

# **Perverse Display**

**Faye Valentine**

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My grandmother was my entire life. Not only because she spoiled me rotten when I visited her every summer but because she got me away from an abusive, alcoholic mother and a drug-addicted father who, on more than one occasion tried selling me to pay off his debt to his dealer. Thankfully, his dealer had enough common sense to turn him down. Both men now rot in prison where they belong. My mother, on the other hand, tossed me out on the street at fourteen for sending the love of her life to prison.

Thankfully, my grandmother took me in and gave me the sort of loving home everyone deserves. She made sure I was up every morning to catch the bus, made sure I always had lunch money and allowed me invite all the friends I wanted over on the weekend but only after all of my homework was finished. When I turned eighteen she paid for me to go to college and every time I thought it was too hard she encouraged me to stick to it and push ahead. Thanks to her I graduated top of my class and less than a month later had a job paying nearly six figures.

Everything was coming up Sadie. Still living with my grandmother I was able to save enough money to buy a new car and completely pay off my student loans a year and a half out of school. The plan was to save for another year or two and then get a place of my own, but tragedy struck and my life was turned upside down. My grandmother was always up before the sun so when I did not see her when I got up for work I went looking. I'll never forget how angelic she looked lying there in bed with the rays of the early morning sun shining in one her. At first I thought perhaps she had finally decided to sleep in, but as soon as I touched her shoulder to wake her up I knew she was gone.

Completely devastated, I spiraled into depression. Her will was read and I was the sole beneficiary of her entire estate which included the house and a modest amount of money she had saved over the years, but none of that mattered compared to the loss of the only person in my life that ever truly cared for me. Quitting my job, I became a virtual recluse for the better part of a year. Paying all of my bills online and having groceries delivered I rarely stepped foot out of the house even when friends and neighbors came knocking to see if I was okay. And when the lawn grew so high the city started placing notices I hired a company to keep it mowed.

This went on for nearly four years and in the process I lost many friends, but a few still called and knocked even though I never answered. And then on my twenty-seventh birthday I woke to the intoxicating aromas of fresh brewed coffee and chocolate cake baking in the oven. Wondering what the hell was going on, I grabbed the baseball bat from the corner of the room and tip-toed out to see my best friend Claire cleaning up weeks, if not months of neglect. Lowering the bat, I stared blankly into her eyes. "How the hell did you get in me house?"

"I used the key Grams kept under the flower pot. Jesus, Sadie, you look like shit. Come on, let me..."

"I don't need your pity so kindly see yourself out before I call the police and have you arrested for breaking and entering."

"Yeah, sure, you do that," she said, dropping the half full garbage bag and then hooking her arm in mine. "Right after I get you and this place cleaned up."

"I don't..."

Stopping, she stepped in front of me and held me by the hands while staring me intently in the eyes. "I understand your loss, believe me I do, but do you think this is how Grams would've wanted you mourning her passing?" Shoulders slumping, I fell into her and completely broke down. She hugged me tight and led me to the bathroom where she ran a hot bath for me.

Fearing for my safety she sat on the edge of the tub and not only kept me company but washed me as well. Even though it was the first time I had ever been touched by another woman I gave no resistance. Nor did I complain when she shaved my legs, vulva and pits – something I had been neglecting for far too long.

After bathing me, Claire cooked me breakfast and then went back to cleaning the house while I sat in silence on the couch. After some time she started talking about our childhood and how much she looked forward to spending a week or two every summer with me and Grams. I knew she meant well, but even after four years it hurt like hell hearing her name. Claire saw this but instead of changing the subject she doubled down and somewhere along the way I started telling stories of my own and at the end of the day I felt better than I had in years.

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It did not take my degree in accounting to tell me I was quickly running out of money, but having spent so long alone and against the advice of my best friend, I had no interest in going out in search of a job. While she had her own apartment, she spent many nights at my place. She said it was to keep me company, but I knew deep down she feared I would turn into my mother or worse, my father. This went on for about three months and as her lease was nearing an end I told her she was more than welcome to move in with me. She accepted and a week later we were roommates just as we always talked about when we were kids.

Claire offered to pay rent and I adamantly refused. On the last day of the month I found an envelope in my purse containing a few hundred dollars and a note telling me to just accept it. I reluctantly did, but instead of putting the money in the bank I put it in my personal safe. It was the same at the end of every month though after the first it was just cash and no note. It all went in the safe and we went on with our lives.

