

This new series centers on domination and submission, and includes themes within the BDSM sphere. This has slavery themes and has women who are put in submission reluctantly. If any of this is a turnoff, stop reading now.

This series will eventually tie into two of my others; Santo Diablo and Family Submission. These three series exist in the same universe, and will include characters from all three to build a bigger world and deeper story. This first part is a little longer than I usually post and acts as an introduction.

If you take the time to read it through; thank you. I enjoy writing and I hope you enjoy it as well. Let me know what you think.

Assassin Wolf

This is a work of fiction. Unless otherwise showed, all the names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents in this story are the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. All characters are over the age of eighteen, unless otherwise specified.

Crimson Pt. 1 A New Life

I awoke next to my beautiful wife, Amanda. The sun shining through the window of our apartment promised a nice day. She lay there, still sleeping on her back, and I reached over and touched her stomach. Eight and a half months pregnant, I couldn't believe I would have a son in the next few weeks. As my hand caressed her skin, she turned toward me.

"Damn, James, couldn't you let me sleep just a few more minutes?" She asked, yawning.

"I couldn't help it." I replied with a smile. "You looked like a dream laying there. I just had to touch you."

She was a dream; my dream. We knew each other since the second grade. Amanda was always in my class each year. While we weren't best friends, we were friendly with each other. At that age, girls were gross, but I always liked her. When we were in middle school and puberty hit, I was done.

Amanda was the only girl I had eyes for. Luckily, she felt the same way. From the first time we kissed, we were inseparable. She was always my guiding light and my conscious.

I leaned over and kissed her.

“Oh baby, you need to brush your teeth.” She said, making a face.

“Enjoy it, that may be the last kiss you get.” I replied, joking with her.

“Don’t say that.” She exclaimed. “Never joke about that.”

I laughed as she slowly rolled up out of bed and waddled to the bathroom. I walked in a few moments later and started my shower. Halfway through my shower, Amanda was brushing her teeth when she called out in pain.

“James, I’m having a contraction.” She grimaced and bent over the sink.

I practically jumped out of the shower. I put my arm around her to steady her and walked her back to the bedroom. She sat down in a chair, still in pain. Not a minute later, her nightgown was drenched. Her water broke.

I grabbed the first clothes that I could see and put them on. With the go bag we packed for this occasion, we walked out to my squad car. On the way to the hospital, I put on my lights and siren, turning a twenty-minute drive into ten. I called ahead and there was someone waiting at the entrance with a wheelchair. Being a police officer had some perks.

We went straight to a delivery room. The hospital had these rooms set up specifically for that purpose. They were peaceful, with comfortable lights, aroma therapy, and calming sounds pumped in. They told us to bring some items from home that made Amanda happy, and I set them up. We had pictures of us, of her family, and a large figurine of an angel her grandmother gave her years prior. The nurse hooked her up to the monitors as a precaution and told us to wait.

I sat there with her as she made it through a few contractions. Everything was going according to plan. Suddenly, she doubled over, and the monitors went crazy. Lights started flashing. The machines were beeping incessantly. As I was standing up to get the nurse, the beeping stopped. Amanda went limp, and a long steady tone was the only sound I heard. I ran to the door and yelled for help. People came rushing past me into the room. I was trying to get back to Amanda, pushing through the gaggle that surrounded her. Someone grabbed me and pulled me back, then pushed me out into the hall.

Twenty minutes passed, and I was beside myself. I paced back and forth, not knowing what was happening. More people entered the room. Some came rushing out just to run back in moments later. I asked them what was happening. I begged them to tell me. No one said a word.

When the door opened for the last time, I knew immediately she was gone. The look on the doctor's face said it all. He couldn't make eye contact until he started talking. He told me what happened, but I couldn't understand what he was saying beyond my wife and son were dead. My head spun. I stood against the wall, then slid down until I was sitting. I put my head down and cried.

I heard a faint beeping sound that continued to get louder. When it reached the point of hurting my ears, I raised my head and saw Amanda in front of me. She was no longer pregnant, but looked like she did on our wedding day. She appeared angelic in her white dress. It flowed around her, shimmering in the light. She bent down and I could smell her lavender body lotion. She took my face in her hands and said, "James, it's time to wake up." My eyes traveled through the open door beyond her to the angel figurine I set up an hour prior.

I opened my eyes and sat staring at the same angel figurine from that morning, sitting next to my alarm clock. Fuck, I hate that dream. That was twenty-one years ago, the day I lost my wife and son. I felt a tear running down my face. The emotions from that day were as vivid to me laying in my bed alone as they were that morning.

To no one in particular, I said, "I can't wait for this life to be over."

That was all I wanted. I was not, however, someone that could take his own life. Amanda didn't believe in that, and I continued living for her. I stood up and stumbled into the bathroom, running over the aftermath of that day. Almost the entire precinct attended her funeral. My lieutenant told me to take a few weeks off, and I complied.

That gave me time to pick up a nice alcohol dependency, which I have to this day. I returned to work, but my enthusiasm disappeared. I was a decent cop. Well, I thought so. Truth was, I barely put in any

effort. After so many years of service, I made detective. I do not know how. Someone probably felt sorry for me. Along with the way I worked vice, and I came to know many of the women who worked the streets. I felt a connection with them; my life was just as screwed up as theirs.

As I moved up and transferred to another department, I never lost touch with those women. They knew me, and they knew I wouldn't hassle them. I did what I could. I brought them food and often had something hot for them to drink on chilly nights.

My career finally brought me to where I am today; missing persons. You may ask why not homicide? That department is for the dedicated detectives, the golden children of the force. I was nowhere near that. My reputation was as a lazy drunk. It was accurate, so I couldn't argue with it. Some days I didn't know why they kept me. That's ok, it brought a paycheck, and that's all that mattered.

I climbed out of the shower and dressed. I chose the least dirty of my shirts and thought it might be a good idea to do laundry later. While I walked to the kitchen, I vainly attempted to smooth the wrinkles out and put on my tie. I needed something to eat, but the only thing that greeted me was a single bottle of beer in the refrigerator. Well, add shopping to my list of things to do.

I grabbed the beer and what remained of an almost empty bottle of bourbon on the counter next to it. Barley, Hops, Wheat, and Rye. That sounded like the breakfast of champions, so I downed both and left my apartment. As I closed the door, memories of walking through that same door with my wife came flooding back. I could see her anticipation and excitement the first time we walked in. It was our first and only place together. It might be my last.

The neighborhood had seen better days, and the building looked like it should be condemned. My rent actually went down, and most people wondered why I still lived there. I didn't have a choice. My wife was there. I put my head down and walked out to my car.

I needed to lose weight. Over the years, I gained a few pounds. While I wasn't fat, I certainly wasn't in shape. I climbed into my police issued vehicle, a black sedan, and drove to work. After parking it near the precinct, I walked across the street to the neighborhood market. It was larger than a bodega, but smaller than a grocery store. It had a decent selection of fruits and vegetables, along with everything else you would expect. It was my primary source of food, and conveniently, the liquor store was right next door.

As I walked up, I saw Brenda walking in. She was one prostitute that worked the streets around that area, and I knew her well. I always thought she looked out of place. She never had the telltale signs of

drug abuse, nor had I ever witnessed her drinking anything alcoholic. She was twenty-eight years old and looked to be in good shape. Larger C cup breasts and wide hips combined with a small waist gave her a stunning hourglass figure. She stood 5'8 inches tall, but in her three-inch heels, was only two inches shorter than me. She wore brunette hair that hung down to her upper back. Her heels were off this morning and she now wore a pair of flats.

“Good morning, Brenda.” I called out. “I hope you’re having a splendid morning.”

She turned around quickly and smiled. “Oh, good morning, Detective Greene. Yes, it looks like a beautiful day.”

“How did you do last night?” I inquired.

“Made enough to cover this month’s rent with a day to spare, and some left over for food.” She answered, pleased with herself.

“That’s great to hear.” I replied. “How’s Kathy?”

Kathy, or Kathryn, is her eight-year-old daughter. Brenda lives with her in an apartment not much better than mine. Over the years, I’ve formed a sort of relationship with Brenda. Nothing on the intimate level, but just friends. Some nights I’ll pay her double her usual rate and take her out to dinner. Truthfully, I just like having someone to talk to. Most of my friends, if you want to call them that, only want to help me. I don’t want help. Brenda doesn’t judge me, and we just sit and talk about life and what we’ve been up to.

Last year, she started bringing her daughter to our dinners. That was great with me. I never knew how much I missed not having a kid until I talked with Kathy. She’s just adorable. I live for stories of her schoolyard adventures, and which kid is talking about which kid. It both helps me and breaks my heart that I never met my son.

“Kathy will kill me if I don’t pick up milk and cereal.” Brenda announced as she walked ahead of me, breaking me out of my thoughts. “I need to get it home so she can eat before school. I hope you have a good day, detective. Are we still on for tonight?”

“Absolutely.” I answered. “I’m looking forward to it. Bring Kathy if she doesn’t have too much homework.”

“I sure will.” Brenda replied, hurrying down the cereal aisle away from me.

I picked up what I needed. A microwave sandwich, a bag of chips, beef jerky, and an energy drink. Yeah, I know, the epitome of health. Like I said, I need to lose weight. It just wouldn’t be today.

I paid for my things and walked over to the precinct. As I walked through the door, I passed my lieutenant.

“Damn, James, couldn’t you at least hold a razor close to your face?” He admonished me. “You look like crap.”

“I’m sorry boss.” I answered, somewhat sarcastically. “I’m going for that tough, outdoors look. I think I pull it off nicely.”

