Den of Iniquity Ch. 05

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"What happens now?" I asked.
"Well it kind of depends..." Josephine whispered.
"On what?"
"On what you want to do..."
"You've got to help me out here, Josephine."
We were lying on her bed in her apartment. I was twirling a few strands of her hair in my fingers. She was beside me with her head on my chest, caressing my naked stomach. She was talking to my cock. Or at least that's what it looked like from my vantage point.
"Well Sir, if you have things to do and need to get going, you should say so... I'm not a clingy submissive... I won't make you stay..."
"I have the day off tomorrow. I mean, I have a few things to do, but nothing urgent."
"If you wanted to stay the night with me, Sir, you should ask."
I could hear the smile in her voice.
"I think that would be presumptuous. Besides, I wouldn't want the rejection," I laughed nervously.
She giggled. "*Now* who's being presumptuous?"
Josephine rearranged herself so her right hand was taking the weight of her head, leaning on her elbow. Her left hand was moving steadily lower. The light scratches of her nails just below my navel were causing my cock to rouse and thicken. She looked steadily into my eyes and whispered.
"If you asked me if you could stay tonight, I would say no."
"Did I do something wrong?" I asked, then added, "I mean, can you tell me why?"
She blushed. "Honestly Sir, you must be crazy. You were wonderful and you can rest assured you were better than er, quiet a few of the Dominants I've had in the past. In fact, I'd love to help you learn the ropes," she giggled, "um, so to speak."
"Would you? So you'd have me back, um... if... ah... this conversation is really strange, ya know."
She smiled at me. "You mean... really open and honest?"
I nodded.
"Different, isn't it?" she asked rhetorically, gently dragging her nails the length of my half hard dick.
Different? I always thought I did okay with the ladies when I was young and single. But never had I met someone like Josephine, or had a similar conversation, 'assessing my skills'.
"What I meant was, god, how do I say this..." I took a deep breath. "I'd really like to come back some time and, um, practice on you. Jeez, I can't think of a better way to say it."

"I would be honoured, Sir." she grinned. "In fact, why don't you come over after three tomorrow and we can have some fun?"
"But not stay overnight..."
She kissed the tip of my nose.
"I have a flower shop to run, and a delivery first thing in the morning."
"Oh."
She smiled at me.
"Are you surprised?
"That you run a flower shop?"
She nodded.
"On a scale of one to ten? About a seven, I guess." I grinned.
"You might be surprised how many submissives, both male and female, actually work in positions of authority. I guess it's kind of like a rebound effect."
My mind conjured up Chantelle calling me 'Sir', and admiring my cock. But Chantelle wasn't a submissive, was she? "Is it like they want to balance their hectic and responsible lives with a period where they lack responsibility, a time when they lack control?"
"Ooooo... well said, Sir. Yes, that's about right."
"Interesting."
She smiled. "Why's that?"
"Well, it means just about anyone in the world could be a sub, doesn't it?"
She nodded. "Just about. Do you want to hear my theory? It's not about gender. It's about dominance and submission."
"Hmmm, ok, I'm game. What's the theory?"
"Well, in dominance and submission, we have a basic truth. All the people in the world fit on a sliding scale where at one end one has the 'Dominant', and at the other end the 'submissive'. Everyone in the world is somewhat dominant and somewhat submissive, depending on the time and place. So everyone fits somewhere on this sliding scale. Vanilla people are somewhere around the middle. Dominants and submissives are at either end. That's my theory. Do you like it?"
"Sounds good to me. I haven't really thought about it like that. I like it."
"Thank you, Sir," she blushed. "So it's not about gender or sexism, it's just about dominance and submission."
"I guess that explains you and Chantelle."
"I shouldn't talk about Chantelle and I."
"Aw, go on... I'm so interested in what makes her tick."
"It would be gossiping, and that's naughty."
"You're already naughty."
I sat up and faced her on my knees, flipping her onto her back. I only needed one hand to hold her in place while I started tickling her.
"I am not!" she squealed and laughed, trying to escape.

