

A photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair lying on her side on a bed of white, draped fabric. She is wearing black lace lingerie. Her hands are positioned near her face, with one hand partially covering her eyes. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a romantic and intimate atmosphere.

Paul Preston

THE LOST ANGEL
Obsession Series, Book 4

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The Lost Angel
Obsession Series, Book Four
by Paul Preston

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For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

Chapter One

The Horns of the Demon

I see the demon for the first time a week before Thanksgiving. I'm at my usual table in Obsessions chatting with one of the patrons when I see the horns reflected in the wall mirror directly in front of me. I rub my eyes and look closer to be sure I'm not imagining it. No, the horns are real, protruding out in two sharp points from the man's forehead, as if surgically implanted into his flesh. The horns have this repulsive reddish-black hue; the color of a centipede. My blood runs cold when I see them. I've been afraid of the devil ever since I was a little girl. Despite the fact I had convinced myself the devil is not real, Satan has come for me in the flesh to make his claim on my body and my soul.

The horned man catches me looking at him and he stares back at me in the mirror. Normally I don't mind being an object of lust for the gentlemen in the club, but the demon's lascivious gaze makes me uncomfortable down to my bones. Thankfully I see my Dom, Jim Jefferson, standing next to the beast. James notices me in the mirror and smiles in that shy affectionate way of his. I escape for a moment into the tranquil pools of his beautiful brown eyes.

I've never seen this odd creepy man in Obsessions before. James is evidently taking him on the standard tour he gives to all first time visitors. It has always been my Dom's policy to allow any person to visit his club who wishes to explore an alternative sexual lifestyle, regardless of their physical appearance or proclivities, as long as they follow the rules. I just wish on this occasion he had not been so welcoming.

Two Goth-looking women dressed in unflattering black lingerie stand next to the demon, apparently as part of his entourage. Though they don't wear pointy black hats, they look like witches just the same. They're rather plain-looking, apart from the thick mascara under their eyes, and have stringy black hair. Their faces are expressionless. They

attend to his needs like servants, one woman holding his drink, the other his cane. The horned man pays no attention to them. As James speaks to the man, the two women stand obediently at the demon's side, awaiting his next command.

Everyone in the club stares at the pair of witches. Although the women don't seem to notice the strange looks, I feel sorry for them. However revolting the demon is to me, I think it's wrong to judge them for their devotion. I know what it feels like to worship a man. If the Christian friends I once knew ever found out about my submissive relationship with James, they would assume I too was a lost soul, destined for an eternity of suffering in the pits of Hell. To them, I would be considered as nothing more than an unchaste woman, a whore. I know I'll never be accepted by my parents, my friends or the church I once belonged to. But I also know my Dom loves me exactly as I am. I finally found a place in this world where I belong, where I no longer need to repress my desires. I made a choice to pursue the pleasures of the flesh rather than the spirit and it was the right decision for me. With James I feel so alive and free. I wondered if the two witches were as fulfilled in their lives as I was.

When the older of the two witches turns her body slightly away from me, I see something else very upsetting in the mirror. I observe what looks like red marks across her right shoulder, as if made by the lashes of a whip. The marks are not the result of a light consensual session of discipline between a Dominant and his sub. The ugly raised welts appear to be permanent. Has he been beating her? The grotesque man lifts his eyebrows suggestively after noticing me staring at his witch. I shudder and immediately look away.

I try to put the demon and his witches out of my mind by focusing on the gentlemen visiting my table. I try listen to what he's saying, but cannot. Even though I dare not look in the mirror again, I know the demon is watching me. I can

feel his presence slithering closer to me, his coal-black eyes burning into the back of my neck. My forehead begins to perspire. I feel light-headed and slightly queasy. I want to escape from the club and get as far away as I can from the demon. But now that he's found me, there is nowhere to hide.