“That wouldn’t work very well.” He shot back. “A bear would smell you from a mile away. Put on some cologne after you shave. Do that before you start work.”

He shook his head and walked off. Lieutenant Connor was a good guy. He wasn’t a stickler for rules, but he liked to keep up appearances. I couldn’t complain, since any other lieutenant would have run me off years ago. If I cared about much, the fact he had eight fewer years on the force would have bothered me. I couldn’t care less. I was here to collect a paycheck and go home.

Missing persons; it should name it missing souls. Not for the actual people missing, but for the unfortunate few that were assigned to it. I spent my day pushing papers from one pile to another. We handled hundreds of cases a month, ranging from a husband that left his wife to a friend that didn’t show up on time for a party. Even if we believe the circumstances weren’t suspicious, we have to take the call and get the information.

I had a mother come in around mid-morning to report her daughter missing. The daughter’s name was Cassie, and she attended the local college. Her mother, Samantha, told me it was out of character for Cassie to remain out of contact with the family, and all of her phone calls went straight to voice mail. I

took the information and a few photos and filled out the forms. Around thirty-six hours had passed since her last contact. Anything was better than sitting in a dingy office, so I drove out to the college.

After talking with the college administration and security, they had Cassie's friends come by the admin office for interviews. I talked with six other women and two men. No one had seen Cassie since she left to stay at her parent's house for the weekend. This was Tuesday morning, and her parents last saw her Sunday evening. Cassie's car and phone were missing as well, but none of her clothes or belongings were. This was looking a little suspicious.

Stranger abductions are rare, but they happen. I tried to locate her phone, but it must have been off. I checked emails, text, and voice mail; nothing. I looked at her academic history and found she was close to failing a few subjects. Her friends couldn't enlighten me on that; they all thought she was doing well. I also discovered some maxed-out credit cards in her name that her parents didn't know about. Most of the charges were to Crystal Lake Casino, located outside the city. Now we were getting somewhere.

I felt bad because I was happy I may have caught an actual case. Most of my cases ended when people came back after a few days. All that paperwork, background, and interviews were for nothing. I hoped this wasn't the same. Part of me didn't want Cassie to come back, so I would have something to do. I don't know if that makes me a bad person, but I didn't feel bad about it.

I drove to the casino, which took me an extra hour due to traffic. It was after lunch, so before I let anyone know why I was there, I hit the buffet. It was enormous. I always heard about this place, but not being a gambler, never saw the need to visit. I filled up my plate three times, all for just \$15 dollars.

As I sat eating, I noticed the casino staff. There was the usual collection of workers. The women all wore the same uniform; black skirt, thigh length, red blouse, and three-inch heels. They all wore their hair down, all styled. The men wore black suits, and I picked out security by the bulges in their suit jackets; they were armed.

As I took mental notes of everyone, I noticed a woman walk by with her hair up. She was the odd one out. As she passed me, I spotted a tattoo on the back of her neck, right below the hairline. It was a red letter C, longer than it was taller, and in bold. She made it a few steps past my table when a security guard intercepted her. I couldn't hear exactly what he said, but she quickly put her hair down. She looked scared, and after he finished chastising her, she hurried off.

That was unusual, and I took some notes on it, along with her name; Allison. I read that on her nametag as she passed my table. It didn't pertain to my case, so I didn't dwell on it. I finished my lunch and figured it was time to introduce myself.

I walked back to the front of the casino and inquired about a manager at the information desk. After waiting a few minutes, a man walked out dressed in a suit and tie. It was like the other male workers in the casino, but this was nicer.

"Hello, Detective." He greeted me. "My name is Paul Rogers. I'm the day manager here at Crystal Lakes Casino, and how may I help you."

"Nice to meet you." I answered. "You have a marvelous place. This is my first time here, and I have to pay my compliments to the chef. Lunch was delicious. I'm here to inquire about a young lady that has been reported missing."

I filled him in on the details, gave him her name, and showed him a picture. I explained what I discovered when running her credit card information and mentioned the charges to the casino. Paul listened, then asked for a moment. He walked over to the other side of the information desk and called someone on his cell phone. When he finished, he walked back over.

Paul asked me to follow him, that we could talk more in private. We walked through the casino lobby into a large room filled with slot machines. The room was abuzz with flashing lights and clanging sounds from what looked like a hundred slots. People occupied around half the machines, putting in tokens and pulling the levers over and over.

We walked to the back and through a plain black door. This opened to a hallway illuminated with florescent lights. They were extremely bright, and the glare of the lights reflected off of the unusually shiny white floors. Every twenty feet were two doors across the hall from one another. As we neared the halfway point, a door opened at the end of the hall and out stepped a woman. One of the security guards followed closely.

As we closed the distance to each other, I could see her name tag. It was Allison from earlier in the dining room. She glanced at me, and it appeared she had been crying. She had swollen eyes and her makeup was a little smudged. She quickly looked down when we made eye contact and hurried past us. We reached the end of the hall and walked through the same door Allison and her escort exited.

We walked into a very nice office. It was a good size, enough for an oversize desk, a full living room set off on the side with a large screen television, and a conference table on the other. Behind the desk was a large, ornate wooden door. Seated behind the desk was a man that appeared to be in his fifties. He was in shape, but not overly tall; maybe 5'8. His hair was black and showed no signs of thinning. He was clean shaven, sporting no facial hair. I picked up a smell of leather and wood. I did not know why the office would smell like that, but it was pleasant.

“Good afternoon detective.” He said as we walked closer. “I’m Thomas Kinkaid. I’m the general manager of Crystal Lakes Casino. Paul tells me you’re looking for a young lady. She is here with us. She came in looking for a job to pay off her debts, and we were happy to oblige her.”

“Why hasn’t she been in contact with her parents or her school?” I inquired.

“You’ll have to ask her that yourself, detective.” Thomas answered.

As soon as he said that, the door to the office opened behind us and in stepped Cassie. I turned around and watched as she walked toward us. She wore the same uniform as the other women, and another of the security guards escorted her.

She stopped a few feet away and said, “I’m ok detective. I’m not missing. I’m sorry for not returning anyone’s phone calls, but I’ve been busy in training.” After speaking, she glanced at the security guard, then back at me.

“What kind of training are you in that cuts off all contact with your family and friends?” I asked. I looked her over carefully. She had what appeared to be a rash or red discoloration on her wrists. I also noticed a bruise on her left thigh just below her hem line. She wore makeup, but she applied it in a rush and it was uneven. She looked scared and tried her best not to make eye contact with me. Her attempt to put on a fake smile failed.

Before Cassie could answer, Thomas spoke up, “We have intense training for our new hires. With the gambling laws in this state, we need to ensure all of our employees understand all the nuances. I’m afraid it’s all day, sometimes topping twelve hours. Our trainees are so tired they just turn in when they’re finished. We put them up in one of our rooms while they’re here.”

“How long does this training usually last?” I inquired.

“Usually two to three weeks.” Thomas explained. “I’ll get Cassie to call her parents later today and ease their worries. We try to stress to our trainees to tell someone where they are, but not all of them listen.”

I wasn’t done asking questions, but Thomas was done answering them. Before I could say anything else, he said, “If you need anything further, you can direct them to our lawyer. Now, Cassie must return to her training or she may fall behind. I have a meeting in a few minutes, so I’ll have Paul escort you out. It was a pleasure to meet you.”

Before Thomas finished talking, security escorted Cassie out of the office. Thomas stood up, shook my hand, and handed me a business card with his lawyer’s information on it. He ended that abruptly. I was sure he was hiding something, but that wasn’t my concern. Cassie was safe. That’s what I came here for, so my job was done. Paul walked me back to the lobby and gave me his business card. I was back in my car and on the road within ten minutes.

I reported back to the precinct and filled out the paperwork to close the case. I called Cassie’s parents and notified them of what I found, and that she should call later tonight. Well, it wasn’t a total waste of time. I stuffed myself at the buffet, so at least I had that. It was certainly better than sitting in the office all day.

After work, I drove to the diner to meet Brenda. Our dinners were the highlight of my week. Right on time, she walked in and sat down.

“What? Kathy not coming?” I asked, disappointed.

“No, not tonight.” She quickly replied. “She’s not feeling well and I have her at home with a friend. She told me to say hi.”

We both ordered and made small talk until our food came out. Half way through eating, Brenda had some news to share.

“I found a job.” She announced.

“What?” I replied, excited. “That’s great. What is it?”

“It’s at a law firm downtown.” She answered quickly. “I never stopped putting in my resume, but I never figured I would hear anything back. The other day they called me in for an interview, and they said I was perfect.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” I inquired.

“I didn’t want to say anything until I had it.” She replied. “I’ve been to interviews, but once they find I have a record, it’s over. I thought this would be the same way, but they didn’t mind.”

Brenda indeed had a record. Vice picked her up a few times for soliciting, and once for shoplifting. She didn’t have money for food and a shopkeeper caught her taking peanut butter and jelly along with bread. It was a bullshit collar, but the officers had to book her because the shopkeeper pressed charges. I report him at least once a month for health code violations just to make him suffer.

“I never asked, but what is it you did before the recession?” I inquired.

“I was a financial analyst.” She answered. “I worked for a brokerage firm. My degree is in business banking and finance. I was working on my masters before the markets crashed.”

“Well, damn.” I answered, absolutely flabbergasted. “I’ve known you for years, and I never would have guessed. That’s incredible, and I’m thrilled for you.”

“Thanks, James.” She replied. “I didn’t want to tell you about my past because of how embarrassed I was. I went from a six-figure income to walking the streets. I didn’t even want to look at myself in the mirror. I’m just so happy I can barely contain it. I can finally give my daughter the life she deserves and get us into a safer place to live.”