"Are so!" I tickled her ribs harder. She was squirming and giggling uncontrollably.
"Noooooo!!!"
"Tell me!"
I got on top of her and sat on her thighs, batting away her hands.
"Noooooo!!!"
I tickled her all over, faster and faster.
"Aahhhahahhahaaaahhaaaaa!!! Stop! Stop!"
"Not till you tell me!"
She was writhing and wriggling like a maniac, trying to escape my tickling clutches. Tears of laughter coursed down her cheeks.
"Stop ahhhhhh stop I'll tell you... noooooooo... aahhahahhaaahahahaaaa..."
"Tell me now!"
"All right all right ooooo ahahahhaaaaaaahhahaaa I can't talk ahahahahahaaaaaaa..."
"Now!" I said, tickling her more and more.
"I lick her cunt! There I told you! I lick her cunt!!! oohhhhhh please stop ahahahahaaaaa... it hurts ahahahaaaa..."
I grabbed her wrists and held them down on either side of her head, against her pillow. She was breathing hard.
I whispered softly, "You're a dirty little slut, aren't you?" and smiled.
"I am not!" she whined, but her eyes sparkled.
"So you're a *lying* dirty little slut then?"
"Um..."
Her chest was heaving and a sparkle of perspiration had risen on her top lip.
My cock throbbed and a bolt of pre-cum oozed from the tip onto Josephine's ribs. We both looked down to see my cock, hard and angry red, the tip wet with pre-cum, another drip dangling from the underside of the flaring head. I could only imagine what it looked like to her.
She spoke, staring wide-eyed at my cock. "What are you going to d..."
Before she even finished the sentence, I raised myself up and pressed the head of my cock to her mouth. At first she feigned surprise but in a split second she moaned around it and began to suck avidly, her eyes closing and her cheeks hollowing.
I let go of one of her wrists and pointed my throbbing cock into her mouth with my grip holding it half way up the rigid shaft. I smiled as I felt her hand curl around my ass cheek, trying to pull more of my cock into her mouth. I still had one of her wrists pinned to her pillow. I let go of my cock and felt it bend painfully as the head hit the back of her mouth. She put her hand on the front of my thigh and pushed me back until my cock popped free, swaying and glistening in front of her eyes.
"I'll choke this way, Sir," she gasped. Her eyes were wild and she licked her lips.
"You like sucking cock, don't you?"
"I like doing anything that pleases you, Sir," she panted.
"Answer the fucking question," I said, taking my cock in hand and pressing it across her lips again.

"Yes... I like it..." she swirled her tongue around the head, quickly sucking away the pre-cum that appeared.
"Good girl."
She looked up at me and sucked harder, her eyes bright and smiling. Her mouth curled at the edges and her tongue lapped at the tip, making me shudder.
"Oh yeah, you like to suck cock."
She nodded a little and pushed me out of her mouth again.
"I like sucking cock..." she whispered.
"But you don't like choking..."
She shook her head a little, telling me 'no'.
"And a different position would be better..."
She nodded with her cheeks hollowed, sucking with her hand still gripping my ass. I kneeled up and my cock popped free straight out in front of me. "What do you suggest?"
She smiled softly and said, "I still might fail, Sir..."
"Fail?"
"Well... I mean... you have a big cock, Sir."
"It's not that big." I'd seen *huge* cocks on the Internet.
Her eyes smiled. "You have a big cock, Sir," she repeated.
"We'll just have to see then."
She grinned and slid around, her head hanging off the edge of the bed, straightening her throat. Her hands went down to her cunt, two fingers sliding straight inside. With the thumb of her other hand she started stroking up and down her clit.
"This is better! Fuck my mouth, Sir!"
"Oh yeah," I said, shaking my head and standing, walking around the bed into position. "You love it."

An hour later I was lying on my own bed, staring at the ceiling. Dominants. Submissives. What was it she said about gender? *It's not about gender, it's about Dominance and submission*. That was it. Interesting slant. I must ask Chantelle about that. I groaned. I figured I'd have to tell her I fucked Josephine too. I wondered what she might say. I looked over at the clock. It was three A.M. Closing my eyes, I was asleep in minutes.
The phone woke me in the morning and I wondered who it could be. "Hello? Roger Moore speaking..."
"Hello Mr. Moore. It's Angelo Terrazzo."
"Ah, Angelo, how are you?" I asked, sitting up and stretching.
"Just a courtesy call for one of my favourite customers, Sir. Your suit is ready."
"Thank you Angelo," I said, yawning, "I'll be there sometime today to pick it up."
"As you wish, Mr. Moore. As you wish..."

"Please Angelo, call me Roger..." I asked, before hearing yelling in the background.
"Ah okay, I gotta go Mr. Moore, my wife is driving me apples!"
"Okay. I'll see you later, Angelo." The phone clicked and I went to hang it up. Did it click again? I was sure I heard it click again. I put it back to my ear. No, I must have imagined it. I hung it up and went to put the kettle on.
Friday, I thought. One day to go till the party. I made my coffee and sat out on the balcony. I needed sunglasses it was so bright. I went inside to find them and the phone rang again. "Hello? Angelo?" Nothing. Not even breathing. "Hello?" I asked. "Hello?"
"Must be a wrong number," I grumbled, and hung up. I found my sunglasses and was on the way back outside when the phone rang again.
"Hello? Roger Moore here, who's there?" Nothing again. I rolled my eyes and hung up. I'd only been sitting outside for a few minutes, when the phone rang *again*. I picked it up in a huff. "Listen you stupid prick, if you keep this..."
"Roger?"
"Um, hello?"
It was a female. "Roger?" It sounded like Chantelle.
"Chantelle?"
"Yes it's Chantelle, how many others are there?" she asked, giggling.
"It depends what day it is," I smiled.
She laughed again. "What was that all about?"
"Just a heavy breather, nothing to worry about."
"I see... Look, I rang to ask a favour."
"I'd be pleased to help, if I can."
"Well, I don't know if you'd want to do this. I um... I need an escort."
"I'll be there soon..."
"I mean, I wouldn't ask if, um, if Jonathan was here. But well, it's his day off."
"I said I'd be there, Chantelle."
"Roger, you're a doll."
"When do you need me?"
"By midday."
"I'll be there by eleven thirty."
"My hero," she sighed.
"All right, all right... See you soon."
"Thanks Roger, I'll owe you one."
I hung up and wondered how I'd claim my pound of flesh. I chuckled to myself. An escort eh? That's about as far as I got with that thought. I simply could not think of what I might possibly be doing. My mind went blank. I shrugged and sipped my coffee.
I better ask about the 'entertainment' Chantelle is organising. I didn't want to be embarrassed by what might go on, or worse, embarrass the partners. That might prove to be a problem. I didn't really know

that much about them, Gardner and Hammerstein. Hmmmmmm. Sylvia wouldn't help. What about Annie? Maybe Annie knew a bit about them. If she did, I might be able to gauge what was acceptable. I didn't want this to be a big mistake.
My thoughts returned to Chantelle. I was looking forward to talking with her again.