Up until this moment, I've enjoyed my time at Obsessions and felt totally safe here. My Dom designed the club precisely for the protection of vulnerable women and keeps a vigilant watch over us along with his security team. James takes the rules of the club seriously. Only a collared submissive under a signed contract with a Dominant is permitted in Area 2, where I'm currently sitting. A submissive in Area 2 must be chained either by her ankle to the table leg or by her wrist to the O-rings mounted on the wall. Both the wrist and the ankle may be restrained if the Dom prefers. Only non-sexual touching such as casual kiss on the cheek, a handshake or a brief friendly hug is allowed between a man and woman in this section. I feel quite comfortable in Area 2 and have met quite a lot of nice people and made many friends over the last months.

Area 1 is for single women who desire to meet an unattached Dominant male or is perhaps just curious about the BDSM lifestyle in general. It's the largest section of Obsessions and is very similar to any other night club, with table service for drinks and a dance floor. The women in this section are free to roam about the club unencumbered though they may not order drinks directly from the bar.

Area 3 is the smallest and most risqué section, corded off from the rest of the club. A submissive in Area 3 must be chained by all four limbs and displayed in an X-shape upon a raised platform. Her legs are spread apart and her ankles are attached to cuffs in the floor, while her wrists are fastened over her head to chains dangling from the ceiling. There are chairs positioned below the platform for viewing. Like in Area 2, only a woman in a committed submissive

relationship is permitted there. But in Area 3 women must give their consent to be fondled and stroked intimately by anonymous men, with their Dominant's permission and only under his supervision. Clothing in this section is optional. It is customary for a woman to achieve an orgasm in Area 3, though a sexual release by a man anywhere in the club is strictly forbidden. My previous Dom, Charles Anderson, once displayed me there, but James has never shown a proclivity to share me with other men, though it is clearly written in our contract that he has the right to do so. As of now I think James feels more comfortable keeping me captive in Area 2 where men can look at me all they want, but not touch.

I very much enjoy spending my evenings here. Since I'm the submissive of the club's owner, I like to be the least dressed woman in the room. On most occasions I wear a sexy dress without a bra or on lingerie nights nothing but a see-through camisole, a pencil-thin G-String, thigh high stockings, garter belt and heels. Most of the regulars who patronize Obsessions have a not so secret crush on me. They stop by my table to talk, leer at me and buy me a Perrier.

I suppose I've come a long way since I was a devout Christian attending First Assembly of God and listening to Pastor Orman's fire and brimstone sermons every Sunday. Now it doesn't even bother me in the slightest when visitors who are unaware of the club rules inevitably try to kiss me or slip their hands under my lingerie to squeeze my exposed breasts and ass. It happens almost on a nightly basis. Being fondled by a stranger in the club isn't really a problem for me. When one of the gentlemen gets a little too frisky, the inappropriate touching abruptly comes to an end as soon as I point my Dom out to them.

Jim Jefferson is the largest and most intimidating man in the room. He sports a large scar running diagonally across his cheek, suffered in his childhood while defending a woman from being raped, which makes me proud to be his

submissive every time I see it. Though I happen to find his scar quite attractive, it frightens most gentlemen in the club enough to keep their hands to themselves. James doesn't even get upset anymore when an inebriated gentleman in search of a submissive starts to paw at me. Before I became his submissive he would erupt into a jealous rage when he saw anyone touch me. Once he even picked a wealthy, long-term patron up off the floor by the lapels of his suit and kicked him out of the club for removing my dress and fondling my breasts. Now James is much more relaxed, knowing I belong only to him. If he sees a gentleman touch me inappropriately, he just asks one of his security guards to call the poor man a cab and calmly usher him out of the club. I think it's a testament to the trust we've built between us as Dom and sub. He seems very happy and at peace with our arrangement and often tells me how lucky he feels to be my Dom. Life with James has been a pleasure, up until the moment I saw the horns in the mirror. My serenity seems... broken now. I wish the demon had never walked into our club.

