

Stolen Dayes

Emily Sinclair

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Taking a deep breath, Agent Lidia Dayes opened the door and stepped into the office of Director Charles Holbert. "You wanted to see me sir?" she asked as the door swung shut behind her.

"Please take a seat agent Dayes," Holbert replied, motioning towards two high-backed leather chairs opposite his large, neatly maintained desk.

Nervous, unsure why she was being called into the director's office, Lidia walked across the room and sat down in one of the offered chairs – her fingers automatically fidgeting as they tended to do when she was overstressed. "Did I do something wrong, sir?"

"What? Oh no, no, that's not what this is about Agent Dayes. As you well know, I am not one to beat around the bush so I'll just get right to the point. Last night, undercover Agents found your missing friend."

"HOLY SHIT! Are you serious?" Lidia exclaimed upon hearing the amazing news of her friend Diana whom went missing without a trace and presumed dead more than a year. "Where is she, sir? Is she alright? I want to see her!"

"All we know for sure is that she's alive and has been positively identified. There are no doubts in the discovering Agent's minds that the woman they saw is your missing friend. However, getting her back is going to be a little trickier than locating her."

"What do you mean? Where is she dammit!? I'll go get her myself if the other Agents are too chicken shit to do their job!"

"Calm down, Agent, and let me explain. Before you joined the Agency we were investigating one of the biggest trafficking rings this country had ever seen. Are you familiar with the stories of Badass Billy Boyd?"

"I've heard of him, but what does he have...OH GOD! Please tell me this isn't going where I think it is going!"

"I'm afraid it is. And if you are familiar with him, then I don't have to remind you how dangerous he is."

"I don't care how 'badass' he thinks her is! If he had my friend I'll personally put a bullet through his skull to get her back."

"You know what happened when we tried to take him down in Boston. Sixteen people were killed including five agents and three locals. When we tried to take him down again in Chicago, I believe twenty-three died that time. We can't just go in guns blazing like we're in the god damned wild west."

"Then what are you suggesting we do sir? We both know what he does to the women he takes, so I don't even want to think about what Diana has had to endure for the last year. We can't just sit around here twiddling our damn thumbs, Sir. We have to act now!"

"I'm more aware of what he does to his victims than anyone else, Agent Dayes. I was there in Boston and Chicago. I was there when we rescued those poor women from the filthy cages they were forced to eat, sleep and use the bathroom in. I still have nightmares from seeing their malnourished, beaten and broken bodies, so, yeah, I know damn well what that monster is capable of."

"I'm sorry sir, but please, this is my best friend we're talking about here. If there's even a sliver of a chance of getting her back we have to do something."

"Yes, we do. That's why we've come up with a plan. Incredibly dangerous for the Agent involved, but if it works not only might we rescue your friend, but bring Boyd down once and for all."

“What’s the plan, sir, and where do I fit into it?”

“The plan is to infiltrate Boyd’s organization with an undercover agent who would gather as much information as possible and then escape with your friend. Knowing his proclivity for beautiful women, we’ve decided our best chance for success would be to send in a female agent.”

“I want to be that agent sir,” Lidia said quickly. “I want to be the one to rescue my friend and bring that son of a bitch down.”

“I’m glad you volunteered Agent Dayes. Please take no offence, but you are the sexiest agent we have and I’m not the only one who thought of you first. Boyd will have to be crazy not to take you into his harem.”

“Um...thanks, I think. So, how do we go about this? It’s not as if I can just waltz right into his secret hideout and ask for a job.”

“It’s not going to be easy, or quick, but putting everything about him on the table as we could find, we’ve painted a pretty clear picture of what he looks for in his victims. First, we know he goes after beautiful women. You have that covered in spades. Second, he tends towards those that have fallen on hard times. In his twisted mind, he thinks he’s doing them a favor by kidnapping and, well, doing what he does with them.”

“Turn them into sex slaves, you mean? Yeah, I know what he does to them, sir and that’s why we have to get Diana and every other woman he’s holding captive away from him.”

We’ve been surveilling him for some time now and we not only know what he likes, but where he likes to get it. That being said, we’ve devised a plan and cover story to get you in, but you are not going to like it even a little.”

“If it means getting my friend away from that degenerate bastard I’ll do anything it takes.”

“You might want to hear what I have to say first. In short, we have to ruin you.”

“Ruin me sir?” asked Lidia confused. “What do you mean?”