"Good morning Angelo," I said. The door had just closed behind me, striking its bell.
"Mr. Moore! So good to see you, Sir. Come in, come in."
"I ah, just came in to change, Angelo. I think I'll retire the suit I'm wearing."
"It's seen better days, Sir," he said, smiling.
"That's an understatement."
Angelo grinned. "One moment and I will be back with your suit. It's hanging in the storeroom, bagged and ready."
"Thanks so much, Angelo. Very timely!" I raised my voice so he could hear me as he padded away.
"I heard you have a big party tomorrow, Sir. I think it better to have a new suit too."
"Well, thank you Angelo, and be sure to thank your son too. I'm sure Claudio had a hand in this."
"I will, and it's a pleasure, Mr. Moore. Will that be cheque or charge?"
"Cheque please, Angelo. Tell me Angelo, you must make suits for all kinds of people."
"Indeed Sir. I have customers keep coming back 40 years now."
"My, that is impressive... Do you know Gardner and Hammerstein?"
"The lawyers? Sure I know him. Mr. Gardner, good customer, always telling stories."
"Stories?"
"Well, I just say, you keep clear of him. He's a peculiar man, Mr. Moore."
It didn't feel right grilling him so I thanked him for the advice and wrote out a cheque then asked if there was somewhere I could change. Angelo directed me to the changing area and I slipped out of my battered old brown suit into a crisp, clean, new navy blue one. It was very expensive looking and the material had a sheen to it. I knew nothing about suits but I knew this was a damn good one. I was glad I had worn a white shirt and maroon tie. I looked down. Yes, the black shoes were perfect. I didn't feel silly wearing them now. I smoothed down the lapels as I turned in the small mirror and felt something in the inside pocket. I went to pull it out when Angelo pulled back the curtain and beckoned me out to look in the larger full-length mirror. I left whatever it was in the pocket. It felt like an envelope.
"It looks great and it feels fantastic Angelo," I said, genuinely impressed.
"It's a good suit, Sir," he said, checking the length and fit.
"Well, all I know is, I've never looked better so, thank you again, Angelo."
"The suit fits, Sir," he winked.
I grinned from the mirror to Angelo and back again.
"I have to get going. I have an appointment to make."

"Very well, Sir. Enjoy your day, compliments of Angelo Terrazzo."
I smiled and shook his hand warmly.
"I owe you one, Angelo."
"I'll remember that, Mr. Moore." I waved back at him as I left him in his dark store.
Outside, the crisp autumn air invigorated me. I decided to make my way to the Domina Flagrante. I was running almost an hour early but like a moth to a flame, I found myself there, pressing the buzzer on the intercom.
"Good Morning and welcome to the Domina Flagrante. How may I help?"
"Hello Adrian, it's Roger Moore again."
"Mr. Moore, come in, come in." The heavy oak door buzzed and whirred in its familiar way and slowly opened. "You're early, Sir. Mistress will be pleased," he grinned.
"Can't keep me away it seems, Adrian," I said honestly.
"Is that a new suit, Sir? My, you do look dashing."
"Indeed it is. It's great isn't it? It's one of Angelo Terrazzo's."
I tugged at the sleeves and smoothed down over it. Suddenly I remembered the envelope and almost went to pull it out. Then I thought better of it, and decided to take a look later.
"Could you let Chantelle know I am here, Adrian?"
"I certainly will Sir, but," he said leaning into me, "she probably knows already." Adrian nodded above his left shoulder and my eyes followed his to the shiny new surveillance camera.
"All mod cons..." I said. Adrian just winked. "I'll be in the salon."
"As you wish Sir," he replied and bowed.
I walked the few steps down the hallway to the entrance of the salon. It was early and there were only a few people in there. One older man was sipping coffee and reading a newspaper, half of it spread out on the chair beside him. There was also a couple sitting by the windows. I walked up to the bar and greeted the barman.
"Good morning."
"Hello Mr. Moore, I am Johnson. What can I tempt you with this fine morning?"
"Ah, hello, Johnson. I'd like an espresso, and a glass of water, please." I had no idea how he knew my name.
"Can I interest you in a pastry, Sir?"
"What do you have?"
"I'll bring a selection, Sir."
"Thank you, Johnson."
"Would you like the paper, Sir?"
"I would," I replied. "Thank you."
"If you would like to get comfortable, I'll bring the paper over right away."
I walked over to one of the low coffee tables near the window at the back of the salon. I'd barely taken a breath before Johnson came over and placed the paper on the table in front of me. He never uttered a word, merely nodding when I thanked him. I watched as he went through the double doors