I blame my ridiculous fears of the devil on the sermons I heard as a child. My Dom and I have discussed these matters at great length. I even persuaded James to sign our first contract months ago in hopes it would put my past behind me. To some extent, it has helped. Since signing the contract, I no longer pray to God to take away my inappropriate sexual thoughts. I've chosen not to go back to our church, First Assembly of God, to the dismay of my parents. I now see First Assembly as the place I went for the first 25 years of my life to hide from the shame and guilt associated with my sexual feelings. But even though I've rejected my past beliefs, I can't seem to overcome my irrational fear of the devil. I wish my parents had never taken me to church as a child. I wish I never heard Pastor Orman preach the Gospel. I wish I had never learned about the fires of Hell, the wages of sin and the power Satan

wields over us all. Like the horns mounted into the flesh of the demon, the fear of Satan is embedded in my mind and my soul.

After the last visitor leaves my table, the demon suddenly appears before me in the flesh, dressed in a black suit. Even though he leans his pudgy upper body on a fancy black cane, he appears to be a young man, not much older than me. The cane and expensive suit give him a patrician air. His head is completely shaved which makes the whites of his eyes, his blood red lips and the reddish black horns stand out in a disturbing way. I glance down, expecting cloven hooves, but only see the polished black leather shoes of a wealthy man. He speaks quite formally, in a deep resonant voice.

“Good evening, Miss. I believe we noticed each other in the mirror a moment ago. Please don’t be alarmed by my appearance. May I have a word with you?”

I don’t respond and keep my eyes focused upon the table.

“Would you be so kind to allow me a seat at your table, my dear?”

He sits down and crosses his legs, without waiting for my approval. A long moment passes. I glance up and he is staring down at me like a python stalking his prey. I feel the bile rise in my throat, take a sip of water and swallow it with difficulty. His two women stand silently behind his chair; their eyes cast downward, pupils dilated and empty of life.

“It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance. I wish us to be great friends, you and I.”

The contrast between his polite manner and harsh appearance is disorienting. He seems rather harmless when he speaks in his syrup-sweet tone. He could pass as a sweet eccentric uncle, except he looks like something that just crawled out of my worst nightmare.

“By the way... Please allow me to convey my sincerest condolences for the loss of your sister...”

What? I look up at him, startled. How did this stranger know about the death of my sister? Her passing away from AIDS is still quite painful to me. Though it's been over two years since she died, it still feels like an open wound which never healed. Bringing up Eloise's death crosses a line for me. I feel angry and violated. I notice the demon staring at my breasts and I cross my arms over them. I want to leave, to escape. Where is James?

"It is a crime against nature that Eloise was taken so young. I never understood why the most innocent in our world seem to suffer the most. There's no rhyme or reason for it. God can be so randomly cruel sometimes, do you agree? I suppose you'll have a few choice questions for the man upstairs when your time comes, no doubt. May I offer you a drink, Grace?"

My heart quickens its pace. How did he know my name?

"Champagne perhaps? Shall I call the waitress?"

Through clenched teeth, I mumble a response.

"I'm sorry Ms. Madsen. I didn't hear you."

"I don't drink alcohol," I say quietly.

"Ahhh, you must be an angel then. How delightful. We've so much in common, you and I."

"What could I possibly have in common with you Sir?" I say between gritted teeth.

"You see Grace, we are both particular kinds of angels. Fallen angels, as it were..."

My heart races, my voice begins to quiver.

"Fallen angels?"

"Indeed..."

The man gestures to the waitress. As he places the order I summon the courage to look up at the demon. To my dismay, I notice the tip of his tongue is split. I try to mask my look of horror as his forked tongue slips in and out between his lips, like an alien creature with two slimy pointed heads living inside the cave of his mouth. I immediately feel nauseous again. It is the most disgusting

thing I've ever seen, more horrifying perhaps than the pointed horns. He turns back to me and introduces himself by holding a limp hand out in a polite, even effete manner.

