

# Sam Ford Detective Agency

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*Not a story to get you off, more light-hearted with a smattering of smut*

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You may say I'm crazy, you may call me mad. You wouldn't be the first, and you sure as hell won't be the last. The numbers in that line run long and deep. Just like her. Mrs Delaney. She was tall and lithe and the day she walked into my office I knew she was trouble. I could smell it in her heavy aroma and read it in her walk. She wasn't a conventional beauty. But I won't hold that against her, in fact it played in her favour. She had something more than beauty could ever offer; she had grace, she had class, she had style. And she had chosen me. For whatever reason. There was no reason, I guess. And therein lay the beauty again. But I should start from the beginning, for the beginning is a good place to start. Particularly with a narrative ... It was a cold, callous Tuesday afternoon. The kind of afternoon that set your teeth on edge and froze your bones to the core. The wind alone was enough to bend the wills of strong men and break the backs of sons of bitches. I was in my office, sipping on bourbon. Trying my best to keep jack frost from my fingers and the debt collectors from my heels, when there was a knock on the door. "Come in," I said for that seemed the logical thing to say. She walked through the door leaving a trail of cigarette smoke and perfume. She was red, from tip to toe. Her flame coloured hair fell in thick cascades down her shoulders. She was wearing a red dress that was struggling hard to contain her copious curves. And this girl had more curves than Mulholland Drive, in fact she was curvier than the Ohio river, she had more curves than a bowl of spaghetti... You get the picture. Her red stilettos slowly tapped onto my floor as she casually sauntered over to my desk. She sat down in the chair opposite me and crossed her legs. "Please, have a seat," I said. She withdrew the cigarette from her red lips, and exhaled in my face. "You don't mind if I smoke do you?" she asked. "Not at all, I love the stench and the restrictive effect it has on my throat," I deadpanned. She inhaled again, "Good." I leant back in my chair and waited. "The sign on your door says you're a detective Mr Ford." "Yeah, I been meaning to get that fixed." "It also says that you can help find people." "That's a lie. I've never found anyone. Generally, all I've found is that if people want to get lost, they stay lost." "It also says you can help with marital issues." "It says a lot for a small sign." "I need some help in that department." "Don't we all." "My husband has been hanging around Little Russia." "And that's a problem?" "He doesn't like Russians." "Maybe he's changed his mind." "That's what I need you to find out." I leant back in my chair and eyeballed her. She seemed legit, but there was something about her that wasn't ringing true. Maybe it was the way she clung so tightly to that

cigarette, or maybe it was the way her heel kept tapping on the floor. "Look Mrs ..." "Delaney." "I've done this job a long time and I can't tell you how many times a dame has walked into this office claiming to want to know the truth about her husband and his extracurricular excursions. But it's a lie. They don't want to know. They want their life to continue as it always has. They want the money, the lifestyle, the beach house. They fear losing it, so they think they will have power in knowing the truth. When all they have to do is go home and give their husband a blowjob every now and again. He's not going to leave you Mrs Delaney; it would cost him too much." I put a cigarette in my mouth and lit it. "I don't fear losing him and I'm not interested in my lifestyle. In fact it bores me ceaselessly." "So what is the problem?" She stood up, placed her hands on the edges of my desk and leant over. Her cleavage was just about bursting out of her dress. I did my best to ignore it and looked her in the eyes. "The problem, Mr Ford," she said, leaning in closer, "is that he is putting his cock into some other bitch's pussy!" Her nostrils flared and her eyes darkened. She gripped the desk tightly before angrily stubbing out her cigarette into the ashtray. She spun on her heels and slunk over to the window. Gazing out, she lit another cigarette as she composed herself. "I apologise Mr Ford, it's just gets me so heated. The number of times I have sucked that man's cock and let him do despicable things to my anus and this is what I get?" she said as she inhaled deeply. "I can quite understand Mrs Delaney, the anus is a sensitive subject." "Damn straight it is." She turned around and faced me, her eyes welling with damp tears. "So do you think you can help me, Mr Ford?" I was a sucker for women and women with tears in particular. Particularly hot ones who let despicable things happen to their anus. "Yes Mrs Delaney, I'm sure I can." She turned and looked back out the window. "It's just that I don't quite have the funds to pay you right now Mr Ford ..." "That's ok," I said, stubbing out my cigarette and walking over to the door. "I'm sure we can work something out." "Yes, I'm sure we can." Mrs Delaney swung her ample ass over towards the door and stood close to me. She pressed her body tight against mine, and then slotted a piece of paper into my trouser pocket. Her hand grazed my cock slowly through my pants. "My husband's details," she said before she walked out the door. I held the door open and watched her sashay down the hall. Her ass jiggled like mound of jello. "Very nice to meet you Mrs Delaney," I said to no one but myself. But it felt good to say it and hear it, and it felt good to have her hand graze my cock, if only for a minute. I walked to my drawer and grabbed more bourbon. Pouring myself a glass, I felt a strange sensation settle in my stomach. It was neither good nor bad, but it foretold of interesting things to come. I scoped out the address Mrs Delaney had so tenderly put in my pocket. It was eight in the morning and I figured Mr Delaney would be making an appearance soon to head off to work like all the other rats in the race. When he exited the family home, it was a disappointment. Fat, squat, bald. I had a hard time figuring why the hot Mrs Delaney let his cock anywhere near her anus. He must have a big one I thought, or a big wallet. From my experience of women it was one of these two assets that were the deciding factors in anus fucking. That or she was just a plain whore with no ambition. Anyway, he climbed into his black Buick and started to navigate his way down the streets. I followed at a discreet distance. Watching him pick his nose and fart his way along. He was definitely heading towards Little Russia. 'Maybe this thing will be over soon,' I thought, 'and I can be a hero for Mrs Delaney. Perhaps then she will let me do