“We are going to ‘catch you’ committing a serious crime. It won’t be enough to through you in prison, but it will be enough that you get fired from the Agency. All of your assets will be frozen and seized leaving you homeless and disgraced. Desperate for a job to make ends meet, you’ll take a job at one of Boyd’s favorite hangouts, Eden’s Pleasures.

“The strip club?” asked Lidia.

“One and the same. Boyd loves taking in strippers and it’ll be hard for him to refuse one as stunning as you. And the idea of a ‘fallen’ FBI agent in his ranks will swell his already inflated head to near bursting as he’ll see it as a giant fuck you to us and every other law enforcement agency that has tried and failed to bring him down. And of course he’ll pump you for information in an attempt to learn what we know about him. Tell him whatever you like, make shit up, do whatever it takes to get on his good side if he has such a thing.”

“What is this serious crime I have to commit?”

“As we speak agents are pouring over your house where they will find information linking you to several scandals including insider trading, drug dealing, and prostitution. Of course everything is fabricated and you will be found innocent after a mock trial, but we have to make a very public ordeal out of your getting fired to make it more believable.”

“They’re already at my house planting evidence sir? You didn’t know I would agree to do this.”

“I had a very good idea you’d want to be the undercover agent,” Holbert smiled. “I’m only speeding things along.”

“So what happens now?”

“Well, in about an hour there will be a news conference where we will link you to the crimes. To make this more convincing you’ll need to pay Anthony Gills a visit. He’s expecting you.”

“You mean the drug dealer, Anthony Gills?”

“He’s also a confidential informant,” Holbert answered. “While there you are to do whatever he asks you to do. And I mean ANYTHING! If he asks you to smoke a joint, do it. If he asks you to strip naked and dance on the pole...well, it’ll be practice for your future job as a stripper. We need this to be believable if you ever want to get your friend back. We only have one chance at this so make it good.”

“Yes sir,” Lidia replied. *There’s no way in hell I’m stripping naked for that nasty fucker*, she thought as she got up and left the office – feeling a ray of hope for the first time in over a year.

While FBI agents were discovering a treasure-trove of evidence at her house, Lidia was standing on the front porch of a quaint, unassuming house belonging to confidential informant, Anthony Gills – a weasel of a man she couldn't stand. Telling herself this was the best chance to get her best friend back, she knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" asked a man inside the house.

"It's Lidia. I believe you've been expecting me."

Looking through the peephole at the beautiful brunette standing on the other side, his mind began racing with the thoughts of what he could, and most likely would do to her. Opening the door, he grabbed her by the wrist, dragged her inside and quickly shut the door behind her – making sure to secure all six locks before stepping back to look her over from head to toe. "So, what brings you by this fine day, Lidia?" Liking everything he saw from her long, light brown hair and green eyes to her perky breasts, narrow waist and round hips leading down to well-toned legs, his imagination was running wild.

"You know why I'm here. I don't like this anymore than you do so the sooner we get it over with, the better."

"Oh, you've got it all wrong, Agent. I'm loving every second of this. Would you like to start with a joint, or go straight to the harder stuff?"

Having never smoked pot, or done any drugs that were not prescribed by a doctor, Lidia did not want to do any of it, but she had to make a choice. "If I have to do this then I'll try a joint."

"Whatever you like sweetheart. While I'm getting the stuff why don't you go ahead and strip down to your underwear?"

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. Strip down to your bra and panties. I need to make sure you're not wearing a wire or any other recording devices that you'll later try using against me."

Had her best friend's life not been on the line, she would have kicked Anthony's ass then and there for telling her to strip, not to mention asking her to do drugs, but, Diana's life was on the line and so she pulled her tee shirt off and tossed it over the back of an old, fluid-stained recliner

"Damn, woman," Anthony whistled. "If you ever want to make some extra cash let me know. With a smoking hot body like yours you could make a killing in the clubs or on the street."

"I'm with the FBI dumbass," Lidia shot back. "Make another comment like that and I'll make sure you get a cell with bubba."

"Well in that case I think you need to remove the bra and panties too. With the tech available these days you might have something hidden there too."

"Asshole," she said angrily "go get the fucking pot." Unhooking her bra, she laid it with her shirt and then kicked off her shoes. Next, she tugged her tight-fitting jeans down, stepped out of them and added them to the pile. But when she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, Anthony stopped her.

