**Sharon**

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Sharon Dawson grew up in British Columbia's Okanagan region where her parents had a successful winery. Sharon helped with the grapes, did very well in school, and was a diver with the regional club. Sharon was very competitive and did not see winemaking as a challenging career. She went to UBC/Vancouver where she also did very well, receiving a Bachelor of Commerce degree with a specialization in finance. After graduation, Sharon went to work for a firm in the City that was essentially a middle-man, financing imports and exports between Canada and Asia.  
  
After about a year in her job, Sharon was profoundly bored. She didn't know what she wanted, but she wanted to feel like she was making a bigger contribution to society. Sharon stumbled onto the website for the Vancouver police and saw that the Force was hiring. All Sharon knew about policing was what she had seen on US television shows, which, she knew, was divorced from reality. However, the idea of enforcing the law appealed to Sharon's very strong sense of right and wrong. She thought that there would be a physical element to serving as a constable, which seemed preferable to sitting at a computer ten hours a day. The information session made the job sound interesting, so Sharon applied.  
  
Sharon passed through the selection process easily, although, in both of her two interviews, it seemed like they were discouraging her from joining the Force. That only increased determination.  
  
The mandatory three blocks of training took most of a year. During that time, Sharon learned that, despite all the talk of diversity and inclusion, there were still male officers who were patronizing or sexist, and many who felt that women were given an easier pathway into the Force in the name of "diversity" and "inclusion." These attitudes reinforced Sharon's zeal to prove that she could perform as well as any male officer. She also resolved that she would never be perceived as reluctant to accept any assignment.  
  
Sharon's difficulties integrating into the police culture were due, in part, to two characteristics of hers. One, which Sharon acknowledged privately but would never say out loud, was that she was simply more intelligent than many of the people with whom she was working. The other, which Sharon firmly disbelieved, was that she was a very physically beautiful woman. Sharon was a little under six feet tall. Diving and working in the winery had given her an athletic body which she kept in shape by alternate days of running and swimming. Her stomach was flat. Her thighs and calves were firm but not excessively muscular. Her breasts were perfectly proportional to her body, were firm, and stood out proudly from her chest with no hint of sag. Sharon's butt was tight, firm, and perfectly shaped. Even the police uniform could not conceal the fact that Sharon had a gorgeous body. Sharon wore her honey blonde hair cut just above her shoulders. Her hair framed a face with sensuous lips, noticeable cheekbones, a jaw that was firm but not too prominent, and very blue eyes. The truth was that many people on the Force were intimidated by Sharon's combination of intelligence and beauty.  
  
Sharon would have been easier to take, in some ways, if she had seemed arrogant about her attributes. However, Sharon's father, while loving, had been one of those parents who always expected his child to do better. If Sharon brought home good grades, her Dad pointed out that they weren't perfect. If Sharon won a diving competition, her Dad was there to explain what she'd done wrong in particular dives. Her father had made it clear that he was disappointed that his daughter wasn't aiming higher than the police force. Neither parent had ever said anything to Sharon about her appearance and, through secondary school and university, she'd been too busy striving to have time for boyfriends. Thus, Sharon had never received the compliments she so obviously deserved. Rather than being arrogant, Sharon fought a deep-seated fear that she wasn't measuring up and people were just too polite to tell her.  
  
Another thing which made Sharon's integration into the Force more difficult was that she was a "by-the-book" constable. Sharon believed in rules and followed them. While she was not preachy about it, officers who worked with her were sometimes frustrated by her compulsion to dot each i and cross each t. However, command appreciated that quality in Sharon and generally recognized her as a very promising officer. She had been moved out of patrol into the Investigation Division after the minimum five years. Because of her background in finance, she was assigned to the Financial Crimes unit. In two years, there, she had made major contributions to some important cases, including a scam victimizing the elderly and a scheme involving waterfront condos which had not, and never would be, built.  
  
Sharon was summoned to the office of Superintendent Ian McAllister, head of the Investigation Division, on a Thursday in mid-June. Sharon didn't know what the meeting was about but feared that a call to the Boss's office wasn't good news. A third person was in McAllister's office when Sharon entered. The man, wearing a sport coat, open collared shirt, dark slacks, and well-polished shoes stood as Sharon walked in. Sharon recognized him as Detective Constable Ron Crewes.  
  
Despite working in the same building for over a year, Sharon didn't know Crewes; although she knew of him. Crewes had become something of a legend while was in patrol. He had been assisting with a drug search in a warehouse. A suspect had burst from a closet with a large knife which he apparently intended to bury in the back of a nearby officer. Depending on who told the story, the suspect outweighed Crewes by 60 to 100 pounds. However, Crewes had the suspect disarmed and face-down on the floor with his hands cuffed behind his back in under a minute. No one, including the suspect, had been hurt. A couple of weeks before the meeting, Sharon had seen a notice on the bulletin board in the break room congratulating Crewes on finishing third in a triathlon.  
  
While Crewes and Sharon both stood, McAllister made introductions. Crewes gave Sharon a firm handshake. Crewes was about Sharon's height. He was a compact man but gave a distinct impression of coiled strength. As he shook hands, he looked directly into Sharon's eyes. Crewes' eyes were also bright blue. His face was ruggedly handsome and an old scar on his forehead bespoke a man who'd been through some things. His complexion hinted at some First Nations ancestors. What surprised Sharon was the look of kindness and compassion in his face.  
  
McAllister had the reputation as a good commander, but he didn't waste time. He told Sharon and Crewes to sit. "I've brought you in," McAllister explained, "Because we've had a request for assistance from the Toronto Police Service. As you know, Toronto's done some favors for us recently so we can hardly refuse. They've been hearing rumors of drug dealing in one of the sex clubs there. I gather it is one of the upscale ones. Toronto has looked at the club several times and never found anything outside the lines. However, the rumors persist. Toronto thinks the rumors come from another club trying to hurt its competitor, but they can't afford to ignore them. They recognize the possibility that they've not found anything because their officers are known to whomever is dealing, if anyone. They want someone unknown in Toronto and from far away to take a look. Have either of you ever been in Toronto?"  
  
Crewes said, "I ran a marathon in Toronto about three years ago, that's all."  
  
"Did you identify yourself as a police officer?" McAllister asked.  
  
"No," Crewes answered.  
  
"What did you tell them you did?" McAllister asked.  
  
"Nothing," Crewes replied. "No one asked."  
  
Sharon?" McAllister asked.  
  
Sharon was a little embarrassed about her parochialism but had to be truthful. "I've never been east of Calgary, Sir," she said.  
  
"That's good," McAllister responded. "Ideally," he went on, "we'd send them people from Drugs Squad but, as you know, we're short-handed there. We can't really spare you two either but, at least, your units are fully staffed. The two of you are booked on a flight to Toronto next Tuesday that gets you there in late afternoon. You report Wednesday morning to Captain Les Tibbits. Here's the address." McAllister handed Crewes and Sharon each a typed sheet of paper with an address on College Street in Toronto. "Toronto's paying the expenses, so you needn't be quite as frugal as if we were. You will copy me on your reports."  
  
Crewes asked, "Sir, what precisely will we be doing?"  
  
"That's up to Toronto," McAllister responded. "I expect they'll want you to go into the club undercover and see what you can learn."  
  
Crewes didn't react at all to the suggestion they'd be undercover in a sex club. He asked, "What limits do we observe?"  
  
"Whatever the situation demands consistent with your mission," McAllister replied. "I expect that you'll have to use your own judgment. Any other questions?" There were none. "Ok," McAllister concluded, "You've got a few days to hand off your current work. I know you'll represent the Force well."  
  
Sharon had said very little during the meeting. As she left McAllister's office, she was reeling at the idea that she of going undercover at a sex club. She knew such places existed and that, within limits, they were legal; but she had no idea what went on in them. Her imagination was already going out of control.  
  
Outside McAllister's office, Crewes stopped and said to Sharon, "You have a good reputation. I'm looking forward to working with you." Sharon would have expected, at least, some suggestiveness from a male officer assigned to go undercover with a woman officer at a sex club. Crewes' comment had none. He seemed utterly sincere.  
  
Sharon was relieved that she and Crewes were not sitting together on the flight from Vancouver to Toronto. First, Sharon didn't really like flying. Second, the thought that she was flying two-thirds of the way across the country to go to a sex club had her stressed. Sharon and Crewes shared a cab from Pearson airport to their hotel. After they checked in, Crewes told her, "I hope that I'm not being too rude, but a couple I know from Victoria moved here about a year ago. I promised to have dinner with them tonight."  
  
Sharon was happy to be on her own. Crewes was handsome and seemed a perfect gentleman. Still, she feared that she might be working with him closer than she would be comfortable with and wanted to put that moment, if it came, off as long as possible. It was early evening of a very pleasant day. Sharon walked around downtown Toronto for a time. She had dinner in a sports bar named after a hockey great and wondered whether she'd have time to visit the Hall of Fame. Sharon was back in her room, in her pajamas, and asleep before 9:00.  
  
For Sharon, the name Lester Tibbits produced an image of a caricature blowhard colonial military officer with a huge belly and bushy sideburns. Captain Tibbits of the TPS was slender, clean-shaven, soft-spoken, and going grey. They met in Tibbits' office at the Toronto Police headquarters at 9:00 a.m., 6:00 a.m. to Sharon.  
  
Tibbits explained that the target of their investigation was the Dominion Paradise Club. It was the most upscale of Toronto's sex clubs. "The people who go there are surprisingly affluent, middle class to upper class and, on occasion, people of some prominence," Tibbits said. Like all the sex clubs in the City, DPC was watched closely by the TPS. There had never been any indication of illegal conduct. "That could be just because they know when we're watching," Tibbits said. "On the other hand, it is a very competitive industry. DPC has largely managed to shed the sleazy image that most of these places have and consequently gets a better clientele. I suspect the rumors are another club throwing mud. Still, if there is drug-dealing at DPC, we need to catch it."  
  
Tibbits, Crewes, and Sharon spent some time discussing how to approach the investigation. Finally, Crewes said, "We'll probably raise the least suspicion if we send Sharon in initially on her own." Turning to Sharon, he added, "If that's all right with you." Crewes went on, "I'm guessing that DPC is busier on weekends than during the week. If she goes in on a weeknight, she may have a better chance of seeing if anything's going on. There will probably be fewer single men too which may lower the harassment level."  
  
Tibbits picked up his phone. After speaking with another officer, Tibbits told Sharon and Crewes, "DPC doesn't allow single men at all on Thursdays. Tomorrow may be the best day."  
  
Crewes said, "I'd expect that evening would be the best time. There are people who want more than just an afterwork drink, especially if sex is involved."  
  
"Makes sense," Tibbits responded. "Constable Dawson, are you ok going to DPC by yourself tomorrow night?"  
  
Sharon never showed reluctance towards any assignment, although the thought of being in a sex club scared her. "Of course," she replied as evenly as she could manage.  
  
"Good," Tibbits said. "Let's reassemble in my office at 5:00 p.m. tomorrow to go over details. I'll arrange some back-up in the meantime."  
  
As Crewes and Sharon walked out onto a sunlight street around noon, Crewes asked "What did you bring to wear?"  
  
"Uh, well this and some slacks and tops," Sharon responded. She was wearing a print dress underneath a light blue jacket.  
  
Crewes stopped and looked at Sharon for a moment. She felt an irrational thrill undergoing his visual inspection. "Please don't take offense," Crewes said, "but I don't think that is what you want to wear."  
  
"I'm not going there to have sex," Sharon protested.  
  
"I know that," Crewes said evenly. "But that is why people go there. If you don't create the impression that you are there for that purpose, people may wonder what your real purpose is." Sharon couldn't deny that Crewes made sense. She also couldn't deny that the clothes she had brought were probably too bland for a sex club. "The good thing is that you don't need any enhancing," Crewes said, "just something that presents the real you. Let's go to Eaton Centre." Sharon would ordinarily have taken Crewes' comment as an attempt at a compliment. The way he'd said it, though, it sounded like a factual assessment.  
  
Sharon was impressed by the massive enclosed shopping mall that is Eaton Centre. Vancouver had indoor shopping, but Eaton Centre was much bigger. They went into a women's clothing shop and were looking through the racks when Crewes pulled out a dress and asked, "What about this?" It was a sleeveless black knit dress made of a light material. The hemline looked rather short, but the neckline was high. It was a completely decent and tasteful evening dress. It was also quite expensive. "Don't worry," Crewes said, "TPS is paying. Try it on."  
  
Sharon took the dress into a fitting room at the rear of the shop. She removed her print dress and put the black dress on. She had to admit that black went well with her hair. Crewes had clothes sense. The dress fit her tightly, highlighting her figure. She was thankful that she didn't have any fat to make it bulge in the wrong places. The dress did show a lot of leg, but Sharon rationalized that she needed to show something in a sex club, and she had short skirts at home.  
  
Sharon walked out of the fitting room into the shop. Crewes was waiting and broke into a smile when he saw her. It wasn't a leering smile. Crewes seemed genuinely pleased by her appearance. "That's perfect," Crewes said. "Simple and completely acceptable for an evening, but on you it gets attention." Again, Crewes' tone was matter-of-fact. Sharon was pleased that he seemed to think her attractive.  
  
Walking out of the shop with the new dress, Crewes said, "I don't wish to be indelicate, but what do you have for lingerie?" From someone else, the question would have offended Sharon. From Crewes, it sounded like a necessary aspect of planning for the mission.  
  
"My standard white bras and cotton panties," Sharon answered. Crewes paused, thinking. Sharon said, with a hint of indignation, "I'm not planning on taking the dress off!"  
  
"I know," Crewes replied. "Still, we don't know what you will encounter. It would be wiser to be prepared if you need to do something extreme to maintain your cover. Will you at least look?"  
  
Again, there nothing sexual seemed hidden in Crewes' statement. He was thinking operationally. Mollified, Sharon followed him into a lingerie shop. Crewes stood back to let Sharon browse. Mainly out of curiosity, Sharon picked up a lacy black bra and panty set that was almost transparent. Crewes was beside her and said, "That would be a good choice." His tone suggested that he knew Sharon would never buy, much less wear, something that risqué.  
  
Crewes' had triggered Sharon's competitiveness. "I agree," she said a bit abruptly. She searched for a set in her size, found it, and went to the register.  
  