I congratulated her and heaped as much praise on her as I could. She deserved it. She was beautiful, but the worry and stress was causing her to look older than her twenty-eight years.

“At what law firm are you working?” I inquired.

“Wallace, Johnson, and Simons.” She answered.

What the hell? What are the chances? I pulled out my wallet and looked at the business card Thomas gave me at the Casino. It was the same law firm. In fact, it listed Theodore Wallace as the Casino’s lawyer.

“What’s wrong?” Brenda asked me. I realized I had a puzzled look on my face and explained, “That’s the same law firm that represents Crystal Lake Casino. I was just there for a missing persons case today.”

“Oh my, is everything ok?” she asked.

“Yes, everything is fine.” I replied. “The missing woman was there taking part in a training program for new employees. They’re pretty extensive in their training, and it could take three weeks.”

“That’s a coincidence.” Brenda explained. “My new job is the same. They hold their training out of town, and I’ll be gone for a few weeks.”

“What about Kathy?” I asked.

“Oh, they said she could come with me.” She explained. “They’re putting us up in a rental while I train. The law firm has offices all over the country, and they train all of their new employees in the same place. They told me it cuts down on expenses, and ensures everyone receives the same training.”

I’ve never heard of a law firm needing that, but what did I know? The important part was Brenda had an actual job. It was just great news. We spent the next hour talking, and Brenda covered everything she knew about the job and the people she met. She informed me she had to leave tomorrow morning, but she would let me know when she arrived back in town. We finally shared numbers, and I snapped a picture of her for her contact on my phone. She reminded me she expected to be out of contact for long periods of time, so don’t be concerned if I didn’t hear from her. Fair enough.

After saying my goodbyes, I drove home. It was getting late, and I was exhausted. I wanted nothing more than to melt into my couch, turn on old reruns, and drink myself to sleep. As I drove, I thought

about how life can change. In my case, less than two hours. For Brenda, it took years. I was glad she was getting out of her prison. I just didn't have hope I would ever walk out of mine.

I stopped off at the liquor store across from the precinct and picked up enough supplies to get me through a few days. I sat at home consuming my new purchases, slowly passing the point of lucidness. I continued drinking until I reached the point I was after.

"Honey, how was your day?" I heard Amanda ask next to me.

"It was ok." I answered. "I missed you. I look forward all day to coming home and seeing you."

She was wearing what she always wore. A brightly colored sundress that hung off her shoulders. It was my favorite and gave me a marvelous view of her cleavage. Right above her breasts hung a silver angel necklace. I stared transfixed at the light reflected off it and felt calm.

Her dress came down to about mid-thigh, showing off her long, beautiful legs. All of that was good, but her smile and beautiful blue eyes pulled me in. I reached over and held her hand, feeling her soft skin. She always used lavender body lotion to keep her skin soft, something her mother taught her.

She leaned down and gave me a kiss. Her lips were heaven, and I melted when they touched mine. She pulled back and lifted her dress over her head. Her marvelous breasts came into view. She always had perky B cups before the pregnancy turned them into large C cups. I reached out and felt them as she climbed into my lap. Her lavender perfume overwhelmed me and I momentarily lost myself.

Fumbling with my pants, I pulled out my already erect cock. Amanda reached down, grabbed it, and placed it against her vagina, rubbing it a little and driving me crazy. She looked at me with a wicked smile, teasing me and still rubbing. I grabbed her hips and pulled her down, entering her with a pop and driving my cock deep inside. She threw her head back and moaned. She loved it when I was forceful, something she always wanted me to explore more.

She slowly rode me, keeping eye contact and kissing me occasionally. We sat like that for what seemed like hours, enjoying each other. The feeling was magnificent. As Amada picked up speed, my grip on her waist tightened, and I pumped my hips into her harder. We continued picking up speed until I exploded, emptying everything I had into her. She threw her head back and orgasmed, leaning back to the point I thought she would fall off of my lap.

After her orgasm subsided, she leaned forward and rolled off of me. She leaned sideways and put her head on my chest. "That was wonderful, darling." She purred. "I always enjoy that. Tell me, what do you think about that girl from the Casino?"

"What? I don't care about her." I answered. "All I care about is you. I never want this to end."

"Nonsense." She replied. "You know that wasn't right. You have good instincts, and I know you felt something off about that entire episode. You need to look into it more."

"But honey, she's safe." I answered, feeling frustrated Amanda wouldn't let it go. "She's alive. I did my job."

"Stop it James." She admonished me. "She's alive, but not safe. You know it as well. And Brenda, what about her?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, not sure where she was going. "She's great. She has a new job."

"Working for the law firm that represents the Casino." She explained. "That's too much of a coincidence. Add to that she has extensive training planned, just like Cassie. Something smells fishy."

"You may be right." I admitted. "But it's not my concern."

"It is your concern, James." Amanda warned me. "Your new life is waiting for you. Lives depend on it."

"I don't understand what you're saying." I replied. "My life is here. Can't we just stay here and forget everything else?"

"I'm afraid not honey, it's time to get up." Amanda said, standing and looking down on me.

"What?" I asked. "I don't understand."

"I said it's time to wake up." She was holding an alarm clock in her hand. She lifted it up and threw it against the wall, shattering it into a hundred pieces. It startled me and I opened my eyes.

Damn, right back in my bed, alone. My alarm was buzzing, and I shut it off. My head pounded, and I barely made it to the bathroom. I followed my usual routine, drank my breakfast, and headed to work. I thought about calling Brenda to ask a few more questions, but decided against it. She was probably already nervous, and I didn't want to add to it.

I thought more about the conversation with my wife the night before. I know you're thinking that I'm mental. Yeah, I probably am. That doesn't bother me. I love my wife and I have conversations with her. Is she here, or is that just the alcohol talking? I don't know and I don't care. I have the same feelings I had when she was alive, and to me, that's all that matters. It's all I have.

I spent the next few of weeks looking into the Crystal Lake Casino and Theodore Wallace's law firm in my free time. There wasn't much to find. Mr. Wallace founded the law firm thirty years ago, and it quickly gained reputation and offices throughout the state and country. The expansion was meteoric, and it was now the largest law firm in the U.S. I could find nothing that explained how it expanded so quickly.

The Crystal Lake Casino was built just five years ago after the same Theo Wallace petitioned the state legislature to legalize gambling. Most of it is owned by a collection of private interests. However, I could only lock down Mr. Wallace's name as an owner. The others, if there were others, were too well hidden.

I pulled some late night and overnight stakeouts at the casino and law firm. I didn't see too much out of the ordinary. Men and women came and went. There were several women that visited both places many times, but that wasn't suspicious enough to investigate further. They may be employees of one of the other business, and the law firm represents the casino. It didn't seem too far out of the ordinary.

Brenda finally returned after three weeks. She called and wanted to meet me at the diner and I looked forward to talking with her. When I walked in, I almost fell over. Brenda was there, but she looked different. She stood in front of me in three-inch heels. That wasn't new. What was new was her now blonde hair, styled in a wave and falling to her shoulders. Her breasts seemed fuller, but it may have been a new bra. She always had nice, rounded C cups, and I could see almost all of them pushing out the top of her red dress. Her dress clung to her hourglass shape and ended at her lower thigh.

I wasn't an expert on women's clothes, but her dress looked expensive, as did her heels. Her makeup was well done, much better than I was used to seeing. It must have been the difference between the cheap stuff she used before and what she wore now. As I walked up, she looked a little worried.

"Brenda, you're a knockout." I said, barely able to keep my eyes off of her. "Did they give you a makeover?"

"They gave me a new wardrobe, that's all." She said, dismissing what I just said. "That's not why I'm here. I'm supposed to deliver a message to you from Mr. Wallace. He knows you've been investigating his law firm and the casino. He wants a meeting with you."

I didn't know what to say. How the hell did he find out? I didn't think I was that sloppy. Then again, when am I not?

"When does he want to meet?" I asked.

"Right now." She answered, looking nervous. "His limo is waiting for us in the back of the diner."

That didn't sound good. I may not be the brightest in the world, but I knew better than to get into someone's car unless I trusted them.

"You can tell Mr. Wallace I would love to talk with him, but he can come to the precinct."

Brenda looked around quickly, then leaned in and said, "James, please. Listen to him. If you don't, he will hurt both of us. He's not a nice man."

Fuck. What choice did I have? I quickly called my desk phone and left a message. I recorded the details of what I was investigating, who I was looking into, and the events of this evening. I made sure it had the fact that I was leaving the diner with Mr. Wallace, and that if I disappeared, he was the first they should look at. I knew in the event of a death, all the officer's files and messages were cataloged. Someone would find it.

I told Brenda to lead the way, and we walked out the back door. Just as she said, they parked a black stretch limo across the street. It looked more like a stretched SUV more than a car, and the size was impressive. We walked up to it, and the door opened. Out stepped two security guards, who motioned for us to climb in. The limo had two rows of seats, one facing forward and one facing the rear. There was a mini bar along the left side. The floors were lower, and a larger central area was between the two seats.

Mr. Wallace sat facing the rear, closer to the driver. I sat in a seat across from him, but Brenda sat next to him. The security guards climbed in and sat on either side of me. Yeah, that wasn't intimidating at all.

Theodore Wallace was an older man, probably pushing sixty. He was in fair shape, but carried a small belly. He had gray hair on his balding head, and his hair was thinning on the sides. He wore a pair of thin framed wire glasses. I made out a little stubble on his chin, but otherwise was clean shaven. He looked to stand about 5'10, but seated, I couldn't be sure. I glanced to the sides and noted the two security guards were armed. So was I, but I doubted I could outdraw two men.

