

## 'A Tale from The Blue Room'

His pudgy, pink hand scuttled across the cluttered desktop to the phone; the movement reminiscent of a land crab emerging from its hole to scavenge refuse washed up on the beach. Angrily he snatched the receiver from its cradle and clasped it to his chest; sighing with relief now that the bell had stopped ringing. William 'Cary' Grant, proud owner of the 'Blue Room', had a hangover.

At first sight, the figure of Grant certainly commanded respect. Anyone who can achieve a twenty-four stone bulk and maintain it in today's society riddled with health fanatics, weight watchers, joggers and aerobics freaks must be possessed of remarkable self-discipline. There can be no doubt, however, that it was Grant's legendary 'thick' skin which allowed him to ignore the pleas of both his doctor and good friends to lose weight, indeed his rhinoceros like hide probably contributed a significant proportion of his total bodyweight.

It is perhaps inevitable that the owner of the raunchiest, most outrageous and most 'liberal' of the London 'massage and relaxation' parlours should have a 'thick skin'. It was certainly essential when dealing with irate punters – who never seemed to understand that the 'Blue Room' did not guarantee satisfaction – or the ever-inquisitive vice squad. On this particular morning, however, Grant was to find his usual protection less than adequate.

Even before Grant lifted the phone to his ear (more 'trumpet' than 'shell-like') he should have known he was not at his best. The excesses of the previous evening had surpassed any that had gone before. 'Orgy' was not a term that Grant encouraged to be used around his premises, one never knew who might be listening, but, although inadequate, 'Orgy' was the best description for the night's events. 'Remarkable' would be the only description for the athleticism displayed by Grant, for all his bulk.

Remarkable even though he had enjoyed considerable assistance from his own 'Boys in Blue', the male attendants at the Blue Room. The entire affair had of course been made less arduous by the liberal partaking of pink champagne, cocaine, and the occasional ampoule of amyl nitrate to lift flagging spirits. So, it was with head pounding, eyes so blood-shot he looked in danger of bleeding to death and with a mouth that felt like the proverbial vultures armpit that Grant answered the phone. His first mistake that day.

'Am I speaking to Mr. William Grant, owner of the 'Blue Room' Club?' a strident voice enquired.

Grant groaned, this sounded official. 'Speaking', his voice barely above a whisper in the hope that his caller would respond in a similar fashion and ease the jack-hammer pounding in his brow.

'My name is Hooper, Mrs. Hooper, I shall be in your office in 15 minutes, you will want to see me.' Far from moderating her tone, Mrs. Hooper seemed possessed of a fog-horn for a voice. The thunderous crash as she hung-up did not help Grant either.

His first reaction was to leave strict instructions that Mrs. Hooper, whoever she was, was not to be let in. Nobody would get passed Barry the doorman without permission. Where Grant was twenty-four stone of fat, Barry carried his sixteen stone as rippling muscle and 'fragile' though he too was after the party his idea of 'fragile' would make most men look like superman. For some reason, however, Grant felt it might be better to see Mrs. Hooper. He didn't exactly feel threatened, but her manner had made him feel uneasy, better to find out why rather than hide behind Barry. Waiting for Mrs. Hooper was his second mistake.

She turned out to be worse than Grant had at first feared. With a figure that would be described as robust and stout she stood five feet ten inches, excluding the three to four inches of bouffant blue rinse, and from her height surveyed the world through horn rim spectacles, her face bearing a permanent grimace of dismay at what she saw around her.

'Mr. Grant,' she began, 'I have come here to tell you how you are going to help me teach my husband a lesson he will never forget. You will make all the arrangements for the 'lesson', cover all expenses, guarantee my satisfaction and,' she paused for effect, 'I will tolerate NO arguments.'

She paused again and seizing his opportunity, Grant, bewildered though he was (what the hell was she talking about?) tried to take control.

'Mrs. Hooper,' he said, firmly, 'Firstly, I do not know who you are or why you have come to me, I'm not aware that I know your husband, but,' his tone softened, 'dear lady, if I am mistaken of course I will help if I can.' This last was said with much wringing of the hands and Grants most reasonable, conciliatory expression on his face. Trying to reason with Mrs. Hooper was his third mistake.

Mrs. Hooper's expression, like her tone, became icy. 'Mr. Grant', she spat through gritted teeth, 'my husband is a member of this club, you may not know him but you live off him, and many other such pathetic, pitiful creatures besides. Don't 'my dear lady' me,' she bellowed, 'I don't need scum to call me a lady and you certainly are no gentleman.' Grant began to shrivel in his seat, in his present state he was in no condition for this onslaught. 'Now, to business,' she continued. 'Do you have any idea how humiliating it is to know that one's husband is rejecting the passions and pleasures of his wife in favour of the cheap entertainments you offer here?'

