

Masquerade

Faye Valentine

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Content

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

“Hey, what’s up, Carrie?” I answered the phone.

“I have a way for you to investigate Black Pines from the inside but you’re not going to like it.”

“I’m listening.”

“So, my friend Tina is dating a guy who knows this other guy whose sister was invited to the annual Black Pines masquerade party, but she broke her leg last week and can’t attend. She’s willing to give you her invitation.”

“Okay, I fail to see a downside here except for her broken leg. What part won’t I like?”

“Well, you know how the event is totally hush hush? It’s for a damn good reason. Each year is themed with a very strict dress code that must be followed to the letter or you will not be allowed in.”

“This is Black Pines we’re talking about. I’ll wear a damn tutu if that’s what they want.”

“If only. It’s better if you read it for yourself. Mind if I drop by?”

“Come on over. The door will be unlocked and I’ll be in the kitchen making dinner.”

“Be there in ten.”

Excited at the prospect of finally getting some evidence to prove my case to the Captain, my mood did a complete one-eighty as I went to the kitchen to put a pot of water on to boil. It had been over two years since I began my investigation into illicit and potentially illegal activities at the exclusive ranch. Seventeen women were admitted to the hospital after visits, but all refused to talk or press charges which only drove me to dig even deeper for any shred of evidence that did not require anyone to testify.

By the time I added the spaghetti to the water and hamburger to another pan to cook, the front door opened and my best friend called out. “Knock, Knock. Anyone home?”

“In the kitchen.” The look on her face when she walked in and tossed an envelope on the table was not promising to say the least. “Is it really that bad? What’s the dress code, nude?”

“Might as well be. Go ahead, read it for yourself.”

Picking up the envelope, I opened it and pulled the card from within. It was fancy paper with calligraphy style writing that seemed in-line with the event in question. That is until I got to the bottom half of the invitation where it gave a listing of the mandatory dress code my friend was so worried about.

You have been randomly selected as this year’s sexy biker babe. You will arrive wearing a leather jacket with nothing on underneath, a pair of black panties (preferably a thong to show off your perfect behind), thigh-high stocking and heels. You must also wear a mask appropriate to the event. The jacket may remain zipped and you are permitted to wear a skirt during the drive over, but once inside the house the skirt must be removed and the jacket unzipped.

That takes care of the clothing. Now for the accessories. You will wear a collar around your neck, a pair of cloverleaf clamps connected by a thin chain on your nipples and a plug no less than three inches thick up your ass. Please do not forget anything as you will be checked at the door. Failure to comply will result in immediate banishment from this and all future events at the Black Pines Ranch.

“Jesus Christ! What in the hell kind of party are they throwing?”

“Good question. You’re not really considering it are you? I mean, the outfit is one thing but nipple clamps and a massive butt plug? Three inches doesn’t sound like much until that’s how far you’re stretching your asshole open.”

“I’m guessing that’s the part you thought I wouldn’t like?” I said, pulling out a chair and sitting down

“Are you telling me you can already take a massive plug up your ass?”

“God no. I barely like a normal-sized dick back there. Are you sure this is a real invitation?”

“It’s one-hundred percent authentic and I stake my reputation on that. God! You are aren’t you? You’re actually considering it.”

“Unless you have a better way of legally gaining access to that reclusive bunch of perverts.”

“So, you’re going to wreck your asshole and show up half-naked just to collect evidence that may not even exist? I know you want to bring them down, but come on, there’s got to be a better way?”

“Yeah? And what way would that be exactly? I’ve tried for two god damn years and their lawyers shut us down at every fucking turn. Nothing has been said yet, but I’m pretty sure my boss is about two seconds from ending the investigation for good and I don’t know about you but I can’t live with the knowledge all those women were hospitalized and those sons of bitches get off Scott free.”

“I did a little research before calling you about the invitation and do you want to know what I learned? My hand is just under three inches at the widest part. That means if you take that plug up your ass you’ll be able to take a fist in there as well.”

“Are you saying you want to fist my ass, Carrie?”

“WHAT!? NO! That’s not what I’m saying at all. I’m just using my hand as a visual reference to how much your asshole will be stretched if you do this.”

“Like I said, give me an alternative. You’re right, I don’t like it even a little, but if humiliating myself is what it takes to see justice served then so be it. All I ask is that you keep it to yourself. It is no one else’s business what I had to do to get in there. Besides, it’s a onetime thing so it’s not as if it’ll remain gaping open forever.”

“Well, you’ve got three days to work up to it. Good luck.”