despicable things to her anus'. He parked up alongside the curb and cumberingly hauled his chubby ass out of the car. I watched him cross the street and enter a bar. I gave him five minutes. I used the time to entertain myself with thoughts of the divine Mrs Delaney and her attractive anus. Just as I was about to exit the car and go into the bar, out came bald Mr D with a young woman at his side. Now don't get me wrong she was no Mrs Delaney, but she was just as hot in a nymphet, Lolita kind of way. Her tits were small and perky, with no need for bra support. She wore short cut-off jeans that gave plenty of room for her ass cheeks to protrude. Her tits only slightly bobbed as she ran across the street. The fat Mr D shook all over as he waddled cross the street. I followed behind them, weaving through the traffic, my mind back on the job now. He pulled up at a seedy motel and entered the office. She got out and blew bubbles with her gum as she twisted her hair around her finger. Just how old was this kid? The pederast Mr D, who already got to shove his cock into Mrs Delaney's adorable anus, now pinched this girl's ass and led her into their room. I got out of the car and entered the office. The bloke at reception was the filthiest fucker I had ever laid my eyes on. I admired his audacity and ambivalence. "The fat man and Jail Bait come here often?" I asked. "Who wants to know?" he replied. "Me clearly, since I am the one asking. Was that a trick question?" "Who wants to know?" he replied. "Look you smelly little shit," I said grabbing his collar, "I have a serious situation here. A young girl next door might be having despicable things done to her anus, and I don't have time to fuck around!" "She's 26." "What?" I said, shoving him back. "She's 26." "You have an annoying habit of repeating yourself, Ricky," I said looking at his smeared name tag. "She can't be 26. She looks like she's never bought a tampon in her life." "Well she has, she's a junkie who sells her wares to the pervert with the biggest wallet." That confirmed my suspicions about his wallet size, and why the delectable Mrs Delaney lets him pound her sweet ass. "She's got five kids, man," he said, sadly shaking his lice ridden head in shame. "How often do they come here?" "Every day man, every fucking day." "Look, I need to have that room onced they've finished. How much?" "Fifteen bucks, they won't be long," he said grinning. I threw a 20 on the desk. "Keep the change, and keep your mouth shut," I said, walking out the door. Back in the car I waited. Reeking Ricky had been right, they weren't long. They got into the Buick and drove off. I grabbed my bag and went into the room. I set my equipment up and then went back to the office. "Tomorrow make sure they have the same room. Call me when they arrive." I laid my card on the table. "There'll be something in it for you." "Hey you're a detective," he said reading the card. "Cool. I always wanted to do that, you know like Mickey Spillane. Catch the bad guys." "Trust me, it's overrated. You just end up talking to losers who smell like toilets and chasing perverts who do vile things to people's anus's." "Cool." "Call me," I exited the stinking office relieved to be able to suck in the smoggy air of the city. I got the call from repugnant Ricky the next afternoon and hustled over there as soon as I could. By the time I got through the afternoon gridlock the despicable Mr D had finished his despicable deeds. I got the key and gathered my equipment from the room. Dropping the key off to reeking Ricky I noticed a worn poster on the wall. "Who's she?" I asked stepping closer to get a better look. "Who wants to know?" he replied. "You're not that dumb Ricky, I think you can figure it out" "That's Anus Annie. She used to sell her anus off to all the pervy old men around her. She was real popular. She could do all sorts of tricks

