

# **Undercover Bitch**

**Faye Valentine**

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Waking to the sound of someone knocking on the front door, Skye groggily and grumpily rolled out of bed, tossed on a short silk robe to cover her otherwise naked body and then ambled out of the bedroom fully intent on giving whomever dared wake her from her desperately needed sleep a piece of her mind and maybe a foot to the ass as she kicks them off her new property. But when she put her left eye to the peep hole and saw a very nervous looking petite black woman, her heart sank. Recognizing her from an internet search the night before, she sighed and then pulled the door open. “Hi Connie. How can I help you this morning?”

“Y-You know my name? Of course you know my name. I’m sorry to disturb you so early but we really need to talk. Can I please come in?”

“Sure.” Taking a step back, Skye waved her boss’ daughter inside. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“No thank you.”

“So, I’ll ask again, what brings you by this morning?”

“My father. Or rather the conversation you had with him last night.”

“Ah. Here to convince me to keep your secret?”

“My father might be a prick sometimes, but he’s a good man and if you get him into trouble his isn’t the only life you’ll be ruining.”

“He forced you, your sister and your mother to be sex slaves. In what reality does that make him a good man, Connie?”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Ms. Dixon. He didn’t force us into anything and I have proof if you need to see it. My mother has been his submissive since before my sister and I were born. When we were old enough to understand such things they explained it to us and stressed upon us the need to keep that part of their lives a secret from the world at large. Skip ahead a few years. My older sister Tanya was nineteen. I had just turned eighteen. After many long nights discussing our futures we agreed that we wanted to give bdsm a try but in order to keep their secret we wanted to keep it in-house so to speak. That’s when dad introduced us to Mistress Vicky whom I believe you’re acquainted with. Did she really brand you?”

“She did.” Pulling up the hem of her robe, Skye showed the young woman the words OWNED SLAVE branded on her right hip that were just now really starting to scab over.

“Holy shit! So, you’re her property then? That’s kind of cool.”

“I’m no one’s property. She branded me against my will, your father too for that matter. Anyways, I know she’s the one that trained the three of you and I also know that your father is using you as his breeding cows.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Ms. Dixon.”

“Oh? So Tanya’s two children and your son aren’t biologically his?”

“How do you even know about that?”

“I’m a cop, Connie, it’s my job to investigate and that’s exactly what I’ve done. So, are they his kids or not?”

“Yes, but it’s not...”

“I don’t want to hear any...”

“Please let me finish. They’re his kids, but he didn’t impregnate us. Tanya and I volunteered to be used as surrogates because our mother is no longer able to get pregnant. Yes, we’re sex slaves. Yes, we’re into a lot of shit, but incest isn’t one of them.”

“Then why didn’t he correct me last night when I mentioned him breeding you?”

“I can’t answer that question as I’m not him. All I can tell you is that he’s not our Master and he’s never had sex with us.”

“Are you willing to put your claims to a paternity test?” No sooner were the words out of her mouth than Skye saw the young woman’s face become a mask of panic. “I’m going to ask you this one time. If you lie then I’m going straight to the top, but if you’re completely honest I’ll do my best to ensure you’re secret remains safe. Is what you told me just now the god’s honest truth or a lie concocted in the hopes of getting me to stop poking into your family’s business? I want the truth Connie. Is your father breeding you and your sister?”

“You swear on your life you’ll never tell a soul?”

“That all depends on how you answer my question.”

“Y-Yes,” Connie said after a long pause.

“Yes what?”

“Our father breeds us. Our kids are his. But he never once forced us to do it. In fact, it was our idea.”

“I’m sure it...”

“Seriously. We even have proof that we went to him with the idea that shows he was very hesitant at first. What I said about our mother being unable to have more kids was true. As were the many nights talking to my sister. In the end we decided that since dad wanted a huge family then it was our duty to give him what he desired. I know the world thinks it’s wrong, but I honestly don’t give a damn what the world thinks. I love my family and if my destiny is to serve as their slave and breeding cow then that’s a life I fully embrace. Please, I’m begging you, I’ll do anything you want, I’ll be your slave too if it means you’ll keep our secret.”

“How have you not already been caught? I mean, I have to assume your kids have been to see a doctor, right?”

“Yes, but only my aunt and any bloodwork or other tests that might expose us are sent to a lab where another Aunt works so no one outside of the family ever sees the evidence. For the sake of our family will you please keep this to yourself?”

“How long are the two of you going to let your father use and abuse you, Connie?”

“It’s not abuse when we ask for it, Ms. Dixon.”

“Incest is wrong on more levels than I can count and...”

“It’s only wrong because society says it’s wrong. But that’s not a debate I want to have right now. All I need to know is that you’ll keep our secret.”

“I’ll do my best, but I want something in return.”