"Not so fast!" Anthony said returning to the living room with a baggie full of joints. "Turn around and remove them slowly. Make sure to bend over completely and keep your legs straight. If I see your knees bend even a little you'll pull them up and do it again until you get it right." Opening the baggie, he plucked out a joint, put it between his lips and lit it.

After shooting him an angry scowl, Lidia turned around, showing Anthony her perfectly sculpted ass as she bent over at the waist. Reminding herself that she was doing this for her poor friend's sake, she slowly tugged her panties down her firm ass and toned legs, making sure to keep her knees locked the entire time. However, just as her panties were about to hit the floor, her left knee bent.

"Aaawww, and you were so close. Looks like you'll have to pull them up and try again." Taking a long hit from the joint, he sat back and enjoyed the show.

Pulling her thong back up, Lidia slowly lowered them again, and again her knees bent. Trying and failing a third, fourth and fifth time, frustration set in which only made matters worse. But finally, after ten minutes and fifteen tries, her panties were on the floor and she was standing there butt naked. "Satisfied now, asshole? Can I get dressed?"

"Nah. Take a seat and let's get this party started. I've got to say I'm digging the bald pussy. Do you shave or wax?"

"If you really must know it's waxed," Lidia replied lighting a joint and taking her first hit, after which she choked for nearly a minute before trying again. By the time she was able to take a hit and keep it in, she had wasted nearly half a joint.

"You know what would look sexy on you?"

"What?" asked Lidia taking a long hit of the joint.

"A tattoo."

"Oh yeah?" said Lidia feeling really good from the buzz.

"Hell yeah! You should get one right on your pussy mound. That would be the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen."

"And I suppose you know a tattoo artist willing to come on over and tattoo my bald pussy?"

"I sure as hell do. Let me go get my equipment and I'll be right back." Getting up, he stumbled out of the room, leaving Lidia sitting on the couch naked and inhaling deeply from her second joint.

Starting to feel really good, Lidia never wanted it to go away. But there was something more. And as her left hand snaked down her flat belly, she found her pussy quite moist. Sliding a finger in, she sank down into the couch and closed her eyes – increasing the pace as she added a second finger.

"Fucking hell!" Anthony exclaimed as he walked back into the living room in the middle of the show. But his presence snapped Lidia out of her daze and she jerked her hand away – taking another long drag from her joint. Walking over to her, Anthony knelt down and spread Lidia's legs open.

Not completely out of it, Lidia slammed her legs closed. "What in the hell do you think you're doing you dirty son of a bitch?"

"I'm examining your mound so I can see what I'm working with. I think I've got the perfect tattoo for you."

"I'm not getting a tattoo."

"Your boss told me you had to do whatever I said," Anthony replied smugly "and I think a tattoo on your pussy mound will go a long way in proving what a nasty little slut you are."

"God damn you! I want you to know once this is all over I'm personally going to kick your sorry ass."

“Promises... promises,” Anthony smiled. “Now, spread your legs so I can get to work. And put this on,” he said handing her a blindfold. “I don’t want you to ruin the surprise by seeing it before it’s done.”

Lidia put the blindfold on and spread her legs open, thinking: *I can always have the damn thing removed later* as she felt the sting of the needle piercing the tender flesh above her clit. Though the pain was somewhat dulled by the buzz she was feeling, and after a while the area felt a little numb, she nearly flew out of her seat when she felt a much sharper pain.

“I’m all done. You can remove the blindfold now.”

Pulling the blindfold off, but still holding it in her hand, Lidia looked down at her pussy and her eyes opened so wide they threatened to fall right out of the sockets at what she saw. Tattooed across her mound in bold letters were the words **CUM GULPER** and the intense pain she felt at the end was from the needle that pierced her clit hood where a gold ring now dangled. Not waiting for her friend’s rescue, she jumped off of the couch and tackled Anthony to the ground. “What in the hell did you do to me?” she screamed. “I’m going to fucking kill you!”

“Is that why you’re trying to get me hard?” he smiled.

“What?” Lidia said confused. Looking back, she saw that her hand had slipped into his pants and she was, in fact, gently stroking his cock. Anger suddenly replaced with lust, she wanted nothing more than to feel him inside of her.

“It looks like the drugs are doing their job,” Anthony smiled. “For your information, the joints we smoked are laced with a concoction of my own design. After one, the smoker is nice and horny and ready for sex. You smoked four of them. Go ahead, take my cock out. You know you want to suck it.”

