

Sapphire Club

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Sapphire Club

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

It was my first day on the job and I was not through the station doors more than three minutes when I was approached by a tall, well-built and handsome older Sergeant that was struggling to keep his eyes north of my neck. “Morning Sir.”

“Morning Officer Morris. I need you to come with me.”

“Yes Sir.” Thinking maybe he was going to be my partner – not a bad prospect for a rookie, I followed him through the station and straight to a closed door with CAPTAIN GORDON written across the frosted glass. He gave it a few light taps of the knuckles and a moment later a woman said enter. The Sergeant opened the door and I walked in after.

“I’ve brought Officer Morris as instructed, Ma’am.”

“Thank you Sergeant Barnes that will be all.” He left me standing there confused and I stared from the raven-haired, fair-skinned Captain Kiera Gordon to the much older and far less attractive man to her right. “Please take a seat, Officer Morris.” When my butt was in one of the chairs in front of the desk she continued. “I imagine being called to the Captain’s office five minutes into your first day can be nerve-wracking, but don’t worry you’re not in trouble. Before we begin please let me introduce you to Chief Jaxen Boyer,” she said motioning to the man at her right.

“Pleasure to meet you Sir.”

“Likewise, Officer Morris. Kiera told me you would be perfect for the assignment and now that I see you in person I do believe she was right,” he continued as his eyes went up and down my body. I wanted to get up and slap him across the face, but if I were to strike him I would have to do the same to every man and woman I pass on the street. Not to be completely narcissistic, but I do have one hell of a body that both sexes like to admire. Staring and cat-calling were just unfortunate by-products.

“Assignment Sir?”

“Undercover work,” Captain Gordon replied.

“You mean like prostitution stings, Ma’am?”

“Something like that but a bit more individually focused. I’m going to cut right to the heart of it, Officer Morris. I’ve selected you and three others based not only on how well you did at the academy, but your past and looks as well and I believe you are exactly the type of woman this assignment needs.”

“Meaning what, Ma’am?”

“I’m going to be blunt here so please don’t take any offense. You are hands down the most stunningly beautiful woman to wear that uniform, Officer Morris, and with your background working as a stripper and escort you’re exactly what we need.”

“I only did those things to pay my way through college,” I said going on the offensive.”

“I know, and I also know what you’re thinking and you have nothing to worry about. If I were going to fire you for your past as a stripper then the Chief would have to fire me for the same reason,” she said with a reassuring smile. “But that’s neither here nor there. The point is, we need you, Officer Morris.”

“For what exactly?”

“There are certain men and women in this city that have successfully eluded prosecution due to technicalities, lost evidence, witnesses suddenly backing out or disappearing altogether and corruption throughout. What we need are people willing and able to get the evidence we

need to convict these criminals once and for all. Put bluntly, we need you to go back to stripping and escorting so that no one knows you're an officer of the law. If you're interested, that is."

"I'd rather not go back to stripping and escorting, but if that's what it takes then I'll do it. The question is, how am I supposed to get evidence that sticks?"

"You'll be implanted with subdermal microphones that will pick up any conversations had. You'll also be given contact lenses that record everything you see. Before you accept you need to know this is real undercover work, Officer Morris. Unlike a prostitution sting where you'll have plenty of backup, you'll be on your own. On top of that you may find yourself doing some less than legal things. You are authorized to do whatever it takes short of killing someone to get the job done. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Do you really, Officer Morris?"

"I'm going after criminals and that means potentially doing criminal activities in order to make them believe I'm one of them, Ma'am. There's just one problem, and I don't mean to sound full of myself, but I wear glasses because I think I'm prettier with them."

"I agree," Chief Boyer said "but the contacts are a must. And since they're non-prescription there's no reason you can't wear both. Before you give us an answer, know that refusal will have no impact what so ever on your career. This is a huge step for anyone let alone a rookie with five minutes experience, but said inexperience is one of the biggest advantages as no one outside of your family and friends know you're a cop."

"I accept, Sir. I can't guarantee I'll get results but I'll do my best. And thank you both for trusting me enough to give me the chance to prove myself."

"Are you absolutely certain you want to do this, Officer Morris?"

"Yes Ma'am. And since I have a feeling every trace of me will be removed from the records please call me Caitlin."

"Actually, Minx, I think we'll be referring to you by your old stage name," Chief Boyer replied.

"Yes Sir. So, where do I even begin?"

"First, you'll go see Dr. Erin Mitchell for the implants and contacts and then you'll head home. Take a few weeks to let the implant heal and then you'll go to the Sapphire Club. With any luck they'll need a dancer and you'll be one step closer to your first target."

"Which is whom?"

"Are you familiar with Caleb 'the Snake' Ross?"

"Yes Ma'am. If I'm not mistaken he's a drug dealer."

"You are not mistaken. He's been arrested and charged a dozen times, but has beaten it every time. We need proof of how he's been tampering with witnesses and evidence. Lucky for you he has a thing for pretty, nerdy-looking blondes. And I mean that in the best possible way."

"He's a big spender at the Sapphire club," Chief Boyer cut in. "If you want to catch his attention think schoolgirl and braids. And as much as I hate saying this to a fellow officer, don't be afraid to give him whatever he wants."

"Be warned though," Captain Gordon said "he's nothing if not perverted. So, now that we've gotten that all out of the way, are you absolutely certain you're up to the task?"

"Yes Ma'am. I spent four years dancing and escorting so I'm well aware how perverted some men can be. Not that I've ever done anything perverted, but I've been propositioned enough," I added as my cheeks heated up. I just have one question, how long do I have to collect evidence on him?"