“Right.” Slowly exhaling, Connie pulled her tee shirt up and over her head revealing firm breast capped with pierced nipples.

“Um, nice breasts, but that’s not what I meant.”

“You don’t want to have sex with me?”

“Honestly? Yes, yes I do, but I think that’ll cause way more problems than what it’s worth so I’ll ask you to please put your shirt back on.”

“If not sex then what?”

“I assume you know this city pretty well?”

“Not the entire city.”

“What can you tell me about the various prostitution hot spots?”

“I mean, I’m not one, but I know they’re on practically every corner come nightfall and unless you want to be claimed by some pimp that’ll definitely use and abuse you you’ll want to stay far away from the Thirty-Fifth Street Corridor.”

“I’ve heard that mentioned before. What is it exactly?”

“The Corridor? It’s a stretch of about five miles on Thirty-Fifth Street where the, um, shall we say less desirable prostitutes ply their trade.”

“Any by less desirable you mean?”

“Mostly older women well past their prime and those on any number of drugs. All of them are owned by pimps that use ‘em up and spit them out when they can no longer make a buck selling them on the streets. That’s not to say there aren’t younger, more attractive ones out there as well, but they’re few and far between. Rumor has it the younger ones in the Corridor are the daughters of previous prostitutes that were brainwashed into thinking it was their lot in life to pick up where their useless mothers left off. I don’t think it’s true in every case, but it has been known to happen. The corridor is also rife with drugs, gangs and other bad elements the city has been trying and failing for years to clean up.”

“I see. You know Detective Vicky Armstrong? She’s the one that trained you, Tanya and your mother?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Tell me about her.”

“She’s a very strict and demanding Mistress. I probably shouldn’t tell you this, but she’s also been investigating the Sadist case for like the past four or five years. I’ve even seen her out on the streets on more than one occasion picking up Johns and I’m not talking about arresting them.”

“Did you know she was also a webcam model?”

“Yes Ma’am. During our training she got me and Tanya into it as well. It’s actually really good money.”

“And no one has recognized you?”

“No Ma’am. We always wear a mask or hood to conceal our identity and never use our real name.”

“So, theoretically, if I wanted to get into that sort of thing you could show me how?”

“Absolutely! It’ll take a few days to a week to get verified but you’re still allowed to stream non-nude on most sites during the verification process. Do you have a laptop?”

“I do.”

“Then you’re halfway there. But between you and I, you’ll get way more tips if you invest in better equipment. If you want I can set you up with top-of-the-line cameras and if you need them toys as well.”

“I’d appreciate that. What about fetish clubs? Is there anything like that in this city that you know of?”

“Pleasure and Pain is the only one I’m aware of. It’s over on Sycamore Street off Twenty-Second. It’s membership only and if you need to provide recent medical tests to prove you’re not on drugs or riddled with disease before they’ll allow you inside. There’s also a lot of strip clubs if you’re looking for a fast buck that doesn’t require you to fuck random men and women off the streets. A few even allow couple and fetish shows which is nice. Would you like me to show them to you?”

“I think I can find them on my own. But I will take you up on setting me up with equipment and toys to do webcam shows. Just not here.”

“Um, you planning on moving out or something?”

“After the argument your father and I got into last night it’s only a matter of time before he kicks me out.”

“I can make sure that never happens.”

“Oh? And how exactly will you do that?”

“I’ll tell him I’ll go public with everything he’s done if he even thinks about making you leave.”

“You’d do that for me?”

“If you keep our secret then it’s the least I can do. I can also help in your investigation. Yeah, I know, I’m not a cop and I shouldn’t know any of what I’m telling you but what can I say? My father brings his work home with him. Literally and figuratively.”

“Alright. How much is this going to cost me?”

“Absolutely nothing. Give me a day and I’ll have everything you need to start doing shows. In the meantime I can point you towards some websites depending on how perverted you want to get.”

“Um, I’m branded an owned slave.”

“Against your will.”

“Yes, but I doubt many will believe it.”

“So, are you saying you want to go all in and do the kinkiest shit allowed on the interwebs?”

“Depends on what that entails.”

“It entails being exactly what you’re branded as. It entails performing every fetish known to man without hesitation or complaint all for the enjoyment of those watching and hopefully tipping. It basically means that, given enough time, like it or not, you’ll eventually become a fully trained sex slave. If you’re not willing to go that far then I can show you some less perverted sites. You’ll still make money because you’re hot as fuck, but nowhere near as much as the hardcore fetish ones the real freaks of the world are looking for.”

“I take it those are the shows you and Tanya perform?”

“One hundred percent.”

“Then show me.”

“You want to be a sex slave? God, that’s fucking hot!”

