

Perverts for Hire

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

Budding Business

Eleven months of learning website design, three months of filming and editing hundreds of hours of video and more than ten thousand photos and I was finally ready to launch my new business. To say I was scared would have been an understatement, but in an ever-declining economy I had little recourse but to offer the one thing that would never stop selling. Sex. Butterflies swarming from stomach to throat, I logged into my website and began the long process of uploading everything despite only a fraction of it going live.

When the last file finished loading more than thirteen hours later, I went straight to Twitter and Facebook and sent out links to followers and friends. Not expecting much, I went to bed but sleep did not come easy as I wanted to get up every five minutes and check to see if anyone visited the site or god forbid, subscribe.

No sooner did I fall asleep then my new business cell phone rang. Quickly composing myself, I answered in a soft, seductive voice. “Thank you for calling Kinky Carla’s. What’s your pleasure, Darling?” Heart pounding in my chest like a beaten drum, I listened to a man talk.

“You’re an escort, right?”

“I am.”

“And you’ll do anything perverted without question?”

“Within the limits posted on my website. What do you have in mind?”

“We’d like to hire you to play the part of a golden goddess. And by that I mean me and my friends would like to pee on you and see you drink it.”

“How many men are we talking?”

“Right now eleven, but there might be as many as twenty-five.”

“And will any of you be paying for sex, or will it just be the golden showers?”

“Definitely sex.”

“You will be required to wear condoms the entire time and I must be paid in full up front. And given the number of men that’ll be present I will also be bringing along an armed guard to ensure my safety, and the entire session will be recorded and posted to my website so make sure everyone knows and agrees. There will be consent forms to sign as well. Still interested?”

“God yes. I jerked off three times looking at site last night and the guys can’t wait to get their dicks in you. So, how much is this going to cost?”

“Two hundred per person for the golden showers, three-fifty if you want me to drink it. The gang bang is an additional two-fifty per person for four hours. If you want me longer than that you’ll have to pay the full amount again.” Trembling, I ran the numbers in my head and thought I had never done anything kinkier than a threesome when I was nineteen, I hoped all twenty-five men wanted to participate. You should also know that I have done none of the kinky stuff listed on my website. This is all new to me so you and your friends will be my first foray into perversion.”

“Then let’s make it happen. If we can get together later in the afternoon I can guarantee all twenty-five men in it all. So we’re on the same page we’re talking six-hundred per person for four hours of golden showers and gang bang, right?”

“Correct.”

“Alright, babe, let’s do it.”

After getting the man's name and address, I hung up the phone and hopped out of bed – the excitement of getting my first client making it impossible to fall back asleep even if I wanted to. Holding back my bladder urgently telling me it needed to be emptied, I logged into my website and my jaw hit the floor. Sixty-three monthly subscribers. At twenty a piece it was not going to make me rich, but an extra twelve-sixty would go a long way to keeping my bills paid. Add to that the fifteen grand I stood to make and already I could see that escorting was going to pay off much faster. Assuming I could follow through with all the fucked up kinky shit I claimed I'd be willing to do.

It seemed like the logical thing to do when I decided to sell myself for sex. If Fifty Shades taught me anything it was that there were more perverts out there than I ever imagined and kinky sex sells better than anything out there. I spent countless hours poring over the internet watching movies, reading stories and telling myself over and over that I could do those things until I finally believed it. Now all I had to do was get through the day with my clients and I'd know for sure whether I had what it takes to be a pervert for hire.

Closing the laptop, I went to the bathroom and was just about to sit on the toilet when I stopped and ran out to the kitchen where I grabbed one of the large glass mugs I used to make root beer floats. Returning to the bathroom, I got in the tub, placed the top of the mug against my pussy and started to pee – my body growing hotter and hotter the fuller it became. *This is it*, I thought. *If I can drink my own damn piss I can drink anyone's*. Closing my eyes, I brought the mug to my lips and without stopping to consider what I was doing, gulped the warm, acrid fluid down as if chugging a beer.

I made it two-thirds of the way before my stomach started churning and the taste settled fully on my taste buds. Squinting my eyes even tighter, I breathed rapidly through my nose and gulped the last of it down. *JESUS FUCKING CHRIST I just drank my own piss!* Staring at the empty mug in disbelief, my clit throbbing with excitement, I sat on the edge of the tub and waited for the vile liquid to come back up. After ten minutes passed and my belly settled down, I filled the mug with cold tap water and took a few sips – not wanting to overdo it in case the added fluid was more than my stomach could take.

I sat on the tub for another fifteen minutes without throwing up before proclaiming myself piss-drinking queen of the world. An undeserved title to say the least, but I was feeling quite generous given what I had just accomplished. Not bothering with a shower since I did not spill a single drop, I walked naked to the living room and called my boyfriend. "I DID IT!" I scouted into his ear.

"Good lord! You trying to make me go deaf?"

"Sorry."

"What did you do?"

"I set up the website last night and I got a call a little while ago from a man wanting to hire me for sex. Kinky sex."

