

TIFFANY REISZ

THE LAST GOOD KNIGHT

PART TWO:
Sore Spots



Tiffany Reisz

The Last Good Knight
Part II: Sore Spots

«HarperCollins»

Reisz T.

The Last Good Knight Part II: Sore Spots / T. Reisz —
«HarperCollins»,

The Last Good Knight: An Original Sinners novella told in five parts.

Part II: Sore Spots

With a potential stalker on the loose, Kingsley hires Lance as Nora's bodyguard, but stipulates no sex while he's on duty. Frustrated by the ex-SEAL's noble chivalry, Nora is driven to seek release with the one man she's trying to forget....

The Last Good Knight

Part II: Sore Spots

Tiffany Reisz

An Original Sinners Story

Told in Five Parts



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Dedication

Dedicated to the brave men and women who serve in the U.S. Navy.

You all are my knights in occasionally wet armor.

And to Tommy and Elizabeth.

About the Author

Tiffany Reisz's books inhabit a sexy, shadowy world where erotica, romance and gothic literature meet and do immoral and possibly illegal things to each other. The first book in her international bestselling series The Original Sinners was named the RT Reviewers' Choice Award for Best Erotic Romance. She is a very bad Catholic. Visit her website, www.tiffanyreisz.com, for news, gossip and wholly inappropriate bedtime stories.

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Nora, Simone and Søren headed to Kingsley's townhouse. Usually three kinksters in the back of a Rolls-Royce meant for a very pleasant car ride, but Simone had curled up with her head in Nora's lap, stunned into silence, while Nora and Søren sat quietly side by side, only their fingers touching. Søren had told her everything he knew. One of Kingsley's many minions had come banging on the doors, rousting all the official staff from whatever depraved activities they'd gotten themselves into. All they knew at this point was that a former employee of Kingsley's had been brutally assaulted during a session with a client, so it was all hands on deck.

Once at the townhouse, Søren helped Simone out of the car, but when he offered a hand to Nora, she only rolled her eyes and stepped past him.

The house crawled with submissives arriving at Kingsley's, and they all wore looks of anger and fear. It was part of Nora's job to take care of the submissives, help train them, and as the most revered member of Kingsley's staff, she considered herself responsible for the women on his payroll as much as Kingsley did. If they were going to feel safe again, she couldn't allow herself to show any weakness around them.

She put an arm around Simone's waist and, side by side, they walked into Kingsley's house, Søren behind them. Inside Kingsley's office, Nora kept her face calm and her expression neutral even as the women around her wept softly or whispered back and forth to each other in hushed tones. One young submissive named Nikki grabbed Nora's hand, and Nora gave it a reassuring squeeze.

Mistress Irina rose from a chair, a look of barely controlled fury on her face. She and Nora exchanged meaningful glances—glances that said that whoever did this deed better pray the cops caught him before she and Nora did. Irina stood in the back next to Søren. Søren obviously wasn't on staff, and even more obviously, wasn't a woman, but the members of The 8th Circle considered

him their spiritual leader as they considered Kingsley their earthly leader. Søren occasionally played with many of the submissives in the room, but never had sex with any of them. They trusted him and often sought his advice and comfort. As far as Nora knew, theirs was the only BDSM community with its own chaplain.

Kingsley entered his office a few minutes later with a grim look on his face. Voices exploded in questions at the sight of him, but Nora whistled hard and loud over the din.

“Quiet,” she said and the women of the room went silent. No one countermanded an order from The Red Queen, Nora’s Underground nickname.

“Merci,” Kingsley said, nodding in Nora’s direction. He stood at the edge of his desk surveying them all. “You’ve heard what has happened. Two weeks ago, Mistress Natasha left my employ and went to work on her own. I think many of you know her personally.”

Simone nodded against Nora’s shoulder. She knew Simone and Natasha were close.

“The first thing you all need to know is that she will live. She has a severe concussion and was unconscious when they found her. She’ll likely be in the hospital several days.”

“Where did they find her?” Nora asked, wanting to know all the details, wanting to know who to blame, who to punish.

“She’d been renting dungeon space at Black Forest. When Mr. Wolfe went to check on her at the end of her session, no one answered the door. He found her bleeding and unconscious on the floor. The dungeon had been destroyed. He called for help first. Then he called me.”

“Did Brad see anything? Hear anything?” Nora asked, making a mental note to call Brad Wolfe herself for more details.

“Non. He was with his own client at the time. And Mistress Natasha preferred to work alone.” Kingsley’s tone was neutral but Nora sensed the bitterness lurking under the words. He had been furious when Mistress Natasha had left the fold. He hardly cared about the 15 percent he took from each of her sessions. The money he made off his pro-Dommies and pro-subbs was a drop in the bucket compared to the revenue from his nightclubs. No, what infuriated him was what he considered Natasha’s arrogant refusal to admit that the work she did was dangerous and required the protection of Kingsley’s security detail. “But Mr. Wolfe did always check on her after each session. It’s good that he did as he possibly saved her life.”

Simone’s body shook with silent tears. Nora pulled her closer, held her tighter.

“Do they have any idea who did this?” Nora asked. “Did she keep a calendar or appointment book?”