“I don’t want to, but if I’m going to do the job I’ve been hired for then I need to prove I’m every bit as kinky as the next woman. But before we get started I’ve got some very important errands to run so why don’t you plan on dropping by tonight? How does eight sound?”

“That should give me enough time to get at least a few cameras and toys together. Are you sure you want to do this, Ms. Dixon?”

“Please, call me Skye. And yes, I’m absolutely certain I want to become a fetish webcam model.”

“Then I’ll see you tonight.” Leaning in, Connie gave Skye a kiss on the lips. “This is going to be so much fun. Please tell me you’ll do your first show with me.”

“You have my word.”

“Thank you. Go take care of your errands and I’ll see you tonight.” After another kiss, Connie turned, opened the door and stepped out onto the front porch smiling ear-to-ear. Once in her car with the engine running, she grabbed her phone and called her father.

“Hey sweetie, what’s up?” Captain Marcus Ward answered the phone when he saw it was his daughter calling.

“Morning, Master. I’ve done as you commanded and I think we’re going to be fine. Skye wants me to come by tonight to set her up as a webcam model of the perverted type.”

“And you’re sure she’s not going to tell anyone?”

“I don’t think so, Master. I mean, if she was going to she would’ve done so last night, right? Besides, if she tells anyone then we can bring up the fact that she was knocked up by her own brother even if she didn’t have the baby,” Connie said as she backed out of the driveway.

“You’re forgetting one very important piece of information from that story, sweetie. Unlike us, she was forced into an abusive relationship. Did you tell her we know about that?”

“I didn’t think it was worth mentioning so I kept it to myself, Master.”

“Keep it that way.”

“Are you sure, Master?”

“Our stories are completely different and if twenty years in law enforcement has taught me anything it’s that it’s best to let sleeping dogs lie. Anything else to report?”

“On top of becoming a webcam model I’m pretty sure she’s going to at least look into strip and fetish clubs, Master. While claiming not to want it, she seems pretty set on becoming a sex slave.”

“Then I want you to test her resolve while getting some evidence we can use against her should the need arise. You said she wants you to come by tonight?”

“Yes Master.”

“Then I want you to bring Odin, Thor and Loki with you. And make damn sure to get her face while they’re making her their bitch.”

“What if she refuses, Master?”

“Then come up with a reason to make sure she does it or force her to do it. Wither way I want to see video of her getting fucked by dogs or you’ll be severely disciplined. Am I making myself clear, slave?”

“I like her, Master, and would prefer not to force her to do anything she’s not completely...”

“Are you disobeying an order, slave?”

“No, Master.”

“Then do as you’re told.”

“Master, I’m fairly certain that if I force her to have sex with dogs then she’s going to tell everyone our secret and all of our lives will be ruined. I’ll do everything in my power to convince her, but I will not force her to do anything. And before you say anything, Master, remember the deal of my enslavement to you. Now, I’ve got a lot of running around to do to prepare for tonight so unless you need me for anything else I’m going to hang up now.”

“I don’t need you for anything right now, slave, but we’re going to have a very long talk later about this new attitude of yours.”

“It’s not a new attitude, Master. I’m just reminding you of the deal we made.” And then in a move she knew was going to earn her some swats of the cane, Connie hung up before her father could respond.

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Meanwhile, still in her robe, Skye made a call to Chief Seth Ashton whom she had only briefly met the night before. “Sorry to bother you, Sir, but we need to talk about last night.”

“The files will be delivered to you later this afternoon.”

“Thank you, Sir, but that’s not what I meant. About Captain Wade and his, um, family affairs. I know he’s breaking the law and needs to be put in prison for it, but I’d like to ask you to hold off on that while I continue my investigation.”

“Go on.”



“I don’t know, Sir. There’s just something that doesn’t sit right with me about him and I’m not completely convinced he isn’t somehow involved in the case. Speaking of which, his daughter Connie dropped by a little bit ago pleading with me not to tell anyone and after she gave me some information I promised I’d keep their secret. I know our gut instinct is to arrest them for what they’ve done, but I think catching the Sadist is far more important than ruining a family that so obviously loves each other even if we don’t agree with how they express their affection for each other.”

“Alright, Dixon, I’ll play the game your way for now, but if you haven’t given me something to go on in the next six months I’m arresting the lot of them.”

“I understand, Sir, but do you really need to arrest Connie and Tanya? Yes, they’re involved, but they’re also the victims of what I believe is some pretty long-term conditioning, not to mention their training as sex slaves.”

“We’ll talk about it in six months. And Dixon, you’re undercover so please keep these calls to an absolute minimum and if you must come to the station try to get yourself arrested working the streets.”

“Yes Sir.” Hanging up, Skye sighed. Knowing what it felt like to be on the receiving end of a much more powerful dominant male family member, she sympathized with what Connie and Tanya were going through even if the former claimed they were willing participants.