

# **Total Control**

**By: Crimson Rose**

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## **Table of Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

## Chapter 1: Evidence

Sarah sat in her blue 2013 Ford Taurus munching on pretzels and coke. She was beginning to think her mark was not going to show. She liked that word – mark, it made her feel important, powerful. It gave her a sense of mystery and intrigue as the spies she read about, or watched in the movies. She had been sitting there for more than two hours waiting and watching and she was starting to grow bored. This was the part she did not like. She was all about the action so doing nothing but watch people walking by was starting to turn intrigue into sleepiness. Even the occasional half-dressed man or woman walking into the club wasn't enough to keep her interest anymore. *You've seen one leather-clad person, you've seen them all* she often mused.

She sat across the road from Club Vixen, or The Club as those in the know called it. She had heard of the place a few years ago from a friend, but it wasn't until recently that she paid the place a visit. Club Vixen was a special place for those into the lifestyle – the lifestyle referring to practitioners of bdsm and other related kinks. This suited her submissive nature quite nicely, and her Master allowed her to come here as she pleased. Her mark, one Katie Grant, was supposedly a patron of the fine establishment as well and there were certain people that wanted concrete proof of that fact. Sarah and Katie's boss, Mr. Weiss was one such man.

As much as Sarah loved playing private detective, she was, in fact, a secretary at Weiss Holdings under the CEO William Weiss himself. But she was more than that. She and Mr. Weiss were extremely close – a fact his wife and no one at the company knew about. Their relationship was special in the same way Club Vixen was special and Mr. Weiss wanted to add Katie to his growing harem of submissives.

Sarah thought of her relationship with Mr. Weiss as she watched leather and latex garbed men and women enter the unassuming building. She reminisced about her first meeting with the powerful man and how she fell head over heels for him within minutes of their first meeting. She recalled his powerful build and deep, commanding voice. It called to her, beckoned her to follow. And so she did. That was seven years ago. Now, the thirty-eight year old brunette beauty was the personal secretary of the most powerful man at Weiss Holdings. She was also his obedient submissive. We are not talking the biblical interpretation of the word where she simply does everything he tells her without question. Sarah Peterson was no one's doormat. When Mr. Weiss approached her about the possibilities of serving him she jumped on it. Perhaps a little too eagerly, but she was an eager beaver back then. What followed was a weeklong negotiation where each side laid out the terms for their role in the arrangement.

Sarah snapped out of her daydream as a beautiful woman of about nineteen or twenty approached the club and pulled the door open. The stunning redhead, dressed in a simple little black dress, entered Club Vixen. A minute later the door swung open and the same redhead emerged, her face redder than a tomato. It wasn't the first time Sarah saw some clueless person enter the club. Their reactions have also never ceased to be funny. There was no way of knowing it was a fetish club until you went inside, and even then you had to be told by whomever was on duty. Sarah recalled there always being a woman named Susan sitting at the desk inside taking names and ID's. Those without them either signed up, or left as the redhead now walking away as fast as her slender legs could carry her. The only way into the club proper was with a membership, and that didn't come cheap.

"Oh, what's she doing here?" Sarah said as a tall brunette wearing fishnets, a miniskirt, and sheer blouse walked towards the club. She picked up her camera and snapped a few shots of the woman entering Club Vixen. "Allison, you sly bitch, I didn't know you were into that sort of

thing," she said as she sat her camera back on the passenger seat. "We'll have to have a little talk about this later."

No sooner was the Nikon D7100 out of her hand than she was picking it up again. Her mark, Katie Grant finally decided to show. Sarah snapped picture after picture of the raven-haired beauty as she approached the club entrance. "Damn," she sighed "what a sexy woman you are Katie. Master is going to have fun with you."

Twenty-nine year old Katie Grant wore a barely there mini skirt that covered less than half her shapely rear-end, a black corset that nearly pushed her ample bosom out the top, thigh-high stockings with garters attached, and five inch stiletto heels. She wore her shoulder length black hair pulled back in a ponytail. To everyone else paying her any attention, Katie looked like a prostitute walking down the street, but to Sarah she looked like a sexy woman about to have the time of her life.

*So it's true then?* Sarah thought to herself. *She really does frequent this place. That'll make Master happy.* She snapped more pictures, zooming in on Katie's face and slowly lowering the camera until she was snapping pictures of her feet. She got more from the back as Katie opened the door and disappeared within. With all the evidence she needed, Sarah put her camera on the passenger seat, started her car, and drove off to report to Mr. Weiss.

For the briefest of moments, Sarah debated driving back to the club and confronting Katie, but tossed that idea right out when she thought about what her master would say and do to her for disobeying direct orders. Mr. Weiss was not one to be disobeyed and Sarah had the welts to prove it. Welts she was now absent-mindedly rubbing on her still sore thighs from her last bout of initiative. Her foot pressed ever so slightly harder on the gas pedal.

Stopped at a red light on the corner of Second and Jameson, Sarah dug through her purse for her phone. She pulled it out and turned back to the road just as a man holding a sign tapped her window hard. She jumped, hitting her head on the roof. "Son of a bitch!" she swore as the scraggly man scared the crap out of her. She gave him and his sign a once over. It was the normal spiel about being homeless and needing money or work and god bless. Sarah was not one to be taken in by the bum-game as she called it. Her three second glance told her this man was neither homeless, or wanting for money. His clothes, while dirty were fairly new, as were the remarkably clean \$80 sneakers he wore on his feet. Hanging around his neck was a pair of ear buds, the cord running down his left side to the iPod clipped to his belt. She was just about to give him the finger when the light turned green saving her the effort. She sped away, leaving the man standing there empty handed, but most certainly not empty of pocket.

Men like that pissed Sarah off. She felt sorry for the truly homeless, those incapable of getting work or the help they need. It was men like the one she just encountered that hurt the real homeless more than anything. In all her thirty-eight years she had never seen a clean-shaven homeless man wearing clothes that could have just been bought and an iPod. No, any bum she knew would have sold that iPod for some food or wine money. That man, and nearly every other one sitting on the street corners holding their cardboard signs were simply greedy bastards too lazy to get a real job and so they sat around all day begging for money.

Sarah waited until she pulled into her driveway to contact her boss and Master. She opened the text window and started typing on the touchscreen of her Moto X. "Have the evidence. Target seen entering the club. Further orders?"

A few seconds later her phone dinged signaling she had a new text. "Good job, my pet. Print images and bring to work. Goodnight."

Sarah read the text from Mr. Weiss and then deleted it as per their arrangement. She put the phone in her purse, gathered up her camera, the bag of pretzels, and two bottles of unopened coke, and went into the house. She didn't respond to his text as per their arrangement as well. Whenever he ended a text with goodnight, it meant the conversation was over and she was to do as she was told without further questions.