“Thanks. You want to stay for dinner?”

“I’d love to, but Sean is taking me out tonight.”

“No problem. I’m probably going to head to the toy store afterwards anyways.”

“Wow. You’re seriously going to do it, huh? You’ve got way more guts than I do that’s for sure.”

“Not really. I just want to get something that’ll stick to them once and for all and this is the best chance I’ll ever get of making it happen.”

“Well, I’ll leave you to it then. I’d say let me know how it goes but I don’t think I want to hear about you stretching your ass open so I’ll just say good luck again and leave it at that.”

“You mean you don’t want update photos every twenty minutes to see all the fun you’re missing?” I teased.

“The short answer is no. And the long one is hell no. Even if I was into women, which I’m not, I wouldn’t want to see my best friend gaping her asshole.”

“At least I get to keep my tight vajayjay.”

“There’s always that. Anyways, this is getting way too uncomfortable for my liking so I’m going to head out. Let me know if you get anything on them.”

“Will do.”

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It was still daylight out by the time I finished dinner. Not wanting to be seen going into an adult toy store by anyone I knew, I wasted the next few hours doing dishes, cleaning up around the house and pacing back and forth while reading the invitation every couple of minutes just to make sure it still said the same thing as before. It did and so at a quarter to eleven I finally got in my car and drove to a shop on the far side of town to minimize being recognized.

Going in, I did my best to hide my face as the cute, pixie-haired redhead greeted me from behind the counter. “Welcome to Exotique Pleasures. Can I help you find anything this evening?”

“I’m looking for a big butt plug,” I blurted out, two women and a man browsing at the back of the shop stopped and stared in my direction. My body temperature rose eighty degrees and I wanted to crawl under a rock and die, but my feet were glued to the floor.

“How big are we talking?”

“I’d rather not say.”

Walking out from behind the counter, the woman approached and it was then I noticed the name tag on her left breast that read: TERESA. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. If you want you can whisper it in my ear so no one else can hear.”

Giving her a nervous glance, I leaned in and whispered. “Three inches thick.”

“Oh my. I assume you have worked yourself up to something that big?”

“No,” I said, my voice barely audible even to myself.

“What’s the biggest you’ve taken?”

“A normal dick.”

“I see. Well, three inches isn’t something you want to go ramming in any hole all willy-nilly. You need to work up to it slowly or you’re just going to cause yourself undue pain and suffering. I have a set of plugs that’s perfect for what you need. Are you looking to buy anything else tonight?”

“Cloverleaf nipple clamps connected by a chain if you’ve got them.”

“Nice. Anything else?”

“No.”

“Go ahead and wait by the counter and I’ll get thee toys for you.”

“Thanks.”

Forcing my feet to move, I took three steps towards the counter and stared at the floor until she returned with two boxes which she set in front of me. “This one here is the clamps. It comes with two sets – one for the nipples and a smaller set for the labia. I know you only asked for one pair, but these are on sale right now and will save you about eight bucks. Can I go ahead and ring them up for you?”

“Okay.”

After ringing them up and placing them in a bag, she flipped the longer box around to show me a picture of eight dildos shown in ascending sizes from the smallest at three-quarters of an inch thick at the widest, to the largest at three-and-three-quarters. “Professional opinion? Start with the smallest and work your way up as you feel comfortable. Wait, do you have lube?”

“No.”

“Do you have any sex toys at all or are these the first?”

“These are actually my first.”

“Wow! Okay. Do you want a dildo or something? If you spend another thirty dollars I can give you a twenty-five dollar discount as part of a promotion we’re having. Basically, you get a hundred dollars in toys for seventy-five out the door.” She rang up the plugs and then smiled. “You’re at sixty-nine seventy-four tight now. Unfortunately, lubes are not included in the promotion so if you want it you’ll need to buy thirty dollars in other toys. Would you like to go look around?”

“I’m not sure I can. To be honest this is my first time in a place like this and everyone staring at me has my feet glued to the floor.”

“Would you like me to grab the lube and some toys I think you might like?”

“Okay.” She was gone all of three minutes and returned with a huge bottle of lube and a hard plastic package containing four dildos that increased in size from a seven inch long, inch and a half thick one to a whopping eleven inch long, three inch thick black one. “Um, I’m not planning on stretch both holes open.”

“You can use the bigger toys in your ass then. Trust me, if you’re taking a three inch plug you’re going to need big toys to keep satisfied. Shall I ring them up?”

Not in the mood to argue or tell her why I was gaping my asshole, I nodded.