

## Lace Ventura – Sex Detective

It was eerily dark, the kind of dark that brings out the beast inside the best of us. I checked my watch to confirm it was only 8 pm. I was tailing my mark after one of the most boring surveillance operations in my entire life. The supposed cheater spent the entire afternoon shopping for gifts for the woman who hired me to find out if he was cheating.

Sure, it's a nasty deal, seducing unsuspecting guys and dames for a buck. Sometimes I wonder if they would have cheated if they hadn't met me. I'm not proud of it, but it pays the bills. Who am I? I am Lace Ventura, Sex Detective.

I'd been tailing this guy all day. If he had a sidepiece, he certainly wasn't taking good care of her. When he entered a mostly deserted dive bar for a drink before heading home to the missus, I decided it was time to take matters into my own hands.

On the way to the adjacent and empty oak laminate bar stool, I stopped in the ladies' room to refresh. A quick check in the spotted mirror confirmed my ruby lips and platinum blonde locks were still pristinely framing my face. Pushing 30, my daily gym routine and diet made sure I could still stop any train in its tracks. I adjusted my black skater skirt and my sheer blouse and made my way into battle.

"Is this seat taken?" My firm derriere was already planted on the stool before the words escaped my mouth. The man shrugged in silence, but it was clear his eyes were glued to the glimpse of toned thigh as I crossed my legs.

The barkeep gave me a knowing glance, then, looking at the guy sitting next to me, raised his eyebrow and deadpanned, "What are you having?"

I smiled. He was cute in a dead-end job sort of way. Maybe if goody two shoes to my right passed muster, I would come back for a few rounds with this blue-eyed stallion. I glanced at my prey. He wore a simple blue button-down shirt and khaki trousers. Nothing unremarkable except the exceptional tent being pitched beneath his fly. It was time to move in for the kill.

"Lace," I said, placing my right hand on his thigh, dangerously close to the weapon poking through the thin cotton. My left hand crossed over my body, simultaneously offering a friendly handshake and pushing my breasts up and together, ensuring he received an eyeful of my ripe décolletage.

"Peter," he replied, an unmistakable light flickering to life in his eyes, the sort of look a schoolboy gets when asked by his teacher crush to stay after class. The awkward position of having to shake with his left hand caused him to turn his body toward mine, effectively poking the side of my palm with his erection. I pretended not to notice, but my hand never broke contact.

Coyly, I spoke. "Buy me a drink." It wasn't a question so much as a command.

Peter took the bait. "What are you having?"

"Whiskey, neat."

"Make that two!" Peter never took his eyes off my bosom as he held his right hand up to the barkeep. I could tell by the look the barkeep gave me that he echoed my thoughts that he and I would

have to wait for another night, I would be leaving with Peter. By the feel of the hardness pressed against my palm, I might not get to finish my drink.

I was right. About halfway through the cheap rotgut that passed for top-shelf in this hole, Peter asked if I wanted to go somewhere more intimate. The sarcastic part of me wanted to ask how any place could be more intimate than a nearly empty bar, but I bit my tongue. "What did you have in mind?" I did my best to play the naïve bar slut.

"I am in town for the weekend. I have a place at the Hyatt a few blocks from here. Let me use the boys' room and I'll meet you around the front. We can take my car."

I was impressed, I expected a sleazy no-tell motel, but the Hyatt was a step up. It was also his first lie. He didn't even wait until he was out of my line of sight before he pulled up Expedia on his phone. Well, at least he was thoughtful enough to ensure I had a clean mattress.

The drive to the hotel was short and silent. I tried to speak but he silenced me with a finger on my lips. He boldly slid the finger over my right breast, stopping to twist my already stiffened nipple, before disappearing beneath my skirt. This was the fun part. As much as I despised cheaters, I did not enter this line of work without craving the raw sexual energy that came with it. My pantless crotch was dripping my juices slowly like a leaky faucet.

I felt my chest flush with arousal. Since he didn't want to speak, I closed my eyes and let myself feel the pleasure his fingers were instigating as they deftly spread my cum around my clit and folds. I was almost disappointed when he removed his fingers, sucking them clean as he pulled into the valet.