"Grace, please forgive my rudeness. I know your name but you don't know mine. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Lucius Barrington, at your service. I am the founder of the Chicago branch of the Worldwide Church of Satan. You are always invited to visit my temple, The Church of the Anti-Christ. Please do a Google search on the name and you'll find our website. I conduct services there every Friday at midnight. Some in the press might call it a Black Mass, but really it's nothing of the sort. Please ignore all the negative publicity we seem to attract. We are just a social gathering of open-minded intellectually curious friends, no different than you and your friends, I'm sure. You can also find us on the social media, Facebook, Twitter, etcetera. I'd love you to meet my congregation, if you're not too busy this Friday. You'd be a most honored guest, Ms. Madsen, I assure you..."

The Church of the Anti-Christ... The Worldwide Church of Satan... I wish I was imagining all of this, but the scene playing out before me is all too real. The demon continues to hold out his pinkish, flabby hand for a long moment and I finally take it. I'm careful not to cut my skin on his fingernails, which have been filed down to five sharp points. I touch his sweaty claw and quickly let it go. The skin of his palm has a clammy texture to it, like the slimy wet surface of an eel. As he speaks I feel afraid again, back in the pews of First Assembly of God, listening to one of Pastor Orman's famous sermons. The False Prophets, the Mark of the Beast, the Lake of Fire, the numbers 666. I know it is only a matter of time before I lose my mind. I don't want to go the mental hospital. Please. I don't want to go...

"I am descended from a long line of archangels," he says, "leading all the way back to Lucifer Himself. After the curse of original sin, when Adam and Eve were separated from God, my ancestors lusted after the flesh of the first

women. The Sons of Man came down from the Heavens to copulate with the wives of the first men. This displeased the Father so much that He threw His archangels into a deep abyss and separated them from God through eternity. God did not approve of His Host of Heaven having sex with the Daughters of Men. I've often wondered, why did God do that? What was His motivation? Was God jealous? Did He secretly want to have sex with the first women? Is that why he cast His offending angels out of Heaven? What do you think Grace?"

"I don't know. I don't think about such things. It's all nonsense."

"Yes, I agree. It's not worth thinking about really. I've just always wondered why God would create a woman's body in a fetching manner, yet impose such a harsh penalty on my ancestors for enjoying the fruits of that creation. The beauty of a woman is made to be enjoyed without shame, don't you agree?"

Pastor Orman's frequent sermons about the fallen angels had always frightened me, but it sounded even more terrible rolling off the demon's snake-like tongue.

"You were raised a Christian, weren't you, Ms. Madsen?"

How did he know that? How could he possibly know that?

"Have you any explanation for this paradox? Ms. Madsen?" he asked.

"I'd rather not talk about it further, if you don't mind."

"It is a difficult theological question, to be sure," he said, ignoring me. "It's not even worth considering, of course, for an educated man. Well, I'm very pleased to finally speak with you Grace. I've looked forward to this moment for many years. I hope we can get better acquainted. To be honest, it's rather tedious always having to be the 'Personification of Evil.' The truth is no one really knows anything about me. I am a man of flesh and blood, just like every other man in this room. And I'm afraid, over time, I've developed a bit of an obsession with you, my dear. Would

you care to get to know me a little better too, my little lost angel?"

I didn't respond.

"You're quite shy, aren't you, little one? You needn't be afraid of me, Ms. Madsen. Like all men, I am a divine mixture of both the sacred and the profane. If you allow yourself the opportunity to get to know me better, I think you'll agree my negative attributes have been grossly exaggerated over the centuries of my existence. Once you see I'm not such a bad person, you won't be nearly as nervous around me. That is my hope at least."

I finally gather the courage to speak.

"What..."

"Yes, Ms. Madsen?"

"What... is it that you want from me, Mr. Barrington?"

"Why so formal, Grace? Call me Lucius. We're old friends. We've known each other since childhood. Don't you remember?"

