

Burping Frog Publishing \$6.95 U.S.

# Den of Iniquity



Sir  
Nathan

# Chapter 1

Perhaps at another time or in another place, I would have done things differently. Certainly someone else might have done things differently.

Or the same.

Depending ...

In any case, I had three days to arrange one of the biggest and best parties Gardner and Hammerstein had ever seen, and I was running out of options. Cost wasn't a problem. An open cheque book from the Partners took care of that. But after spending the first two hours on the phone just trying to track down a suitable and available venue, I was beginning to rue opening my big mouth. By my calculations, I had to book a venue that night, organise catering and alcohol by tomorrow, then I'd have Friday off.

Sylvia Harper from Accounting was the nasty bitch who took great delight in putting me in this position, while effectively washing her hands of the whole project. Being the head of the unofficial social committee, as well as the Manager of Accounting, Sylvia was an expert in doing things on time and on budget, and was the logical choice as head of the social committee. A loose coalition of women in the office joined her in discussions, but in the end, it was usually Sylvia's ideas that won out. Men didn't rate a mention in Sylvia's book, unless you were a top lawyer or one of the two partners.

This elitist attitude fostered rumours around the office concerning Sylvia and her two assistants, Annie Wilkinson and

Georgia Price. Of course there was no proof for any of them. Which didn't stop me, or many others I am sure, spending fitful nights masturbating to the thought of Mean Goddess Sylvia "mistreating" her two lovely assistants. I mean who wouldn't! Right there you had the full gamut of womanhood to choose from. Gorgeous, tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed bitch Sylvia; tiny, shy, slim, blonde-haired waif Annie; and full-figured, outspoken, sexy, fiery red-head Georgia.

Then there was me. My name, Roger Moore, had of course drawn all the logical and tittering jokes and asides one gets with the name of a celebrity, and being a lowly article clerk, Sylvia Harper took great delight in making fun of me at every opportunity. There was little I could do about it except smile and laugh along with the jokes.

On this particular Wednesday, I was feeling quite good. VideoMax had been a tough nut to crack. Wholesale restructuring and an intense buying spree by the company had landed them in an envious position in the wholesale and retail video markets, along with a burgeoning production house that specialised in small camera documentaries and was leading the way in cutting-edge camera technology. Along with the massive expansion came a legal and ethical minefield regarding existing contractual arrangements, stake holders, franchisees, shareholders and the previous owners of parts of the business. It was a gold mine.

I was exhausted after sleepless nights and full bore days doing a hell of a lot of the leg work in gaining the VideoMax account, work for which I would never be thanked. The lawyer I worked for, Mike Constanti, had been passing cases to other clerks for researching, while I worked on the VideoMax account. Of course Mike would get the credit. That was ok. Part of the job. All of which meant that now the account was Gardner and Hammerstein's, I was at a loose end until Mike started passing me cases again. I was thinking of renting a beach house for a few days and getting away.

I was contemplating all this as I filled my cup at the water cooler around eleven a.m. I was also looking sideways at three

sets of slim shapely calves. Sylvia, Annie and Georgia were standing right by the cooler, discussing the options for a big party to celebrate landing the very account I had worked so hard on.

I'd overheard a few ideas being discussed, and I stupidly interjected.

"Excuse me?"

Sylvia stopped speaking mid-sentence and turned to me.

"Something to contribute 'James'?" Georgia and Annie giggled to each other.

"Well I know I'm not part of the 'Social Committee', but I couldn't help but overhear you all talking and ... well ... we can't have another party here on the premises! It's too staid and boring. There's nowhere to dance, and the sound system is atrocious. I mean, the last party here was over by midnight. Oh and no more karaoke! That was a BIG mistake!" I had the terrible thought that I sounded like I was a whining teenager.

"I suppose you have a better idea 007?" said Sylvia. "Maybe you could arrange Frank Sinatra at the Hilton!" Sylvia and Georgia thought Sylvia's comment was so amusing they actually high-fived over that one. I rolled my eyes.

"It would just be nice to have a bit of excitement around here. Remember the 'Bastards and Bitches Christmas Party' in '99? That was great, everyone got plastered, let their hair down, and with a fun theme, everyone could relax and have fun with it."

"He's got a point Sylvia," said Georgia the red-head.