With time to kill, Sharon and Crewes window shopped in Eaton Centre. As they walked, Sharon asked Crewes about his time with the Force. Crewes was currently assigned to the Assault and Robbery unit, where he'd been for most of two years. That meant that Crewes had dealt with some very violent and, often, disturbed people. However, as Crewes recounted his experiences, he didn't cast himself in a heroic role. Rather, he attributed the successes to other officers. That impressed Sharon.  
  
Around 5:00 p.m., Crewes said, "Why don't we find an early dinner and make it an early night?" That worked for Sharon. Over dinner, Crewes politely questioned Sharon about her work on the Force. Sharon noticed that Crewes avoided any personal questions. Sharon didn't wear any rings, so she assumed that Crewes knew she was single. He didn't ask whether she was seeing anyone. Crewes was complimentary of her work on the condo case, which he seemed to know about. He also said, "Getting out of patrol in the minimum is an accomplishment. I thought I did well, and I was in for six and a half years." Sharon found herself pleased that Crewes seemed impressed with her work.  
  
Sharon and Crewes were back at their hotel, where they were on different floors, by 7:00 p.m. As Sharon took off her jacket, set down the purchases, and turned on the TV in her room, the thought came to her that she was looking forward to seeing Detective Constable Ronald Crewes again.  
  
They were due back at TPS at 5:00 p.m. Thursday. Sharon spent most of the day in her room. While she wanted to see Ron again, the thought of going to a sex club by herself terrified her. She tried to read or watch TV, but her imagination kept playing out ever more lurid scenes of what might happen that night.  
  
Sharon met Ron in the lobby of their hotel at 4:30 p.m. She was wearing the black dress but had put her jacket over it. As she walked up to Ron, he said "You look very beautiful." That was delivered in his usual matter-of-fact tone.

There was a woman in Tibbits' office when Sharon and Ron arrived. Tibbits introduced her as Detective Rhonda Saunders. She worked the district where the Dominion Paradise Club was located. Saunders gave Sharon and Ron some background on the Club and its surrounding neighborhood. She told Sharon, "I'll drive you over there and let you out a couple of blocks away."  
  
Tibbits broke in, "We have no reason to think that anyone at DPC knows who you are or expects you at the Club so we're safe having an officer take you over. Someone may follow you, so you'll have to get a cab when you leave."  
  
"That won't be a problem in that neighborhood no matter when you leave," Saunders added.  
  
Tibbits told Sharon, "We've never had any reports of violence at DPC. Still, we can't be too careful. Keep your phone close at hand. If you feel threatened, dial 9-1-1. I've arranged for a couple of patrol units to stay within three or four blocks of DPC from the time you go in until you come out. Of course, we can't risk you taking any monitoring equipment in with you." Tibbits laughed, "I guess what happens at DPC stays at DPC." He paused. "I'll be here until you leave DPC. I'll give you my personal cell number. Call me when you're safely away."  
  
Saunders said it was time to go. Sharon stood up. Saunders, said, "Lose the jacket, that's not the Club's style." Sharon stood, perplexed for a moment about what to do with her best business jacket. Finally, she handed it to Ron.  
  
Saunders took Sharon in her personal car. As they were driving, Saunders asked, "Nervous?"  
  
"Yeah," Sharon said.  
  
"You'll be ok," Saunders said. DPC doesn't tolerate people being forced into anything, bad for business."  
  
"Great," Sharon said sarcastically.  
  
They drove on. As they neared the drop-off point, Saunders said, "Actually, I envy you a bit. I've only been in the lobby at DPC. It's quite elegant. I've heard that the rest of the Club is a lot of fun.'  
  
"If it's fun," Sharon asked, "why not go?"  
  
Saunders laughed. "My boss would have me on discipline, if not out of the Service, if he found out that I'd gone to Dominion Paradise Club. You're going under orders." Saunders pulled to the curb. As Sharon got out of the car, Saunders called "Have fun."  
  
Although she felt like her shoes carried 100-pound weights, Sharon put one foot after the other in the direction Saunders had told her to take. Sharon turned a corner and walked another block. When she reached the point where she expected the Club to be, she looked around. She didn't see anything that looked like a sex club. All she saw was a very stolid, old-looking stone building with a lighted entry way. Thinking that she'd have to ask directions, Sharon reluctantly went up the few steps from the street. Outside the door, she saw a tasteful brass plaque bearing the words Dominion Paradise Club. The understated entrance surprised Sharon. Her second though was "Oh shit! I'm here!"  
  
It took an act of will for Sharon to open the door to the Club. The inside was clean and tasteful, if modern in contrast to the exterior. Directly ahead of her was a desk with a computer screen. The woman standing at the desk was tastefully made up and wore an elegant beige evening dress. "May I help you?" the woman asked.  
  
Sharon hesitantly asked if she could visit the Club. The woman seemed genuinely pleased. "Is this your first time with us?" the woman asked.  
  
"Yes, it is," Sharon said.  
  
The woman handed her a form. "I just need you to fill out this membership application and I need to see a photo ID." Sharon completed the form, which only asked for her name, home address, local address, birth date, and e-mail address. They had decided that Sharon would use her real name and information. No one had any reason to know she was police, and it was much easier than creating a fake ID.  
  
Sharon handed the completed form and her BC driving license to the woman behind the desk. The woman typed Sharon's information into the computer, gave back the license, and said, "Welcome to Toronto. We're pleased that you've chosen to spend some of your time in the City with us. The membership fee for women is $40.00. That membership is valid through this Sunday. We offer longer memberships, but I doubt that you're interested. Would you like to put the membership on your card? I'll also need your card for any food or drink you order."  
  
Sharon handed over her credit card. The woman returned it with a plastic membership card. "Use that to charge food or drink. If you stop back here when you leave, we'll be pleased to give you a receipt showing all of your charges."  
  
"Thank you," Sharon said.  
  
"Since this is your first time, let me explain a few things. Behind me is our first-floor bar. Our gourmet dining room is to the left off the bar. Clothing is required on the first floor. A lot of people have a drink or two on this floor before they go on up. The second floor is, primarily, our dance bar. The locker room is also on two. Clothing is optional on the second floor. Playrooms are on the third floor. You'll figure those out on your own. Nudity is expected on the third floor. Our pool is on the roof. It is open any time the Club is open. You can get drinks there, but we stop food service at 4:00 p.m. Nudity is mandatory in the pool area."  
  
Hearing "nudity expected" and "nudity is mandatory" elevated Sharon's pulse. She only half heard the woman explain that "everything is consensual. No means no here. Crude, rude, and offensive conduct are not tolerated and will result in immediate expulsion from the Club. There are staff on every floor. Please let them know if there are any problems. Any questions?" Sharon shook her head numbly. "Enjoy yourself," the woman said.  
  
Sharon walked away from the desk and into the first-floor bar. There were chairs at the bar and a few freestanding tables. Sharon wasn't abstemious, but she also wasn't a big drinker. She knew she'd have to watch herself, but she needed a drink badly.  
  
Sharon sat at the bar, setting her small clutch purse on the bar. The bar was tended by an attractive woman in a dark evening dress. Sharon ordered a vodka tonic. She had just taken her first sip when a redhead in a bright green dress sat beside her. After a moment of silence, the redhead asked, "First time?"  
  
Sharon nodded and said, "Yes."  
  
The redhead smiled. "Me too, she said. "I could tell because you look as nervous as I feel. I'm Tracey."  
  
Sharon was annoyed that her nervousness was so obvious. "My name is Sharon," she said.  
  
"Are you from around here?" Tracey asked.  
  
"No, Vancouver," Sharon replied.  
  
"What brings you here?" Tracey asked.  
  
"No specific reason," Sharon said. "I heard about the Club. Curiosity, I guess. What about you?"  
  
"Curiosity, although of a different kind," Tracey said. "I've lived with a guy the last two years. Only did what he wanted to do. I was completely faithful. A couple of days ago, I found out he's been fucking one of my so-called friends for the last eight months. We split up. I'm curious to see what else life offers. This place is so far from anything Kent would do that it seemed like a good start."  
  
"I'm sorry to hear that," Sharon said. Tracey was a bit more talkative than Sharon preferred. She attributed that to nerves. Still, it beat having some old man drooling on her. So far, Sharon hadn't seen any old men.  
  
Sharon listened to Tracey talk on as the two women finished their drinks. Putting her glass down, Tracey said, "I'm ready for the second floor. Please come with me. I could use the moral support."  
  
Sharon hadn't seen anything of interest, so she said, "Ok." The two women stood.  
  
"That dress looks fantastic on you," Tracey told Sharon.  
  
"Thank you," Sharon replied. She looked at Tracey who was very pretty. Her dress had a plunging neckline which showed a little of the tops of her breasts, larger than Sharon's, and some freckles on her chest. As Sharon followed Tracey up the steps, she noticed that Tracey's dress was tight and that she had an attractive rear end.  
  
The steps ended just outside a large room in which dance music was playing. The lighting was lower than on the first floor. In one corner was a narrow bar with no chairs in front of it. Instead, there were tall tables and chairs around the perimeter of the room. Several people were dancing in the center of the room.  
  
Sharon went to an unoccupied table. Tracey went to the bar and came back with two more drinks. Sharon reminded herself that she needed to be careful about the booze. As she sipped her drink, Sharon's attention was drawn to a tall blonde with big breasts dancing in the center of the dance floor. All she wore was a thong as did the man she was dancing with. They looked very happy.  
  
After Sharon had watched the nearly nude dancers for several moments, Tracey said, "That's the challenge, isn't it?"  
  
"Challenge? What do you mean?" Sharon asked.  
  
Tracey nodded toward the topless dancer. "The challenge is to be as free as her and have the fun she's having."  
  
Without responding, Sharon looked back at the dancer. Sharon had never gone bare-chested in public. This woman was. Not only was nothing bad happening to her, she seemed to be having a wonderful time. A rogue thought entered Sharon's mind: "I'm in a strange town. I don't know anyone here and I'll be back in Vancouver in a few days. What if...?" Sharon quickly suppressed the thought. She was a police officer. She couldn't take clothes off in public, even if she was in a place where people came to take their clothes off.  
  
Sharon and Tracey slowly finished their drinks. Tracey got two more. "I need to be careful," Sharon thought again. She was still drawn to the woman on the dance floor, who seemed to have inexhaustible energy. When the song ended, the couple in thongs left the dance floor and joined a clothed couple at a table. The four of them were laughing and smiling. Sharon saw a new couple step onto the dance floor. The man was in slacks and a button-down shirt, looking like he'd come from work in one of the Bay Street towers. The woman was shorter with a cute face and long brown hair. She wore a "peasant" blouse and a long skirt. As the music started, she raised her arms straight up over her head. The man grasped her blouse, pulling the bottom out of her skirt. He lifted the blouse over her head. The woman wasn't wearing a bra. Her smart, pert breasts were on full display.  
  
If a guy tried to take Sharon's top off in public, she'd kick him in the balls. This woman seemed to enjoy being exposed. Sharon watched as the couple continued to dance. The song finished. As the next song started, the woman turned her back to her date. He reached out for the waistband of her skirt and undid something. The skirt fell to the woman's feet. She kicked it off the dance floor and turned to face her date. She was wearing only a very small pair of seemingly transparent panties. Her eyes gleamed and she was smiling broadly. She hugged her date, gave him a kiss, and undid his belt buckle. "Damn," Sharon thought, "that woman is enjoying be stripped in front of other people. Is it that much fun?"  
  
Sharon and Tracey stayed in the dance bar for about an hour. Abandoning her earlier talkativeness, Tracey hadn't said anything for over twenty minutes. That was fine with Sharon. It gave her time to observe. She didn't see any signs of drugs.  
  
Sharon didn't notice, but Tracey had resolved her own dilemma. To Sharon, Tracey said, "We're here. We paid the money. I guess we ought to check out the third floor."  
  
Sharon had been thinking too. She looked at Tracey, who gave her a nervous smile. "I guess we should," Sharon answered.  
  
"We're going to have to take something off," Tracey said.  
  
"I know," Sharon replied. She was shocked at how eager that sounded.  
  
The two women walked out of the dance bar and followed a discreet sign to the locker room. Just before they opened the door, a nude couple came out, smiled at them, and started up the steps past the locker room. "They seem pretty happy," Tracey said.  
  
Tracey and Sharon went into the locker room. There were spotless wooden benches mounted below wood paneled lockers about four feet tall. Sharon and Tracey stopped in front of two that still had keys in them. Each woman opened a locker and sat on the bench to remove their shoes. Standing again, Tracey slowly turned her back to Sharon and said, "Uh, well, uh, could you help me with this zipper?" Sharon undid the clasp behind Tracey's neck and pulled the zipper on her dress all the way down. Sharon saw the hooks of a red bra on Tracey's back and the top of a pair of red panties. Sharon reached behind herself, undid the clasp on her own dress. Sharon reached down for the hem of her dress and pulled it off over her head.  
  
Tracey turned to look at Sharon as Sharon was hanging her dress up in the locker. Sharon was wearing the almost transparent black lingerie she'd bought with Ron the day before. "Damn girl," Tracey said, "You have a smoking body!"  
  
Sharon was genuinely flattered. She was starting to like Tracey, who didn't seem at all like the kind of person Sharon expected to meet at a sex club. Tracey said, "I think we're ok going to the third floor in underwear."  
  
Sharon thought for another couple of minutes. No one official was watching her. As Tibbets had said, what happens in this club stays in this club. This was the perfect opportunity to indulge a naughty side that Sharon was just realizing she had. She also wondered whether she'd feel the joy she saw in the faces of the two women on the dance floor.  
  
Sharon reached behind herself and unhooked her bra. "I think I want the whole experience," she said. "Who knows whether I'll ever be back or have this opportunity again." Sharon didn't feel drunk, but she wondered if that was the alcohol talking. Whatever, she wanted to take her bra off and did.  
  
"Good girl!" Tracey said. "You're giving me backbone!" Tracey took off her bra, revealing large, freckled, very nicely shaped breasts.  
  
Sharon and Tracey stood facing each other for a moment, wearing only their panties. Sharon put her hands inside the waistband of hers and said, "Why not?" She pushed the panties off her hips, down her legs, and stepped out of them gracefully. She was scared but excited as she put her panties in the locker, shut the door on her clothes, and locked it. All Sharon wore was the elastic band around her wrist that had the locker key.  
  