I realized this wasn't his first visit to this establishment as he bypassed the front desk. He must have booked no-contact check-in, one of the finest side effects of technological advancements.

The room was on the 7<sup>th</sup> floor. I would have been disappointed it wasn't a penthouse suite if his tongue wasn't thrust down my throat the entire ride causing my brain to enter quiet mode.

By the time we got to the room, my need was in overdrive. I barely had the self-control to activate the hidden camera in my purse before kneeling before him and freeing the beast of a cock that was trying to tear itself free. "Is this what you want?" I asked, more for the camera than for me. I enjoyed giving the client a show and always made sure to reveal that the acts of lust were fully consensual.

"Yes, now shut up and suck me." Hmm. I hadn't pegged him as a wanna-be dominant. Maybe his wife wore the pants in the family, and he needed a willing pussy to control. It didn't matter, this might be the last time he had sex with anyone for a long time, might as well give him what he wanted. I wrapped my left hand around the base of his cock, twisting it like I was taught by a stripper friend of mine. My lips stretched wide, struggling to take him into my mouth as he was thicker than I had anticipated. Eventually, I rose to the challenge, stuffing his 7 inches to the back of my throat while I pumped.

I was glad to find out he was a talker, telling me how good I was, so much better than his wife. It made for good tape. Maybe she would ask me for lessons. They often do, as they try to hold on to something not worth their time.

I pulled him out from between my lips just in time for the camera to catch the cum shot spraying all over my face. I lapped up what I could with my tongue, making sure to face the recorder with my chin covered sloppily with his white cream.

It must have turned him on as well because he lifted me off the floor and dumped me on the bed causing my legs to fly up in the air. He caught them against his shoulders and buried his face between my legs.

Finally, my needy cunt got what it was waiting for as his tongue danced over my clit while his fingers probed deep. I could feel him pressing his fingers up and outward, preparing me for his half-erect dick.

I was used to most cheaters being gross, fumbling idiots, but Peter knew his way around my pussy, bringing me to the edge of nirvana, then moving his lips to my thighs to cool me down. My hands were crushing my breasts of their own volition. When he fastened his mouth to my clit and sucked, flicking his tongue over the tip, I felt my thighs quiver and a wave of pleasure ride through me as my orgasm neared. He tried to move away again but I grabbed his head and pressed him tight against me as I squeezed my Kegels around the now three fingers he was thrusting into my core.

"Fuck yes!" I yelled as I came, my body arching off of the comforter. I was still shaking when he rolled me over onto my belly and lifted me to my knees.

He said nothing, choosing instead to impale his cock into me. I had expected resistance, but he had stretched me wide with my fingers and drawn out so much of my lubricant that he slipped in with only a slightly painful pop. Like animals in heat, we rutted, making unintelligible grunts and mewls as he thrust that thick cock into my hole with unexpected passion. When he slapped my ass with the flat of his palm, I came a second time. I almost felt sorry that my client was not getting this side of Peter, she had described sex with him as boring and vanilla.

Peter seemed to have endless stamina, thrusting and cursing for what seemed like a half-hour. The assault on my sex was bringing my third orgasm to the forefront. When he slid a finger into my ass, I erupted. I worried I was going to tear that beautiful cock to pieces the way I was clenching and writhing about but he weathered the storm, waiting until my body was still before pulling out and shooting strings of goo over my ass.

He waited until we both stopped twitching and caught our breath before tossing me the room key. "Thanks for the fuck. You can keep the room; I have a wife to get home to.

As soon as he left, I sent his wife the videotape, wishing I was a fly on the wall for that evening.

There was still time, I wondered if the barkeep was done with his shift yet.

## CHAPTER 2

*Oh, god, how is he making me cum this hard?* As my orgasm caught me by surprise I grasped the flowing mane of the blonde-haired, chiseled face which was buried between my legs. If anyone ever reminded me of Thor, this guy was it. *Why is it always the sleaze bag marks who are so fucking good at eating pussy?* I almost had second thoughts about the plan. But I am getting ahead of myself. Let us start at the beginning.

