

Perverse Proposal

Crimson Rose

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Tara arrived home from her job at the bank to find a large cardboard box sitting in the corner of the front porch. Unable to recall ever ordering anything in the last month, let alone something that would come in a two foot box, she bent over and read the label. It was addressed to her but there was no return name or address. After unlocking and opening the front door, she picked up the box, surprised at the weight of it and carried it into the house.

After kicking off her heels, dropping her keys in the small wicker basket on the end table, she went to the kitchen, grabbed the utility knife from her junk drawer and went back into the living room to open the mystery box. Carefully cutting the clear tape, she peeled back the flaps to find a piece of cardboard covering whatever lay below. Written in permanent marker were the words READ FIRST with an arrow pointing down to an envelope taped to the middle.

Curious, Tara pulled the envelope free, opened it and withdrew the folded piece of paper from within.

Tara,

If you are reading this it is because you have been hand selected as one of the most beautiful women in all of Hanover and have been invited to attend a once in a lifetime event at the Brentmoor Estates on Friday, May 12th where you could win the grand prize of \$250,000 cash. But first, you will have to do something to prove to me you are worthy to attend. Enclosed in the box is all of the gear I need you to wear in order to do this. Take the box and all of its contents to the Hanover Hotel. Go to the front desk and give them your name and they will give you a key to room 213 which has already been reserved for you. Arrive and be in costume no later than 8 pm and your guest will arrive half an hour later.

Your guest is a handsome, well-built man whom will also be in costume. He is going to fuck you, Tara. And you are going to let him do so without question. Neither of you are permitted to remove your mask, or give your real name until he has unloaded in you at least once, or the deal is off. You will let him have his way with you for as long as it pleases him to do so, or until the sun rises and in return you'll find \$10,000 has been deposited into your account. Fail to show up, or leave the hotel before the sun rises and you get nothing. Eyes will be watching to make sure you comply.

Here's to hoping you're as wild and adventurous as I've always imagined you to be.

Chad Brentmoor

“What in the actual fuck?” Tara said, reading the letter three more times to make sure she was reading it right before dropping it on the coffee table and lifting the piece of cardboard out and sitting it on the floor. Reaching into the box, she pulled out a pair of thigh-high latex stockings with a distinctly canine pattern that ended in what appeared to be puppy paws, matching opera gloves, a butt plug much bigger than anything she had ever taken as she hated anal with dog tail attached. There was also a pair of dog ears, a realistic muzzle and a rather nice looking metal collar with puppy paws etched into it.

“Richest man in the fucking city, who in the hell does he think he is asking me to wear this shit? And to let some random stranger have his way with me in a hotel room? I should call the fucking police on the bastard.” Staring at the long, fat butt plug, she shook her head. “Yeah, like that’ll get me anywhere. Though ten grand would be nice. Jesus, Christ, Tara, get a grip. You’re not a fucking hooker.” Piling everything back in the box, she left it sit by the door with the intentions of returning it in the morning. Unbuttoning her blouse, she walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge.

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Scott got home from classes and found a small box sitting by the front door. Thinking nothing of it as he got packages all the time, he picked it up and went into the house. After kicking off his shoes and hanging his keys on the hook by the door, he tore the box open to see a piece of cardboard covering the contents below. Whitten on the cardboard in permanent marker were the words READ FIRST with an arrow pointing to an envelope taped in the middle. Shrugging, he peeled the envelope free and withdrew the piece of paper from within.

Scott,

If you are reading this it is because you’ve been selected as one the handsomest men in all of Hanover and have been invited to attend a once in a lifetime event at the Brentmoor Estates on Friday, May 12th where you could win the grand prize of \$250,000 cash. But first, you will have to do something to prove to me you are worthy to attend. Enclosed in the box is all of the gear I need you to wear in order to do this. Put on your best suit and the contents of this box and arrive at the Hanover Hotel at exactly 8:30 pm.

You will find a key to room 213 within the box. When you are in the room you will find a stunningly beautiful young woman there to fulfill your wildest fantasies. Neither of you are to remove your mask, or give your real name until you’ve unloaded in her at least once. You will have until the sun comes up to have your way with her and in return you will find \$10,000 has been deposited into your bank account. Fail to show up, or leave the hotel before the sun rises and you get nothing. Eyes will be watching to make sure you comply. You will find everything you need to have a good time in the bedroom closet.

Here’s to hoping you’re as wild and adventurous as I was at your age.

Chad Brentmoor.