Tracey said, "You are stunning naked." Again, Sharon was pleased but not sure why. Tracey looked very good naked too. Sharon had never had any desire for another woman, but she had an urge to reach out and touch Tracey. She stifled that.  
  
Tracey and Sharon each grabbed a folded towel from a stack as they stepped out of the locker room. A clothed couple was walking down the hallway towards them. Sharon was shocked to realize that she was happy the two strangers were seeing her completely naked.  
  
Climbing up the steps with nothing on was a new experience for Sharon. She was naked in the kind of place she'd been taught people don't go naked. The heavens hadn't opened. No lightening had struck her. It was an exciting feeling. Tracey was leading them up the steps. Sharon thought that Tracey's ass looked even better naked than it had in her tight dress. Then, Sharon thought "Oh my God!"  
  
The stairway ended in a hall. To the right were several doors. To the left was an open doorway. Sharon and Tracey went left. They entered a large room, bathed in a red light. You could see clearly, but it gave things a surreal cast. There was a piece of furniture in the center of the room like a large sofa only with no arms or back. It appeared to be upholstered in some slick material like vinyl. A nude couple was fucking on a towel on the sofa. Around the walls of the room, several nude people were standing and watching. The watchers were a mixed group of men and women. Sharon noticed that most of the men were either fully or partially hard.  
  
The couple on the sofa were both a bit fat and not erotic in themselves. However, Sharon thought that the fact that they were having sex in public, apparently wanting to be watched, and that a group of naked people was watching them, was incredibly erotic. Sharon stood, taking in this utterly new scene with fascination.  
  
Sharon felt a hand on her hip. She looked and saw that it was Tracey's hand. Tracey was looking in Sharon's eyes, smiling. After a moment, Tracey reached out and took one of Sharon's nipples between her thumb and forefinger. That was when Sharon realized that her nipples were very hard. Sharon could also feel herself getting moist between her legs.  
  
Sharon knew that she should take Tracey's hand away from her breast, but Tracey was gently rolling Sharon's nipple between her fingers, which felt very nice. Tracey used her other hand to place one of Sharon's hands on her own breast. Sharon couldn't remember ever touching another woman's breasts before. She was surprised how nice Tracy's breast felt, firm and soft at the same time; and very warm. Sharon took Tracey's nipple between her fingers and tried to imitate what Tracey was doing to her.  
  
Tracey softly said, "May I?" Sharon nodded. Tracy put her hand between Sharon's legs. Sharon shifted to give Tracey's hand more room. Sharon could feel Tracey's finger tracing along the lips of her vagina. That felt good too. Tracey stopped for a moment and held her moist finger up for Sharon to see. "Having fun?" Tracey asked.  
  
"Yes," Sharon answered. Her voice had a huskiness she'd never heard from herself before. Tracey lowered her hand down again and took Sharon's clit between two fingers. That felt wonderful! Sharon and Tracey kissed each other very briefly on the lips. Sharon was no longer paying any attention to the rest of the room, but she did note the sounds of the couple on the sofa having their orgasms.  
  
When the sofa was empty and had been wiped off, Tracey took Sharon's hand and led her to the center of the room. Tracey positioned Sharon so that the backs of her knees were against one end of the sofa. "Lie and your back and spread your legs," Tracey said softly. Sharon did as Tracey asked. She realized that the people standing against one part of the wall were seeing parts of her no one had seen before. That gave Sharon a warm feeling.  
  
Tracey knelt at the end of the sofa between Sharon's legs. She leaned until her lips were millimeters from Sharon's vagina. Tracey blew a warm breath on Sharon. That felt nice. When Tracey began licking her, Sharon felt better. When Tracey started sucking Sharon's clit, Sharon felt things she'd never felt before. She didn't know how to describe the sensations, but she didn't want them to stop. Sharon felt Tracey's tongue probing inside her vagina. Tracey's tongue flicked one spot inside Sharon and Sharon felt something akin to an electric shock, but a very pleasing shock.  
  
Sharon forgot about where she was and the people watching. Sharon was totally focused on the wonderful sensations in her pelvis. She knew she was breathing harder. She could feel her heart rate increasing. Her breathing and pulse were fast like she was swimming, but swimming never felt like this.  
  
Involuntarily, Sharon began bucking her hips. Tracey's mouth and tongue never lost contact. Sharon had lost all control of her own body. She started to feel like something was about to explode insider her. Suddenly, it did. Sharon's vision went away as the most intense warm, pleasurable sensation she'd ever felt engulfed her. She couldn't feel it in her throat, but she heard herself scream. The only part of her body she felt was her vagina. She hoped it would feel that way forever.  
  
Tracey had moved away from her, but Sharon still lay on the sofa with her legs wide apart. Looking around the room, she could see naked men and women looking at her, smiling, completely approving of what Sharon had just experienced. Sharon had thought that she'd had orgasms before with her ex-boyfriend. None of those remotely compared to the sensations Tracey had caused.

Tracey helped Sharon up from the sofa and used a fresh towel to wipe it down. As they walked from the center of the room, Tracey said, "That looked and sounded like a damned good O."  
  
"It was," Sharon said gleefully. "Thank you so much!"  
  
Sharon and Tracey walked out of the large room and along the hall that had been to their right as they came up. Tracey kept touching Sharon's breasts or thighs, reminding Sharon that she was totally naked. At that time, Sharon wouldn't have put on clothes if someone had paid her.  
  
There were several rooms along the hallway, each with a window. Looking in a few, Sharon saw that people were having sex in these smaller rooms. The windows gave others the opportunity to watch. When Sharon glanced in the window of the last room along the hall, she saw a man standing and a small girl with short black hair on her knees in front of him. The girl had the man's penis in her mouth. Sharon knew, of course, about blow jobs but had never given one nor seen one. She watched with fascination as the girl moved her head back and forth, at one instant having only the man's head in her mouth and the next his entire penis. The girl seemed enthusiastic. Sharon wondered what it was about having a penis in her mouth that made the girl so happy.  
  
As Sharon backed away from the window, she bumped into someone. It didn't feel like Tracey. Sharon turned and saw that she had backed into a rather handsome nude young man. His broad chest and washboard abs were hairless. What caught Sharon's attention, though, his long, thick penis. She looked up at the young man's smiling face and realized that she rammed her ass into his monster. Looking down at the man's dick then back up at his face, Sharon asked "May I touch you?"  
  
"Certainly," the young man answered. Sharon wrapped her hand around the man's penis. Of course, Sharon had seen dicks before her ex-boyfriend's and the sad shriveled appendages of the park flashers she'd arrested when she was in patrol. She'd never seen anything like this young man had.  
  
The young mand asked, "Would you like to do something with it?"  
  
Sharon was about to answer affirmatively when she heard Tracey whisper in her ear "STD."  
  
Tracey's whisper brought Sharon back to her senses. "No," Sharon told the young man. "This is my first time here. I'm on sensory overload already."  
  
"The man smiled again. "Of course, take it all at your own pace," he said. "It's much better that way."  
  
Tracey said, "Let's look at the pool." They walked back to where the steps came up from the second floor, turned left, and went up a short flight of additional steps. There was a metal door at the top of the steps with a window in it. The two women looked out. The only light was from the lights in the pool. Despite the nice weather, no one was in the pool area. Tracey pointed at a sign beside the door which read "NUDITY REQUIRED AT ALL TIMES IN POOL AREA." "It would be nice to come back during the day and work on the allover tan," Tracey said.  
  
"That would be great," Sharon said. Then, she realized what she'd said. Here she was, Sharon Dawson, a Vancouver detective constable, saying she'd like to lie out naked on a Toronto rooftop. What had was happened to her?  
  
There was a clock above the pool bar. It showed 12:45 in the morning. Sharon was suddenly worried what Tibbits and Ron would think because she hadn't called in yet. Sharon told Tracey, "God! It's later than I thought. I need to get going"  
  
Reluctantly, Tracey said, "I do too." The two women went back downstairs to the locker room and dressed. Sharon knew she smelled different, but there was nothing for that right now. On the sidewalk outside the Club, the women flagged a cab. They went first to Sharon's hotel. Sharon got out and paid the fare to that point. From inside the cab, Tracey said, "Thank you. I had a wonderful time."  
  
"I did too," Sharon said truthfully. In the hotel lobby, she pulled out her phone and called Tibbits. "I'm back at the hotel," she said when he answered.  
  
"Took you long enough," Tibbits said, but not in an accusing tone. "Get some sleep, report at 11:00."  
  
Sharon went to her room. She undressed for the second time that night and picked up her pajamas. "Screw those," she thought, "I'm sleeping naked." The sheets felt wonderful on her bare skin. Sharon fell asleep remembering the sensations of Tracey licking, sucking, and tonguing her.  
  
Sharon slept soundly. When she awoke around 9:30 a.m., she remembered a dream she had. In the dream, she was in the Dominion Paradise Club. She was dancing on the second floor completely nude. Suddenly, Ron Crewes was standing in front of her, fully clothed. "May I have this dance," he asked.  
  
In her dream, Sharon said "Certainly." The song was a slow one. Ron put his arms around Sharon's bare back and pulled her to him. They danced slowly, holding each other tight.  
  
When the song finished, Ron had told Sharon, "I guess I need to take off these clothes." He stepped off the dance floor and stripped off all his clothes. Sharon was stunned by how wonderful he looked naked. He came back onto the dance floor and they danced a fast number. Throughout that dance, Sharon had watched Ron's long, fat dick moving. She had to have that inside her.  
  
When the dance in her dream had finished, she had led Ron to the third floor and into the large room. There were, seemingly hundreds, of naked people watching as Sharon lay on her back on the sofa and Ron entered her. With seemingly little effort, Ron had caused Sharon sensations much more intense and wonderful than anything Tracey had caused.  
  
As Sharon was showering in her hotel room that Friday morning, she realized that she was a different woman than she'd been 24 hours ago. She had to go back to Dominion Paradise Club. She had to take Ron. She wanted to see Ron naked but, even more, she wanted Ron to see her naked. Most of all, she wanted Ron to have sex with her. Assessing those desires, Sharon asked herself how she'd transformed into a wanton slut so quickly. A voice in her head said, "You're not a slut. You're simply learning what life has to offer. You're in a much better place now than you've ever been before." Sharon felt more confident as she dressed and rode the cab to police headquarters than she'd ever felt in her life.  
  
Ron Crewes was waiting outside Tibbits office when Sharon arrived. "What did you do last night?" Sharon asked.  
  
"Well," Ron said, "I didn't go to a sex club." Sharon could see from his face that Rom immediately regretted having said that. "I sat here with Tibbits until you called," he said. "We watched the Caps lose to the Golden Knights in game six and then swapped cop stories."  
  
Tibbits didn't say anything more about how late Sharon had called in. "Can you say that there is or isn't any drug dealing there?" Tibbits asked.  
  
"I'm not sure," Sharon answered. "I didn't see the entire Club. I spent most of my time talking to people to see if anyone would offer me something and, well, uh, I saw a lot I'd not seen before. I'm from the Okanagan. We don't have places like that there, or in Vancouver as far as I know."  
  
"Well, we do have some sex clubs in Vancouver," Ron said, "but you work Financial Crimes, so you'd have no reason to know about them."  
  
Sharon mentally kicked herself. While she'd never seen one, she knew there were sex clubs in Vancouver, although none as classy to her knowledge as Dominion Paradise Club. Why had she said that? She was grateful to Ron for giving her an out.  
  
"So, you need to go back in," Tibbits said. It wasn't a question, just a statement of fact. "Would you feel better with back-up?" Sharon nodded. "Ok with you Ron?" Tibbits asked.  
  
With no expression, Ron said, "That's what I came east for." He paused and said, "What if we try Saturday afternoon. I'm thinking that daytime probably isn't as busy and, if someone is selling there, they might be more open about it then. Saturday is also a likely time for any out-of-town buyers to come in. If nothing's happening, we can stay into Saturday night. We all know Saturday nights are when the dealers make their nut."  
  
Tibbits looked at his watch. "It's 11:30," he said. "I just inherited a lunch meeting with the Chief and need some time to get ready. Let me think about it. Get a bite and be back at 1:30."  
  
It took Sharon and Ron almost thirty minutes to find a sandwich shop that wasn't slammed. They got their sandwiches and drinks and found a table slightly away from the others so they could talk.  
  
"What was the Club like?" Ron asked.  
  
"A whole lot cleaner and classier than what I'd expected," Sharon answered.  
  
"What about the people?" Ron asked.  
  
"The staff seemed very professional and polite." Sharon said. "The patrons weren't what I'd expected either. They seemed like normal people except they like to get naked and have sex in front of each other."  
  
"Sounds like they run a good business," Ron commented.  
  
Suddenly, Sharon felt on overpowering need to make confession. She reached across the table and put her hand on top of Ron's. "Ron," she said urgently, "I took my clothes off in there last night."  
  
Sharon expected Ron to react in some way. However, his expression didn't change. "When you're undercover," he said, "you do what you need to maintain your cover."  
  
He wasn't getting what she was trying to say. "But Ron," Sharon said imploringly, "I enjoyed it." Her urge to confess didn't extend to what she and Tracey had done.  
  
Ron sat looking at her for a moment then said evenly, "Lots of people enjoy getting naked with others. Why do you think Wreck Beach is crowded on summer weekends?"  
  
Having gone to UBC, Sharon knew that Wreck Breach was one of the most popular nude beaches in North America. Although she'd spent four years living close to it and twelve years living in Vancouver, she'd never gone to Wreck Beach and had never even thought about it. "Have you been there?" Sharon asked.  
  
With no embarrassment, Ron nodded affirmatively. "I dated a girl for a couple of years who liked to go there. I went a lot while she and I were together."  
  
This new information prompted a lot of questions in Sharon's mind. Which to ask first? "Did you like it?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah," Ron said. "The people there are a refreshing change from who you deal with on the Force. Having the air and sun on your bare skin feels great. Swimming is, well, I don't know why they invented swimsuits. What a waste."  
  
"What happened to the girlfriend," Sharon asked before thinking better of it.  
  
Ron answered again without hesitation. "We broke up about nine months ago. Kelly decided that doubling her salary in Singapore was more valuable than spending time with me."  
  