This wasn't an ordinary job. Normally, my bills are paid by businesswomen and housewives, college kids, and 50-somethings, straight or gay. They all have one thing in common, they are in a relationship with a cheater. Where do I come in? Well, I seduce them, take a few sordid photos, and send them packing. There are few jobs where I get to be naughty and do the world some good.

Not today. Today, Lace Ventura Sex Detective was going to do some real detecting. One of my favorite past clients, the Starlet whose a Harlot herself, Christine Vanderpop. You've seen her in most of your favorite movies and even a few television shows. You know, the hot blonde with the boobs? Few people know she grew up in Parsippany, NJ, my hometown. In high school, when we weren't rehearsing for the school play, we were usually in the dugout at the local baseball field learning about getting to third base whether with one of the local boys or each other. We've been BFFs ever since.

Of course, with her publicity schedule and my seedy detective agency, we don't hang out much anymore, though I do send her a vibe now and then on her Bluetooth toy. Once I caught her at the Grammy's, she almost came on stage. You see, another little-known fact about Christine is her incredibly vast sex toy collection. To say she is obsessed is an understatement. An entire room dedicated to displaying everything from ancient jade dildoes to the latest in high-tech vibrating toys. I've spent quite a few hours in that room, but that is a completely different story.

When I received the call, I took it immediately. She only calls in emergencies. Sure enough, when she stopped her hysterical theatrics, she told me the problem. Her dildo collection had been stolen. Believe it or not, all 200 hard rods were gone. Her prized Greek phallus was appraised at over 2 million dollars. She knew the culprit of course. A con man who convinced her he was her soul mate. Christine has never been too careful about the men in her life. A bedroom submissive, she has had several affairs, most of whom I had to fuck and send her photos to convince her they were slime. She was my first client, involuntarily of course.

The culprit was Jon Emery. A D-list celebrity, his only claim to fame was his unbearably bad portrayal of a serial killer. It was so bad, the director recut the slasher pic and sold it as a highly successful comedy. While his on-screen acting was a flop, he had made quite a name for himself dating every up-and-coming actress on the circuit. He was a conceited prick who could charm the panties off of Nanny McPhee. I never understood it until right now when his tongue was buried in my cunt, doing things to my clit that you only read about in erotica novels.

Besides his acting, he had one large flaw. He liked mementos. At least that was the rumor. You see, no one ever caught him in the act. Things just disappeared when he broke things off. Ok, not things, sex toys. He had a fetish for them. Like Christine, none of the celebrities dared invite the publicity a stolen sex toy would bring. Most of them played pure characters or were trying to break the stereotype of women as sexual objects. It would be a blow to their career for a stolen dildo scandal. Jon got away

with all of the thefts. He just didn't count on Christine's obsession with her collection or her friendship with me.

"Don't stop Jon," I purr as his finger slides through my wet into my throbbing core. I am amazed at his skills. More experienced men have had me counting the ceiling tiles after 30 seconds. Jon has been eating me like a pro for a good 10 minutes. Damn if I didn't want more. I was sitting in a leather chair in his living room, my legs propped on his unnaturally broad shoulders as his tongue and fingers played me like a fiddle. My skirt bunched up around my waist, my blouse unbuttoned, hanging loosely at my sides, framing my pear-shaped breasts. I already came once, a quick, needy orgasm, but right now I felt a slower, more powerful one building. It was ok, I had time. It was only 11 p.m. and I had nowhere to go for a few days.

I moved a hand up to my thin, hard button, giving the nipple a pinch and a pull. I had to bite my lower lip to stifle a yelp of pleasure, though there was no one nearby to hear my screams. The thought occurred to me that he could have his nefarious intentions and there would be no one who would miss me, but I discarded that premise. None of his victims ever had a bad word to say about him.

I squeezed my thighs against his cheeks as my climax began shuddering through my pussy, pushing downward toward my toes and rippling through my torso. I shook for a long time before regaining my composure. Jon's smug look let me know he was aware of the magic he had wrought. A less jaded woman would have mistaken the pleasure for the beginning of a romance. Not me. But I needed to play the game.