"Yeah and we've got three days. So I have to get back on the phone and get this show on the road or there won't be anything organised."

"Oh c'mon, three days? That's plenty of time."

"You think so smart ass? Then why don't YOU organise the God-damned party, or go back to your little Law clerk's office and mind your business." She was giving me her best bitch stare.

Well, talk about a red rag. I fancied myself as a high-powered lawyer one of these days. A "Go Getter", a "Mover and a Shaker". At least, that was what I tried to convince myself each

morning as I looked in the mirror. Two more years of study and my transformation would be complete. Manager on construction sites to Law Clerk to Lawyer in four years. And my ex-wife said it couldn't be done. Actually, she said it couldn't be done as she walked out the door.

"I'll do it!"

"You're a fool Roger."

"Just wait and see Sylvia, this party will be talked about for years to come."

"Well I sure hope for your sake you can pull it off. I'd hate to have to be the one to tell Mr. Hammerstein or even worse, Mr. Gardner, that **you** were the one responsible for a disastrous celebration of the landing of the biggest account in this firm's history. No I take that back, I'd be delighted to do exactly that!"

"I'll need a copy of the budget and authorities on my desk pronto."

"Roger, it's in three days, money is no object, and nothing has been done. You have **my** authority and you can pick up the company credit card from Annie upstairs." With that she turned on her spiked heels and walked confidently away, with her two cohorts scrambling behind her, giggling to themselves and looking back at me.

I turned back to the water cooler and refilled my cup. What had I just done?

I spent the next couple of hours becoming more and more desperate as I worked my way through the phone book listings of conference venues, halls and was calling numbers under "Clubs" when one of the listings caught my eye, and my imagination.

"You want to do what?" She asked.

"I want to hold a big party for a high-powered law firm on your premises if you have the space, and availability."

"In a dungeon?"

"Yeah if that's what you have."

"It's a pretty big dungeon."

"It would have to be."

“Look I don’t know about this.”

“In and out, one night, Saturday night. This Saturday night.”

“I have people coming around.”

“They can come too.”

“I don’t think you understand ...”

“I’ll pay you ten thousand dollars.”

“Deal.”

“I need to see the place first.”

“Be here in thirty minutes. Ask for Mistress Chantelle.”

“Oh, ah ok.” Click.

I wrote down the address from the phone-book and left a message on Mike’s desk. I headed out after copping an eyeful of Annie’s perky cleavage and picking up the company credit card.

I arrived with a few minutes to spare and I stood out the front of the renovated residential building and looked around. Across the two-way street was a small park with a few children playing and riding bikes. Various shoe and fashion stores lined the street level on either side of the “*Domina Flagrante*”. Similar unrenovated buildings in the vicinity looked as though they were still being used as residences. In other words, it was a typical city street.

Looking up at the facade of the building, its glossy black paint made it stand out somewhat from the buildings nearby, despite the minimal neon signage advertising the “*Domina Flagrante*” and “*Members Only*”. My first thought was, I hope people will be able to find it when it’s dark. I looked around and noticed it would be unlikely for other places to be open and lit at night in the area, and my concerns were allayed.

I walked up to the front entranceway and rapped loudly on the solid wood door. Looking to my side, I rolled my eyes when I noticed the intercom. I took the step toward it and pressed the call button and waited for a reply.

“*Domina Flagrante*, how may I help you?” Was that an English accent? And was it male or female?

“Yes thank you, Roger Moore here, to see Mrs. Chantelle.”

“Greetings Mr. Moore, **Mistress** Chantelle is expecting you. The entrance door will open now.” Ah, “Mistress”, ok I get it.

Sure enough it did. As I turned the large, ornate, faux gold handle, it clicked and whirred and the door opened widely on its own. Inside I was immediately met by “English accent”. A rather small man at least a half a head shorter than myself (though I am six foot two), he offered me champagne on an ornate silver tray, and after checking my watch, I took the offered glass and thanked the weedy Englishman.

“Always a pleasure to serve Sir,” he bowed.

“Hmmm,” I thought, “exceptional manners at least.”

“I am Adrian, Sir, and I will escort you to Mistress Chantelle’s chambers now.”

“Thank you Adrian.”

“You are too kind Sir ... If I may be so bold Sir, would it please you to know a little about the building while we walk?”