Lidia’s mind screamed in anger, but it was drowned out by the need for sexual relief. Unzipping Anthony’s pants, she pulled out his massive cock. “Holy shit,” she gasped as his monster dick sprung free. Nearing the ten inch mark and thicker than her wrist, she bent down and without protest took him into her mouth – her jaw stretching painfully as she swirled her tongue around the bulbous head. After lapping up the pre-cum, she stuck her tongue out as she bobbed her head up and down as much of the shaft as she could manage without gagging on it while playing with his heavy balls with her free hand.

After several minutes Anthony grabbed Lidia by the head and forced his cock further down her throat. “Aahhh FUCK,” he moaned as he shot his load. “Swallow it babe! Swallow it all!” Not as if he gave her much of a choice. With his dick firmly lodged down her throat, it was swallow or suffocate. “See,” he laughed “I told you it was the perfect tattoo. You love swallowing cum don’t you slut?”

“You son of a bitch!” Lidia choked, falling back on her ass.

“Shut up and put your head down and ass up. I’m still horny and you’ve got two more holes to fill.”

“You fucking drugged me!” Lidia screamed.

“No shit I drugged you,” Anthony laughed. “You’re in a fucking drug house what else did you expect to happen? Are you ready to take this bad boy in that tight ass of yours?” he asked holding out his still rock hard cock.

“Fuck you!”

“No, the idea is to fuck YOU!”

“I need another joint.”

“Not until we’ve worked off the aphrodisiacs already coursing through our systems. Hate me all you want, but you know you can’t resist the feelings. Admit it, you want my seed swimming around in your womb!”

“I’ll admit no such thing! Now get over here and fuck me!” Lidia purred, dropping onto all fours and then lowering her head to the floor while keeping her ass up and legs spread. “What are you waiting for? Get that fat cock in my tight pussy! Stretch me open and fuck your babies into me you dirty son of a bitch!”

“I hope you know we’re going to be at this for several hours,” Anthony said as he placed the head of his cock against Lidia’s wet pussy. “Even if we stopped smoking right now we’ll be feeling the effects for at least another seven or eight hours.” Digging his fingernails into her hips, he thrust forward, ramming his dick in hard.

“Aaahhhh, yes! Fuck me with that big fat cock! Uhn...uhn...oohhhh shit that feels good!”

“Tell me you want me seed,” Anthony said as he worked his cock in and out, varying the speed and depth so she never knew what was coming.

“YES! Give it to me! Fill me with your seed! Give me your motherfucking babies! Uhn...oh god YES! Harder! HARDER you son of a bitch! Ram your dick in me! Plant your seed directly in my fucking womb!” And as she exploded in orgasm, that’s exactly what he did – keeping his cock in until completely soft.

“That’s only the beginning, babe. Before this night is over I’m going to give you half a dozen more loads just like that one.”

“Mmmm,” Lidia moaned, rolling over and lighting another joint “I can’t wait.”

As Lidia took a long hit from her fifth joint, the front door was kicked open and several heavily armed men rushed in. “FBI!” one of them yelled. “You’re under arrest! Get on the floor with your hands over your head!” Anthony was on the floor before the Agent finished giving the order, but Lidia was still sitting on the floor smoking the joint. “I said get on the floor,” the man yelled again. “Get on the floor or I’ll shoot.”

Finally coming to her senses, Lidia put the joint out on the coffee table and lowered herself to the floor. “My name is Agent Lidia Dayes. My badge is in my pants over there on the chair,” she giggled.

“I know who you are, Agent Dayes” the man replied. “And you’re under arrest.” Shaking his head in disgust while staring intently at her stunning body, he momentarily turned to another Agent. “Make sure there are no weapons and then toss the drug addicted whore her clothes.”

Once she was dressed, the Agents made a spectacle of dragging her and Anthony out of the house in full view of neighbors and people walking and driving down the street. Unable to cover her face with her hands, all she could do was hang her head in shame as gawkers snapped pictures and made recordings with their cell phones.

And that was only the beginning of Agent Lidia Dayes’ woes. Arrested for prostitution, drug dealing and extortion, the FBI produced a mountain of evidence painting her as a criminal mastermind. Immediately fired from the Agency, her name was smeared through the mud, but she was not too concerned – knowing this was all part of Director Holbert’s plan to get her into Boyd’s organization.

Every day brought new details to light on the supposedly corrupt former FBI agent. She couldn’t go back home due to threats from neighbors and her assets were seized pending investigation and trial.