"Detective Green, it's a pleasure to meet you." He announced. His pleasantries felt fake. "I've been looking into you as you've been looking into me. Let me say that I don't appreciate you investigating me or the casino. I do, however, understand it's part of your job. That I can respect."

"Why am I here?" I broke in. I wasn't letting this weasel lead the conversation without some input from me. I had to show him he didn't intimidate me.

"I didn't get to where I am today without seizing opportunities." He answered. "And I see one in front of me. I have a need for a detective to add to my payroll, and your assignment in missing persons works out perfectly."

"What are you asking?" I interrupted. "Just get to the point. I don't enjoy beating around the bush."

"A man after my heart." He replied. "I want you to work for me, provide security for some of my employees, and run interference for me with your department."

"What type of interference?" I asked. I didn't like the direction this was going.

“Your visit to the casino was unwelcomed, although not unexpected.” He explained. “Our folks were sloppy. They didn’t clean up Cassie’s credit card records as they should. That led you right to us. I can’t have that happen again.”

“What in the hell are you hiding?” I asked, getting annoyed. “Are you running some sort of prostitution ring?”

“You’re close detective.” He answered. “We run a sort of pleasure club. We use women to please our members in a variety of ways.”

“Ok, so you are into prostitution.” I replied. “I don’t care, and honestly, most of the people I work with don’t either. I’m friends with plenty of women that work the street.”

“No, you don’t understand.” Mr. Wallace explained further. “Our members don’t want prostitutes, they want the housewife next door, or the woman executive, or the college student. We provide them with what they want.”

“Ok, now we’re getting somewhere.” I fired back. “Was that so hard to say? Is that what happened to Cassie? What did you do, kidnap her and force her to sleep with your members?”

I was talking out of my ass. I was putting the pieces together, and was just trying to stay ahead of everything. I didn’t think it was that obvious, but I wanted to keep myself in the conversation and put him on the defensive.

“You’re almost correct.” He said. “We don’t kidnap them, however. Each woman we take in has at least one legal or financial problem. In Cassie’s case, we caught her trying to steal from the casino. She was in debt to us and we caught her lifting chips from another patron at one of our tables. People will do foolish things for money. We gave her a choice. She either works for us or we press charges. The amount she stole is a felony, so the choice was an easy one for her.”

“You blackmail women and pimp them out to your members.” I responded. “Your mother must be so proud. Again, I don’t give a fuck. That’s not my problem.”

“And that, detective Greene, is why I want you to work for me.” He asserted. “The fact you don’t care makes you perfect. Any other officer would want to report me, but not you. I will pay you well, enough to move out of that shitty apartment into someplace much nicer.”

“You can keep your money, and for the record, I don’t want to move.” I retorted. “If that’s all you have, you can let me out here.”

“Oh, I think I have something else that may interest you.” Mr. Wallace boasted. “Brenda, kneel.”

Once he said that, Brenda stood up. The limo was big enough for her to stand, but she was still bent over slightly. She moved in front of Mr. Wallace with her back to me. She reached down and pulled her dress over her head. She stepped out of her panties and took off her bra. Keeping her heels on, she kneeled in front of him, put her arms behind her back, and spread her legs with her heels together.

She was just a few feet in front of me and I had a perfect shot of her ass. I noticed it over the years, but it was always in some sort of shorts or tight skirt. Seeing it now made me erect. Her ass was the perfect shape, nice and rounded, but not too big.

As I was admiring Brenda, Mr. Wallace said, “Suck.”

Brenda reached forward, and while I couldn’t see what she was doing, I had a good idea. I saw her head go forward and move up and down. She didn’t hesitate. She followed his instructions without thinking, with three men besides Mr. Wallace watching her.

“As you can see, Brenda is now trained and belongs to me.” He bragged, proud of himself. “Let me show you something.”

He reached out and pulled Brenda’s hair up in the back. At the base of her hairline was the same red letter C that I saw on the girl at the casino.

“That letter is our brand for the women we own.” He explained. “Our organization is called Crimson, and all of our women wear this on their neck. We give each woman a number that identifies her. If a member tells her ‘Crimson,’ followed by her number, she must obey anything he says until he releases her. We train all of our women to do this. Brenda is no exception.”

“Well, I’m sure she would much rather be a financial analyst for your firm than a call girl, but it’s no different from what she was doing before. Again, not my problem.”

Ok, I was bluffing now. Seeing Brenda suck this asshole’s dick was making me mad. I knew she had sex with men every night for money, and that didn’t bother me. This was more personal somehow, and I didn’t like it. I just hoped I hid my true feelings well enough.

“Detective, I don’t believe that for one second.” He taunted, smiling. I guess he saw through my bluff. “I know you’re close to her and her daughter. Between my research and what Brenda told me, I know you care about both of them. I’ll let you in on a secret Brenda’s been keeping; she really likes you too. She’s just disappointed that you never made a move on her. It actually hurt her feelings that you didn’t.”

I didn’t know if he was lying or not. I watched Brenda closely and thought I could see her skin redden slightly. Was she blushing? If so, he was telling the truth. Dammit, how could I miss that? What was I saying? Of course I missed it. I spent most of my time either drunk or getting home so I could get drunk. It left me with nothing to say, no quick comeback. That revelation rocked me, and I sat there dumbfounded and feeling stupid.

“This is what’s going to happen.” Mr. Wallace explained. “You’ll work for me. I’ll pay you more money than you’ve seen in your life. I’ll even sweeten the deal. I’ll give Brenda to you. Well, mostly to you. I still have a use for her. She has a high tolerance of pain and she even let some of her old Johns get rough. I know some men who like that, and I’m trying to get them to join. They have deep pockets and I want access.”

“Don’t worry, it won’t be too often.” He continued. “She will work for me at the law firm, and I’ll use her for my pleasure. You’ll have to share her with me. I’ll promise you this; if I send her out to another member, you can be her security. You will escort her to and from her assignment. The member can do whatever they want with her, within reason of course. We have a strict rule of no permanent damage or marks. If a member breaks that rule, we remove them from the organization.”

“Remove them from the organization?” I replied. “If someone hurts Brenda, I’ll kill him.”

“Now calm down detective.” Mr. Wallace interjected. “I’m using her for that specific purpose. She will have to endure some pain, but with her condition, it won’t be too bad. That’s why I have her. I’ve tried

to send some of our normal ladies into these situations, and they came back broken. Nothing physical, but they mentally couldn't handle it. We pushed Brenda during training, and she handled everything wonderfully. As a prostitute, she is used to having sex with multiple men. Nothing we did phased her at all. Did it Brenda?"

She lifted her head long enough to say, "No sir," then immediately continued sucking his cock.

"Ok, if I do this, Brenda will be mine." I countered. "You don't get to use her. If she agrees, and only if she agrees, I will allow her to visit these men. I will limit her to one visit per month. If they are as rough as you say, she will need time to recover. You will pay me what you promised, and you will pay Brenda an equal amount." I didn't think he would accept all of that, but it's best to ask for more than you expect to get.

"That's too many restrictions." He retorted. "You seem to think you have something to bargain with. I can get another cop and use Brenda however I want. I can kill you tonight and no one will look for you."

"That may be true, they may not look for me, but they will find you." I replied. "I left a message on my answering machine at the office before I came out of the diner. It has all of your information on it, and everything I've found in the last two weeks. The files at my desk fill in the blanks. When I don't show up for a few days, they will dump my messages and find the one I left. How long until you get more visits? How much scrutiny do you want?"

That was it. That was my last card to play. Let's see if it worked.

"That's brilliant detective." Mr. Wallace grinned. "I knew I made the right decision in you. I'm enjoying our battle of wits tonight. Ok, this is my last offer. I agree to once a month visits with members. I agree to pay both of you handsomely. Brenda will work for me and me only. Don't worry, I have so many other women that I may not use Brenda for weeks at a time. I will employ Brenda as a financial analyst. I can use her to oversee mine and my company's portfolios."

"And to sweeten the deal, you will have full access to all of our women." He continued. "Our members need to request a woman, but you will have access normally reserved for our VIP members. If you desire a woman, your request will take precedence over anyone else except for me and our other VIP members. There are only six of us, so you'll make number seven."

“That sounds good.” I answered. I didn’t know if I would use any of the women, but having access could be beneficial. “What do you expect of me?”

“For all of that, I want you to ensure any of our women that are reported missing are not found.” Mr. Wallace explained. “They will return within a few weeks, but we don’t want any attention while they’re gone. You will also act as security when I need you. As an officer, you are more intimidating than my usual men. I’ll reserve you for our high-profile accounts. Don’t worry about getting authorization for any assignments. I have a feeling your precinct captain will want to see you in the morning. Yes, he’s one of our VIP members, one of the six I mentioned. We count the Mayor, a judge, and a couple of City Councilmen in our ranks as well.”

These guys are connected. What have I gotten myself into? I did this to protect Brenda, but now I wasn’t sure if I made the right decision. I had to play this carefully, but first I had to get out of this limo. Just as I had that thought, we stopped. We were back at the diner. Mr. Wallace told Brenda to get dressed and bid both of us a goodnight. She grabbed her bags, and we walked to my car and climbed inside.

I drove for a few miles before I realized I didn’t know where we were going. Brenda was quiet, just staring out the side window. “Where am I taking you, to your place?” I asked.

Brenda looked over at me and answered, “No, to yours. Mr. Wallace was adamant that if you accepted I would move in with you.”