“She did, but like yours, it has only initials and codes—no names. The attack might have been motivated by some sort of vengeance. The perpetrator took the time to destroy her dungeon and to leave a note behind.”

Nora narrowed her eyes at Kingsley.

“What did the note say?”

Kingsley sighed heavily, his handsome brow furrowing with worry.

“It said, ‘All the whores like her will die.’”

A collective gasp could be heard throughout the room. Whore was a word reserved for lovers at play in their world. A Dominant man might whisper it in his lover’s ear to give her an illicit thrill, but no man would dare call any of them a whore as an insult. Not unless that man they wanted Kingsley on his doorstep.

“The threat might have been a ruse,” Kingsley said. “Taking the time to write a note like that might simply be an attempt to cover the real motive of the crime.”

“What motive?” Nora demanded. “He sounds like a psycho and we’re analyzing his motives?”

“Natasha worked alone,” Kingsley reminded her. “She kept large amounts of cash on her. This could be a robbery. It might not have been a client at all, but a spurned suitor seeking revenge on

her alone. And yes, he could simply be a psycho, as you say, who thought he'd hired a prostitute but became enraged when she told him she wasn't."

Nora couldn't argue with that logic. She'd had a few clients who'd come to her expecting sex. They had convinced themselves that the "Dominatrixes don't have sex with clients" rule was merely a cover shielding them from the law. She'd disabused a few men of the notion that a few extra hundred dollars could buy sex from her. There was only one client she'd ever slept with, and he stood in this very room.

"And there's something else," Kingsley added. "No one can find Natasha's keys. If her attacker has them, then he has keys to Mr. Wolfe's club and several of mine as well."

"Shit," Nora said, grimacing. Changing the locks wasn't an option. Members of The 8th Circle used their keys to get in and out. Kingsley couldn't change the club locks without getting new keys to over a thousand people. And that would take time. "So what now?" She asked the question that she knew was on the minds of everyone in the room. "What do we do?"

"Nothing," Kingsley said. "Rien. All appointments are canceled with all clients until the perpetrator is caught. I cannot police what you all do on your own, but I highly recommend you stay with friends for the time being. Safety in numbers. Don't take anyone home you don't already know and trust. If you hear anything, see anything that makes you the least uncomfortable or suspicious, you call me immediately. Oui?"

The women of the room nodded their understanding.

"I realize not working might cause a financial hardship for some of you. You'll all be compensated for your time off. The police believe that Natasha will likely be able to identify her attacker when she awakes."

"Someone should go to the hospital," Simone said.

"I'll go," Søren said from behind them. "You can come with me if you like."

Simone smiled her gratitude at him. Søren had everything to lose if someone outed him as a sadist. Technically he was related to Kingsley by a long-ago marriage, and that gave him an excuse to be in Kingsley's house. But certainly it was no excuse for being in Kingsley's club. The danger of discovery never stopped him from taking risks like this, however. One of their own had been attacked and badly hurt. Dominatrix or nun, Søren didn't care.

"Now you may go. I'll be in touch with any news as it becomes available. If any of you prefer to stay here during the crisis, you know my home is always open to you. Dismissed."

The women rose and filed out of the room. Nora overheard Nikki asking if she could stay with Irina. Tessa and Jai decided they would crash together in one of Kingsley's guest rooms. They weren't scared to go home, but they much preferred staying at Kingsley's where they could better stay abreast of what was happening.

Nora told Simone she was welcome at her house in Connecticut. Simone thanked her and said she'd think about it, but tonight she'd stay at the hospital in case Natasha woke up.

Nora watched them all go. Søren gave her a last long look before leaving the room. She smiled at him as a reassurance that she was okay. It didn't seem to convince him any more than it convinced her.

Once alone with Kingsley, she exhaled heavily and collapsed into a chair in front of his desk.

"What the fuck is going on, King?" was all she could ask.

"Je ne sais pas." He put his booted foot on the chair next to her thigh. "I told you all I know. I've spoken to the police commissioner, Detective Cooper, and everyone I know. They've all assured me that they'll do whatever they can as quickly as they can."

"Nice. Lovely. Now tell me what's really going on."

Kingsley met her eyes for a moment before glancing away.

"Two weeks ago Natasha offered herself to me. I turned her down. She quit the next day."

Nora nodded, a delaying tactic while she decided how to respond.

"First, can I say I'm impressed you turned her down?"

“Elle.”

“Sorry. But please don’t tell me you’re blaming yourself for this. You have the right to say no if you don’t want to fuck somebody.”

“I did want to fuck her.”

“So you turned her down because...?”

“The usual reason,” he said. And that was all he said and all he needed to say. Three people in Kingsley’s world knew he was a switch. Apparently Mistress Natasha had sensed his proclivities, and instead of succumbing to her advances, he’d rejected her.

“It’s not your fault she got hurt, Kingsley. We all get hurt around here.”

“I know,” he said, slipping tiredly into French. Je sais.

“I know you know. And I also know you know I can’t cancel on my clients. That’s fine for Irina and the subs. They have normal clients. My clients run the world. They’re not going to be happy if I say ‘Sorry, busy,’ without any notice like this.”

“They’ll survive a week or two without you.”

“That’s the problem. They will survive because they’ll find a new Domme. You and I have worked way too hard to build my career. This could kill it.”

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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