with her anus apparently. Not that she ever let me see.” I looked at the picture of the delicious Mrs Delaney. She was younger, and her hair was brown but she was still stunning. She was wearing brown thigh high boots and I could make out her chocolate fingernail polish as she gripped the carrot sticking out of her ass. “She’d stick everything up there man; turnips, action figures, umbrellas, lobsters, ...” “Shut the fuck up Ricky,” I said as I walked out. “Hey! Where’s my money man?” “I spent it on whores last night.” “Ass hole!” he yelled across the car park. “No, just straight pussy action.” I had stayed away from anus, saving myself for dreamy Mrs Delaney. But perhaps I had erred. I now feared I couldn't compete with GI Joe. I got back the office and poured myself a double. I hooked my computer up and sat down to watch the surveillance recording. I had to forward through various slags, hags, johns and their sons. Finally they appeared on the screen; Mr D and his lollipop girl. She went into the bathroom whilst he got undressed and started reviving his flaccid cock. He was rubbing it with gusto and talking to it. Calling it 'Striker'. She came out of the bathroom, dressed as a bunny rabbit. Not a playboy rabbit with the fluffy tail, perky ears and corset that had her tits busting out. But a fully-fledged Easter bunny. She hopped over to him, and waved her tail in his lap, rubbing it against his cock. She pulled a carrot from a hidden pocket and started to perform fellatio on it. He watched her eagerly; still pep-talking his cock into to playing hard. She knelt before him and twitched her nose, “Bunny want Striker.” He lent back on the bed, while she took his now hard cock in her mouth and starting working him up and down. Her tongue darted over his head and worked down his shaft. Every now and again she would stop and grind her teeth. Then she would get back to work on his cock. Her head was bobbing back so fast now her ears were flying all over the place. He keep thrusting his cock into her mouth, telling her to take it. He grabbed onto her ears rode her mouth like she was a motorcycle. She was deep throating him and gobbling him more like a goose than a rabid rabbit. He tensed up, close to cumming then he yelled out, “Striker!!!” as he shot his load into her mouth. Bunny stood up, wiped her mouth and headed back to the bathroom. Mr D then redressed himself, tucking 'Striker' carefully back into his own goal. Bunny came out of the bathroom, resembling once again a picture of innocence. Only this time she was busy chomping on the carrot. He handed her some cash and they exited. I pushed stop and refilled my glass. It was different, but not the kinkiest thing I had seen. I was more concerned that today might forever alter my viewpoint on carrots. And the Easter bunny for that matter. The dazzling Mrs Delaney was surprised when I rang and said I had some footage I needed to show her. She drove her delectable derrière over to my office and knocked on the door. I stayed behind my desk and told her to come in. I wanted to watch her entrance. To see those heavenly hips sway and those mammoth mammary glands move. She came in all yellow this time. Blonde hair, butter coloured sun dress, flaxen heels. Her nipples were rock hard. She looked good. “I hear you have some news for me, Mr Ford,” she said reaching into her handbag for a smoke. “I have news, but I don't think you're going to like it. Just remember I warned you.” “So you did Mr Ford.” She put the cigarette to her mouth. I grabbed my lighter and leant across the desk to flame it for her. She smiled, “Thank you,” she exhaled into my face. I choked on the smoke and nodded my head, before lighting myself a fresh one. I turned the computer around to face her. “It might be a little different from what you expected.” “Mr Ford, I have had grown men want to

shove nickels in my anus like a slot machine. I think I am more prepared for the unexpected than most women. You have to be when your anus is exposed, you never know what you're going to get." She flicked her cigarette sending ash to the floor. "Ah yes, Anus Annie." I said pouring us each a drink. "So you've heard," she said taking the glass. "I saw some things, heard some things. None of which matters to me; your anus is your anus, after all." "If only all men thought as you do Mr Ford." I pushed play on the screen and she watched her husband get orally fucked by a rabbit. When it was over she looked almost bored. "Is that it?" "Yes." "Well, thank you for work Mr Ford. You were very timely. I will recommend your services to my friends." "Thank you." "I believe I owe you some form of payment?" "Yes, I believe so." "So what would you like Mr Ford?" "I'd like you to call me Sam. And to take your dress off" She smiled and stood up. She peeled her dress down over her body slowly. Then she walked over to the window and looked out over the city. "You have a beautiful view Mr Ford" "I certainly do." I stood up, my cock throbbing and walked towards her. The sunlight danced on the highlights of her hair. I stood behind her and cupped her breasts in my hand. They were large and heavy, her nipples were erect. I pinched them and she leant back against me. I ran my hand down the front of her body and started to finger her pussy. She was wet and moist. I slipped some digits in and played a tune. She moaned, and started to work my zipper down. Her hand wrapped around my cock and she gently started to massage me. The tip of my cock was digging into her abundant ass. I couldn't take it anymore. I bent her over and slid my cock slowly into her anus. She groaned in pleasure as I fucked her harder. I slapped her wobbly ass, and grabbed her swinging tits. Holding on tight, I rode her till she screamed and I spurted my cum into her. Then slowly pulling out, I turned her around and kissed her passionately on the lips. She pressed tight against me. Her lips were full and soft, just like her body. I pulled back, and she slowly walked around me to her handbag, grabbing another smoke. Sitting on my desk naked, she crossed her legs, lent back, lit her cigarette and smiled. "I take it I have paid in full now Mr Ford?" I did my pants up and lit a cigarette of my own. Leaning my shoulder against the window I looked at her. I exhaled, "Yes, paid in full." "You just had the most famous anus in town." "I heard you used to be very popular, with men and vegetables alike." "Quite." "Can I ask a question?" "Certainly Mr Ford." "It's Sam. Does Mr D like you to dress as a bunny?" "No, never. He likes to dress as a carrot though." With that she grabbed her dress and handbag. Walking to the door, she paused, "I may need your services again sometime in the future Mr Ford. I hope that is ok." "Certainly, Mrs Delaney." I once again watched the delectable Mrs Delaney sashay her ambrosial ass down the corridor. This time it was naked so the view was much better. I hoped I would see her anus again sometime. I also thought I might go and buy some carrots, visit Suzy the whore and see what all the fuss is about.