“That would be helpful yes ...”

“Certainly Sir. The building was originally a residence and was gifted to Mistress when her father died in 1975. After living here a few years and finding a couple of powerful backers, renovations began in 1982 and were completed in 1983.”

As Adrian gave me the guided tour, I was looking around and assessing the decor. Very impressive. Late Victorian with a few modern twists here and there complimenting the ornate ceilings and the red carpets laid over polished floorboards. A lot of the trimmings were black, giving a slightly Gothic feel to the place, and combined with the relatively low lighting, it had a somewhat intimidating “air”. I thought it was perfect. Adrian continued.

“In 1985 Mistress opened her first club, ‘Club Domina’, a very successful club that catered for the clientele one would expect at a club of its type. Thirteen years later, in 1998, a full renovation of the premises were carried out, resulting in the look we have today. Upon re-opening, ‘Domina Flagrante’ was established. We now cater to clients of the highest caliber and their guests. We cover 3 stories of the building, while Mistress still resides on the top floor.

There is a Grand Hall, which doubles as a dance floor, 4 bars, 4 exhibition rooms, and 14 private rooms. Of course excellent bathrooms and amenities came with the latest renovations, and if you would kindly follow me for just a moment, you may cast your eye over the Grand Hall.”

Adrian pushed open one of the sets of double doors and I was immediately assaulted by pounding techno music bursting from the room! Adrian, seeing my horror, quickly withdrew a small remote control from his breast pocket and pointing it at the sound, pressed a button. The noise became a murmur in the background instantly and he apologised profusely.

“Please forgive me Sir, I forgot I left it on so loud!”

“It’s all right Adrian, as a demonstration of the sound system it was impressive!”

“Thank you Sir, please don’t mention it to Mistress.”

“Um sure, no problem, though I wouldn’t be surprised if she heard it.”

“Not likely Sir, all the doors and walls are double sound-proofed for privacy, Mistress would have it no other way.”

I poked my head in the door. Wow. What fun this could be. A huge canopy of black rope netting hung from the ceiling like billowing storm clouds. The walls were adorned with massive erotic paintings that would likely make the partner’s wives blush. Four enormous pillars divided the room. As I focused my eyes I could make out huge steel rings embedded in the concrete pillars. Apparently rolled away were 4 sets of stocks against the far wall between two massive black cabinets. Bars in alcoves where waiters could restock their trays were situated in the corners of the huge room.

“Well, this is impressive ... Adrian, can I ask you something?”

“Certainly Sir, but you need not ask if you may ask.”

“Um, yeah, ok ... well, what I was wondering was, where are all the whips and chains and stuff?”

“Er, well Sir, are you familiar at all with the lifestyle?”

“Lifestyle?”



“Oh goodness ... um, Sir, would it please you to have Mistress Chantelle answer your questions? Adrian does not wish to overstep his responsibilities.”

“Yeah sure ... no problem,” I replied.

“Thank you Sir, I will show you to Mistress Chantelle’s chambers now.”

“Thanks Adrian.”

“My pleasure Sir.” I stepped back into the hallway and he closed the double doors to the Grand Hall. He turned on his heels and began walking briskly toward a huge, wide staircase that reminded me of ‘Gone With the Wind’.

I followed this strange person to the top of the staircase and turned down a fairly long hallway. Looking side to side I noticed signs on each of the doors “Exhibition Room 1” and “Exhibition Room 2” etc.

I was about to ask Adrian what the exhibition rooms were for, when we reached the end of the hallway and he stepped aside and pressed on another intercom beside a large oak door.

“Enter!” crackled a firm female voice and Adrian turned to me.

“You may go in now Sir.”

“Thank you for your help Adrian. And thank you for the guided tour.”

“Again, you are much too kind Sir.”

I smiled and he turned and scurried away. I turned the door handle and it clicked and whirred again, and again the door opened of its own accord.

I stepped inside the cavernous office and was addressed by a small petite woman of about 35 with black hair and strong feminine features. She was decked out in a PVC catsuit that showed off her curves nicely.

“Come in, take a load off, you can hang your jacket there,” she waved her hand in the general direction of a series of hooks on the wall with a couple of hangers dangling from them.

“I really can’t stay too long. Will I be seeing Chantelle soon?”

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