beside the bar. I was scanning the front page when he returned with my espresso and the glass of water.
"Thanks again, Johnson."
"You are welcome, Sir."
Returning my attention to the paper, I opened it to pages two and three, and my jaw dropped. There on page three was a photograph of Sylvia Harper, with her hands up in front of her face, trying to avoid an obviously insistent photographer. She had done a good job concealing her identity. Fortunately for her, the paper had done the rest and placed a black rectangle over her face. She was almost impossible to identify, unless one recognised the Chanel suit she sometimes wore. And her stunning figure. But in my mind, it was the headline that confirmed her identity.
"Society Wife In Political Scandal!" I knew Sylvia was a rich widow and was definitely a *society wife* even if her much older husband had passed away a couple of years previous. I read on incredulously.
"The Hallgate scandal took a new twist today as photographs depicting lewd acts involving a number of former and serving politicians and a society wife (pictured) allegedly surfaced. This reporter is yet to sight the said photographs, but a reliable source confirms their existence. Legal advice requires that we not divulge her identity.
"The Hallgate scandal, allegedly involving political payoffs originating from the office of retired Senator Ray Hall, is still under investigation. The link appears to be a high profile law firm here in the city."
I winced. They practically named her. And the law firm. The story continued...
"Rumours abound, but this reporter has it on good authority that photographs depicting the accused in group sex and bondage situations have been posted on the Internet; however no evidence has been found to support that contention."
I put the paper down and must have been ashen faced. Chantelle stood before me and for a moment I thought she was an angel. She wore a neck to floor sleeveless sculpted off white number with a diamond-encrusted collar around her neck. And I thought *I* looked good!
"What's wrong? Are you all right?" she asked. Just then Johnson returned with a plate of pastries. Chantelle waved him away.
"Yes... yes, I'm fine, just..." I pointed to the paper and Chantelle floated around me to look over my shoulder. "I know her," I said, indicating the picture.
"So do I... I think I've seen her here before."
I narrowed my eyes. Bondage, Internet, photos... "God, that reminds me," I said, reaching for the inside pocket of my suit. I pulled out what did turn out to be an envelope, and felt what was inside it. I was pretty sure it was a picture. It had "Roger Moore" written on the front of it. "This could only be from Claudio. I bought this suit from his father this morning."
"I'm not so sure... it's not his handwriting..."
"Hmmm."
"What do you think is in there? Why don't you open it?" Chantelle asked.
"To be honest, and this is just a hunch, but I'm not sure if I really want to know," I replied. What I was

actually thinking was, *I don't want to get involved*.
"Really?"
"Yes, I'm serious."
"What if I put it in my safe then?"
"Is it concealed?"
"Yes."
"Then let's go."
Leaving the open paper strewn across the coffee table, we hurried upstairs past the exhibition rooms and both stood impatiently while Chantelle activated her doorway. We slipped quickly inside.
"Close your eyes," she insisted.
"Chantelle, I don't think that's necessa..."
"Just do it Roger."
"All right, all right..." I said, closing my eyes. I heard her rummaging around and the metallic clunk clunk of a safe being opened and closed.
"Okay, you can open now."
I opened my eyes and looked around. Okay, maybe it was just as well. I couldn't see any evidence of where the safe was. "Clever."
She winked at me. "Should we have a drink?"
I looked at my watch. "Don't we have somewhere to be?"
"Yes, we do, but not till two o'clock, and um, I have a confession to make..."
"You do?"
She grinned. "I ah... I put back your 3.00 P.M. 'appointment' to 7.00 P.M. and um, gave Josephine the night off."
"Oh... I guess that means *I* have a confession to make, too."
"According to our deal, yes, you do." She winked.
"I think I'll have that drink now." I grinned.
"Good, because I also have a present for you..."
"Chantelle..."
"Don't worry, it's nothing I can't afford."
She picked up her pager and crinkled her nose. She pressed one of the buttons and in moments the buzzer to her office door went off.
She then pressed another button and I turned and watched the door slowly open.
My jaw dropped again. This was proving to be a stunning day. There stood Annie Wilkinson from work! She was wearing the sheerest off white silk shift a hot-blooded male could imagine. Her turgid nipples showed clearly through the material and she'd even put on some make-up, which was unusual for the 'all-natural' girl she was. She looked better than she had last night! She was blushing and grinning like mad, and holding what looked like a wooden briefcase cradled in her arms in front of her.
"Hello Sir," Annie said. "I've brought your present."

