

# **Brooke Nolan: Enslaved PI**

**Faye Valentine**

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Since opening the doors to Brooke's Investigations three months ago, business had been good. No, I think great would better describe my surprising success. Not that I had any doubts I would do well in this line of work, but I managed to achieve through sheer luck what it takes others in this line of work years to obtain. Eleven cases offered, eleven taken and solved. With the exception of the first – which saw me delve into the wonderful world of perversion, they had been normal, run of the mill background checks, civil investigations, surveillance and fraud cases and that was perfectly fine by me. Things were going so well, in fact, that I had to hire on two more just to keep from falling behind.

At eight sharp, the front door opened and Riley walked in. Twenty-five year old Riley Clarke was the first of my new employees. Her specialties in computer and forensic investigation as well as accident reconstruction made her an asset well worth the fifty grand a year she was being paid. "Morning Miss. Nolan."

"Morning Riley. And how many times do I have to tell you to call me Brooke?"

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than the door opened and my other employee, Autumn Hayes entered. "Morning, Brooke. Riley," she greeted us with her usual cheer self.

"See, she gets it. Morning Autumn."

"Gets what? What did I do this time?"

"I was just reminding Riley to stop calling me Miss. Nolan."

"Again? You know she doesn't like that so why do you insist on doing it?"

"Force of habit. I was taught to be respectful to my bosses."

"Then respect her wish to be called Brooke. I mean, is that really so hard to do?"

"Alright, alright. I don't want this to turn into an argument or cause friction in the office. While I prefer a less formal setting and attitude in the office, if you wish to call me Miss. Nolan then you are free to do so. Just remember I will not get offended if you slip up and call me Brooke. That being said, how's the Patel case coming along? We go to court next week and we need something to present."

"I'll have it finished by the end of the day and ready for your review first thing in the morning," Riley answered. "Sorry it's taking so long, but I wanted to recreate the accident as accurately as possible before handing it over."

"No need to apologize." Turning my attention to Miss. Hayes, she opened the briefcase on her desk, withdrew a thick folder and dropped it in front of me.

"Everything I have on Jack Hughes," she said. "He thinks he's slick, but he's just another cheating husband. There's something I need to tell you before you read the report," she continued, her cheeks turning pink. "I may have met him in a bar early in the investigation and he may have taken me to a hotel room afterwards," she confessed. "I didn't mean for it to happen, but..."

"I guess he's slicker than you thought," Riley cut in.

"Yeah, maybe he was. But the point is, I did not get any evidence if us together which is why I continued the investigation into him."

"You're not supposed to have any contact with the target unless it cannot be avoided," I replied. Like I was one to talk. My first case and I had sex in a changing room at a fetish clothing store with the woman I was hired to investigate. "Please try to be more careful in the future. I'd rather not gain a reputation for screwing my way through solving cases."

“Understood and it won’t happen again.”

“And that is why I prefer my nice comfy desk job,” Riley smirked. “Unless someone comes in and bends me over it there’s no chance of me getting personally involved.”

“Sounds like someone has an office fantasy,” Autumn giggled. “Dream about that often, do you?”

“Shut up!”

“Who hasn’t?” I asked, shutting them both up as they stopped and turned their attention to me. “What? It gets boring sitting here doing nothing while waiting for a client to come walking through the...”

The door opened and a woman walked in and quickly shut it behind her. The skirt suit she wore was top of the line. As were the four-thousand dollar Gucci heels on her feet. Her dark brown hair pulled back in a bun, coupled with the black-framed glasses sitting low on her nose gave the impression of stern librarian. “I need your help finding my daughter,” she said.

“I will do everything in my power to help. Please, take a seat Mrs?”

“Davenport. Rebecca Davenport.”

“I’m Brooke Nolan and these are my associates Riley Clarke and Autumn Hayes. Before we begin, I have two questions. First, have you reported her missing to the police? And second, how long has she been missing?”

“I reported her missing to the police and the FBI and she’s been missing for three days now without word. That isn’t like her Mrs. Nolan. She calls me every day without fail even if only to say hi. I know you’re limited in what you can do, but please, I want everyone possible looking for my little girl. I don’t care what she’s gotten herself into I just want her returned safely home.”

“I will do everything I can, Mrs. Davenport. That being said, hiring a private investigator is not the same as going to the police or thither law enforcement agencies. Our services do cost money.”