Without even thinking, Sharon blurted, "Dumb girl!"  
  
Ron just smiled. He took a bite of his sandwich. Then he asked, "What about you? Who is the lucky guy you're seeing?"  
  
"No one," Sharon said. Ron raised his eyebrows to show disbelief, so Sharon went on. "I was dating a guy who was an instructor at UBC. Grant. Grant was a good guy in a lot of ways. He walked out about a year ago. He said that he couldn't possibly beat the job in the competition for my attention and he was tired of trying."  
  
"You need to keep a life/work balance," Ron said. "Life comes first."  
  
"But," Sharon said, "I have to work so hard to keep up. I can't afford even one tiny mistake."  
  
"We all make mistakes," Ron said. "From what I've heard, it would take a massive mistake for you to mess up your career. The people upstairs think very highly of you. You don't strike me as someone who makes massive mistakes. I think that you're the kind of person who makes the right decisions even when you think they're the wrong ones."  
  
They finished their sandwiches. Ron looked at his watch. "We've still got 45 minutes before we need to go back. Want to walk?"  
  
"Sure," Sharon said. Everything Ron had said over lunch was making Sharon feel better. She'd lost the confidence she'd felt that morning. Now, it was coming back.  
  
As they walked in the warm, clear day, Ron said, "So, how do you think we should approach the Club?"  
  
Sharon thought for a moment. "Saturday's supposed to be as nice as today," she said. "The Club has a rooftop pool. If the weather's good, wouldn't you expect that to be where any action is?"  
  
"I would," Ron replied, "and, if they're dealing, I'd expect someone to want some coke or whatever with their margarita."  
  
"The only thing," Sharon said, "is that nudity is mandatory at the pool."  
  
Ron smiled. "Is that a problem for you?" he asked.  
  
Sharon smiled back. "No," she said. "Is it a problem for you?"  
  
"No," Ron laughed. "Ok, assuming Tibbits lets us go, we've got a plan."  
  
They turned to walk in the direction of TPS headquarters. Sharon was surprised at how happy she was that she and Ron had agreed to go nude together. After a few minutes of silence, Ron asked, "Do you like baseball?"  
  
"Well enough," Sharon said. "Why?"  
  
Ron pulled two pieces of cardboard out of his jacket pocket. "One of the Toronto officers gave me two tickets to tonight's Jays-Red Sox game at Rogers Centre. Said he couldn't use them. Want to go?"  
  
Sharon didn't hesitate. "I'd really like that," she said. "Yeah."  
  
Back in Tibbits' office, he said, "I've thought about it. I still think the rumors are mudslinging by competitors, but we'd look even worse if there's something there and we only put an officer in for one night and didn't find it. You two have the weekend. Do what you need to. I'm thinking that, if there is something there, you'll see it sometime over a weekend. Give me a report Monday morning. Do you want back-up available?"  
  
Sharon said, "I didn't see anything last night that suggests any risk."  
  
Ron said, "I think we'll be fine. If worse comes to worse, I'll call 9-1-1."  
  
Sharon thoroughly enjoyed going to the Jays game with Ron. He was knowledgeable about baseball and, even with a few beers in him ("I'm not driving anywhere," he'd said), he was still a gentleman. He made no reference, even indirectly, to the fact that they intended to be nude together for much of Saturday. Sharon and Ron walked from the ballpark back to their hotel, went to their separate rooms, and went to bed.  
  
The Club opened at 11:00 a.m. Sharon and Ron thought that was too early to get there, especially given the possibility that they might stay into the evening. They planned to arrive between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m. Sharon was up at 9:00 and saw Ron's back as he left the hotel for his morning run on another gorgeous day. Ordinarily, Sharon would run too since the hotel pool was postage stamp size. However, she had a few errands that morning. She had seen a pharmacy a couple of blocks from the hotel. There, she bought scissors and a bottle of sunscreen.  
  
Back in her room, Sharon undressed. She had noticed that many of the women in the Club Thursday night had no pubic hair at all. She thought going completely bare was too forward. However, Thursday night had brought home to her that she needed a good trim down there. It took her a while, but she trimmed her bush to thin covering of blonde hair that didn't hide any of her mound. She was glad that she was a natural blonde and hoped that Ron would notice.  
  
Sharon and Ron walked into the Dominion Paradise Club just before 1:00 p.m. that Saturday. Sharon was surprised that the woman at the front desk was the same woman who had greeted her Thursday night. The woman smiled and said, "Ms. Dawson, we're glad you've come back."  
  
"I brought a friend," Sharon said. Ron filled out the membership form and showed his ID.  
  
"You're also from Vancouver," the woman at the desk said. "are the two of you travelling together?"  
  
Ron immediately said, "Yes. I'm disappointed that I couldn't come Thursday, but I had a dinner with business associates. Sharon came by herself. She spoke so highly of your Club that I had to see it myself."  
  
The woman behind the desk beamed. To Sharon, she said, "You have good taste in traveling companions." To Ron she said, "Ms. Dawson's membership is good through tomorrow. I'm sorry, but the membership fee for men is $ 100. That will also be good through tomorrow. We hope you'll spend your whole weekend with us."  
  
Ron gave his credit card. He asked the woman, "Do you mind if I look around?"  
  
"Please," she said, "Feel free to go anywhere. All the bars are open, but the restaurant doesn't open until 5:00 p.m. You can get burgers and sandwiches, and drinks of course, up at the pool. That's where most people go on a day like today. Nudity is mandatory in the pool area."  
  
Ron looked at Sharon and said, "Sharon, would you like to go to the pool?"  
  
"I think that's a great idea," Sharon responded.  
  
"You've been here so you lead," Ron said.  
  
Sharon went in front of Ron up the steps to the second floor and the locker room. She had always liked the tan slacks she was wearing but, now, was worried whether her butt looked good in them. They took lockers side-by-side. Ron quickly shed his shoes, jacket, and shirt. Sharon was pleased that, while Ron's muscles were not huge, they looked solid. He looked to be in fantastic shape. He had a bit of hair on his chest, which was ok with Sharon.  
  
Sharon took off her shoes, top, and slacks. Ron was down to his undershorts. Sharon was pleased that he wore briefs rather than boxers. The outline of his penis was damned close to her dream. Sharon hesitated for a moment before she took off her bra and panties. She knew there was no turning back once she did that in front of Ron. She decided that she didn't want to turn back and felt very good about herself as she bared her body. She turned so that she was giving Ron a full frontal and asked, "What do you think?"  
  
Ron looked Sharon up and down. "I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Ron said. He pushed down his briefs and let his dick pop free. "What do you think?" Ron asked.  
  
Sharon made a show of looking carefully and thinking about it even though she'd decided that Ron was perfect before his briefs had hit the floor. "I think you are an incredible man," Sharon said.  
  
Ron smiled, then frowned and said, "Oh damn!"  
  
"What?" Sharon asked.  
  
"I forgot to get sunscreen!" Ron said.  
  
Sharon reached into her bag in the locker and pulled the bottle out. "Got some this morning!" she said.  
  
"Prepared," Ron said. "I admire that."  
  
Sharon poured some sunscreen into Ron's cupped hand and watched as he spread it over his front. She started on herself. Ron said, "Be especially careful to cover the insides of your thighs, nipples, pubes, and butt; the parts that haven't seen a lot of sun. They'll burn easiest and hurt like hell."  
  
"Voice of experience?" Sharon asked.  
  
"Unfortunately," Ron said with a smile.  
  
When Ron finished smearing sunscreen on his front, he turned and asked Sharon, "Would you please do my back?" Sharon was thrilled to have this opportunity to touch Ron. Ron's scar, his darker complexion, and his rugged face made Sharon expect that his skin would be tough like armor. Sharon was pleasantly surprised to find that Ron's skin was warm dry, and supple. Sharon could feel Ron's firm muscles under his skin everywhere she rubbed.  
  
Sharon thoroughly coated Ron's back down to just above his hips and stopped. Ron said, "Uh, I have trouble reaching all of my butt. Do you mind?" No, Sharon didn't mind. Ron's butt was small, tight, and even more muscular than his upper back. Sharon took her time and Ron didn't seem to mind.  
  
When Sharon finished putting sunscreen on Ron, she handed him the bottle, turned her back to him, and said, "My turn." Ron's initial touch felt almost like an electric spark to Sharon and she tensed. However, the slow, rhythmic motion of his hands over her shoulders and upper back soon relaxed her. It was as if Ron was giving her a massage. He wasn't digging in, but his fingers were pushing deeper than was strictly necessary for sunscreen.

Ron worked to Sharon's beltline, stopped, and asked, "Do you want me to do your hips?"  
  
"Please." Sharon replied.  
  
The feeling of Ron's hands on Sharon's butt thrilled her. It had been a very long time since a man had touched her there, and no one had touched her with the care and tenderness Ron was showing. Sharon held her breath for a second when she felt Ron spreading her butt cheeks. "Sorry," Ron said, sensing her hesitation, "sun gets everywhere and burning these sensitive areas really hurts." Sharon relaxed. She wanted Ron to touch every part of her body.  
  
Finished with the sunscreen, Sharon and Ron grabbed folded towels from the stack by the door and stepped outside the locker room. Ron pointed at the stairs and said, "You lead. You've been here before."  
  
When Sharon was in Force headquarters clothed and was going upstairs with a man behind her, she assumed that the man was looking at her butt which annoyed her. Going up the stairs at DPC with her butt bare, Sharon was hoping that Ron was looking and, even more, hoped that he liked it. As they reached the third floor, Sharon said, "These are the playrooms." She continued up the shorter flight of steps to the door out to the pool.  
  
It was another warm, sunny day. Most of the chairs around the pool were already taken. However, Ron pointed out two empty lounger chairs in the far corner, next to chairs occupied by a man and a woman. Sharon and Ron walked to the chairs. Ron asked the couple (at least they looked like a couple) whether the empty chairs were taken. The woman raised her sunglasses, looked at Ron, smiled, and said, "No, they're free. Please take them before someone else does."  
  
Sharon and Ron spread out their towels. Ron let Sharon take the chair closer to the woman of the other couple. Ron took the chair farther away, which was separated from the chair to his right by a small planter.  
  
The woman next to Sharon looked to be in her late twenties or early thirties. She had wavy black hair and a pretty face. Her body, on full display, had probably been very good a few years before but now had some extra bits of flesh on her belly, hips, and thighs. Her large breasts appeared natural. The man next to her had neatly cut short dark hair, was clean shaven, and had very little body hair. Like the woman, he had a few extra pounds around his middle.  
  
Sharon and Ron lay on the lounge chairs. Almost before they were settled, the black-haired woman said, "Hi. I'm Carol Symonds. This is Mike Booth. We're not married but we've been together about four years."  
  
Sharon was struck by the fact that Carol had given first and last names. Her previous experience at DPC was that people used first names only. Sharon knew the names could easily be false. However, the fact that Carol had volunteered their full names gave Sharon a sense that the couple was trustworthy.  
  
Sharon and Ron introduced themselves, using their real first and last names. Carol seemed to want to talk. Sharon and Ron were fine with that since it might help confirm or deny that drugs were being sold at DPC. Carol and Mike were from Mississauga, a bit north of Toronto. Carol was a lawyer specializing in real estate. Mike was an architect. They had been coming to DPC at least once every couple of weeks for about 18 months.  
  
"What got you started coming here?" Sharon asked.  
  
Mike chuckled. "It was really a dare. Carol saw an article about this place in the Globe and Mail. She read it to me and said, 'I bet you'd never go there.' I couldn't let that pass. I called the Club, got some information, and found a hotel room for the following Saturday night. I thought Carol would either back out at the last minute or we'd come in, look around, be disgusted and leave. I expected that we'd get dinner and barhop, maybe in Yorkville."  
  
Carol took up the story. "As we were coming here, I was scared as shit; but I'd dared Mike. I couldn't back out. The outside of the building lowered my panic a little, but it was all I could do to step inside."  
  
Carol took a sip of her drink. Mike resumed the story. "We were both shocked by how elegant the reception area looked. Cassie was behind the desk. She was friendly and professional. We paid the fee and went into the first-floor bar for some liquid support."  
  
Carol cut back in. "After a couple of drinks, we decided that we'd paid the money so we might as well at least look around. It was daytime so no one was dancing. We knew that you were supposed to undress to go to the third floor, so we went into the locker room. Mike stripped down to his briefs. I kept my bra and panties on."  
  
Mike resumed. "There were people in the playrooms on three. We didn't have the courage to look there yet. We went up the last steps and looked out the door at the pool."  
  
"It was a bit like today, maybe not as sunny," Carol said. "There were about as many people out as today. No one had a stitch on. They were laughing, drinking, moving around; just looking like they were having a great time."  
  
"I started to open the door to go out in my briefs," Mike said, "but Carol pointed out the nudity mandatory sign. That was a tough one. We'd have to go back to the locker room on two, take off our clothes, and walk back up two flights naked."  
  
"By then," Carol said, "I really wanted to try it. I mean, the only times I'd ever been naked around other people were with a couple of boyfriends and girls in the shower room at school or my health club. I felt like the people out here were enjoying something I was missing out on. Anyway, we did it and got hooked."  
  
"What hooked you?" Sharon asked, although she thought she already had an idea.  
  
"I guess," Mike said, "part of it was breaking the taboo. We're all taught that you don't let people see certain parts of your body, aren't we?"  
  
"This place is really like an oasis, a safe place," Carol said. "I mean, I have a nice body, well used to at least. If I want to show it off, what's the harm in that? If someone sees my tits or my ass or my pussy and likes what they see, that's flattering. As for the sex, well, sex is the most pleasurable thing people can do together. Having sex with your partner is a very strong declaration of how you feel about each other. Sex is one of the greatest things in life. I don't get why we're taught that sex can only be done in a dark room under the covers."  
  
"I'll tell you something else,' Mike said. "Coming here has really strengthened our relationship. I mean we learn from what we see other couples doing. More fundamentally, though, there are a lot of attractive women who come here."  
  
"And men," Carol interrupted.  
  
"Not as attractive as you," Mike said, gesturing at Sharon, "but very attractive. I see them completely exposed, having sex, having orgasms. It's nice, but I realize that Carol is better than them all."  
  
Carol smiled and gave Mike a loving look. Turning back to Sharon and Ron, she said, "The same thing works for me with the men."  
  