“Um, okay,” Scott said, tossing the letter on the coffee table along with the piece of cardboard. Looking into the small box, he saw an incredibly fancy gold, black and white full face masquerade mask that looked about as expensive as his entire college education. Carefully lifting it out of the box, he found a sleep metal collar. “Ten grand to have my way with a stunningly beautiful woman for the night? Sign me up.” With several hours to kill, he put the collar and mask back in the box, sat it on the coffee table and went to the kitchen to grab a late lunch.

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As time ticked away, Tara went back to the box and letter more than a dozen times. Butterflies swarming her belly and rising up into her throat, she picked up the butt plug and rolled it over in her trembling hands. “There’s no way in hell this thing would ever fit in my ass,”

she sighed, seeing it as the only obstacle now standing between her and ten thousand dollars – having spent the last three hours rationalizing the rest of it away as just good business sense. Curious how big it was, she took it to the kitchen with her, sat it on the table and then went to her junk drawer to retrieve the cloth measuring tape.

Holding one end of the yellow tape at the tip of the pug and unrolling it down its length, her eyes grew wide. Ten inches to the base. Sitting it up, she wrapped the flexible measuring tape around the widest part. Nine inches. Doing a bit of quick math in her head she put it between two and three quarters and three inches thick. Rolling the tape measure back up and putting it back in the drawer, she stared at the behemoth with considerable doubt.

“No. Fucking. Way. Why would the son of a bitch send me something so god damned big? Does he think I can just push it right up my fucking ass? Does he think I’m the fucking Grand Canyon back there?” Picking it up, she formed a circle with thumb and middle finger and then slowly lowered them down the length of the pug, stopping at the widest part and then moving her hand back up and away while keeping them spread open. “Jesus Christ!” she exclaimed, seeing just how stretched her asshole would be if she somehow managed to get the plug into her ass.

Looking over at the clock hanging on the wall, she saw she had less than three hours to make it happen if she were going to ever make it happen. *Ten grand. That’s a lot of money*, she thought. *But what if he doesn’t pay me? I’m not about to ruin my ass and allow a complete stranger to have his way with me all night and then get screwed out of the money. But he’ll have to pay, right? I mean, he did agree to do so in the letter and it has his name on it.* “This better be worth it,” she sighed, taking the toy and bottle of lube to the bedroom where she finished getting undressed. “If I can get the whole thing up my ass in the next hour and a half I’ll do it. I’ll go to the hotel and let the stranger fuck me. If not, I guess I’m just not worthy to attend Chad Blackmoor’s party.

Stripping out of the rest of her clothes, Tara lubed the massive butt plug, rubbed the tip around her tightly puckered asshole and then lubed it come more. It had been more than three years since she tried anal for the first and last time with a boyfriend whose concept of slow and steady was to ram his dick into her like a jackhammer powered by a jet engine. Doing everything in her power to relax, she felt the tip slip in and stopped, her entire body trembling. Holding the toy by the narrow base, she pushed another inch in and stopped, pulled it out and looked for blood. When she saw none, she applied more lube and eased it back in.

“Uuhhnnn, y-yeah, this isn’t going to happen,” she grunted as the toy refused to go any deeper without significant discomfort. “Breathe, Tara, just breath and relax. You can do it. It’s for ten grand dammit.” Holding the plug in her ass, she got up off the bed, walked over to her desk and sat down on the chair. Gripping the arms until her knuckles turned white, she unlocked her knees and let gravity do its job. There was a brief moment where nothing happened and then her asshole was being rapidly stretched open as the silicone toy slid in more than three inches.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!” inhaling and exhaling in short, rapid breaths as if giving birth, she steadied herself and then reached down between her legs to see how much of it had gone in. *About half*, she thought. *Not a bad start.* Slowly rising up, she lowered herself back onto the long tapered toy, doing her best to ignore the pain. “Ten grand. Ten grand. Ten grand,” she said over and over as a way to psych herself up to taking more. “This has got to be the stupidest thing I’ve ever done in my life, but it’s for ten god damn thousand dollars,” she screeched, the plug going in another two inches as she increased the speed and force she bounced up and down on it.

Standing up, Tara walked over to the dresser and picked up the bottle of lube. Giving the plug another thorough coating, she lowered herself back down until about half of it was buried in her ass. “Ok, Tara, this is it.” Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, she raised up until only the tip was barely in her and then let go of the arms of the chair, knees buckling as she sank down on it hard. The pain was immense as her hole was stretched beyond anything she had ever experienced before, but the plug was in and she was sitting fully on the chair.

“Jesus fucking Christ that hurts. Relax. Breathe and relax. The pain will stop eventually.”

Sitting on the chair for a few more minutes, Tara finally got up and went to the bathroom. She wanted to pull the plug free, but was too afraid she would never get it back in again. Instead, she turned on the water as hot as she could stand it and got in the shower – the thought of making it one step closer to ten grand giving her very mixed feelings.