"Ah," Jake said with the slightest hint of disappointment. Not at me having sex with another man as we were in a very open relationship, but he was none too keen on the perverted aspect of what I was getting myself into. "What sort of kinky sex?"

"Him and up to twenty-four other men want to gang bang and use me as their urinal. I accepted and will be meeting them this afternoon if you're still up for being my bodyguard and camera man. Anyways, to answer your first question, I wasn't sure if I'd be able to drink pee so I just pissed in a glass and drank it all down without throwing up."

"And that has you this excited? Sorry babe, but that's pretty damn gross if you ask me."

“Well, no one asked you!” I snapped back. “Dammit, Jake, do you have to shit on my damn parade?”

“I’d piss on it but you’d just drink it. Look, I told you months ago that if you want to do all that kinky shit then that’s your right, but I want no part of it other than ensuring your safety. I’ll go with you, but don’t expect me to participate.”

“I’d never dream of it. I’ll see you at noon. And if you want to drop by early to pound a load in me you won’t hear me complaining.”

“So, you’re really going to let twenty-five men screw you?”

“I am. Look, I’ve been completely open and honest about everything and you said countless times that you had no problem with me doing this, but now that I have my first clients I get the feeling that’s not really the case. If this is going to cause problems between us please tell me now.”

“I have no problem with you fucking other men, or women for that matter, but you know how I feel about the rest and I’ve been honest about it from the go. And please correct me if I’m wrong, but I was under the impression you’d be taking one client at a time, not twenty-five.”

“You’re wrong,” I answered bluntly. I told you I would do gang bangs. Granted, I did not expect to do one so soon or with so many men, but I did tell you I’d be doing them. Look, if this is going to cause a rift between us then I need to know. I can sense the doubt, anger and disappointment in your voice so just be honest with me dammit.”

“You want me to be honest? Fine, I don’t want you doing it. You’re better than this Carla. You can do anything you want so why sell yourself as a fucking whore? You want the truth? The thought of you drinking piss makes me sick to my fucking stomach and I don’t even know if I can kiss you after hearing you did it. Add to that all the other perverted shit you put on the site and I’m not sure I can even fuck you again. I mean, Jesus Christ Carla, have you even thought about how many diseases you risk getting just to make a few bucks?”

“Well, I’m glad you finally told me how you really feel about my life choices. I’m sorry that you think I’m nothing more than a whore now, but I’m not going to change my life to suit you or anyone else. Oh, and just so you know, I already have sixty-three monthly subscribers to the site and that was just in a few hours since going live last night. I’m not going to waste any more time arguing over this. If you cannot accept me for who I am then we’re finished.”

After a moment of silence, the call ended without another word spoken between us. Clutching the phone in my right hand, I slid off the couch onto the floor and cried. We had been together for over three years – meeting two days before I lost my waitressing job and hitting it off like long lost friends. And now, with one brutal confession it was over. Wiping the tears away with the back of my hand, I got to my feet and composed myself as best I could before calling the only other person in the world I could trust with the full details of my new business venture – my best friend Renee.

“Hey, Carla, what’s up? Get any subscribers or clients yet?” Renee answered the phone.

“Yes on both accounts.”

“Damn, really? How many?”

“Hold on a sec, I’m logging back into the sight now. There was sixty-three when I got up and now there’s...” After a brief pause while the page loaded and refreshed, I continued. “Holy shit! I’m up to a hundred and seventeen subscribers now! I guess I have more perverted friends and followers that I thought.”

“So, who’s the client? I still can’t believe you’re an escort now.”

“Client’s actually and that’s the reason I’m calling. Jake just broke up with me because he can’t handle the perversions. Oh, I drank my own piss this morning and I didn’t even throw it back up. Anyways, I need...”

“You did what now? Did you say you drank your own piss?”

“Yes. The clients want to use me as their urinal so I drank it to see if I could. I need you to go with me.”

“Um, there’s no way in hell I’m drinking piss.”

“Not to participate. I need you to be my bodyguard and to hold the money while they’re gang banging me. You have military training and a conceal carry permit. There will be twenty-five guys there and I’d feel a lot safer with you in my corner. I’ll pay you very well for your time. How does two grand for four hours sound?”

“Like I’m going to see you getting gang banged and pissed on. When do we go?”

“Drop by here around noon and we’ll head out around one. The party is from two to six, but it might go longer if they decide four hours isn’t enough. If it goes longer I’ll double your pay.”

“Sounds good to me. I’m with Jake at least on some of the kinky stuff you’re willing to do, but for five hundred bucks an hour I think I’ll manage. And no, I am not judging you, Carla. You’re a grown woman capable of making your own decisions and if that happens to be perverted escorting then that’s your business. Um, what should I wear?”

“Whatever you like. I should warn you there will be cameras present recording everything for my safety as well as to give me more to put on the website but don’t worry, I’ll bring a mask so no one can see your face. And if you are feeling horny and want to suck a few cocks to keep the men hard for me I’d not only be grateful, but I’d give you a bigger cut of the profits as well.”

“I’ll see you at noon,” Renee said, giving no indication whether she was turned on or offended by the offer.