What the hell? That was unexpected. I thought for a moment and asked, “What about Kathy? I really don’t have a place where a kid should live.”

“That’s not a problem.” She replied. “Part of my deal with Mr. Wallace is her acceptance to a highly regarded boarding school here in town. So long as I work for him, he pays all of her expenses. I still get to see her since she’s close, but she’s in a much better environment.”

“That was awful nice of him.” I said, not believing he was being altruistic. “What was the catch?”

Brenda looked down, unsure she should answer. Finally she said, “I had to sign over guardianship to Mr. Wallace. I had to surrender my rights to him. It’s another way of controlling me.”

“He must really want you bad to go through all of that.” I responded. “He mentioned his members don’t want prostitutes, but here you are. I’m sorry for that, but I’m just pointing out the obvious.”

“It doesn’t hurt my feelings, if that’s what you’re worried about.” She reassured me. “I’ve come to grips with my life a long time ago. No, he doesn’t pick up prostitutes to train, he sells them. That’s what they planned to do with me until they found out my tolerance for pain. He planned on sending my daughter to an orphanage, told me as much, and I went crazy. It took three guards to take me down, and I ended up badly bruised. Mr. Wallace was amazed I wasn’t in pain after that, and that’s when he found my secret.”

Ok, too much to unpack in that statement. This organization sells women and puts their kids into the system. They’re connected to slavers and have connections within child welfare. I didn’t know how far they went, but none of that was good. They had a readily available population of women to sell. Once a girl reaches eighteen, the system releases them. Mr. Wallace can pick them up and do what he wants. These young women have no one to report them missing, and no one will ever look for them. It was as evil as it was brilliant.

“What do you mean by your tolerance of pain?” I asked. Mr. Wallace mentioned that as well, so it must be important.

“A normal person experiences pain.” She explained. “If you burn your hand, for example, your nerves relay a signal to the brain that your hand is in contact with something hot. The brain interprets the signals as pain, and your body reacts by pulling your hand away. My body doesn’t do that as well. I can feel pain, but it’s at a much lower level. It’s like my nerves don’t fully open.”

“I can put my hand on something hot and hold it there while my skin blisters.” Brenda continued as she looked out the window. “I can feel something like pressure and heat, but it never reaches the point of what you feel as pain. By the time I feel anything, my nerves are dead from the burn. I have to be careful everywhere I go. I can break my leg and it will only feel like I have a bruise. I’ve gotten good at interpreting what I feel, and I’m always checking to see if I’m really hurt.”

“I think I’ve heard about that before.” I answered.

“It’s called Congenital Insensitivity to Pain, or CIP.” Brenda confirmed. “I’m lucky, I guess, in that I can feel a little. I’ve talked with others with CIP and they have it worse. Something could terribly hurt them and result in internal bleeding and they would never know it. People have died from injuries they never knew they had. I’m thankful that’s not me.”

“It has actually come in handy.” She explained. “Some of my customers liked to get rough. I had a man who loved spanking me, and another who liked to whip me and smack me around. Hell, one liked to punch me in my side while he fucked me.”

“None of that bothered me, but I played it up like it did.” She added. “The men got off by me pretending to scream and cry, and they paid me extra for the privilege of inflicting what they thought was pain. Thankfully, I’m a fast healer. Any marks usually disappeared within a few days. That’s why Mr. Wallace wants me. I can tolerate the pain that most people can’t.”

We talked a bit more about her condition and how she’s dealt with it. We finally arrived at my place and I parked my car in the underground garage. Brenda looked around at the trash strewn across the ground and in the corners. In her fancy dress, she looked out of place. I felt embarrassed.

We climbed the stairs to the third floor since the elevator has been out of service for what seemed like forever. Not that I would trust it if it suddenly started working. As we walked into my apartment, I saw it properly for the first time in years. That was because I had Brenda with me, and I was conscious of the disrepair it was in.

My living room had a single couch and a fifteen-year-old television. The couch was dingy and torn, with stains all over it. I can’t remember the last time I cleaned the place, and my carpet looked like farm animals lived on it. The smell was a mixture of mildew and sweat. It always went away after a few minutes, but tonight I was acutely aware of it. Brenda stood inside the door and stopped, dropping her bags. I put my head down and walked to the kitchen. I needed a drink. I poured a glass of whiskey and downed it in one shot.

I walked back out to the living room to find Brenda in the same spot, seemingly afraid to move. I took her bags and walked her back to the bedroom. My bed is the same as I had with my wife, mattress and all. I did the laundry and changed the sheets just two weeks ago. Yes, I know. I have no motivation.

When Brenda saw the bed, she said, “Oh, hell no,” and turned around. She reached into her bag, took out a dress that wasn’t as formal, and went into the bathroom. A few minutes later, she came out and ordered me to take her to the nearest twenty-four-hour Price-Mart. After shopping for two hours and working for another two, my apartment at least looked habitable.

I had new sheets, new towels, a couch cover, and food in the kitchen. My apartment now smelled of carpet freshener, cleaning solution, and disinfectant. Brenda put me to work using the new vacuum she made me buy while she cleaned up the kitchen. All she had were dresses, skirts, and blouses, so she stripped to her panties and bra to work.

She wore a red lace bra that covered just the bottom third of her breasts, and I could clearly see her areolas through the fabric. Her panties were matching red lace and high cut. Her ass was on full display, and a thin strip of fabric barely covered her vagina, running between her legs. I couldn't help admiring her. I was an idiot for not making a move on her earlier. All of her experience with Mr. Wallace could have been avoided had I opened my eyes to what was in front of me.

It was getting late. We sat down for a few minutes and talked when we finished.

"Why did Mr. Wallace make you move in with me?" I asked. That question was on my mind most of the night.

"Because, he likes to humiliate the husbands of the women he owns." She answered. "He had a good idea of how you felt about me. He is very hands on with training the new women, and he spent considerable time with me. He loved talking about you when we were together. It was always, 'I wonder what James would say if he could see us,' and 'I bet it would kill James to know the woman he cares about is sucking my dick.' He got off talking like that, and he said he makes other husbands watch him fuck their wives."

"He is one sick individual." I replied. "He is right, though. I care about you. I'm sorry it's taken this long to admit it. My feelings for you should be no surprise. You're a beautiful woman, and I honestly can't keep my eyes off of you. What surprises me is that you feel the same way. Why is that? I'm a middle-aged, washed out, alcoholic cop. You're not even thirty years old yet, why me?"

Brenda had a look of appreciation on her face when she smiled and said, "You're the most decent man I know. Everyone looks down at me for where my life is. Even my customers look at me like I'm dirty, less than human. You treat me like an equal. You've always treated me like I have value, that I'm more than my life's circumstances. You genuinely want to spend time with me, and for our entire friendship, you never wanted sex. You were one of the two bright lights in my life over the years, the other being my daughter."

"How could you fall for me, James?" She asked. "I was fucking different men every night, but that never turned you off. Why is that?"

I thought for a moment. "I don't know." I answered, still searching for the right words. "I just enjoy spending time with you. There is something about you that makes me happy. I always thought you were beautiful, but it wasn't about sex. I just felt the need to be around you. That's funny because I don't want to be around anyone."

I explained about my past, my wife and son, and my current situation. I mentioned them before to her, but didn't give the complete story. Brenda had a look of sadness when she reached out and grabbed my hand. "I don't know what relationship we'll have, but you now have someone who cares for you. You're no longer alone."

I had to stop and think for a moment. I never felt alone. Was I alone? I guess I was, in a literal sense. I answered, "And you now have me. It appears I'm your security, as Mr. Wallace puts it."

"No, James, Mr. Wallace said he's giving me to you." Brenda answered with a look of seriousness. "You need to understand that this isn't a game. Mr. Wallace comes across as pleasant, but he's the opposite. That man is evil and will not hesitate to hurt both of us if we cross him. He said you own me. You need to take that seriously."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"They trained me to be obedient to all Crimson members, without exception." She explained. "Don't think he did you a favor when he made you a member. I didn't know what he was doing until I put it all together. They give the VIP members women that they control. These men ensure the women remain obedient."

"He expects you to put me through my paces, so to speak." Brenda cautioned. "You will need to be strict with me. I work for him and have to report everything we do. I have no choice. He controls my daughter, so I'll tell him everything, James. I'm sorry. He's looking forward to seeing the anguish in your face when you have to treat me like that. He's banking on the fact that we care for each other."

"It's easier for the other members." She continued. "They have no emotional connection to the women. They also assign the married women VIP members to oversee them. These men have open access to their houses and their lives. He told me it's not unusual for the members to show up at night and kick the husbands out of their bedrooms and fuck their wives. Hell, some of the VIP members make the men wear chastity devices, forbidding the married couple from having sex."

“You’re in the middle of the two.” Brenda added. “We’re not married, but you have an emotional connection to me. With the husbands, they don’t have to abuse their wives. They don’t have that stress. You do. He wants to see how we deal with our relationship with everything else. James, I care for you, but I don’t want any of this to hurt you. I know you’re a decent man, and I don’t want you to fall apart over the way you will have to treat me.”

“Brenda, that’s how I feel about you.” I acknowledged. “I don’t know exactly what he expects of me, but I don’t want to do anything to hurt you, either.”

Brenda jumped up from her chair at the kitchen table and hugged me. She started crying and wouldn’t let go. She climbed into my lap and sat there, her head on my shoulder. I felt sorry for her, especially knowing this may have been avoided if I was a stronger person and let her into my life earlier. After a few minutes, she stopped crying and kissed me.