I sat up, planted my feet on the floor, and stood. Reaching down I took a moment to feel those incredibly muscular arms before urging him up off the floor. As I knelt before him, taking his thick cock into my mouth, I convinced myself it was a necessary part of the job but the truth is, I needed that thick rod in several holes right now, and my pussy needed a short break before this monster stretched it.

His cock was fat with hard veined ridges, reminding me of a toy of my own. I had to work it in slow to accommodate its girth. Luckily it was about the average length or I would have gagged. As my hands and mouth lavished attention on his cock, I took pleasure in the responsive moans emanating from his lips, signaling my magic was having its desired effect.

From his reputation, I knew he could last a long time. He seemed to have a pattern. Each woman I interviewed told the same first date story. Dinner, a walk on the beach. "Oh look, we are right by my house, why not come in, I have some amazing vintage wine." Suddenly, they are legs up on the leather chair getting the orgasm of their life. Then, after being sucked to full hardness he is ready to fuck them, "Wait, let me show you a more comfortable room." The next thing each girl knew they were in a red velvet-decorated playroom straight out of a popular BDSM novel.

Sure enough, when I felt his balls tighten, he grabbed my head gently, almost lovingly, and pulled me off his tool. "Come with me," he said, leading me behind a panel hidden by a bookcase. Yes, that's right, it was a secret room. My eyes rolled, but my clit twitched in anticipation. The stories were not exaggerated. The giant circular bed in the center of the room was surrounded by every sex toy imaginable. I recognized Brittney's Sybian from the photos she had sent. Jackie's sex jewelry was on display in a glass case, and right in front of me, against the back wall, was a rack displaying Christine's collection. That crystal sword dildo and I were once on a first-name basis.

He played right into my wheelhouse. I let him bend me over the bed and press his stiff penis against me. I had judged right, it was going to be a very difficult fit. "Why don't you lay down, It will go in easier if I am on top."

He nodded and whispered, "Gravity." I had him where I wanted him now. I already knew the lay of this room from Christine's overly detailed relation of her intimate visits. But before I set my trap in motion, I might as well enjoy the moment. I squatted over his cock and rubbed it through my folds until it was sticky in my hands. Willing my labia to open wide, I slowly lowered myself on him, feeling my insides fill and stretch. "You're so wet!" he said as he entered me with a loud squish. Despite his thickness, it wasn't long until I was able to bounce up and down with relative ease, the pleasure nerves in my pussy quickly masking any pain.

I grabbed his wrists, both for leverage and to gain control for later. I clasped them to my breasts, letting him work some of that magic on my aching nipples. As he began talking dirty, I felt my passion building. He surprised me, breaking my grip on his left hand and sliding it between our bodies, flicking over my clit. I fought my lust to keep control, separating just enough of my mind from the pleasure to keep my focus. That didn't stop his magic fingers and thick cock from taking me over the edge into my third orgasm of the night.

"I'm going to come very soon." He said as if it was something I had waited for. I took the opportunity to spring my trap into place. Grasping his hands, I stopped gyrating and pushed them over his head into the built-in love cuffs. *Snap*, he was locked in place. I climbed off, locking his ankles as well. The lust on his face let me know he was unaware of my motives.

He looked both gorgeous and a bit pathetic tied down, still wearing his gold toe socks, I had to have a bit of pity on him. I once again wrapped my lips around his glistening cock and began jerking him with both hands until he shot his load into my throat. I nearly came again from the thrill of making him explode. When I was finished and dressed, I sat on the bed next to him. "Aren't you going to let me up? The key is on the table."

I took the key, placing it with the tip over his belly button. "Fraid not, Jon." I began filming the room with my camera, sending photos to Christine and the other girls.

"My friends will be here in a few minutes. They are going to take back all of the stolen goods. If I ever hear you pulling this stunt again, these videos will be turned over to the police.

With that, I stuffed my panties in his mouth and waited for the crew I hired to arrive.

As I wiped a small glob of white cream from my lip, I thought to myself, sometimes I love my job.