Sharon looked at Ron, who had been listening to Carol and Mike attentively. What Carol had said made a lot of sense to Sharon. Inside the Club, after she got over the initial fear, Sharon felt freer, like a weight was lifted off her. She was beginning to realize that people thought she was attractive and that made her feel good. She put a lot of effort into her body. Why shouldn't she take pride in it?  
  
A waitress, wearing a sleek one-piece that was cut high on her hips and that had the DPC logo on the front, walked up to them. Sharon ordered a vodka tonic and Ron a whiskey and soda. Carol asked for more white wine and Mike ordered another Creemore. Sharon and Ron exchanged a look reminding each other that they had to be careful about the alcohol.  
  
Ron, who had just been listening, asked, "Do you go anywhere else? I mean, doesn't Toronto have some other clubs like this?"  
  
"There are other clubs," Mike said, "but they aren't like this."  
  
"What do you mean?" Ron persisted.  
  
"We've tried a couple, we just don't like them," Mike said.  
  
Carol volunteered a fuller answer. "The other clubs aren't classy like this one is. They're dirtier and there are smells. The biggest turn-off, though, is the people. Here, you've got doctors, lawyers, businesspeople; just normal people who like to take their clothes off and have sex. Who doesn't like that? The people at the other places seem like bikers and sex workers. We weren't comfortable at any of the other places we've tried."  
  
"And the drugs," Mike added. That got Sharon's and Ron's attention.  
  
"Drugs?" Sharon asked.  
  
"Yeah," Mike said. "Coke, pills, we even saw people injecting god knows what at other clubs. That isn't our scene at all."  
  
"There aren't any drugs here?" Ron asked casually.  
  
"God no!" Carol said. "The staff keeps a sharp eye out. They watch us more closely than you realize. Any hint of drugs and they're on you. If you have drugs, you're out the door immediately and your name and picture go in the computer. You're never allowed back. We've gotten to know some of the regulars and quasi-regulars like us. Everyone likes this place too much to risk being permanently banned."  
  
"About a month ago," Mike said, "a woman was sitting over on that side of the pool. She put some pills in her mouth. The waitress saw it and called security. They were her in an instant."  
  
"A couple of big men who used to play for the Argonauts," Carol added.  
  
"They hauled the woman down to the locker room," Mike said. "Fortunately for her, she'd brought the vial in her purse and it had the prescription taped on it. The pills were some sort of allergy medicine her doctor had ordered."  
  
Sharon and Ron let the topics of drugs drop. They were both trained to be observant, however, and watched the pool area as unobtrusively as possible. They saw a lot of nude people, many quite handsome, having fun. They observed that touching, even seeming strangers, was perfectly acceptable. What they didn't see throughout the afternoon was anyone trying to discreetly hand something to someone else. No one left the pool and came back a few minutes later behaving differently. Since there was a bar, food service, and a unisex bathroom at the pool; no one seemed to leave the pool at all.  
  
Sharon was enjoying herself as the afternoon passed. To seem like normal guests, Sharon and Ron got into the pool a couple of times. There were too many people in the pool to swim, but the water was cooling on what had become a hot afternoon. Their second time in the pool, Sharon put her arms around Ron's neck and hugged him. She liked the feel of their bare bodies pressed together. Sharon leaned towards Ron's ear and whispered, "To maintain our cover. We need to look like a couple."  
  
Ron whispered back, "That's no cover." Sharon's heart fluttered.  
  
Later in the afternoon, Sharon was lying on her back on the lounge chair. Being observant, she had noticed that Carol always kept her thighs apart so that her sex was visible. Sharon tried to imitate Carol despite her natural urge to cross her legs. Carol asked Sharon, "So, do you two go nude a lot?"  
  
"Ron used to with another girlfriend," Sharon answered, "but this weekend has been my introduction to public nudity."  
  
"How do you like it?" Carol asked.  
  
"I'm surprised at how relaxing it feels," Sharon answered.  
  
"They say," Carol responded, "that you forget that you're naked after you've had your clothes off for a while. I never forget. I always feel naked. I like feeling naked."  
  
It was approaching 6:00 p.m. when Mike said, "Hey, do you two want to join us for dinner? We've got a reservation here for 6:45. The food is surprisingly good. They get fresh fish brought in every day."  
  
Ron looked at Sharon, who said, "That sounds nice. Thank you. We'd love to."  
  
"We do have to get dressed to eat in the restaurant," Carol said with a hint of disappointment.  
  
Sharon hadn't noticed on her first visit that there were showers at the back of the locker room. The two couples showered together, the women being careful to keep their hair dry. While they were showering, another couple walked in.  
  
Having only worn a knit top and slacks, Sharon was relieved to see that Carol and Mike were also dressed casually. Ron was the most formal with his sport coat. As Sharon and Ron followed Carol and Mike down the steps to the first floor, Ron whispered to Sharon, "I think we're off the clock now."  
  
The restaurant was what Sharon would call "elegant modern." The food and service were excellent. While most of the twenty or so tables were occupied, no one seemed to be waiting. Carol and Mike were, obviously, educated and were willing and engaging conversationalists. Mike took a long time over dinner explaining a recent scandal with Ontario's highway maintenance contracts.  
  
Sharon and Ron had told Carol and Mike early on that they were from Vancouver. Over dinner, Carol asked what they both did. Sharon and Ron had discussed this possibility before Sharon had come to DPC Thursday. Sharon's cover story was her old job in import-export. She could bore someone on that subject easily. Ron's story was that he was mid-management with BC Ferries. Ron had a friend there and knew enough about the ferry service to converse with someone who wasn't too familiar with it. Sharon liked Carol and Mike and felt bad about lying to them.  
  
The four new friends lingered over dinner until after 8:30. Sharon and Ron had a couple of glasses of wine with dinner. Carol and Mike three. Sharon thought she had paced herself well. The wine on top of her earlier vodka left her feeling relaxed, warm, and confident; or, maybe, that was due to Ron's presence.  
  
Done with dinner, Carol popped out of her chair and said, "I want to dance."  
  
Mike smiled indulgently as he stood. "She knows I'm a lousy dancer," Mike said. "Will you join us?"  
  
Sharon and Ron felt they had accomplished their mission and were on their own time. Neither wanted to leave the Dominion Paradise Club yet. They both stood and followed Carol and Mike up a floor.  
  
The dance bar was more crowded, and the music louder, than when Sharon had visited on Thursday. All the tables were taken, but two couples left not long after the four of them walked in. Carol made a beeline and claimed the table. A waitress in tight shorts and a top that showed her midriff took the used glasses. Ron and Mike had gone to the bar and brought back four more glasses of wine.  
  
Sharon looked over the dance floor as she sipped her wine. Damn! There she was! The same blonde who had been there Thursday was out on the dance floor again wearing only a thong. Sharon raised her glass slightly, offering a silent toast to the woman who had inspired her to explore her own exhibitionism. As Sharon took a second sip, an idea came to her. She giggled.  
  
Ron was standing next to Sharon, heard the giggle, and pleasantly asked "What?"  
  
Sharon smiled. "Nothing," she said. "I just thought of something. I'll be back in a moment." Sharon walked to the bar and got the attention of a bar tender, a short brunette with a nice chest and a friendly face. "Is totally nude dancing permitted?" Sharon asked.  
  
The bar tender smiled. "Of course," she replied. "Not enough people do."  
  
Sharon worked her way through the people back to her table. Fortuitously, there was a break in the music as she rejoined Ron, Carol, and Mike. "The bar tender told me we're allowed to dance totally nude," Sharon announced. Realizing that the others might not find that as appealing as she did, Sharon added, "If we want to."  
  
Carol enthusiastically said, "That's a great idea! No need to go to the locker room. We can just leave our clothes on the table. That'll hold the table." Carol bent down to remove her shoes. With Carol's positive response, Sharon slipped off her shoes and pulled her top over her head. Ron and Mike shared a look. Ron stood, removed his jacket, wiped the tabletop with a handkerchief, and laid his jacket across it.  
  
Although the room was crowded, people made a little room as they realized Sharon, Carol, Ron, and Mike were undressing. There was a mattering of applause as Sharon and Carol pushed their panties down their legs and stepped out of them. Sharon looked at Carol. Both women extended an arm in the air with their panties in their hands. That brought wider applause.  
  
Sharon took Ron's hand and wiggled their way onto the dance floor. Sharon enjoyed the sensation of strangers' skin and clothing rubbing against her bare skin. The partially clothed dancers had made a little room for the fully nude dancers. Sharon and Ron began to dance. Carol and Mike, both nude, soon joined them.  
  
Sharon had never really enjoyed dancing and didn't go to dance clubs. That night, she found dancing in the middle of a crowd without a stitch of clothing on her body very exhilarating. Ron was a talented dancer. Sharon watched Ron's muscles contract and relax under his tan skin. Most enjoyable for Sharon was watching Ron's penis moving in sync with the rest of his body. It was warm in the dance bar and a slight gleam of sweat soon appeared on Ron's body. That made him look even sexier to Sharon. Another plan began forming in her mind.  
  
The dance bar had a DJ in a booth in a corner of the room. The DJ saw four fully nude people go onto the dance floor, a rare occurrence even at Dominion Paradise Club. He quickly cued a couple of slow, romantic songs.  
  
Sharon mentally thanked the DJ as the first slow number started. She was pleased that Ron needed no prompting to pull her close to him. Sharon's breasts compressed against Ron's bare chest as he put his arm tightly around her back. She put a hand on Ron's bare ass and pulled his lower body into hers. Sharon and Ron were about the same height. Ron's dick was pushed against Sharon's freshly trimmed bush. Feeling that, Sharon twitched her hips from side to side, rubbing her hair against the head of Ron's penis. Ron leaned forward and said in her ear, "That feels nice." Ron put his other hand on Sharon's bare ass and held her even closer.  
  
During the second slow song, Sharon could feel that she was succeeding in getting Ron hard. Sharon was, frankly, horny. When the song finished, Sharon and Ron rejoined Carol and Mike at the table. "I don't know about you two," Carol said, "but we need to go to the third floor." Sharon looked at Ron. Thankfully, he gave an affirmative nod. Sharon was frustrated by the brief time it took to put their clothes into lockers and go up the stairs.  
  
Sharon, Ron, Carol, and Mike stepped into the large playroom. A couple were on the sofa-like piece in the center doing 69. Nude mean and women circled the perimeter of the room almost two-deep. Again, like Thursday, Sharon was aroused by the sight of a couple voluntarily doing something so intimate in full view of others.  
  
The couple on the sofa finished. From their noises, Sharon deduced that both had been satisfied. The coupled wiped off the sofa and melted into the group of onlookers. When no one else moved towards the sofa right away, Ron took Sharon's hand and led her to the center of the room. He softly told her, "Lie down on your back." Sharon was thrilled! What she had been hoping for since her dream Thursday night was about to happen.  
  
Before following Ron's direction, Sharon softly said in his ear, "Don't worry. I won't get pregnant." In a bout of optimism, she had stayed on the pill after Grant dumped her.  
  
Sharon lay down and spread her legs. She leaned her head up to look at Ron and his erection. The expression on Ron's face was both excited and tender. Over Ron's shoulder, Sharon could see nude men and women who seemed appreciative of the unobstructed view of her vagina. Sharon was proud to show it and prouder that she was about to have intercourse with an audience.  
  
Ron knelt on the sofa, lowered himself, and slowly slid his penis inside of Sharon. It seemed to Sharon that Ron fit inside her perfectly. Ron started his motion slowly. It seemed to Sharon that he was trying to thrust his dick against different places inside her to see which she liked best. Sharon felt frustration because she couldn't think how to make the experience better for Ron.

Having never had sex together before, Sharon and Ron were a bit tentative. Finally, the head of Ron's dick hit a spot that caused every nerve in Sharon's body to sizzle. "There, stay there," Sharon told Ron. Ron did so and wonderful feeling began cascading over Sharon's body. As Sharon's breathing became faster, Ron thrust against her spot faster and with more force. "Oh, god yes," Sharon moaned. Ron worked even faster and harder as Sharon's hips started bucking.  
  
Sharon was already having sensations far more pleasurable than Tracey had caused her Thursday night. Suddenly, Sharon lost consciousness of everything other than her pelvis. Waves of pleasure shook her body until something Sharon likened to fireworks went off in her groin and her head simultaneously. This had to be more than an orgasm. Sharon had orgasms before. This was so much better. Sharon didn't realize that the yelping sound she was hearing came from her.  
  
Sharon didn't fully appreciate the intensity of her orgasm until after it had peaked and some of the sensation had gone. She was still panting and hyper-sensitive when she felt something hot and wet inside of her. She was very pleased that Ron had come in her.  
  
Ron was still in Sharon and breathing hard. Supporting most of his weight on his bent arms, he lowered his face to Sharon's, and they shared a very long kiss. When their breathing was almost normal, Ron pulled out, stood, and helped Sharon to stand. Sharon looked around at the people who had been watching. They were mostly smiling. She made eye contact with as many as she could. She was so happy they had seen her orgasm. Ron whispered in her ear, "You are sensational."  
  
Ron wiped off the sofa. He and Sharon walked to the edge of the room and stood next to Carol and Mike. Carol was smiling broadly. "That's the first time you two have made love, isn't it?" she asked.  
  
For the first time all day, Sharon blushed although no one could tell in the reddish light. She ducked her head, raised it, gave a shy smile, and said "yes."  
  
"You were great," Carol said comfortingly. "I'm so glad you shared your first time with us. I hope you two have tens of thousands more times together. Still, you can tell when a couple have their first together."  
  
Another couple had moved out to the sofa. The woman sat on the edge and started playing with the man's dick. The man looked a little unsteady on his feet. After several minutes of failing to induce a hard-on, the woman stood with a sad smile and led the man out of the room.  
  
Seeing the open sofa, Carol took Mike's dick in her hand and led him to it. Still holding Mike, Carol spread a towel on the sofa one-handed. She let go of Mike and gestured for him to lie down. With Mike lying down, his hard dick was resting on his bare belly. Carol got onto the sofa, straddling Mike. She positioned herself over his groin and took his dick in her right hand. She raised Mike's dick until it was at roughly 90 degrees to his body and slowly lowered herself down onto it.  
  