"I've never seen you before in my life," I said, beginning to lose my composure.

"Are you sure? Has the Pastor of your church ever mentioned anything about me?"

I shake my head no.

"Here. Perhaps this will answer a few of your questions about my relationship to you. Read it at your leisure, my dear. Many things will be made clear to you once you've read the document."

The demon hands me an envelope. I wanted to tell him I didn't want it, whatever it was. But rather than talking further to him, I fold it in half and stuff it in the bottom of my purse under my makeup to throw away later.

"You were quite young when last we met, little one. Around 5 years old, I do believe. I suppose you don't remember. It was so long ago. Our parents attended the same church, First Assembly of God, next to Target off the highway. I've always found it apt that the wonderful church

you grew up in is literally right next to that bastion of American consumerism. I was a wee lad, only 7 years old when Mother brought me to Sunday school for my first and only time. All the other children ignored me, but not you, Grace. You were such a sweet child. You invited me to play dolls with you. How nice you were. This made quite an impression on me, as a child. I'll always remember the kindness you showed me that day. I'm sure to you it was nothing and you don't even remember it, but to me, it was the only true act of kindness anyone has ever shown me in my life. You and I were having a good time playing with the dollhouse, do you remember, until Pastor Orman saw me through the window. He immediately came into the Sunday school classroom and looked down at me strangely. We continued playing, blissfully unaware of what was about to happen. The Pastor asked the Sunday school teacher about me. Do you remember who the Sunday school teacher was, Ms. Madsen? It was your Mother. Your Mother taught Sunday school at church while you were growing up, did she not? Ms. Madsen?"

I nod, as if in a trance. How could the stranger have possibly known that detail about my childhood?

"Suddenly the Pastor Orman grabbed me and I fell to the floor, yelling and writhing under his grasp. Someone was sent to pull my Mother out of the morning chapel service and she immediately came running into the classroom, thinking I'd been hurt. I remember Pastor Orman kneeling before me, laying hands upon me and praying as a crowd gathered to watch the show. I remember how harshly he pressed my small body into the floor."

I feel my skin tingle with fear.

"Why was Pastor Orman... praying over you?"

"Do you not know? It's quite simple, my dear. I was possessed by a demon as a child. And I still am to this day..."

The manner in which he said it, in such a nonchalant fashion, terrifies me. I look down at my hands on the table. They're trembling.

"The Pastor tried his best to cast the demon out of me. Though he quoted all sorts of bible verses, spoke in tongues and beseeched the Lord Jesus to remove the unclean spirit from my body, nothing worked. Pastor Orman eventually gave up on the exorcism and told my Mother to take me away from his church and to never come back. "His soul is tainted!" he declared. "This boy is the child of Satan, possessed by the Devil Himself!" I remember how you gave me a sad confused look as my Mother snatched me off the floor, sobbing. I cried to be separated from you too. The tears of a child are the saddest thing, are they not? Needless to say, I never returned to your church... You don't recall any of this embarrassing incident, do you Grace?"

I shake my head no. He keeps talking, asking me questions.

"It feels to me like it happened just yesterday. You don't remember?"

"No."

"May I ask you as a Christian, you do believe in the power of demonic possession?"

"I'm no longer a Christian."

"That's good because neither am I."

I sit absolutely still, unable to speak.

"You still don't know who I am, do you Ms. Madsen? I'm surprised you don't remember me. Why don't you take a guess?"

"No! I don't know you! I don't remember you."

"There's no need to raise your voice. Have I said something to offend you?"

"I don't want to talk about it anymore!" I shout, quite loudly.

Several heads turn in my direction and the crowd becomes quiet around me. After I raise my voice, the sides

of the demon's lips curl up slightly in amusement. James hears my outburst and moves quickly through the crowd toward my table. He eyes the man suspiciously.

"Grace, I heard you shout. Is everything alright?" James asks.