“I don’t care what the cost is. Please, will you help me or not?”

“Of course we will. I apologize if I sounded insensitive, Mrs. Davenport. I just wanted to make sure you understood this can be a very lengthy and expensive route to take. “I will need your daughter’s information as well as that of any friends she might have.”

Opening her purse, she withdrew a small notepad and held it out to me. “I’ve gone through this with the police and FBI so I came prepared. That contains everything I know about my daughter’s friends, where she goes to school and likes to hang out.”

“Autumn, please take care of the paperwork for Mrs. Davenport while I get to work on the names.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Oh, I almost forgot.” Opening her purse, she pulled out a small metal case. Opening it, she removed a photograph and handed it to me. “That is a picture of my Lexie taken just two weeks ago.”

“Thank you. If you’ll please see Riley she will take care of the paperwork and I’ll get started on the case immediately.”

“T-Th-Thank you,” she replied on the verge of tears. “I with the police were this quick to act.”

“We take every case seriously, Mrs. Davenport, missing persons doubly so. You have my word it will receive my fullest attention.” I was expecting a little girl when I looked down at the photo, but what I saw instead was a pale-skinned, freckled-faced redhead in her late teens or

early twenties wearing a shy expression. Sitting it on the desk in front of me, I opened the notepad and began transferring all of the information to my computer. The first page contained very detailed information on nineteen year old Lexi davenport. From her height, weight, hair and eye color, to her vital statistics and the birthmark in the shape of a wolf's head on her right hip.

When Rile had finished the paperwork and saw Mrs. Davenport out, I looked from her to Autumn and back. "Riley, you continue working on the Patel case. Riley, you and I will work the Davenport case together. We will investigate every avenue no matter how insignificant, but remember to stay out of the police and FBI's way. We will also share everything we find with them, but it goes through me first. Understood?"

"Understood. What about the Hughes case?"

"You have everything needed to close it?"

"In the folder on your desk."

"Then call Mrs. Hughes in and close it," I said, sliding the thick folder to the edge of the desk. "We'll hit the streets after lunch."

"Yes Ma'am."

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Meeting my Master and boyfriend at home for lunch as I did every day, I greeted him with a kiss. "Good afternoon Master. How had your day been?"

"Busy. I almost called to cancel but I know how much you love drinking my pee so decided to make the time."

"You spoil me, Master." I would not say I liked the taste of his, or anyone else's pee, but I did like the feelings of humiliation and submission the act excited in me. Kneeling, I unbuttoned his pants, took his cock out and wrapped my lips around the head. Before the stream started to flow, I relaxed my gag reflex so that it could go straight down without any trouble. It took me nearly two months to master it, and now that I had I found the skill also did wonders for deepthroating even the longest of things be it his cock or one of the toys he so loves fucking me with. When it trickled to a stop, I took him completely and did not let up until I had my afternoon protein drink.

"You're getting better at that every day."

"Thank you Master. I have some good news for you. I wanted to tell you earlier, but you were gone before I got up and I've been working on a very important case."

"The Patel accident? You go to court for that next week, right?"

"Yes Master. About going to court, that is. I just got another case today that Riley and I will be working and it will take up a lot of my time so I might not be available for our sessions."

"Work always comes before play dear. Can you tell me about it?"

"It is a missing person's case, Master. I just got the preliminary stuff out of the way and we'll be diving into it right after lunch."

"Then don't let me hold you up. Take all the time you need and if we need to miss a few sessions then it can't be helped. So, what's the good news you have for me?"

"Now doesn't seem like the best time, but seeing as how I have no idea when I'll see you again, I'm pregnant, Master!"

"That's not good news. That's not good news at all." My heart sank into my chest. It had been his sole mission to knock me up and now he this? "That's wonderful news!" she continued. "When did you find out? How far along are you? Holy shit I'm going to be a father!"

“I suspected for the last month and knew for sure this morning, Master. Best guess I’m about two months along and yes, you’re going to be a father. And I’m going to be a mother. And that scares the holy hell out of me, Master.”

“I’m too excited to be scared. You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to hear those words.”

“Um, I’d guess about three months Master as that’s how long we’ve been together.”

“Fair enough. But still, this is something to celebrate. I’m not sure how yet, but I’ll think of something. Until then, we better get some food in our bellies and get back to the grindstone.”

“I couldn’t agree more, Master. I’m starving.”