At first, Carol's up and down motion was very slight. As she was more stimulated, it became more pronounced. After a time, Carol was rocking her head and bouncing up and down. Sharon figured out why the position is called "cowgirl." It looked like Carol was riding a rodeo bucking bronco. Sharon stepped to her left to get a clearer view of Carol's face. With Carol's head moving wildly, Sharon could only see her face at times. When she did, she saw that Carol had a look of pure bliss.  
  
Carol's motion had become almost violent before she screamed "OH GOD!" She collapsed forward onto Mike's chest. He put his arms around her and held her. Sharon thought that, while Carol carried a few too many pounds, she had looked incredibly beautiful fucking Mike. Sharon hoped that she looked that good having sex.  
  
Carol finally got off Mike. They wiped the sofa and walked back to Sharon and Ron. As if nothing special had happened, Carol said, "That was fun."  
  
Ron said, "It was pretty fun to watch too."  
  
Mike replied, "We're glad."  
  
Carol said, "Let's go up to the pool. I don't think anyone will bitch that we haven't showered." They walked out of the playroom, up the stairs, and outside to the pool. It was night. Sharon realized that the pool was overlooked, sort of, by high rises a few blocks away. Some must be residences because lights were on. Sharon doubted anyone could see the pool in any detail but didn't care if they could.  
  
There were still several couples around or in the pool. Sharon was surprised that the pool bar was still open. She asked Ron if he wanted something to drink. "Just water," he replied. Sharon went to the bar to get two waters.  
  
There was only one woman working behind the bar. She was topless whereas the staff had all been covered earlier in the day. "No top?" Sharon asked pleasantly.  
  
"They let me take it off after 11:00," the bar tender answered. "I still have to wear bottoms though, unfortunately."  
  
"You'd rather work naked?" Sharon asked with some surprise.  
  
"Oh, hell yes," the bar tender responded. "First, I'd get better tips. Second, I just like being naked. This is the only place I've ever worked that I come to on my days off. Management is pretty nice about that." The bar tender paused. "You know," she said, "this Club was founded by women and the owners are all women."  
  
"No, I didn't know that," Sharon replied. Sharon was surprised at that information. As she thought about it, it made sense. From what she'd seen of strip bars and the like when she worked patrol, most places that had naked women had them there just to entertain men. The women were objects and the men called the shots. Dominion Paradise Club was different. This Club was about pleasure which was equally available to women and men. Here, everyone was a person.  
  
Sharon took the water back to Ron. She shared what she learned about the Club. "I'm not surprised," was Ron's comment. They finished their water. Carol and Mike had gotten in the pool. Ron gestured towards the water and asked Sharon, "Want to join them?"  
  
Sharon smiled. "Sure," she said.  
  
There was room to swim now but Sharon and Ron didn't. They just stood very close in waist deep water, facing each other. "Ron," Sharon said, "I'm very glad we did that."  
  
"Made love?" Ron asked.  
  
"Yes, and did it with those people, and Carol and Mike, watching," Sharon replied.  
  
"That did enhance the experience," Ron said in his matter-of -fact voice. Sharon laughed and hugged him. They kissed. Under the water, Sharon began rubbing her mound against Ron's dick.  
  
Ron smiled and put a hand on each of Sharon's hips, holding her still. "Not quite yet," Ron said.  
  
Carol and Mike came over. "Hey," Mike said, "It's after midnight. We need to get back to the hotel."  
  
Carol added, "The Club opens at 11:00 tomorrow morning. We must leave for home by 6:00. I want as much time as possible with my bare buns in the sun. You two want to join us here tomorrow?"  
  
Sharon had never been to Toronto before and there were a lot of things she had wanted to see, like the Hockey Hall of Fame. Nothing sounded as nice as another day at Dominion Paradise Club. She looked at Ron, who nodded. "Absolutely," Sharon said to Carol and Mike.  
  
Carol and Mike left for the locker room. "I like them," Sharon said to Ron.  
  
"I do too," Ron replied.  
  
"If we're meeting them at 11:00, we probably ought to get back to the hotel too," Sharon said.  
  
Ron smiled. "Your place or mine?" he asked.  
  
Sharon smiled. "Mine," she replied, "but I sleep in the nude."

**Sharon Ch. 02**

Sharon felt Ron getting out of bed. She opened her eyes part-way and saw sunlight streaming into her hotel room. "What time is it?" she asked.  
  
"8:30," Ron said. "I need to go back to my room to get fresh clothes and shave," he added. "Do you want to get breakfast somewhere?" Ron asked.  
  
Sharon was fully awake now and remembered that they had agreed to meet Carol and Mike at Dominion Paradise Club at 11:00 a.m. "Breakfast sounds like a great idea," Sharon replied.  
  
"If we meet in the lobby in 45 minutes, does that give you enough time to get ready?" Ron asked.  
  
"Of course," Sharon replied with a slight laugh. "I'm a police officer."  
  
Ron pulled on his clothes from the previous day, which he had neatly folded over a chair in Sharon's room, and left. Sharon sat up in bed, letting the bedding fall away from her bare upper body. The drapes on her window were open. Sharon didn't care if someone in another building saw her bare breasts. People had seen a lot more of her yesterday. More importantly, Ron had seen all of her and seemed to like what he'd seen. Ron had also made love to her. Sharon thought that what they had done at the Club, and especially what they'd done in her room earlier that morning, was too tender and caring to call it just having sex.  
  
Sharon hopped out of bed and took a quick shower. She decided that she didn't need to wash her hair. She pulled out the print dress she'd worn on Wednesday from the room's small closet. She decided it would do well enough; it would have to because she hadn't brought that many clothes. Sharon pulled a clean bra and panties from her suitcase. She had a thought, giggled, and put the underwear back. She pulled the dress over her bare body and buttoned it up the front.  
  
Sharon walked to the full-length mirror in her room. Looking at herself in the print dress, she thought that she was safe going without underwear. The hem of the dress hit her about mid-thigh. It would take a strong breeze to push the dress high enough to expose her. However, the thought that could happen excited Sharon. She looked at herself in the mirror again. It was, she thought, apparent that she wasn't wearing a bra. Still, she didn't really need one and she was decently covered. She glanced at the window for a moment then looked back in the mirror. "Constable Dawson," she thought, "you look damn good." She felt invincible. Smiling, she sat on the bed and put on a comfortable pair of walking shoes.  
  
They had almost two hours before they were to meet Carol and Mike, so Ron led Sharon on a longish walk to the Queen's Quay waterfront. As they walked the downtown Toronto streets that Sunday morning, the confidence Sharon had felt in her room evaporated. "I'm being unforgivably silly," Sharon thought. "I'm a police officer! What the hell am I doing walking around a strange city wearing a thin dress with nothing on underneath? Worse, I fucked another officer from my own Force. The guys all tell each other stories about their sexual conquests, real or imagined. Of course, Ron will tell his buddies, and they'll their buddies, and the entire Force will know everything we did here within 48 hours after we're back in Vancouver. Jesus! I fucked up that badly just to get laid?"  
  
Ron led the way into a restaurant that had tables on an outdoor patio looking out on the water. Sharon responded to Ron's attempts to start conversation with monosyllables. It took Sharon a moment to realize that Ron had become more serious. "Of course," Ron was saying, "we have to submit a report to Tibbits with a copy to McAllister. I suggest we submit a joint report that contains what we observed that relates to our mission. There is no need for anyone but us to know what we did that didn't directly lead to our conclusions."  
  
Ron paused. Sharon was now giving him her undivided attention. What he'd just said allayed her concerns, slightly. She wanted to know what he was going to say next.  
  
Ron reached across the table and lightly put his hand on top of Sharon's. For the first time since she'd met him, Ron suddenly didn't seem so self-assured. "Um, this trip," Ron said hesitantly, "well, I hope that it isn't just a fling. You are an extraordinary woman Sharon Dawson. I really want to keep seeing you once we get home to Vancouver."  
  
Sharon's first thought was "Of course he'd say that." Looking into his face, Sharon decided that Ron was being sincere. Ron Crewes was the kind of man who engendered trust. Sharon decided that she would trust him, besides, she already had. Sharon smiled at Ron and said, "I'm very glad you said that. I'd like to keep seeing you too." Corny and sudden as it may sound, commitments were made that morning both ways.  
  
Sharon and Ron finished their breakfast and Ron paid the bill. Sharon's confidence was returning. She was again looking forward to another day naked with Ron, Carol, Mike, and whomever else might be at DPC on that beautiful day.  
  
Sharon and Ron still had forty minutes until they were to meet Carol and Mike when they left the restaurant on Queen's Quay. DPC was only about a twenty-minute walk away. Sharon was so eager that she was walking very fast. Finally, Ron gently took hold of her arm and said, "Please slow down. You're wearing me out." Sharon turned to face Ron and realized that he wasn't criticizing but was just trying to keep them from getting to DPC before it opened. Sharon took Ron's hand. The two of them kept walking towards DPC at a slower pace. They held hands the entire way.  
  
Sharon and Ron arrived at DPC three minutes after 11:00 a.m. Carol and Mike were already waiting for them in the reception area. "I think we're the first people here today," Mike said.  
  
"A good thing too," Carol added. "With today's weather, this place will be busy. Come on, I want to get my clothes off!"  
  
Sharon and Ron followed Carol and Mike up to the second-floor locker room. Sharon and Ron took adjoining lockers. Ron had his back turned towards Sharon as she took off her shoes and began to unbutton her dress. When Sharon got about halfway down, she said, "Ron, please turn around." Ron turned. Sharon finished unbuttoning the dress and let it slide from her arms, leaving her completely nude. Ron's face lit up and he smiled. Coquettishly, Sharon said, "I left my lingerie off for you."  
  
"Thank you," Ron said. "Too bad we didn't have any wind walking here."  
  
"Ron!" Sharon exclaimed in mock indignation.  
  
"You mean to tell me that you wouldn't have enjoyed it if you'd been exposed on a city street?" Ron asked.  
  
Sharon mocked a look of contrition and said, "You're right. I'd have loved it."  
  
From a few lockers down, Carol asked, "We didn't show you two the basement, did we?"  
  
"No," Sharon replied. "What's down there?"  
  
"A while back," Mike said, "someone got the idea that the Club could draw some of the BDSM crowd if it created a 'dungeon' in the basement. It didn't draw that crowd, but they've left the stuff down there. We're not into BDSM but the basement can be fun."  
  
Sharon, Ron, Carol, and Mike, all nude and carrying their towels, squeezed into a small elevator car. They went down a couple of floors and the door opened on an almost completely dark room. Carol confidently stepped out of the elevator, into the dark, and flipped a switch on the wall.  
  
Illuminated, Sharon saw that the walls of the room were painted black. On a table to the right of the elevator was a selection of whips and paddles. Carol led them to a large X-shaped frame that stood against one wall. She turned and backed up to the frame, raising her arms and spreading her legs to align with the arms of the X. Sharon noticed that there were short ropes attached towards the end of each arm of the frame.  
  
"When I turned on the lights down here," Carol said, "it also turned on small red lights above the bars and in the locker room. That lets everyone else know that someone's down here. When you're tied up here, you're fully exposed and available to anyone else who comes in."  
  
Carol stepped away from the X frame and walked over to a low piece that looked to Sharon like a Roman Chair sit-up bench without the place to secure your feet. Basically, it was a metal frame that came up to about waist height. On top of the frame was a padded bench upholstered with vinyl. The bench sloped up at about a 45 degree on one side and down at a sharper angle on the other. Sharon noticed that the bench was mounted on a base of thick plywood with straps attached near the corners of the base. "This is my favorite," Carol said. She turned her back to the others and bent herself over the bench. The shorter side of the bench with the steeper angle supported Carol's thighs. When she bent over, the other side of the bench supported her upper body. Carol's ass was at the apex, pointed towards Sharon, Ron, and Mike. Carol spread her legs so that her feet were next to the straps. That movement fully exposed her asshole and pussy. Sharon understood why Carol liked that device.  
  
Mike grabbed a wet wipe from a dispenser on the wall and walked up behind Carol. "The house rules are that being strapped onto this or the X-frame means you consent to being touched with hands and fingers. Even this is ok," Mike said as he pushed his index finger into Carol's asshole.  
  
Slightly muffled from being bent over, Carol said, "One of the beauties of this, apart from exposing you so fully, is that you can't see who is fingering you."  
  
"A guy can't use his dick unless he specifically asks the woman strapped down and she unequivocally consents," Mike added.  
  
"Wouldn't that get into 'he said, she said?'" Sharon asked.  
  
Mike pulled his finger out of Carol's ass and wiped it as she stood up. "No," Carol said. She pointed to some small half-globes mounted on the ceiling. "Everything that happens down here is videoed and all sound is recorded. Believe me, that system picks up even whispers. If there's any dispute about consent, the audio and video will resolve it. I've never heard of there being a dispute."  
  
Carol led them on to a large sheet of plywood that was standing up on end about three feet from a wall. It was about eight feet high and painted black. There were circular holes cut at various heights in the wood. Carol showed them the side of the wood facing the wall, which was covered in felt and which had ropes mounted to the top and bottom of the wood sheet. "Get it?" Carol asked.  
  
"No," Sharon replied.  
  
Carol led them back to face the front side of the wood sheet. "Mike?" Carol said. Mike went behind the sheet. A couple of moments later, his dick and balls appeared through one of the holes. Carol walked up to the sheet and put her hand around Mike's dick. "The rules are basically the same as for the other stations. You can fondle all you want. If you want to make the guy come, you must ask, and he must say 'yes.' "May I get you off Dear?" Carol asked Mike.  
  
"Sure," Mike replied from behind the wood sheet.  
  
Carol knelt in front of Mike's dick and balls and began fondling his balls. When Mike got hard, she began jerking him off. All they could see of Mike were his balls and his erect penis. Sharon and Ron watched as Carol continued to fondle Mike's balls with one hand while she ran her other hand up and down the length of his dick. When Carol's hand reached Mike's dickhead, she would rotate her hand around the base of his head before running it back down his shaft. It didn't take a long time of that treatment before Mike shot onto Carol's face and her bare chest.  
  
With Mike's come all over her face, Carol turned to Sharon and Ron. She was smiling as she asked rhetorically, "Isn't that great?"  
  
