you having a change of mind?” she rubbed the tip of the plug along my asshole causing me to shiver.

“Yes, but go ahead and put it in my ass. But please go slow. Like I said, I’ve never done anal before.”

“Just relax. Yours isn’t the first ass I’ve fucked. Whatever you do don’t clench or it’ll hurt more than it has to.”

“I’ll try, but I promise nothing,” I said chewing my lower lip nervously. She applied some lube to my asshole and then to her fingers and pushed one into my nice and slow. After feeling two of them, one wasn’t so bad. To keep from clenching I took slow, deep breaths as she worked my ass open a little at a time. More lube was added and her finger was soon sliding in and out of my ass with ease.

After two or three minutes, Silvia added a second finger to my ass. The pain was gone, replaced not by pleasure, but an odd feeling of fullness. She worked two fingers in and out slow and steady and then reached up with other hand and began rubbing my clit. The pleasure was immediate and I pushed my hips back to meet her thrusting and rubbing fingers.

“Oh god,” I moaned softly, quickly biting my tongue for fear the officers outside the room would hear me and come in to investigate. Thankfully none did and I was rewarded with a third finger pushing into my ass and three in my pussy. She had me writhing in ecstasy. When she pressed the tip of the butt plug against my asshole I was more than willing to take it, pushing my hips back against it as she eased it in. “Fucking hell that feels good,” I moaned as she thrust the plug in and out of my ass. A shiver of pleasure went up my spine every time my asshole expanded and contracted around the flared base.

Silvia pushed the plug in and left it, giving my ass a hard slap, causing me to clasp my hand over my mouth to keep from yelping too loud. “Alright, get up and take a seat in the chair,” she said pulling her fingers from my pussy. “Time to get started on the body work.”

I knew this part was coming, but did not know exactly what she had planned to do to me. “What body work are you giving me?”

“I’m going to pierce your choice of nipples, your clitoral hood and then I’m going to give you a small tattoo on your choice of hips.”

“Is a tattoo necessary?”

“You watched three dozen Corban Studio movies, right?”

“Yeah,” I said sitting down on the chair.

“And how many woman have you seen without at least one tattoo?”

“Fair enough,” I sighed. “What will the tattoo be of?”

“I was thinking a sexy little fairy would look nice. What do you think?”

“You’re the expert,” I shrugged.

“I’ll do the piercings first and then the tattoo. You won’t be starting the assignment for a couple of months so it’ll give you enough time for the tattoo and piercings to heal.”

It took her all of ten seconds to pierce my nipple. I didn’t like the look of only one piercing so had her do the other one as well which she was all too happy to do. My clit hood was pierced just as quickly and I was prepared for the tattoo work. She shaved my leg even though I had just shaved that morning and then applied a thin layer of goop to my entire outer thigh. When she placed the carbon outline of the tattoo on my thigh and peeled away the paper, I gasped.

“I thought you said a small tattoo?” I said with wide-eyed shock at the huge tattoo that went from hip to knee.

“Changed my mind. I think this will really make you stick out. We want to make sure they choose you, right?”

“Yes, but I think that might be a little overkill. Don’t you?”

“Not at all. If it were up to me I’d give you a lot more work. Make you really look the slutty part.”

“Oh?”

“Hell yes. I’d pierce your inner and outer labia, your tongue and navel, and give you four or five hardcore tattoos. When done there’d be no doubt that you were the best whore for the job.”

“But I’m not a whore,” I said somewhat irritated she kept calling me one.

“Of course you are.” As if to prove her point she pushed three fingers into my pussy and my legs went open of their own accord so she could really slam them in and out. “Who else but a whore would let another woman finger her at work?” Her smarmy grin made my pussy tingle and for reasons I couldn’t explain, I leaned in and kissed her. It was a hard, lust-filled kiss with dancing tongues and groping hands.

My hands found their way up the front of her shirt and I tweaked her nipples, not surprised to find them pierced. Unfortunately, she wore barbells so I couldn't really play with them, but I did tweak them and squeeze her breasts. "I guess you're right," I said sitting back. "Hope you don't mind me kissing and playing with your tits."

"I don't mind at all. The Chief picked me for a reason. In fact, I'd be more than happy to teach you a few things over the next few weeks while we wait for your piercings and tattoos to heal."

"Tattoos? I thought I was only getting one?"

"Or two. No more than three," she said with a wicked grin. "And I'm not telling you what the others will be. In fact, I think I'll blindfold you while I do it. What do you say to that?"

"I say you're out of your damn mind, but I'm the one sitting here getting tattooed. Why don't you go ahead and pierce my tongue and navel as well?"

"Really?"

"Why not. If I'm going to be a slut I might as well go all out, right? Do it. I give you permission to go all out, but no more pussy piercings please."

"You're the boss," she smirked.

Nearly ten hours later I walked out of Silvia's office sporting new piercings in my tongue, navel, nipples and clit hood as well as a large kinky fairy tattoo on my outer right thigh. It had wicked wings in shades of purple and black and was dressed in what looked like skin-tight purple and black latex – it's long black hair highlighted to appear as if made of flame. It was definitely amazing and incredibly sexy. She added another fairy to my outer left thigh that appeared more angelic in nature, and the word CUMDUMPSTER on my pussy mound. I certainly looked the part of the whore as I went home to rest and heal.

I was still an officer of the law and I had a job to do. The next few weeks were going to be long ones, but I would do my duty no matter the cost. And when this assignment was complete and the criminals were brought to justice, I'd have the artwork and piercings removed and then go on to the next job.