I smiled and shook my head. "Shouldn't you be at work?"
"I took a sick day, Sir. You won't tell, will you?" she giggled.
"Somehow I don't think so," I replied, smiling at her. "I'll have you know this is quite a pleasant surprise."
"It is for me too, Sir." She blushed and looked lovely. "But when Mistress Chantelle calls and asks you to jump, you don't ask 'how high'." I smiled again and looked across at Chantelle. She raised her glass to me.
"A toast to someone born to Dominance," she smiled.
I looked from Chantelle to Annie and back again. "What's going on?"
"Oh Roger. It's not fair. You are always two steps ahead of me. Have a drink for god's sake," said Chantelle, passing me a scotch on the rocks. Frankly I wished I knew what she was talking about, but I let the illusion remain. I raised my glass and sipped.
"Yes... this is quite a surprise," I grinned.
Chantelle nodded at Annie and she slowly approached. Christ she was stacked. I swear I never noticed how busty she was. It was a mere three or four steps towards me that she glided, but her breasts with their hardened nipples jiggled and drew my attention. I looked back up and Annie smiled bashfully.
"I am taken aback by your beauty, Annie. You are quite a lot more than your office wear allows you to be."
She blushed strongly and kneeled down in front of me. Then she spoke...
"Sir, it is my great pleasure to present you with this case. Mistress Chantelle has informed me it is your first, and Sir, I can honestly say it is one of the greatest honours this girl has had bestowed upon her." She bowed her head and raised the case upwards.
I looked from Annie to Chantelle, who mouthed the words "take it". "Thank you Annie. I am a fortunate man indeed to have such beauty surrounding me." I reached out my hands and took the offered case. "The only question remaining is... what is it?" I looked across at Chantelle and she was looking at Annie. She nodded to her and I saw Annie rise in the corner of my eye.
"Sir?" Annie asked.
I looked back at her, holding the case in my hands.
"Sir, if it would please you, this girl is at your, um, *disposal*," she said, grinning and blushing crimson.
How my life could change so suddenly was beyond me. For a moment, time seemed to stand still as I took everything in. Only a couple of days ago my life felt like it was drifting. Work, school, home, sleep in a never-ending grind. Now I felt like I had a purpose. It was an intoxicating feeling.
I felt like a kid in a candy store. I almost rattled the case like a Christmas present. Of course I figured Chantelle had spoken to Adrian, who retrieved a nice case for her, and she had popped in a flogger and crop for me. I mean, she said she would, and I remembered her saying so. But this was a lot of fun and seemed almost ceremonial. And hell, I was loving it!
We were standing in the space between the door and Chantelle's desk and after quickly looking around, I thought, *something is wrong with this picture*. "Chantelle," I said, looking to her, "let's move

into your... jeez... what do you call your area back there?"
Chantelle smiled. "It's my 'study', silly boy." Annie giggled.
"Okay, let's retire to your study then."
Chantelle surprised me by responding, "As you wish, Sir."
I impulsively reached for Annie's hand, which I took and squeezed in mine. Chantelle actually led us, opening and holding the curtain. I looked over my shoulder at Chantelle as we passed close by her. Her eyes sparkled. She moved to her left and flicked a switch. Low lighting illuminated her study and the sound of waves crashing on beaches filled the background. "Okay, okay, just hang on a sec..."
They both looked at me. I hesitated a moment before plowing onward. "Look, I don't know what you two had planned, but it's not gonna happen until I have some answers." They looked at each other. Annie's face was grim. Chantelle just smiled. "Chantelle?"
"Ask and you shall receive."
I thought a moment. "Why is Annie here?"
"Annie is here because I know you like her and she admitted to me that she likes you."
I smiled at Annie and she blushed again. "What are you doing standing?"
"Sir?"
"Get on your knees Annie."
"Yes, Sir," she replied and eagerly did so. I was impressed.
I turned my attention back to Chantelle. "You know I fucked Josephine last night." I heard Annie gasp. "I know you did more than just fuck her." I raised my eyebrows, unsure of what to say. "Well, let's just say you passed, Roger," she said, grinning. I shook my head, suddenly conscious of Annie listening. I held out my free hand and Chantelle reached for it. I stepped toward her, taking her hand and bringing it to my lips to kiss the back of it. I knew Annie was watching us keenly. "Roger, please, open the case and let's at least get past that." Now Chantelle was blushing too.
"All right..." I sighed mockingly and grinned at her. I walked the couple of steps back to the couch and sat on the edge if it, placing the case on the coffee table in front of me. Chantelle sat on the other end. Popping the latches, I opened the lid.
My eyes widened when I saw all of the objects in the case. Everything was tight and compact. Of course the beautiful flogger took pride of place, winding its way around the case. "God," I muttered, as my eyes flicked from item to item. There were maybe ten or twelve pieces! Not only that, but everything had its place. Everything was set in sculpted, red foam padding.
I glanced up at Chantelle. She just smiled. I wanted to protest. I really did. I just couldn't believe it was so full. I could barely tear my eyes from it. As I scanned the open case before me, my grin grew. In the centre was a pair of steel handcuffs. *Always a Dom necessity*, I thought. In each corner was a beautiful, padded, black leather cuff, which I imagined were for wrists and ankles. I picked one up and admired it, running my fingers over its studs, while my eyes were drawn back to the case.
I replaced the leather cuff and picked up a small box. Inside it, according to the picture on its side, was a three-piece set of clamps, linked by chain, apparently for clit and nipples. I smiled as I looked at the picture. I don't think I would have recognised what they were otherwise. I replaced the small