It's true that Grant had difficulty imagining the humiliation, especially since the concept of pleasure and passion with this woman was unthinkable. Grants sympathies were definitely with Mr. Hooper.

'Mr. Grant we are going to show my husband the error of his ways. You will organise a night he'll never forget, don't worry I'll give you the details. After this lesson he'll never stray again. You may be wondering why I am so certain you will help. Let me explain. You see I am, isn't this a lucky coincidence, your tax inspector.'

Grant groaned.

'Furthermore, as your tax inspector I know how much income you declare, and from my husband I have a pretty fair idea how much income you receive. Oh yes, my dear, foolish husband has told me all about this club. He pretends it is a gentleman's health club, poor fool. But I know how many members you really have; considerably more than you declare I must say. I wonder what the Health and Safety Department would say about the potential overcrowding, the lack facilities etc, Hmm. Then of course there is the small matter of tax evasion and I am sure I don't have to mention what the vice squad would do with the detailed report I have prepared. Do I?'

She stopped, smiled sweetly, a smile faintly reminiscent of a praying mantis digesting her spouse, beheaded and eaten immediately after making love, and waited for Grant's apoplectic stuttering to subside.

Grants capitulation was total. 'Mrs. Hooper, you win, tell me what you want.'

He hadn't risen to be the boss of the 'Blue Room' without learning when to fight and when it was best to give in and live to fight another day. He had the feeling that dismemberment was the order of the day if Mrs. Hooper didn't get her way. So, the re-education of Mr. Hooper was planned.

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The mornings discussions between Grant and Mrs. Hooper were of course unknown to Mr. Hooper. He had spent his day, as usual, working his way through a pile of insurance claims. After nineteen years with his firm, Hooper had risen to the dizzy heights of 'Senior Inspector (Accidents, Car)', and on this afternoon the last thing he expected was a call from the owner of the 'Blue Room'.

'Hello, yes', he said, turning to look around and see if he was being overheard, membership of the 'Blue Room' was not exactly something to be advertised within his company.

'Mr. Hooper, so glad we managed to contact you, ' effused Grant, 'I am delighted to tell you that you have won our annual 'Pleasure Prize'.

'I have?' Said Hooper, bemused.

'Surely you know about the prize?' Grant continued, 'every year all the members names are placed in a hat and a winner is picked. The lucky person is given a 'Night to Remember' paid for by the management of the 'Blue Room'. Of course,' Grant's voice adopted a confidential tone, 'we take in to account your personal 'preferences' (fetishes' was another word never used on the premises) when planning the entertainment.'

Hooper felt a quickening of his pulse as a flush ran through him. 'Ulppp... my personal preferences... all night ... free?' He gulped into the phone, 'When?' By now Hooper's imagination was in full flood.

'Tonight Mr. Hooper, shall we say eight o'clock-good, see you then, bye-bye.' Grant hung up. 'Poor little sod,' he thought.

Hooper stared at the phone, scarcely believing what he had been told and then an awful realisation hit him. Tonight! How could he explain an all-night absence from Mrs. Hooper at such short notice? The phone rang again.

'Henry.

'Yes dear,' he said meekly.

'Henry, my sister is ill, I'm going to stay with her tonight, you'll have to get your own dinner and mind you clear up afterwards. Now, will you be all right?'

Henry's hopes were soaring, 'Yes, dear! '. They hung-up.

Now, any other man might have begun to smell a rat at this stage. First he had won a competition he knew nothing about, then his wife conveniently contrives

to be absent. Suspicious, yes, certainly to you or me but not to a man like Henry, besotted with the delights of the 'Blue Room'.

Perhaps some explanation about the 'Blue Room' is necessary. 'Blue Room' is not the real name of the club, it's the nickname used by the members and more specifically refers to a room, painted blue and the scene for the most debauched of the members activities. Seen from the outside the sign over the door of the club says simply 'PARTNERS' and then in smaller, but the same expensive, heavy gold lettering 'Massage and Jacuzzi'. The opulence of the reception area, the softness of the furnishings, lighting and music all will those who enter to relax and surrender themselves up to the ministrations of the staff; all glowing with health and wreathed with welcoming smiles. Grant, when accused of running a massage parlour with 'extras' had been known to break up with laughter.