I look up at James and nod, embarrassed to have caused a scene in his club.

"Yes. I'm sorry. Everything's OK," I say.

James gives the demon a stern look.

"Is this man bothering you?" he asks.

"No," I say.

"Are you sure, honey?" James asks.

"Yes, I'm sure."

"OK. I'll be right over at the bar if you need me," James says, slipping back through the crowd.

I take a deep breath and answer the demon's question in a more composed voice.

"I don't remember your story, Mr. Barrington. I wasn't there. You must have me mistaken for someone else. I have no idea who you are, Sir."

The demon leans forward across the table and whispers in a conspiratorial voice.

"I apologize if I've upset you child. For now, in the limited time we have together; let me say that the slave collar you wear is undignified and does not befit a woman of your royal bloodline. You don't realize this yet Grace, but you are a much more important and powerful person than you think. It is your destiny to become the Queen of the Underworld. You have no idea what power lies within you. Allow me to help you become aware of that power and utilize it, for good or ill."

The crazy talk upsets me further. I feel nauseous. My head is spinning. I try to move away but my ankle is cuffed to the leg of the table.

"James!" I call out.

Suddenly, Barrington gets down on one knee in front of me and looks directly up into my eyes.

“Grace Madsen, I want you to leave here with me tonight and become the Witch Queen of my coven, the beloved wife of the Prince of Darkness. The Prophets have foretold that a son will be born in the end times that will rule the Earth for 1000 years. It is your destiny, Grace, to be the mother of that child called the Anti-Christ...”

“James!”

My Dom finally reaches me through the crowd assembled around us.

“What’s wrong, Grace?” James asks, concerned.

“Please release me. I... I need some air,” I say.

“Of course.”

James immediately unlocks the metal handcuff from my ankle, while giving Barrington a vicious sideways glance. The demon sits back down in his chair. Though I’ve never been discourteous to anyone at Obsessions before, I stand up and walk immediately away from the beast.

Chapter Two

The Arms of My Dom

I walk directly back to the office, followed by James. Safely behind the locked door, I fall into the arms of my Dom and he kisses me tenderly. James takes my hands in his.

“Your hands are shaking. You’re so pale. What’s wrong Grace? What happened in there? Why are you upset?”

“It was... the man I spoke to.”

“You mean the guy dressed up for Halloween? I knew there was something strange about that guy. What happened? Did he touch you inappropriately?”

“No. It’s not that.”

“Was it that weird proposal? I saw him get down on one knee. It’s not the first time that’s happened at the club. You’re so pretty you get a proposal of one kind or another every night of the week.”

“No. He said things about my life he shouldn’t have known... Personal things.”

“What kinds of things Grace?”

“He knew my sister Eloise had died.”

“That is strange. Didn’t you tell me your sister had a large group of friends? Perhaps he was acquainted with one of them.”

“But he said other things. Weird things. He wants me to be some kind of... Witch Queen.”

“Yeah, I overheard that part. That was a little odd to hear, even at Obsessions. I didn’t pick up on the fact that he’s delusional when I met him. I should’ve vetted him more carefully. I’m sorry if he made you feel uncomfortable, Grace.”

“He said we went to the same Sunday school as kids, though I don’t remember him. He said...”

“What?”

“He was possessed.”

“Possessed?”

“By the Devil.”

“Ugh. Not that again!”

“He mentioned my Pastor’s name.”

“Pastor Orman?”

“Yes. He said Pastor Orman performed an exorcism on him as a child.”

“Every time I hear you talk about that Pastor, I get more and more annoyed. I’d like to give that man a piece of my mind for upsetting you so much when you were a little girl.”

“I’m sorry for causing such a problem in your club.”