This was our first kiss. Her lips felt wonderful and had a salty taste from her tears. I took a deep breath and smelled a mixture of flowers and cinnamon. Even after working, cleaning up the apartment, she smelled great. She was still in her bra and panties, and I put my hand on her waist, feeling her soft skin. I recognized the softness; she used body lotion, like my wife. Our lips remained locked for a minute before she pulled back and announced she was headed to bed.

She walked out of the room and into the bedroom. We never discussed sleeping arrangements, so I was unsure what to do. I was in charge of her, so I suppose I should sleep in my bed with her. However, I didn’t want to make her uncomfortable. My feelings conflicted with what Brenda told me Crimson expected of me. I wanted to strangle Mr. Wallace. This was torturing me, and it was only over where I was to sleep.

Fuck it. I grabbed my whiskey and started drinking. I collapsed on the couch, now with a new cover. It felt much better, but the couch was still crappy. I downed enough whiskey to forget why I was there. On the television was an old 80s show about a traveling angel, and I sat transfixed. I smelled lavender right before I heard Amanda say, “Honey, you’ve had a long day.”

“Oh baby, I missed you.” I smiled. “I don’t know what to do. I think I’ve gotten myself in over my head, and I don’t see a way out. I love you, baby, but I think I’m in love with another woman. I just don’t know where to go from here.”

“James, you know what you need to do.” Amanda chastised me. “Get up off your ass and make this work. You have a woman in the next room that needs you. Her life may well depend on what you do next. Besides, she loves you as well. I can see it in her eyes. A woman knows these things.”

“Amanda, you’re the only one I want.” I pleaded. “I just want to stay with you.”

“Nonsense.” she retorted. “You can’t live the way you have been. You’re slowly killing yourself. Brenda is your life now. You’re the smartest and strongest man I know. You’ve hidden that behind your misery since you lost me. It’s time you again became that young man I loved so much. You need to use everything you have to protect you, Brenda, and her daughter. Do whatever it takes, and screw the consequences.”

“Will I lose you?” I asked, knowing the answer.

“You need to.” She replied. “I’m dragging you down and keeping you from living. Remember, I will always love you, and I’ll be here when you need me. Go to Brenda, she needs you now.”

“I love you Amanda.” I replied, feeling exhausted. My vision closed in as Amanda walked out of the room. I slowly closed my eyes and slept. It was a deep, restful sleep I hadn’t experienced in decades. I felt peace. It was strange to feel that after so much time.

I awoke to the sun shining through my window. I stretched out and my hand hit something next to me. I almost jumped out of my skin, then realized it was Brenda. She was still asleep next to me. When she felt my hand, she rolled over to face me.

I watched her closely as everything from the day before came rushing back. She was a vision of beauty, even first thing in the morning. She smiled and said, “Good morning, James. I hope you slept well.”

“I did.” I replied, still not taking my eyes off of her. It felt good to wake up next to her, and I still couldn’t believe she was in my bed. “How did you sleep?”

“Wonderful.” She smiled as she wiped the sleep from her eyes. “Like a rock. I can’t explain it. I haven’t slept like that in years, and it was as if all of my worries disappeared. By the way, who were you talking to last night before you came to bed?”

I didn't remember coming to bed. The last thing I remembered was talking to Amanda. I did not know how I made it to the bedroom. Well, I never know.

"You came in and I could smell the alcohol on you." Brenda sighed. "You need to cut back on that. I don't mean to tell you what to do, but you worry me. When you came in, you just climbed into bed and went to sleep. You didn't say a word. In the middle of the night, I put my hand on you to make sure you were still breathing because I couldn't hear anything. I don't think you moved once."

"Thanks for looking out for me." I answered. "I have had no one care about me for years. I agree with you, however. I need to cut back."

If our relationship had a chance, I had to be honest with her. I admitted I talk with my deceased wife when I get drunk. I poured out all of my feelings and all of my frustrations. I told her how I felt I was just doing time until I could reunite with Amanda and my son. By the end, I was in her arms crying. I let out all of my depression and grief that I kept bottled up. I didn't plan on letting it out like that. It just overwhelmed me and I couldn't stop. I was a mess, and I was sure Brenda wouldn't look at me the same. I felt ashamed. I pulled back and wiped my eyes.

Brenda realized what I was doing and stopped me. "Don't you dare pull away from me." She admonished. "That was the most genuine you've even been with me, and I would hazard a guess that you haven't been that honest with anyone since you lost your wife."

She was correct. I never attended therapy, even though many people recommended it. I pulled back from everyone, and I lost touch with my family. My mother and father died a few years ago, and although I attended the funeral, I didn't stick around to reconnect with my sisters. It was all too painful to admit that I was lost. I don't know why Brenda brought it out of me, but I was glad she did. I felt so much better after getting everything out in the open. What felt even better was that I had someone who accepted me for my failures and embraced them.

She stood up, and for the first time, I noticed she was naked.

"So, you sleep nude." I remarked, enjoying the view of her ass.

She turned around, giving me a full view of her for the first time. She was magnificent. Her C cup breasts hung a bit, but they still sat high. Her areolas were medium-sized, about an inch in diameter, with small nipples. Her pronounced pubic mound and vagina were clean shaven, and I could clearly see her labia. She had prominent outer lips, mostly concealing smaller inner ones. Her toned calves and thighs were probably because of the time spent on her feet in heels. I could have stared at her all day.

She broke me out of my admiration of her body by saying, "It's something we were told to do. They want us to always sleep naked."

"What do they get from that?" I asked. I made little sense. No one was here to see her, so what did it matter?

"I think it's just something else we need to remember." She explained. "The more rules they put on us, the further they get into our heads. It's just control, and they want to control every part of our lives."

"I'll go on record by saying that's the first rule I agree with." I playfully replied.

"Just stop." Brenda giggled, then turned and walked into the bathroom.

I lay there thinking I've seen this woman naked twice now, but we still hadn't had sex when Brenda called out, "James, I need you in here."

I walked into the bathroom and asked what was wrong. She explained another rule. She had to attend to me every morning. I asked what that meant.

Brenda looked embarrassed and said, "I have to clean, dress, and relieve you every morning. All the women must do that for the men they're with. It's another way for us to be obedient."

"No one is here, so you don't have to do that." I told her, not wanting to make anything awkward.

"James, you don't get it." She stressed. "I need to. I don't have a choice. Later today, I'm sure Mr. Wallace will ask me how my morning went, and I can't lie. You can't put me in that position. So, get

your ass over here, strip, and get into the shower. I'm taking care of you, and I don't care if you like it. I would much rather you take control and order me to, but I'll take the lead if you won't."

She was serious. We still had some time until we needed to work, so I asked her, "Exactly what can I do? I know you're supposed to 'belong' to me, but I don't know what that means."

"I don't know how much more clearly I can explain it." Brenda said, sounding frustrated. "You can do anything you want. You're expected to do anything you want. I think I heard Mr. Wallace say that you'll get an introduction later today. The more humiliating the action, the more they accept it. Tell me to kiss your feet. Fuck me. Whip my ass and stand me in the corner. Tie me up in uncomfortable positions. They've done these and more. They're expecting you to carry on with that."

I needed someone to explain to me what they expect. For now, I needed to take charge. I told her to start the shower, and we climbed in. My shower was small, so we had very little room. She immediately went to work. She lathered me up with soap and rinsed me off, covering every inch of my body. The last thing she cleaned was my penis.

When she finished cleaning it, she put her lips around it and started sucking. There was no fanfare or introductions, and it caught me by surprise; she did it matter-of-factly. If I had known how expertly she gave blowjobs, I would have pursued her long ago. It felt marvelous. Amanda never enjoyed giving head, but would if I wanted it. I always liked it, but rarely asked her.

After working my cock in her mouth for a few minutes, I came. She pushed in and swallowed every drop. I stood there waiting for her to finish, but she kept her mouth on my dick and didn't move. The water was running over me and onto her, but she just put her arms behind her and kneeled with her legs spread. She looked up at me and almost appeared to be pleading with me.

"Why don't you stop." I asked her.

She finally took her mouth off of my cock and explained, "Because I'm not allowed to remove your cock from my mouth until you give me permission. That was part of our training. I had to give someone head one time, and his dick was in my mouth for three hours. We also have to swallow everything, so you can expect that."

"These guys really have you trained, far more than I thought." I added.

“You don’t know the half of it,” Amanda replied as she washed herself up and shaved her arms, legs, and vagina. “We also have to stay clean shaven from the neck down. We will have to pick up plenty of razors and shaving cream.

As we dressed, our conversation continued.

“How did they punish you?” I asked. “I mean, if you don’t feel pain, that must have been difficult.”

“I wish it was.” She replied. “They gave me pills that enhance feeling. For a normal person, it would make them experience greater pain. For me, I experience what I assume is what everyone else feels. It’s only safe to take a few pills a day, and thankfully, they only last a few hours at a time. When they wanted to punish me, they would give me one. After ten to fifteen minutes, they would lay into me. I spent more time screaming during my training than I did talking.”

“The side effect of those pills was it also increased the pleasure I felt.” Brenda explained, smiling as she thought about it. “I feel pleasure from sex the same as everyone else. So, when they give me these pills, my pleasure is through the roof. Mr. Wallace learned not to punish me with sex. They use that with other women to break them. With me, I loved it. My feeling of pleasure overwhelmed all other feelings of pain.”

“They tried to whip me while they fucked me.” She continued as she toweled off. “That was meant to overwhelm my senses and not allow me to orgasm. Instead, I had earth shattering orgasms when they did that. What they didn’t know was I enjoy what little pain I feel. When it’s with sex, I feed off of it. Straight sex is fine, and I can orgasm, but nothing like if you spanked me or even slapped me. Add to that the pill that enhances feeling, and I’m in heaven. That happened a handful of times before they realized what was happening. After that, it was straight pain.”