'Extras!, Extras!,' he would gasp. 'We don't provide 'extras'! Partners is not some cheap knocking shop. The club offers a fantasy land from whence inhibitions were banished and where there is no danger of censure or outrage no matter how bizarre the request. There are only two rules: 'Have fun!', and, 'No physical harm!'. The only 'extras' my members get are the privacy and reassurance to ask for and to do what they are too embarrassed, inhibited to do in their own homes. Many of them bring their wives here and together explore pleasures they previously dared not admit.'

Henry, quite understandably, had never chosen to invite *his* wife to the club. Whilst Grant preferred not to allow attention to focus on his male and female 'attendants' they were certainly present, able and willing at all times. More than could be said for Mrs. Hooper. So, the thought of the night to come banished any shreds of suspicion from Henry's mind.

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Henry arrived at the club to find Grant and a welcoming committee of his favourite girls waiting for him.

'Henry! You lucky chap come on in! Tonight, you are our guest, Grant said, The girls are here to cater for your every whim, and we know what they are you naughty chap, enjoy yourself.' So saying, Grant clapped Henry on the back who was then whisked off by the girls to be 'prepared'. 'Henry', Grant thought to himself, 'I hope you will forgive me for this.'

Henry's whims and preferences were actually pretty basic, boiled down they amounted to very little other than bondage, mild domination (female) and a touch of humiliation thrown in for luck. Everyday sort of stuff really. The girls performed their usual efficient service of bathing and massaging Henry into a fair old state of excitement until Gloria obliged him helping him reach his first climax of the evening, thus ensuring there would be no early, 'premature' end to the main entertainment of the evening.

By this stage Henry was already moderately drunk. The vintage champagne was heady stuff to one more used to Asti Spumante, and then only on very special occasions, and his body had reached that fine state between total relaxation and ecstatic expectation. Moving him gently from the jacuzzi to the Blue Room the girls began the final preparation.

'Henry', they said, 'first we are going to tie you spread eagled on to the water bed OK?' They giggled. Telling the punter what they were about to do always 'encouraged' them. Henry needed little encouragement; his resolve was stiffening nicely. Carefully the girls stripped the robe from Henry and began fastening the towelling rope/bandages around his wrist and ankles.

'Now Henry,' they said 'there is no use struggling, you are completely helpless, we are going to do with you as we wish.'

To his surprise Henry found they were right. As they grabbed his arms and legs he tried playfully to shake them off, only to discover they were stronger and indeed in a very short space of time he found himself bound, helpless, naked, exposed and very, very excited.

'What happens next?' he asked, his voice oddly strangled.

'Well, Henry what would you like?', Gloria ran teasing fingertips up and down his torso, never quite reaching his groin or nipples, her own ample breasts swinging tantalisingly before his eyes. Slowly she slid her body along his, shifting to the head of the bed, straddling poor helpless Henry all the time. She then turned around to face his feet and lowered the ripe, flushed globes of her buttocks down towards his, by now panting, face. Her downy hair brushed ever so lightly across his face. His view blocked by this glorious sight Henry could only feel the soft, gentle hands slip the ring over his throbbing shaft and then tighten it at the base.

'What's that -what's going on', he exclaimed.

The girls withdrew, giggling, and looking down on his helpless, puny body made more ludicrous by the rampant penis, mottled and engorged almost with a life of its own as it sought relief but was thwarted by the restrictive collar which held his desire for release in check.

'Henry, it's now time for the evenings highlights to begin,' chuckled the girls, 'we have a special guest entertainer for you!'. With a flourish Gloria swept open the curtains at the end of the room.

There she stood, leathers, whip, leash, domineering smile, everything Henry had ever fantasised, except.....

'Hello, Henry', his wife smiled.

Henry shrieked. The girls left.

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Grant had left the club shortly after welcoming Henry that night. He hadn't been able to bear to stay, but, had seen the video later. Just thinking about it now made his toes curl and his groin shrivel up. Henry's telephone call the next day, therefore, came as something of a surprise.

'Mr. Grant? Henry Hooper here', he began, 'I'm calling to tell you not to worry about the other night, I know you were forced into it. You may not realise, however, how much I enjoyed it!'

Grant stared at the receiver in amazement.

'Naturally it came as a bit of a shock at first,' Henry continued, 'but that only added to the fun of it'.

Grant groaned, Henry's wife had wanted to teach her husband a lesson and instead had given Henry the best night of his life. What was she going to do to Grant and the club now?

'Anyway Mr. Grant,' Henry was still talking, 'My wife and I would like to arrange a similar evening again, but this time Mrs. Hooper will get the surprise, all right. By the way my wife tells me you will be pleased to offer us free facilities. I don't understand why but thank you very much, bye-bye.'

Grant put the phone down, stunned, where was it going to end? Then he beamed, chortled to himself .... where did he put that video?