Despite her being the one leaving for work every day, Claire never failed to have breakfast on the table in the mornings and dinner in the evenings. But that was not the only thing to change around the house. Somehow sensing when I was ready to settle in for the night she ran baths for me and as she did on that first day, sat on the edge of the tub and washed me. And just as I did that first day I gave no resistance. And then it happened. Three weeks after she moved in I was soaking in a hot bath and she leaned down, gently caressed my cheek and then we kissed. While not completely unwelcomed, it did take me by surprise causing me to jerk away suddenly. She profusely apologized and swore it would never happen again, but I just pulled her fully clothed into the tub and this time I was the one to initiate the kiss.

I never planned to be in a lesbian relationship with my best friend. Hell, I never even know I was attracted to women until my sensitive love button throbbed with excitement the first time we kissed. Pulling her wet shirt off, I dropped it on the floor and her bra quickly followed. Wiping the suds away, I sucked her right nipple into my mouth. I could still taste the bubble bath but I did not care. She was the first sexual partner I have had in nearly five years and was far too horny to stop. She carefully stood and unbuttoned her shorts. I peeled them down her well-toned legs and then without even thinking about what I was doing I was sucking her hooded clit. Moaning, she grabbed the safety bar to keep from slipping while went to the back of my head.

Panting, Claire stepped out of the tub. Taking me by the hands, she helped me out and onto the floor. We were wet and covered with suds, but that did not stop us. Kneeling, we kissed and groped each other's bodies for several bliss-filled minutes before she lay back and guided me on top of her. I kissed her a few more times and then flipped myself around so that we were in the '69' position. My tongue met her clit, hers met mine and then we both went to town eating each other out. It did not take long for fingers to get involved but when they did the orgasm that

gushed out of me was like a river raging past a broken dam. Putting her mouth over my vulva, she gulped down every last drop and then resumed licking me without missing a beat.

Sitting back on my best friend's face, I rubbed my vulva against her tongue while pinching and pulling at her nipples. Lifting me up she pushed four fingers deep in my pussy and a slap on my ass prompted me to bounce up and down on them like a giant cock. Changing my position slightly, I rode her fingers so hard and fast I did not even realize she had tucked thumb in palm until it was too late. Grunting, I slammed myself down only to be stretched open more than ever. Leaning forward in orgasm, I looked back to see her wrist sticking out of my pussy. "OH MY FUCKING GOD! You...you're fisting me!"

"Believe me, I'm just as surprised as you are, babe. I mean, I purposefully scrunched my fingers together in the hopes it would eventually go in but I never imagined you'd take it so quickly. Do you want me to pull out?"

"N-NO! Just...uhn...mmmm...just give me a sec to get used to it."

"So, you're saying you want me to fist you?"

Moving back into a '69' position, I looked back over my shoulder and smiled. "Please keep fisting me." Lowering my lead, I sucked her clit. She pulled her hand out of my pussy and as soon as it slit back in I exploded in orgasm. Shocking as it was, I decided then and there to add fisting to sexual acts I love. After about half an hour of pleasuring each other, we sat hand in hand against the tub and kissed. "Thank you. I had no idea how much I needed that."

"It was my pleasure, but answer one question. Since when are you into women?"

"Um, since you kissed me. If you want you can sleep in my bed from now on. Now answer a question for me. When did you get into fisting?"

"Um, when I dated my first woman about five years ago. So, I need to know, are we just friends with benefits now or..."

"Are you kidding me? After that we're definitely dating." Hugging her tight, I gave her a long, passion-filled kiss and then drained the tub so we could take a bath together.

Later that night as we lay together in bed unable to sleep, she playfully twirled a lock of my long dark brown hair and just silently stared into my eyes. After several minutes she propped herself up on one elbow. I've been thinking about your job situation."

"I'm really not in the mood to talk about it."

"Please just hear me out. I know you're not interested in looking for a job so what if you didn't have to? What if you worked from home? What if you did something along the lines of webcam shows?"

"If I wanted to strip on camera for a bunch of perverts I'd go into porn."

"That's also a possibility, but at least my way you can do it without ever leaving the house. I know it's a crazy idea, but if you don't do something soon you'll be broke and then what? I've been making some calls and getting quotes and I think we can turn the empty room in the basement into a studio space for about ten grand if we use my uncle Josh to do the labor. I also know someone that'll install cameras for cheap as long as you buy the equipment from her."

"You just said I'd be broke soon and you want me to spend ten grand renovating?"

"Ten grand you can make back in less than a year. Besides, I'm only offering suggestions on how you can make money from home. If you're not interested then don't do it."

"You going to be joining me on camera?"

"If I do it'll have to be in disguise and using a fake name so I don't lose my job. Does this mean you'll do it?" I'll think about it."