“Do you have any of those pills?” I asked.

“No, they control them.” Brenda replied. “I could probably get some, but I’m sure I would get into trouble. All the members have them, so I’m sure you’ll receive some. It must be agony for a normal woman to take one then get punished. I don’t want to imagine that.”

Brenda and I dressed as she finished talking. She commented she would do laundry later today and winced when I picked up a dirty shirt and put it on. She made some eggs for breakfast, and it was the first time I ate something decent in the morning in years. I could see my life slowly changing for the better.

I drove Brenda to the law firm and walked her inside. She informed me she was to report to Mr. Wallace first thing, and we took the elevator up to his office and waited until he was ready to see us. When his secretary told us to walk in, I opened the door and entered. His office was enormous. It rivaled the office of the general manager of the Crystal Lake Casino. His desk sat about twenty feet away from us, along the back wall, in front of giant bookshelves. As we walked to his desk, we passed a small sitting area next to floor to ceiling windows overlooking the city.

When we made it to the desk, Mr. Wallace smiled and said, "Inspection."

Brenda became a flurry of motion. She quickly lifted her dress over her head, taking off her bra and panties shortly afterward. She left on her heels, then put her hands on her head. She spread her legs as wide as she could, then bent over at a forty-five degree angle. She adjusted her head, looking straight but not making eye contact.

This position was effective. Her breasts hung freely in front, and she was wide open to anyone behind her. With her legs spread, her vagina and anus were on obvious display, and I couldn't help but admire the sight. It both turned me on and upset me at the same time.

Mr. Wallace stood up and walked around his desk and stood in front of her. He reached out and grabbed her breasts, lifting them slightly, then said, "I love the weight of these. They're not overly large, but definitely something to get your hands around."

I watched him as he walked behind her, reached between her legs, and placed his hand on her vagina. "Nice and smooth, just as I like it. Did you get a feel of this, James? I assume she took care of you this morning. Were you a good girl Brenda, and don't lie to me."

Brenda quickly called out, "Yes sir, I serviced James as you instructed me." She sounded robotic, like all the emotions were gone. She was saying what she had to and nothing more.

He walked in front of her and put a small pill in her mouth. I knew what that was. He then said, "Waiting." He walked around his desk and took a seat. Brenda stood up, put her arms behind her back, and held them with her hands. Her legs still spread, she put her head up and looked forward, still not making eye contact.

"We teach our women various positions." Mr. Wallace explained. "I expect you to run her through them. She should not relax much, and should be in a position when she isn't working. The more we can keep the women focused, the more obedient they will be."

"Mr. Wallace." I began, but before I could continue, he interrupted me.

"Please, call me Reggie." He instructed. "Mr. Wallace is what the women call me. Reggie is my middle name. I hate my parents named me Theodore. Reggie is bad enough, but at least I don't share that with a singing chipmunk."

I had to stifle a laugh. "Reggie." I tried again. "I don't want to do anything to get Brenda into trouble, but I still don't fully understand what you expect of me. Brenda has been filling me in, but I'm sure I'm missing the majority. I didn't even know you expected her to live with me."

"Yes, that was my fault." Reggie admitted, smiling. "I wanted it to be a surprise. I hope you had a great first night together. I know you two did some shopping, and I'm glad to see your apartment is finally getting a woman's touch after all this time."

This son of a bitch was watching us. That shouldn't come as a surprise, but I still didn't like it. He saw the effect his admission had on me and continued, "Yes, I have people watching. Don't worry, I didn't bug your apartment. I think you two should have some privacy. I will continue to monitor you until I'm sure I can trust you."

"Listen, I know Brenda has told you I'm evil, and while that may be true, I do it for a reason." Reggie explained. "I'm not a good man, but that doesn't mean I don't take care of my friends. I started Crimson thirty years ago when I formed the law firm. I used the firm to spread Crimson across the state, then the country."

“We have dozens of local chapters.” He continued, “I run the organization, but each chapter is independent. I like to keep everyone on the same page with similar rules, sort of like a franchise. I expect them to protect themselves and Crimson. If they don’t, I move in and shut them down.”

“I haven’t known you for long, but I like your ‘I don’t give a shit’ attitude.” Reggie admitted. “Most of our members want power, and I have to watch my back. The very men that I invite in would stab me if it meant taking my place. The men that work for me are only as good as my money is. If it ran out, they would head for the door, or worse. Men like your captain or the mayor would haul me in if I crossed them. I feel you’re different.”

I grew tired of standing and took a seat while Reggie was talking. I felt the need to exert my dominance any way I could. I thought about what Amanda said, to do whatever it takes and screw the consequences.

“And that’s what I’m talking about.” Reggie almost cheered. “The fact you just sat down speaks volumes. No one does that. Everyone fears me, but not you. Why is that?”

“Because I was ready to die years ago.” I answered. “After I lost my wife and son, I had nothing left. That feeling of not giving a shit is ingrained in me. It’s who I am.”

“What about Brenda?” Reggie asked, looking excited to get my answer. “Don’t you want to live now that you’ve found each other? What about her daughter? What happens to her if I decide to kill you? Doesn’t that worry you?”

I thought about it for a moment, then answered, “I guess they’re fucked. Let me make this clear. I will kill you and everyone around you if I even feel you mean them harm. I don’t care what happens to me. You’re only alive right now because I can see a benefit for Brenda and Kathy. Once I don’t, then our agreement goes out the window and one of us will end up dead.”

“Excellent! Thank you.” Reggie answered, breathing a sigh of relief. “I hoped you would answer like that. I was afraid you wouldn’t have a backbone and cave in. I’ve waited a long time to find someone like you. In my position, I can’t trust people are being genuine. All of my employees will tell me what they think I want to hear. I don’t need that. I need people to tell me the truth, because sometimes I don’t see it.”

“I want to alter our agreement.” Reggie said, thrilled at the prospect.

I interrupted him, “Hold on, what is his crap? I don’t have a handle on the first agreement, and now you want to change it? How often will this happen?”

“Calm down James, I think you’ll like this better.” Reggie said, smiling. “I want you to work for me personally. You’ll be my right hand. I need someone I can trust to look out for my interests and have my back. In return, I’ll pay you even more money. How does \$20k a month sound?”

“That sounds fine, depending on the catch.” I answered, still suspicious. “What about Brenda? What are your plans for her?”

“What do you want for her, James?” Reggie asked, looking intrigued at what my answer may be.

“I’ll tell you what I want.” I answered back. “Brenda, get dressed.”

Brenda looked shocked, not knowing what she should do. Reggie sat there, enthralled at the scene playing out before him. I was taking a chance and exerting myself more. I figured, what the hell. What did I have to lose? He admitted he wanted someone to tell him when he’s full of shit. That I can do. If it meant making life easier for Brenda, I was all in.

Brenda didn’t move. She locked her eyes forward and resumed her position. Brenda was afraid of Reggie. I didn’t blame her. Time to put on a show. He gave her a pill. I’m sure he planned to inflict some pain, and I took advantage of that. I grabbed Brenda’s arm, twisted her around, and pulled her down over my lap as I sat down in a chair. Once I had her in position over my knee, I started spanking her. I was curious about just how much pain she would feel with the pill.

I wasn’t spanking her hard, but she started kicking and screaming like I was hitting her with a leather strap. After a few moments, she was crying, begging me to stop. Reggie just sat there, stunned. His mouth hung open and his vision locked on Brenda fighting to get off my lap. I continued until I was certain I proved my point, then stood her up.

She had a look of betrayal on her face, like her world just ended. I wanted to hug her, but I wasn’t finished. “When I tell you something, I expect you to listen. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” She called out behind tears.

“Now, get your ass in the corner by the window and think about that.” I instructed her.

She almost ran to the corner and faced it. Her ass wasn't even that red. That pill really did a number on her. I felt a slight pang of guilt, but quickly pushed it down.

“Brenda is mine.” I told Reggie. “No one touches her. Consider her hands-off to everyone except me, and that includes you. She will be your financial analyst. You will end your guardianship over her daughter Kathy. You will make a lump sum deposit that covers all of Kathy's expenses for the rest of her school through the twelfth grade. Add \$200 thousand dollars to that and put it in a trust for her, under only her name.”

“I will take your offer.” I continued. “I will be your right hand. You will pay me \$10k a month, half of what you offered, to make up for the additional money you're spending on Kathy. I want access to all the women and your entire organization. If I'm to do my job properly, I need to know everything. I will have carte blanche. I will only answer to you.”

“I will have your best interests in mind.” I explained. “I don't give a damn about anything else. You'll have to trust that I know what I'm doing.”

“Why would you protect me?” Reggie asked. “I mean, that's what I asked you to do, but why? From where I sit, it looks like you're going against what you told me yesterday and buying in fully to Crimson. What changed? Can you see how I would be suspicious?”

“That's a good question, Reggie.” I responded. “Over the years, I became a pragmatist. My ethical code slowly disappeared. I couldn't care less if someone dies, so long as it serves a purpose. I don't care that you enslave women, so long as it benefits something. You say that you have caught these women doing something wrong. Well, for me, they deserve it. Even if they've done nothing wrong and you entrap them, that's ok so long as it serves the benefit of Crimson.”

“So, you don't mind that we take prostitutes off the street and sell them?” Reggie asked.

“That’s a tougher question to answer.” I admitted. “I would say no, because it serves a practical purpose. It funds the company, and perhaps the women are no worse off than they were before. Now, say someone takes one woman and kills her. I would have a problem with that. Senseless death serves no purpose, and I can’t get behind it.”