“As long as it takes. It won’t happen overnight so don’t rush. Gain his trust. Earn your way into his inner circle if you can, but above all else be careful. Remember, everything you say and do will be recorded. The Chief and I are the only two people on the force with access to the server everything will be stored on and if we think you’re in trouble we’ll do our best to extract you before things go south.”

“I understand.”

∞ ∞ ∞

After filling out a mountain of paperwork and going over every scrap of information collected on one Caleb ‘the Snake’ Ross, I changed into street clothes at the station so no one saw me leaving in uniform and then went to a small clinic where I met with Dr. Erin Mitchell. I was expecting a man, but the lithe fiery redheaded woman was anything but. Taking me to an examination room at the end of a long hallway, she closed and locked the door.

“So, you’re the one Chief Boyer selected for the assignment, huh?”

“Um...”

“Don’t worry, I know all about it and have full clearance. I’m not just a doctor, I’m also a fellow officer. Anyways, go ahead and take your shirt and bra off and I’ll get to work.”

“Where exactly are you putting this implant?”

“To ensure maximal reception they’ll be placed in your back dimples, the back of the neck and your cleavage.”

“Jesus!”

“I take it Boyer didn’t fill you in on the details?”

“No, no he did not.”

“Okay, well, are you familiar with microdermal piercings?”

“Yes. Wait! You can’t be serious!”

“I am. They are all the rage these days so no one will bat an eye at a sexy stripper having a few. Full disclosure, the one in your cleavage will actually be five and you’ll be given several tops to use which spell out dirty words. Make sure you use only the letters given as one of each word contains the transmitter.”

“Well, I guess that explains why I need a few weeks for the implant to heal,” I said, shaking my head. “All in the name of duty, right?” I added as I pulled my shirt off. My bra followed and I looked up at Dr. Mitchell. “So, what now?”

“I’ll start with your cleavage and then your neck and back. Since your navel is already pierced I think we’ll change that out with a transmitter as well just to be on the safe side. Any objections?”

“Nope. The more the merrier,” I half joked.

“Mmmm, my type of woman,” she winked. “Can I interest you in a few others?”

“Are they necessary for the assignment?”

“Better safe than sorry, right? Tell me, is your hood or anything else pierced?”

“No Ma’am, but I have a feeling you’re going to suggest I get it done.”

“Not for any professional reason. I just like the look. It’s entirely your decision, but personally, I think they’ll look amazing on you.”

“What exactly are you talking about?”

To my surprise, she hiked her skirt up over her hips and pulled her panties aside to show me a double barbelled hood and a series of piercings down her labia that took me a minute to digest. First were the tiny tunnels and then there were the long barbells that went through each set with a curved one on either side which were locked together at the bottom.

“It’s called a chastity piercing. Interested?”

“You want to do that to me?”

“God yes! I’ve been trying for the last seven years to find someone else open-minded and willing to go the distance and I feel that is you. Am I wrong?”

“Sorry, while it looks surprisingly sexy on you, I think that’s way too extreme for me.”

“How about just the hood then?”

“Okay, I can do that.”

“Sweet. See, I knew you were open-minded. Go ahead and take the rest of your clothes off any lay back. Since we’re going to be doing a fair bit of work that requires you to remain as still as possible I’ll put you under so you don’t experience any pain or discomfort. Any questions before we begin?”

“How long is this going to take?”

“Microdermals are not something you want rushed so you’ll be here several hours so if you’ve got kids or pets at home that need taken care of now’s the time to call a sitter.”

“No, I live alone,” I said laying back on the bed. “I’m ready when you are.”

It was daylight when I was put under and dark when I came too and the first thing I noticed was the full body numbness. Vision blurred, I looked down to see shiny metal starting about an inch above my breasts and going down into my cleavage. Still somewhat out of it, I closed my eyes. I thought a few minutes had passed, but I slept another hour. Unfortunately, when I woke this time whatever drugs had been coursing through my system were long gone and I was in a fair amount of pain between my legs. Groaning, I tossed the sheet back and sat up.

“Don’t move too much,” Cr. Mitchell said from the other side of the room. And please don’t be mad at me. I couldn’t help myself.”

“What did you do?” Biting her lower lip, she pointed between my legs. My eyes followed her finger and my jaw nearly went through the floor. “You...I said...what in the fuck did you do to me?” I stammered as I stared at my new chastity piercings consisting of seven tunnels in each outer labia connected by long barbells and locked with bars running down either side just like the doctor’s. “I said only the hood!”

“I’m so sorry. For what it’s worth they look really sexy on you. Feel free to take the barbells out if you want, but I’m afraid the tunnels are permanent unless you want to go through surgery to close the holes. I know you’re upset right now and would probably shoot me if you had your gun, but I ask that you leave them in and see how you feel in a few days. If you find you like them then they can become a very interesting part of your sex life moving forward and if not, like I said, you can remove the barbells, but the tunnels are there for good.”

“I could sue your ass off for this!”

“That is your right, but I stand by my work. And take it from someone with experience, your future partners are going to love them. Locks, Rings. Ribbons. The possibilities are as endless as the fun.”

My eyes moved up my body to the belly button dangle. Nothing special there. Then I looked at the letters forming the word MINX with a pair of tiny handcuffs filling the fifth anchor and I sighed. “Do I even want to see what you did to my back?”

“I did exactly as I said. The only added work is the chastity piercings.”

“Am I free to go?”

“After I give you the care instructions.”

“Make it quick because I don’t know how long I’ll be able to hole my temper in check.”

“Understood.”