box of clamps and picked up the crop from its place in the foam. I smiled at Chantelle and hit the crop against my palm.
In the corner of my eye I saw Annie jump. I looked across at her and she was blushing. I smiled and looked back down. All in all there were eleven pieces. Flogger, crop, four leather cuffs, steel handcuffs, clamp set, vibrator (with batteries!), dildo and butt plug. "You really shouldn't have done this, Chantelle," I said smiling softly at her.
"Roger..." she hesitated for effect. "Firstly, it's the least I can do. And secondly, I will give you anything I damn well please," she grinned.
"Well, I'm speechless. Thank you."
"You are welcome. There are a few things missing. A few lengths of rope are always handy, usually about twenty feet will do. I always find ben wah balls amusing, and a remote control vibrating egg is always fun. If you wander around an adult shop you might be surprised what catches your eye."
"I'll have to take your word for it, Chantelle," I smiled. "I've never been inside one before."
"I'll give you a couple of business cards for ones you would enjoy... not tacky ones."
I just smiled and looked back down. I looked up at Annie and she was squirming. "Ants in your panties, Annie?"
"Um... no Sir," she said, stilling herself.
"I don't believe you. Give them to me. Stand up and take them off."
Annie's eyes flicked over to Chantelle then back to me. Chantelle chuckled. "Oh Annie, you are so cute. What did you say when I told you Roger was learning to be a Dominant?"
"Um," she said, standing up and reaching under her shift, "I um, I said I was surprised and I said I thought it was wonderful."
"And what did you DO when I told you?"
She blushed madly and looked at me while bending forward, sliding her thong down her thighs to drop past her calves to the floor. I could see her large breasts swing away from her as she did. She looked to Chantelle and answered. "I jumped and clapped, Mistress," she said in a quiet voice. She stood upright and stepped out of her thong. I'd never seen anyone blushing redder. "Roger, I mean Sir... gosh, sorry... Sir, may I speak, please... I'm dying here..."
"We wouldn't want that, Annie. I have a few questions for you too. Go ahead and speak your peace."
She seemed a little taken aback that I was going to ask her questions. Wringing her hands together, she shifted her weight from foot to foot. She was stalling and I looked quickly at Chantelle. *Should I chastise her?* I asked with my eyes. Chantelle made a small movement with her left hand that I instantly knew meant, *Wait a moment*.
"Annie, we are waiting..." Chantelle said.
"Ohh... I'm sorry Mistress, Roger, oh Sir, I mean Mistress and Sir!"
"It's okay Annie," I offered. "Honestly, you can ask me anything."
"Well, I just wondered if we could keep this private!" she blurted. I furrowed my brow at her. "I mean, 'Sir, ' gosh, I'm really fucking this up." She slapped her hand across her mouth like she'd uttered a mortal sin and I laughed.

"Annie... If you mean, 'Sir, can we keep our involvement in this lifestyle private?', then I am in complete agreement."
She nodded and blushed anew. "Thank you Sir, I mean," she dipped her head and looked at the floor, "I don't want anyone else to know, but I really like you, Sir, and I mean I really want to please you and everything."
"You have already, Annie. It's all right, you have already."
"Thank you Sir," she said, looking at me through her eyelashes and smiling. For a split second I wondered if she thought she'd hooked me. I shook away the improper thought and looked to Chantelle.
"Chantelle, do you have anything you would like Annie to respond to?"
Chantelle tore her eyes from Annie and looked over at me positively beaming. I thought I saw a worrisome sparkle of lust in her eyes. I'd seen it before. I needed this to be serious. "Annie," Chantelle started, "I know a little about you already, and I know you like..."
I almost lunged at Chantelle, but of course it was nothing like that. I just leaned over to her and whispered in her ear. But I did it quickly. "Please Chantelle, I have some very serious questions I want to ask her, just wait, please, for me."
She pulled back from me, the embers in her eyes smouldering, then her face softened and I thought she might actually be blushing herself. She leaned back to my ear and whispered softly. "I will go easy, but don't deny me a little fun, Roger."
I pulled back from Chantelle and reached up, holding her chin very lightly in my hand. I whispered to her that I would never be that selfish, and I winked. I didn't care if Annie heard me or not.
"Annie, I want you to answer Roger's questions with your shift held up around your hips, legs a little open please." Annie gasped. Fortunately, I stifled mine!
Annie looked from Chantelle, to me, and back to Chantelle again. She was searching for a reprieve. Well, I wanted to see what she would do, so I wasn't going to interrupt. I snuck a look at Chantelle and she winked at me. I turned back to Annie and looked her up and down.
She would have a pretty cunt, I thought. Again fortunately, what came out was, "Come on Annie, we haven't got all night. If Chantelle would like to see your pussy while you answer my questions, I think the least you could do is oblige her." *Besides*, I thought, *she might tell the truth*. Annie's face was so red, she actually looked blotchy. It was absolutely adorable and I thought she only looked prettier.
"I've, ugh god... I've never d... done anything like this before..." Annie stuttered.
"You mean show your pussy to more than one person at once?" asked Chantelle pointedly.
"Yes Mistress," she gasped, fighting for air it seemed.
"Come on, hurry up."
"Y... Yes Mistress."
Annie tentatively took the thin silk in her hands and lifted the front of it. She was looking down and so were Chantelle and I. But we weren't looking at the floor. We watched as more and more of Annie's slim alabaster thighs were revealed to our eyes. Higher and higher she lifted the shift, until revealed to both of us, was a pretty, puffy pussy. Cleanly and recently shaved. Bare and beautiful.