“Just so I’m clear, you don’t have a problem enslaving women?” Reggie asked again, not believing what I was saying.

“No, I don’t.” I truthfully answered.

“You don’t feel bad for the treatment they will receive from us?” Reggie continued digging deeper, trying to get to the core of my belief. “You saw what I did to Brenda, and I’m sure she told you about some of her experiences in training. That must give you some pause.”

“I think you’re trying to find what drives me.” I replied. “It comes down to this. I do what’s best for me, my loved ones, and my friends. This is not how I was when I was younger. I had ideals and strong morals. I knew right from wrong, and I adhered to a firm sense of justice. After my wife died, I found out that was all bullshit. What you believe doesn’t matter, and justice doesn’t exist.”

“At this moment, protecting Crimson is what’s best for Brenda, her daughter, and me.” I added. “You have resources and money. Kathy will get an education paid for by that money. Brenda will get a comfortable life free of the stress of where her next meal is coming from, or whether she will have a roof over her head. I get to relax because the woman I love is taken care of.”

“I don’t care about money or power.” I admitted. “Even \$10 thousand is too much, but I’m making you pay it so you can feel my worth. People like you value everything in dollars and cents. If you get something for free, it’s not worth much to you and you’ll toss it aside. If you pay \$1 million for something, you’ll treasure it. You’re paying me \$10 thousand per month because I want you to see value in me. If you do that, you’ll keep me around. Brenda and Kathy will continue to be taken care of, and that’s all I want.”

“I know I made the right choice now.” Reggie smiled. “Is there anything else?”

“Let me get familiar with your organization first, then we can talk.” I answered.

“Ok, I agree to almost all of your demands.” Reggie responded. “Brenda is the exception. She will work for me. She will be off limits to everyone except me, but I will use her as I see fit. I will also need to use her for special clients, like the men I mentioned I want to recruit.”

“James, understand.” Reggie explained. “These men will each pay \$10 million dollars to become a member. That’s besides the one million per month they pay to remain a member. I have three of them interested that have tastes that border on sadistic. Brenda is that important to me. If you and Brenda agree, I will explain that these men must pay an additional \$50 thousand each visit to Brenda personally. I’m sure they will agree. She will be available to me because I need to know she remains obedient. You need to keep up her training. And I have to be honest, I enjoy my time with her.”

“I will give you something in return.” Reggie said, picked up his phone, and he called in his assistant.

After a few moments, a woman walked in.

“I would like to introduce you to my wife, Morgan.” Reggie announced.

I wouldn’t have guessed it. Morgan was stunning. She was only around twenty-five years of age, much younger than Reggie. She stood about 5’11, but in her heels was eye-to-eye with me. She could have been a model, although a little skinny for my liking. Morgan’s curves were less pronounced than Brenda’s, but no less attractive. She wore long brunette hair down to the middle of her back, and it framed a beautiful face.

“I know, the age difference throws you off.” Reggie remarked. “Morgan has a degree in law, and I picked her out of our new recruits last year. I fell in love immediately. After wining and dining her, she agreed to be my wife. I’m a lucky man.”

“However, Morgan learned a hard lesson that all young lawyers should learn; to read every contract fully.” He continued. “I had a prenup drawn up that specified she would leave our marriage with nothing if she wasn’t a faithful wife. Not only that, but she would reimburse me for any living expenses if we ever divorced because of infidelity. Since her tastes are rather extravagant, you can see where she would be in trouble.”

“Morgan carried on her romance with an old boyfriend shortly after our honeymoon.” Reggie explained. “I found out, and I wasn’t too happy. I gave her a decision. Leave our marriage immediately,

or submit herself to me. She keeps her lifestyle and all the trappings of wealth, but gives up her freedom. I trained her myself, and she is just as obedient as any of our women. I don't let anyone have access, but I will extend that privilege to you if you accept. Morgan, inspection."

Morgan stripped out of her blue business style dress, then took off her matching bra and panties. She kept on her expensive looking heels and assumed the inspection position.

"James, look and tell me what you think." Reggie invited me.

I walked around her, admiring her beauty. She kept her eyes forward and remained bent forty-five degrees at the waist.

Her C cup breasts hung down. He had large areolas that framed long nipples. I reached out with two hands and lifted each one. I let them hang and felt around her nipples, fingering them and causing them to stiffen. She kept her hazel eyes looked out from her hair that hung down like a lion's mane, not making eye contact with me.

I walked to the back of her. Her vagina was enticing. It was large. Her outer lips were flatter, opening up to a set of inner lips hanging down about an inch. I couldn't help myself. I reached out and felt her. I slid my hand forward and felt for her clitoris. I worked a finger under her hood until I found it. It was the largest I ever felt. When I touched it, she moaned. This was something I could get used to.

As I admired Morgan, Reggie announced, "You can have her as your assistant. I get Brenda here with me, so it's only fair you get Morgan with you. You'll have an office set up at the casino. I like the idea of having you there, monitoring everything for me. It will make my employees there pay closer attention to their jobs. I don't want another screw up like we had with Cassie. You will pull double duty, working for me and the police. Morgan will help you with whatever you need."

"What do you say, James? Do you accept?" Reggie asked, excited about my answer.

I needed to know how Brenda felt. She was in her mindset of obedience, but I wanted a truthful answer from her. "Brenda, get dressed and relax. I have to ask you a few questions and I want the truth."

She turned around from the corner and had a puzzled look on her face, but put her clothes back on. Once she finished, I told her to have a seat. There were two chairs facing Reggie's desk, and Morgan was in her inspection position between them. I told Morgan to assume the waiting position, and she straightened up.

"Brenda, did you hear everything we were talking about?" I asked her.

"Yes sir, I did." She answered quickly.

"What do you think about his proposal?" I asked. "I want your true feelings, not what you think Reggie wants to hear."

She looked nervous and glanced back and forth between me and Reggie.

"Brenda, whatever you say is ok." I tried to reassure her. "I know you belong to Crimson, but I care about your feelings. I will only accept Reggie's terms if you agree as well."

I knew this was putting her in an awkward position. I was about to ask if I could speak with her in private when she said, "I think I can make that work if Mr. Wallace agrees to pay up front for Kathy's school and the extra \$200 thousand. But most important, he ends his guardianship of her and gives her back to me."

She looked at Reggie and said, "James may only want \$10 thousand per month, but I want \$20 thousand. I'll be the first woman that you pay to be one of your slaves."

"That amount of money will motivate me." She explained. "Not only will I help you with your, as you say, sadistic members, but I'll take on other high-profile customers as well. The only stipulation is James and I have a say in who I service, and James is always my security when I do. Each of your customers that I serve that require me to endure pain will reimburse me the \$50 thousand that you offered. I will also not take that pill when I do."

She gave me an angry look when she said that, then quickly winked before turning back to Reggie.

“I will work as your financial analyst, and I want 2.5% of all profits I generate monthly.” She finished. “That’s slightly over what a normal advisor makes, but I’m valuable in so many other ways.”

Brenda looked at me, smiled, and stood up. She stripped her clothes back off and walked around the side of Reggie’s desk. She looked back at me and smiled before she dropped to her knees, out of sight behind the desk. Reggie looked pleased, and after a few moments, he leaned back and closed his eyes. Whatever she was doing was working.

She picked up many tricks over the years and was probably using a few on him. Reggie’s breath grew shorter, then he tensed and let out a moan. He spasmed a few times, then relaxed. As he was catching his breath, Brenda stood up, wiping her mouth. She walked back over, but instead of getting dressed, stood in the waiting position next to Morgan.

“Damn woman.” Reggie exclaimed. “That was incredible. Why didn’t you do that before?”

“I didn’t have the proper motivation before, sir.” She said proudly. “They trained me to be obedient, and I was. This is the difference between obedience and motivation. Before they required me to please you, now I want to. Paying me and showing me I’m valuable makes all the difference... sir.”

Her eyes remained forward, but she had a big smile on her face.

“I agree with your terms. I’ll have someone draw the contracts up today and end my guardianship of your daughter. James, you may take Morgan with you.” He instructed me, still catching his breath. “Your captain wants to talk with you first. Then you’ll head to the casino. Thomas Kinkaid will get you set up and introduce you to everyone and everything there. I have to go over Brenda’s new job and responsibilities. I hope you enjoy Megan as much as I will Brenda.”

He smiled at Morgan and said, “I’ll see you at home, honey. Have a great day.”

Reggie told Brenda to get dressed, and I did the same for Morgan. Once she was dressed, Morgan walked around the desk and kissed Reggie on the cheek. Brenda faced me and gave me a kiss. She smiled at me and said, “Don’t have too much fun. I need to fuck you tonight and mark my territory, so save some strength.”

This was surreal. I dug down to see how I felt about Brenda servicing Reggie. I now knew I loved her and wanted her in my life. I tried to feel something resembling jealousy, but I couldn't. I felt pissed when she sucked Reggie's dick in the limo, but not in his office. I reasoned the difference must be in why she did it. In the limo, she had to. In the office, she wanted to. That's what it was. My motivation was protecting Brenda and making her happy. She was happy, and that meant I was as well.

Like before, her fucking other men didn't bother me. It did not differ from her prostitution days. It didn't bother me then, and it doesn't bother me now. So long as she was in my life, it didn't matter. Does that make me a strange or a bad person? I don't think so, but ultimately I didn't care. I loved her and she could be mine, even with her obedience to Crimson and servicing other members. However, the moment she wasn't happy, I would blow the entire organization sky high. I would do what was necessary, and screw the consequences.