Mike came out from behind the wood sheet, walked to a stack of towels, grabbed one, and brought it back for Carol. As Carol wiped herself off, Mike said, "As you can see, even if you're not into whipping and spanking, you can have some fun down here."  
  
Carol tossed the towel into a plastic bin. "Ready to go upstairs?" she asked as she started towards the elevator.  
  
As they walked past the Roman Chair-like bench, Sharon asked, "May I try this?"  
  
Ron looked at Sharon, smiled, and said, "Of course."  
  
Sharon walked over to the bench, bent forward, and rested her chest and abdomen on it. She spread her legs until her feet touch the straps. She knew how exposed she was to Ron, Carol, and Mike. She felt ridiculously proud of herself.  
  
"You look irresistible," Ron said.  
  
Sharon extend her hands towards the straps on the opposite side of the base. "Would you strap me down?" Sharon asked. Feeling she needed to explain that request, she added, "I'd like to know what it feels like."  
  
Carol and Mike each strapped down one of Sharon's feet. Ron went to the other side of the bench and strapped down Sharon's hands. When he was done, he leaned forward, kissed Sharon's cheek, and asked softly, "Having fun Dear?"  
  
Sharon raised her head to look at him. She smiled and said simply "yes."  
  
Ron stood up straight and grinned at Carol and Mike. "Let's leave her here a while," Ron said. Sharon assumed that Carol and Mike nodded their agreement because she soon heard the elevator door opening. Ron said, "We'll be back Dear." The door closed.  
  
Sharon heard the elevator car ascending. She had thought that it sounded too perverted to ask, but she was glad that they'd left her tied down with her bare asshole and pussy pointed towards the elevator door. She hoped that someone else came to the basement before Ron came back to get her. While it looked like an awkward position to be in, Sharon was surprised at how comfortable she was. She had just started to relax when she heard the elevator come alive again.  
  
Sharon told herself that the elevator could be, and likely was, going between other floors. However, she knew that the elevator was bringing someone to the basement. When that door opened, someone was going to see Sharon tied down, showing off the bits she'd been taught as a girl that you never showed anyone. That thought got Sharon excited.  
  
Sharon thought she heard the elevator car getting closer to the basement. Her heart was beating faster. She hoped that it would be Ron, but also hoped that it would be a stranger.  
  
Sharon heard the elevator door open. She heard bare feet on the concrete floor. After a moment, a male voice said, "Look what we have here." That wasn't Ron or Mike. Sharon could feel herself blushing. Still, she was excited to be displayed as she was to a stranger.  
  
A female voice said, "Being tied up down here means she's consented to being fingered."  
  
The male voice said, "Go ahead Darling."  
  
A moment later, Sharon felt a hand on her bare ass. It felt like a soft, female hand. A finger began tracing itself along her cunt lips. Forgetting about Tracey on Friday night, Sharon thought "God, my cunt's being fingered by a girl!"  
  
The finger moved to Sharon's clit and began rubbing. Whoever it was knew what they were doing: the sensations Sharon felt were wonderful. Sharon was very aroused when the finger suddenly stopped. The female voice said, "Damn, she's wet." The voice asked Sharon, "Having fun love?"  
  
"Yes," Sharon replied.  
  
"Do you want me to get you off?" the female voice asked.  
  
"Yes," Sharon said again.  
  
She felt a hand on her ass again. The female voice, now behind her and more on level with her hips said, "I can reach you better this way." A finger slid into Sharon's cunt.  
  
Just after feeling the finger enter her, Sharon felt another finger probing her asshole. "She's got the cutest little rosebud," the male voice said. Slowly, almost affectionately, the man's finger pushed past Sharon's sphincter. At the same time, the woman's finger was rubbing around inside her cunt. Sharon knew what she was doing was the height of perversion, but she was enjoying it.  
  
The finger in her cunt hit a spot that gave Sharon a pleasurable jolt. The female voice asked, "That's the spot love?"  
  
Sharon yelped "yes."  
  
"Good, I'll stay there," the female voice said. She did, applying ever greater pressure and increasing the speed of her rubbing. At the same time, the other finger was feeling around inside Sharon's colon. That was a completely knew sensation for Sharon but was quite pleasurable also.  
  
Sharon's hands and feet strained against their straps as the two strangers stimulated her more intensely. Sharon forgot about the circumstances. All she was aware of was the intense pleasurable sensation in her cunt and the less intense but pleasurable sensation in her ass.  
  
Sharon didn't hear the elevator at all. She did recognize Ron's voice when he said, "That's my girlfriend. Mind if I finish her off?" Sharon was pleased that Ron had called her his girlfriend.  
  
"Fine as long as we can watch," the female voice said with a chuckle. Sharon felt both fingers pull out of her.  
  
Mindful of Club rules, Ron said clearly and distinctly, "Sharon, may I insert my penis in your vagina?"  
  
Sharon almost yelled, "Of course Ron, please!" Sharon felt something familiar and much larger than a finger slide into her. She felt Ron bending over top of her. Ron knew now exactly what to do to maximize Sharon's pleasure and he did it. Sharon was already close to orgasm from the strangers' fingering. The movement of Ron's dick inside of her quickly pushed her over the edge. Sharon had experienced more orgasms over the last four days than she'd had in the last two years. This was the most intense yet. For several moments, Sharon's entire world was reduced to the intensely pleasurable feeling emanating from her cunt.  
  
As Sharon's orgasm passed, Ron kept fucking her. Sharon's pulse hadn't really subsided, but it ran up quickly again. Another, slightly different wave of pleasurable sensations came over her. Seemingly involuntarily, Sharon was bucking against Ron's body as much as the straps would allow. "My god," Sharon thought, "I'm going to come again!" Another round of overwhelming sensations took hold of her. Just as they became most intense, Sharon was aware of a loud grunt from Ron and felt a considerable mass of hot fluid inside her.  
  
After a few moments, and while he was still in her, Ron leaned his head down behind Sharon's. He kissed the back of her neck and said, "That was extraordinary!"  
  
Again, all Sharon could say was "yes!"  
  
The strange female voice said, "Jesus, that was hot!"  
  
Ron pulled out and said, "I'll let you loose." Before he did, Sharon felt him kiss her squarely on her asshole. She couldn't say why, but that kiss by Ron touched Sharon deeply.  
  
When Sharon got up from the bench, she saw that the strange female voice belonged to a young, slender redhead with overly large breasts and a rose tattoo below her left one. With her was a taller, very fit young man with some sort of design tattooed on one of his pectorals. The strange couple were both nude and the young man had a very stiff erection. Sharon smiled at the strange couple and said, "Thank you very much."  
  
"Our pleasure love," the redhead said. "Now, I guess I need to take care of that," the redhead added, pointing to her companion's dick. Ron put an arm around Sharon and guided her towards the elevator door as the redhead knelt down and took the young man into her mouth.

In the elevator car, Sharon and Ron held each other and kissed. They kissed for a long time before Ron reached out and pushed the button for the second floor. As the elevator began to ascend, Sharon asked, "Why did you come back when you did?"  
  
"We heard that other couple saying that they wanted to see who was in the basement," Ron explained. "Carol and Mike are friends with the security staff on today. They took me into the security office, and we watched you on the video. I came down when I decided that I'd rather get you off than let those two do it." Mike paused before adding, "And, you looked so incredibly sexy that I just had to be inside you." Sharon was thrilled that she'd aroused some jealousy and desire in Ron. She kissed Ron again.  
  
Carol and Mike were waiting for them when the elevator door opened at two. "That was incredibly erotic," Carol said.  
  
"Sharon, you are a very beautiful and very sexy woman," Mike added.  
  
"Get a shower and come up to the pool," Carol said, "We've got chairs saved for you."  
  
Sharon and Ron spent longer together in the shower than was strictly necessary. Sharon enjoyed the feeling of Ron's strong hands on her body and she enjoyed the feel of Ron's body under her hands. Sharon wasn't trying to stimulate Ron. She was just savoring the feel of his skin and the muscles beneath. Sharon and Ron finished their shower, dried each other off, and went up to the pool.  
  
As Sharon and Ron were walking around the pool towards the two empty lounge chairs next to Carol and Mike, one of the servers in a skin-tight, high cut one-piece asked for their drink orders. Sharon looked at Ron, chuckled, and said, "I think I need a beer, some carbs to restore energy."  
  
"Beer sounds good," Ron replied. He asked the server for two Creemores.  
  
As Sharon walked on around the pool, she looked up. She saw the taller buildings she had noticed the night before. None were really close to DPC, but there were three or four buildings from which someone could probably see the pool. Sharon wondered if there was someone up in one of those buildings staring down at her nude body with binoculars. Sharon shrugged. If there was a peeper, Sharon hoped that he, or she, liked what they saw.  
  
Sharon and Ron relaxed for a time in the lounge chairs, sipping their beers and chatting with Carol and Mike. Carol and Mike got up to use the toilet. Once they were out of earshot, Ron told Sharon, "I persuaded the security to delete the audio and video from the basement for the time you were down there."  
  
Sharon hadn't thought about the fact that there was an audio and visual record of her bent over nude, strapped down, being fingered by strangers, and then fucked by Ron. That was not something she wanted on the Internet, or did she? To Ron, she said, "thank you."  
  
Ron replied, "They bent the rules pretty far doing that. I probably ought to take you down there to thank them yourself."  
  
"The security guys saw that couple fingering me and what you and I did?" Sharon asked.  
  
"Yes," Ron answered.  
  
Sharon thought for a second. She knew that she should be embarrassed that complete strangers had seen her completely nude, being so slutty. However, the thought of meeting the security people face-to-face, after what they had seen her do, was mildly exciting for Sharon. "You're right," Sharon said, "I should thank them myself."  
  
When Carol and Mike came back, Ron finished his beer and asked, "Would you hold onto our chairs? Sharon and I need to talk to someone for a few minutes."  
  
Carol gave Ron a quizzical look but said, "Be glad to."  
  
Ron helped Sharon up out of her lounge chair. They went back around the pool, down a flight of steps to the playroom floor and down another flight to the second floor. Ron led Sharon to an unmarked door across the hall from the locker room. Ron knocked twice on the door.  
  
A moment later, the door was opened by a big man with close-cut blond hair. Sharon guessed the man at about six-two and something above 275 pounds. Except for his gut, his weight appeared to be all muscle. Ron asked the man, "May we come in for a moment?" The man held the door open wide enough for Sharon and Ron to enter.  
  
The room Sharon entered was dimly lit. On one wall were several small video monitors. A glance confirmed for Sharon that the monitors showed video from the security cameras at various locations in the Club. Sharon's impression was that the video was high quality. Below the monitors, a console extended from the wall on which there were knobs, sliders, and joysticks, presumably to control the video system. A large black man with dreadlocks sat at the console.  
  
Ron made introductions. "Gentlemen, this is my friend Sharon."  
  
The blond man asked, "She was in the basement earlier?"  
  
"Yes," Ron answered.  
  
Looking at Sharon, the blond man said, "It's a pleasure to meet you Ma'am. You're very beautiful."  
  
"Thank you," Sharon replied.  
  
"Sharon," Ron said, "This is Brent," pointing at the blond man, "and this is Jabbar," pointing at the black man. "They are the co-heads of security for DPC."  
  
"It's nice to meet you both," Sharon said. As she said it, she realized that just days ago she would have thought it absurd, if not perverted, for her to be standing naked in front of two strange men having such a polite, normal conversation. Now it seemed perfectly natural.  
  
Jabbar, in a deep and educated-sounding voice, said, "Ma'am, the security video and audio are digital and stored on a server in-house. That means we can go in and delete any part of it we want to. The system doesn't back up until 3:00 a.m. the next day, so there's nothing from today backed up yet. I deleted the material recorded while you were in the basement earlier." Jabbar picked up a thumb drive from the console. "I thought that you or your friend might like to have a copy, though, so I saved it on this. This is the only recording of you down there that still exists." Jabbar looked between Sharon and Ron as if unsure of whom he should give the thumb drive to.  
  
Ron said, "Give it to her."  
  
Jabbar handed the thumb drive to Sharon. Sharon said, "thank you." Sharon realized that she wanted to see and hear what had happened in the basement from a viewer's perspective. She also realized that Jabbar could be lying about the thumb drive being the only record of her escapade. She didn't think that he was lying though. Something about Jabbar made him seem trustworthy.  
  
Sharon also thought that the situation offered an opportunity to gain some information relevant to their mission. "DPC is a very nice place," she said. "I don't envy you your jobs though. I'd think you have a lot of problems with drugs and sexual violence."  
  
Brent responded. "Nowhere near as much as you probably think. DPC draws a pretty well-behaved crowd. Yeah, sometimes a guy gets a bit too much in him and doesn't back off when a woman he' set his sights on says 'no.' The staff are all on the lookout for that kind of situation. If one is developing, we know, and we intervene pretty quickly."  
  
Jabbar chuckled. "You may not have noticed," he said, "but I'm the only person in here with black skin. You'd be surprised at how calm folks get when a large black man appears at their shoulder."  
  
Although Sharon couldn't judge accurately because he was sitting down, Jabbar looked like he weighed around 300 pounds and, like Brent, it appeared to be mostly muscle. Sharon didn't doubt that Jabbar's presence could have a calming, or deterrent, effect.  
  
Brent spoke again. "Drugs were something of a problem back when the Club first opened but The Wolf took care of that."  
  
"The Wolf?" Ron asked.  
  
"Yeah," Brent said, "That's what we called the guy who was originally in charge of security here. He hired me. I don't even remember his real name. Everyone just called him The Wolf. His story was that he'd spent time in the Army. He got out and applied with a bunch of police forces, TPS, OPP, Ottawa, but he always failed the psych evaluation; at least that's what he said." Looking at Ron, Brent added, "The Wolf was about your size, but he was a tough MF."  
  
Sharon and Ron remained silent. Brent paused, as if pondering the wisdom of saying anything more about how The Wolf had eradicated DPC's drug problem. Finally, Brent said, "It was so long ago now that it doesn't matter who knows, and it worked. Just after the Club had opened, our first busy Friday night, there were two dudes and a chick in the dance bar offering to sell folks coke. They were telling folks that it would really increase the sensation if they rubbed it on their dick or into their cunt. One of the servers heard that and gave us the heads up."  
  