Chantelle and I stared for a moment. Annie looked strikingly sexy, standing there with the silk bunched in her hands, the pink in her cheeks extending down her neck. Even her chest had started to blush. Her pussy was moist too. Chantelle and I both could see that. The gentle glistening on the skin of her slightly protruding inner lips was clearly evident. I broke the magic with a question.
"Are there photographs of Sylvia Harper in compromising positions with politicians?"
Annie coughed and I thought she might choke. She went suddenly pale. "I can't answer that."
"You can't or you won't, Annie?"
"I can't, Sir. I promised!"
"I think you've already answered the question, Annie."
"Oh, no..." Annie whispered and dropped the silk hem, putting her face in her hands.
"Annie, look at me," I said. She did. "Annie, it is important you are honest with me. *Very* important. Nothing you say will go beyond this room. You have my word on that. Right Chantelle?"
Chantelle was just amazed. I think she had a dry mouth. "Yes, you have my word on that too."
I looked back to Annie. "Annie, pick up the hem again." She did. Chantelle sat back in the lounge and re-crossed her legs. "Good girl. Now Annie," I asked, forging onward. "Why is Sylvia so upset about the party tomorrow night?"
"Oh Sir, I really shouldn't tell."
"Look Annie, Sylvia might be in a lot of trouble. We can't help her if we don't know what's going on."
"Ohhhh... alright, I'll tell. But I... I... I want you to know I NEVER tell secrets. Please Sir... Ma'am... don't judge me for telling." Her hands were all screwed up in the silk. She wasn't acting.
"Oh Annie, you are so sweet," said Chantelle. "You know little one, there comes a time when one must choose and choose wisely, and this is one of those times. We will not judge you for making that choice."
"Oh, thank you, Mistress. I... well... all I know is, Sylvia went to this office party one time and got a bit drunk. She woke up the next morning on her couch and there was a video on the coffee table. She couldn't even remember getting home."
"A video? When was this?"
"Um, a couple of years ago."
"Years?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Okay, go on."
"Well, Sylvia asked me over to see if I recognised any of the um, men in the video and I didn't. Um... it really turned me on though. I always thought Sylvia was beautiful and seeing her getting fucked and fucked like that..." Her colour had come back to her cheeks. Chantelle and I sat quietly, listening.
"Well anyway that's when I joined here because I wanted to be tied up and um, you know, done, like in the video but not like um gangbanged like that but... ohhhh..."
"It's all right Annie, go on."
"Yes Sir, sorry, and um... I only heard about this place from a mutual friend, Claudio Terrazzo, I think you know him."

"Yes," Chantelle agreed, "Claudio is a good friend."
I studied Annie's face. Perhaps I should have been studying Chantelle's. "How do you know Claudio, Annie?"
"Well, I... I met him in the coffee shop opposite work. It was right around the time of all this happening with Sylvia."
"Has Sylvia found out who is in the video with her?"
"Not yet Sir, well, she knows who four of them are, but she doesn't know who the other three are."
"So there were seven. Was there any message with the tape?"
"Yes, Sir. It said 'only copy', and that's all."
"What happened? Did she lose the video?"
"No Sir, she destroyed it. Then about five months later she started getting single photographs mailed to her, without any note. That was when she started to get a bit unhinged. Teasing me about my coming here, really bossing me around... drinking... she um, she really abused me Sir. But I need my job..."
Annie started crying at that point. I looked over at Chantelle and she motioned me to go to Annie. I got up off the couch and took her hands in mine, letting her drop her hem. I put her arms around my waist and gently stroked her back while cradling her head against my chest. "It's all right Annie. It's all right. We understand. Does Sylvia know where the photos are coming from?"
"She hasn't told me..."
"Okay, that's okay." I hugged her warmly and she molded herself to me, relaxing a little and melting into me. "Is there anything else you can tell us?"
"Only that Sylvia is convinced Gardner is behind it. But she has no proof. As well as another shadowy person. She has been manipulated by him ever since, driving her crazy with his taunts and innuendo, but nothing concrete. Threats and things too. She even slept with him to try to get him off her back but she said it only made things worse."
"I see. And how is Sylvia now?"
"She seems okay, Sir. She says unless there's a picture of her putting on the bondage hood, no one can tell it's her anyway. She doesn't have any tattoos or anything Sir. She said she's not going to let it worry her until that photo turns up. She's just hoping it doesn't."
I sighed realising I was getting drawn into this whether I liked it or not. "Well, Annie, I think we are done here. I think you've had quite enough excitement for one day."
"You won't be needing me then, Sir?" She sounded so sweet and hopeful.
"Not at this time Annie. But please know, I will be calling on you in the near future, okay?" I smiled.
"Oh yes Sir! Thank you Sir." She grinned and looked to Chantelle. "Can I go now, please, Ma'am?"
Chantelle just waved her hand and Annie turned on her heels and skipped out. Just like that. In the outer office I heard Chantelle's door open and close and she and I were alone again.
"That was strange," I said.
"Sad I think, not strange. Maybe spiteful and dangerous for one's reputation, not to mention embarrassing, but I don't know about strange."