“Grace, you didn’t cause any problem. And it’s not you who should be apologizing, it’s me. I made a big mistake letting that nut job and those two crazy women into the club tonight. I’m so sorry he upset you. But you know by now what he’s saying is complete bullshit. He’s not “possessed” and there is no “Devil”. We’ve discussed this at length, Grace. You were brainwashed into believing all that nonsense as a child. They were trying to scare you into believing in Jesus and make you feel guilty and afraid. And it worked.”

“I know, I know. I feel foolish to be so afraid. I know it’s ridiculous. I’m sorry.”

“No, it’s entirely my fault. It was an error of judgment on my part to let them into the club.”

“He... knew things about me... personal things about my childhood. He knew that my Mother taught Sunday school when I was a kid... He even knew my name... He said...”

“What?”

“I was going to be the... Mother of the Anti-Christ.”

“That’s ridiculous. What a load of horseshit! They’re just words, Grace. They mean nothing.”

“I know.”

“Let me go have a talk with him. I’ll get to the bottom of this. I’m not going to invite them back. I can’t have anyone making you feel uncomfortable or afraid in my club.”

“Please don’t hurt him James. Like you said, he’s just... delusional. He’s a pretty harmless guy, I think.”

“Oh, I won’t hurt Grace. I am pissed off, but I just want to have a talk with him, that’s all. I’ll tell him he is no longer welcome here. Please excuse me for a moment.”

James kisses my cheek and leaves his office to go speak with Lucius Barrington. I hear the key turn in his office doorknob and I am safely locked inside his office. I sit down on the couch, feeling much safer. It’s foolish of me to cause such a fuss over the strange man’s words, but he rattled my nerves. My heart finally slows to a normal rhythm and I pat my forehead with a tissue. I still feel nervous and can’t get the image of the horns out of my mind. I try to relax, telling myself that James will simply tell the man to play his devilish games with someone else and that would be the end of it. A moment later, James unlocks the door and comes back into the office, holding a mug. I stand up to greet him.

“I’m sorry Grace. By the time I got through the crowd to the main room, I saw the guy leave with those two weird women. If he ever comes back in here again, I’ll have a talk with him. Or if you’d prefer, I’ll bar him from entry.”

“That’s OK James. Let him come if he wants. I just overreacted to what he said. The whole thing seems silly to me now.”

“It’s not silly if it upset you, Grace.”

James hands me the mug.

“Here, I brought you a cup of herbal tea.”

“Thank you James. You’re such a kind man.”

I take a sip of the tea and put it down on the table.

“I was wondering if you’re not too busy, could you keep me company for a few minutes?”

I hold my hand over the scar on his cheek and look deeply into his eyes. It’s our little signal that I’m in the mood for an intimate encounter.

“Sure Grace. What would you like me to -”

I interrupt my Dom with a kiss from my tongue.

“Would you do the thing with me that we both like so much? Our favorite thing?” I ask.

“You mean... with the handcuffs?”

I nod.

“And the blindfold?”

“Yes...”

“But Grace, we’re at the office. It’s prohibited that we... that I...”

“Your club, your rules, right?”

“Well, yes. But -”

“James, I just need to do something to take my mind off of what happened with the strange man. I’ve given you pleasure in your office before. Remember? On the day we first met?”

“How could I forget? That day was the happiest moment of my life, Grace.”

“What a romantic thing to say. You certainly know how to talk to women.”

I turn my back to James and place my wrists behind my back.

“I’m ready whenever you are, Officer Jefferson.”

I look over my shoulder and bite my lower lip. James smiles and walks over to his office door, locking it from the inside. He retrieves a blindfold and a pair of handcuffs he keeps hidden in the bottom of his desk drawer and walks back to me with a gleam in his eye.

“Honey, would you mind taking off my cocktail dress, before you lock my wrists behind my back? I don’t want to get a stain on it, just in case.”

“I think that can be arranged...”

I raise my arms over my head and James peels my dress off. The only items left on my body are my collar, my high heels and my panties. James places his hands lightly on my breasts. We kiss. I want to be the perfect submissive for him. Even if James did have a suggestion on how I could