"Didn't you say you knew her?"
"Who?"
"Sylvia Harper, Chantelle. Get with the program." I winked.
"I think I've seen her here before. I just can't put my finger on it."
I suddenly realised a lot of time had passed. "Oh shit," I said, looking at my watch. "Shouldn't we get going?"
"Yes of course. I'll have Adrian bring the limo around. Feel like driving it? I promise I'll sit up front," she grinned.
"Sure, it'll be fun." Fifteen minutes later Chantelle was directing me into the leafy suburbs toward our destination.
"You know Roger, we might unknowingly see some of the people involved in this Sylvia Harper business..."
"Where exactly are we going?"
"It's only for an hour. It's a fund raiser. I basically have to write out a cheque and we'll be out of there."
"Politicians?"
"Yes Roger. Let's call it 'greasing the wheels of democracy' shall we?"
Indeed that was exactly what we did. We drove up a long driveway and someone took the keys of the limo from me. Chantelle and I, arm in arm, walked up to the steps and someone took our coats. It was all very formal and of course the place was immaculate. Apparently it was the house of a current senator who thought it was a good idea to help raise funds for a colleague. Quite frankly I was pretty much in awe the whole time I was there. I was nodding and chatting to people I didn't even know. I've never been good at that. I felt particularly alone when Chantelle went off to write her cheque.
I was admiring what looked suspiciously like a Rubens when a voice asked, "Is that you Roger?"
"I am, yes," I said, and turned.
The man's face was familiar but I couldn't find a name in my memory. "Alex O'Donohue, at your service, Sir."
"Alex, that's right, I met you at, er, the other night, didn't I?"
"Yes, at Chantelle's place. It's okay, Roger, no one's listening," the white haired man said.
"Yes, well, you know, it's a bit awkward."
"True enough. This Harper business has us all on edge."
I wasn't sure what to say. "Yes, well, it would, wouldn't it."
"Yes. And it goes without saying that mum's the word."
"Of course, Alex. Of course."
"It's good to have you with us Roger. There have been good things said about you."
"I hope I can live up to them, Sir." I had no fucking idea what he was talking about. But I wasn't stopping him. Admittedly I had a strange feeling about our conversation, I mean, "mum's the word"? Who says that shit these days? But I knew an opening when I saw one, and I wasn't going to close it.
"Roger! Alex! There you are." It was Chantelle, coming to pick up her 'escort'. Why did I suddenly get the feeling I should run? Like really *run*? I could hear a conversation going on around me. I heard the

painting was indeed a Rubens. I heard myself talking a few times too. But mostly I was thinking about Josephine. "Something on your mind Roger?" We were driving back to the city. The suburbs were far behind us by now. We'd been silent most of the way, apart from the time I mentioned how bad the traffic was, going in the opposite direction. I certainly wasn't going to tell her what was really on my mind.

"I was just thinking about the party tomorrow night. I hope the entertainment you've organised is appropriate for those who are likely to attend."

"Oh Roger, you are such a sweety. Don't you worry, okay? Leave it up to me. I can assure you, everything I have planned is entirely appropriate and tasteful."

Despite the fact that a small part of me wasn't convinced, my lips said, "Thank you, Chantelle, I'm really looking forward to it." I wasn't lying. I looked over at her. Chantelle looked innocent and untouched as the streetlights lit her face and plunged it into darkness alternately. "What about you Chantelle? Anything on your mind?"

Silence ruled for a few more minutes, until something pushed Chantelle to speak. "Sometimes circumstances are at fault Roger. That's all you can blame. Just circumstances." All I could do was nod. I figured if she wanted to tell me what was going on, she would.

The bright lights and tall buildings of the city began to loom above the headlights of the limo as we hurtled along the highway back into town. Chantelle rang ahead for Adrian to meet us out front. It was getting dark. And it was getting late. I wanted to be right on time at Josephine's. We were standing outside the Domina Flagrante, and I'd just told Chantelle it was after six thirty.

"But that's plenty of time Roger, your date with Josephine isn't until seven o'clock! How about another drink?"

"Are you trying to make me late, Chantelle?"

"Me? Never!" she chuckled and shook her mane of raven hair.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Chantelle."

"Alright Roger... Big party tomorrow." Her eyes danced.

"Yes. I hope this Sylvia Harper thing doesn't ruin it." I gave her a hug when she opened her arms to me.

"I'm sure everything will be fine," she said.

"Yes, I'm sure too."

"Oh wait, you forgot your case!" Chantelle punched some buttons and spoke urgently into her mobile phone. In a minute Adrian had apparently parked the limo, dashed upstairs, and returned carrying my case. He passed it to Chantelle and I thought he might collapse from exhaustion. As if Adrian's efforts were nothing, she ignored him and grinned as she put the handle in my outstretched hand. "Go with my blessing, Roger."

"Thank you, Chantelle. Thanks for everything. And um, thanks for getting my case, Adrian." They both told me not to worry and to enjoy the evening. Chantelle even said something about kissing my virginity goodbye. I left them behind me on the footpath outside the Domina Flagrante, and headed the few blocks to Josephine's apartment.

I was starting to get excited!