Brent took a breath before resuming the story. "The Wolf and I went to the dance bar. The server pointed us to the people and The Wolf and I went up to them. Very politely, The Wolf said that the Club didn't allow any illegal drugs on premises and would they please take their cocaine and leave immediately. The larger dude laughs and says, 'fuck you.' The Wolf again, very politely, asks them to leave. The bigger dude turns like he's starting to throw a punch at The Wolf. The Wolf got the dude's arm in his left hand and got his right arm around the dude's throat. A few seconds later, the dude's gone limp. He's passed out. The Wolf drops him on the floor. He tells the chick and the other dude to take their buddy and their coke out of here right now. The Wolf also tells them to put the word on the street that if anyone brings drugs in here again, I remember his exact words on this, 'they'll end up a dead body fished out of Lake Ontario.'"  
  
"That's pretty aggressive," Ron commented. "It worked?"  
  
"Well, that's not the end of the story," Brent replied. "The next afternoon two other dudes come marching in. The girl working the reception desk tells them that unaccompanied men aren't allowed in on Saturdays. One dude tells her "fuck that' and says he's looking for the guy who beat up his 'associate' the night before. Lisa, who was working reception that day, hits the panic button under the desk and The Wolf and I go down there."  
  
Sharon was interested in the story now. "What happened?" she asked.  
  
Brent smiled. "The dude doing the talking sees The Wolf and says, 'you're the shithead.' The Wolf just says, 'who says I'm a shithead, shithead?' The dude pulls out a blade and lunges at The Wolf. It was beautiful. The Wolf pivots so the blade misses him. He grabs the dude's arm, pulling him off balance. At the same time, The Wolf brings his knee up hard into the outside of the dude's elbow, forcing it the way it isn't meant to bend. You heard bone breaking. The dude is screaming in pain, but The Wolf doesn't care. He takes the guy to the floor, pulls out a pair of cuffs, and cuffs the dude's hands behind his back. The other dude headed for the door, but I blocked his way and signaled Lisa to call the police. To make a long story short, the police saw our video and agreed that the dude was trying to kill The Wolf and he acted in self-defense. They busted both dudes, searched them, and found that they each had leather pouches with enough crack in them that they were deemed to be dealers. Both dudes went away and, I think, are still in. Occasionally, we'll have a guest with some recreational stuff for their own use, but they always agree to flush it when we'll tell them it's a lifetime ban if they don't. We haven't had any serious drug problem here since The Wolf did his act."  
  
Sharon asked, "You spend a lot of time here?"  
  
Brent, who was doing all the talking, replied, "Yeah, but that's cool. The Club pays well, and it pays overtime. I get paid to look at some really gorgeous naked women." Brent looked Sharon up and down as he said that. Sharon simply straightened her shoulders, pushing her bare breasts out a bit. Brent, thinking he'd offended Sharon, added, "Don't get me wrong. I respect our guests. I met my girlfriend here."  
  
"Your girlfriend was a guest here?" Ron asked.  
  
"Yeah," Brent replied. "She was at the pool and some guy was coming on too strong. A server buzzed us, and I went up. I got the guy to back off and started talking to Megan. We hit it off. It's kind of cool when we tell people that Megan was stark naked the first time we met."  
  
"What does Megan do?" Sharon asked.  
  
"She's a fitness instructor," Brent answered. "She's great. She's fixed my diet and got me back working out seriously for the first time since the Argos cut me."  
  
"Do you ever come here as guests?" Sharon asked.  
  
"Yeah, I get a discount," Brent answered. "Megan really likes this place. Of course, you'd understand why she does if you met her. She looks great wearing anything, but she looks incredible naked. I don't blame her wanting to show her body off. She's put a lot of work into it. I was a little uncomfortable at first about going naked in front of the people I work with, but I got over it."  
  
Sharon looked at Ron and smiled. "I suppose you could get used to being nude with your co-workers," she said.  
  
Ron interjected, "We've taken enough of our time. Thank you."  
  
"Yes," Sharon said, "Thank you for erasing your recordings and thank you for this." She held up them thumb drive.  
  
Sharon and Ron went to put the thumb drive in Sharon's locker. As they walked, Ron asked, "Do you believe that there hasn't been any dealing here since those incidents Brent told us about?"  
  
"I do," Sharon said. "We've not seen or heard anything suggesting there is, and Brent and Jabbar seem to be on top of things and seem truthful."  
  
Ron laughed. "They truly enjoyed looking at you," he said.  
  
"I know," Sharon replied. "I enjoyed that. Does that make me an exhibitionist?"  
  
"If it does," Ron answered, "I approve."  
  
After stowing the thumb drive, Sharon and Ron rejoined Carol and Mike by the pool. Sharon decided that she and Ron had done their job, that there was nothing to see here, and that she could relax the rest of the afternoon. She was surprised by how much she regretted the fact that she'd probably never be back to Dominion Paradise Club after they left that day. Her three visits to DPC had introduced her to freedom and pleasure she'd not experienced before. The good news was that she'd still have Ron. Sharon hoped that the kinds of things they'd done at DPC would remain a part of their relationship.  
  
Around 4:00 p.m., Carol said, "We've got to leave before long. Of course, you two can stay but they let unaccompanied men in starting at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday. You might want to leave before then."  
  
"Before you go," Sharon said, "do you want to see what's up in the playrooms?" Sharon had already had sex, but they hadn't been in the playrooms that day and she wanted to at least see them again before they left.  
  
"Great idea!" Carol replied.  
  
As they were finishing their drinks, Sharon noticed a nude woman, darkly tanned, wearing high heels with her black hair elaborated piled on top of head. The woman was stopping to talk with some of the guests as she made her way around the pool. Before long, she had reached Sharon and Ron. Seeing her up close, Sharon guessed that the woman was about 50. She had, Sharon thought, a nice body marred only by obvious breast augmentation.  
  
As the woman reached Sharon and Ron, she said, "Ms. Dawson and Mr. Crewes, I'm Melody Slaughter. I'm one of the owners of DPC. When I can, I like to personally welcome our first-time guests. Having come all the way from Vancouver, I'm pleased that you chose to spend two of your days in Toronto with us. Have you enjoyed Dominion Paradise Club?"  
  
Sharon assumed that part of that speech was intended to thwart misbehavior by letting new guests know that the Club knew who they were and how to find them. Still, Slaughter's approach to them had seemed genuinely welcoming. "I've loved it," Sharon replied.  
  
Melody Slaughter turned her gaze to Ron, who said, "I agree with Sharon completely."  
  
"That's good," Slaughter said. "You're both very physically attractive people. We don't tolerate body-shaming at DPC but, frankly, it's good for business to have good-looking people here. There's a small gift waiting for each of you at reception when you leave. Please don't forget to take it." With that, Melody Slaughter went on to talk to another couple, presumably also first timers.  
  
"Melody's a good person," Mike said.  
  
"Melody and her partner Clare Knowlton founded DPC," Carol said. "We don't see Clare around much anymore. I think she has other business interests. DPC is Melody's full-time occupation. In fact, her daughter Melissa is vice president here. She handles the accounting and financial side." Carol put down her now empty drink cup. "Playrooms?" she asked.  
  
Sharon, Ron, Carol, and Mike joined the group of people in the large playroom. A middle-aged couple were both orgasming on the sofa in the center of the room as they walked in. After that couple got up and toweled off the sofa, a nerdy-looking young man hesitantly led an equally nerdy-looking young woman towards the sofa. They were both nude but seemed to Sharon to be very shy and uncertain of themselves. They stopped in front of the sofa. The young woman reached out and took the young man's hand. They stood there holding hands.  
  
Sharon watched with growing anticipation as they young couple stood there. Finally, Sharon saw the young woman take a deep breath. She let go of the young man's hand and stepped in front of him, facing him. The young woman slowly reached out and took the young man's dick in her hands. She began stroking him very carefully as though, Sharon thought, the young woman was afraid she might break something. Even more hesitantly, the young man placed his hands on the young woman's breasts. It seemed to Sharon like this was the first time the couple was having sex together. But, would a couple to DPC and have their first time in public?  
  
Despite the young woman's very gentle stroking, the young man quickly became hard. The young woman had been looking into the young man's face. Sharon saw her look down at the young man's erection. Sharon saw the young woman take another deep breath. She lay down on the sofa on her back and spread her legs. In that posture, at least, Sharon thought that the young woman looked rather nice.  
  
The young man got on the sofa above the young woman. He lowered himself down and tried to push his dick into her cunt. He missed a couple of times. The young woman took the young man's dick in her hands and guided him into her. The young man started making tentative thrusts that were too slow and too hard. Sharon thought he was trying to imitate something he'd seen in a porn flick. The young woman said something Sharon couldn't hear. This wasn't going to end well, Sharon thought, and she felt bad for the young couple.  
  
Sharon's prediction was wrong. The young man started to speed his pace and reduce his force. Before long, Sharon could see that the young woman was being stimulated. She pulled the young man down by his shoulders and kissed him. As the young man kept thrusting, Sharon heard the girl yelp "there." The young man earnestly applied himself to the spot his partner had identified.  
  
Contrary to Sharon's initial expectation that both members of the young couple would end up disappointed, they both very obviously came. Sharon still thought this seemed like the first time the two had sex together, or sex with anyone really, but she was touched by their obvious desire to please each other. Sharon was also impressed that they were willing to get naked and have sex with strangers watching them. When the young man finally helped the young woman up off the sofa, Sharon saw that the young woman was smiling. Sharon thought that young woman likely had a life-changing experience as profound as Sharon's experience with DPC.  
  
As the young coupled toweled off the sofa, Sharon leaned over to Carol and asked, "Do you think all four of us can fit at once?"

arol smiled and said, "I'm sure of it."  
  
When the young couple walked away from the sofa, Carol took Mike's hand and led him to one end before anyone else could claim the sofa. Sharon led Ron to the other end. All four of them had been aroused by watching the young couple, but they still engaged in some fondling and fingering foreplay, all consciously done in positions intended to give the nude people lining the walls the best view.  
  
When she couldn't take any more foreplay, Sharon positioned Ron with his back to the sofa end and gently pushed him down. Sharon paused for a moment to admire how Ron's erection pointed up from his supine body. Then, she got on the sofa and lowered herself down, guiding Ron's erection into her. Carol was on her back on the other end of the sofa with Mike atop her. The tops of Carol's and Ron's heads were touching.  
  
Sharon started out trying to imitate the way she had seen Carol ride Mike. She soon gave that up and found that it was much better to move in ways that seemed natural to her and provoked a response from Ron. Sharon was moving herself up and down on Ron's dick and, as she started each down movement, Ron was thrusting his hips up to meet her. To Sharon, it felt wonderful.  
  
Sharon wanted the full exhibitionistic experience. As she rode Ron, she looked at the people standing against the walls in front of her and to her right and left. She tried to make eye contact with as many of these strangers as she could. When it worked, Sharon was pleased that the stranger was sharing the experience with her and proud to be seen physically demonstrating her love for Ron. As she felt herself approaching orgasm, Sharon looked first at Mike and smiled. Mike saw her and smiled back. Sharon then looked down at Ron. The look in his face was something she'd never seen before and was too wonderful for her to describe. Then, the fireworks went off.  
  
Sharon's next thought about anything other than what she'd felt in her own body was the realization that she was lying flat on top of Ron. She kissed him and whispered, "Can we have a lifetime of this?"  
  
"Yes," Ron answered and put his arms around Sharon. They lay like that for some time after Carol and Mike had gotten up from the sofa. Sharon finally got off Ron, stood up, and helped him up from the sofa. Sharon looked around the room at the faces above bare bodies, still staring at her intently. She giggled, put a finger into her pussy and came out with a glob of Ron's semen. As she looked around the room, she put her finger in her mouth and sucked it clean. In Sharon's mind, that gesture was her declaration of commitment to a new, liberated lifestyle.  
  
Ron had seen what Sharon did with her finger and seemed to understand its significance to her. Ron pulled Sharon to him and hugged her tightly. Held tightly against Ron's bare body with his strong arms around her, Sharon felt totally free at last.  
  
When Ron finally let go of Sharon, Carol stepped up and hugged her. Sharon was surprised at how good Carol's fleshy bare body felt against hers. Carol released Sharon and hugged Ron. Sharon stepped over to Mike, hugged him, and kissed him.  
  
Sharon, Ron, Carol, and Mike showered together. After they had all dressed, they exchanged phone numbers and e-mail addresses. Sharon and Ron were careful to give their private, personal numbers and addresses. Sharon felt badly about concealing from Carol and Mike that she and Ron were police officers.  
  
Sharon and Ron stopped at the reception desk to get their receipt. The desk was staffed by a lovely young brunette wearing a dark green silky evening dress with a plunging neckline that showed more than a little of two fine breasts. The woman's name tag read "Celeste." "Oh," Celeste said, reaching under the desk, "the Club has small gifts for you Ms. Dawson and Mr. Crewes." Celeste brought up two plain plastic bags and handed them to Sharon and Ron.  
  
Sharon immediately opened her bag and pulled out a white tee shirt with "Dominion Paradise Club" in red letters on the front. What caught Sharon's attention was the handwritten note attached to the neck of the shirt. Opening it, she read the clear handwriting saying, "You may only wear this shirt if it is the only thing you are wearing. I do mean naked from the waist down. Melody." Sharon read the note aloud. She and Ron chuckled.  
  
Celeste said, "Ms. Slaughter is quite serious about that. Look." Celeste brought a framed picture from under the reception desk. The picture was of several young women standing side-by-side wearing only DPC tee shirts. Sharon recognized Celeste in the picture and the woman who had tended bar at the pool on Saturday. Sharon showed the picture to Ron and then handed it back to Celeste. "Imagine," Celeste said, "I work here and the only time I can get naked is for a photo op."  
  
"Why don't you come on a day off?" Sharon asked.  
  
"I don't have 'days off,'" Celeste replied. "If I'm not here I'm in class or in labs."  
  
"You're going to school?" Ron asked.  
  
"I'm working on my master's in chemistry at UT," Celeste responded. "Just because I'm a good chemist doesn't mean I don't enjoy getting nude and naughty."  
  
Something about the exchange with Celeste made Sharon feel even better about herself. Celeste confirmed for Sharon that there was a community of educated, reasonable people, normal people, who liked to get naked together and have sex in public. Sharon thought that she was now part of that community. Sharon felt very good about that thought as she and Ron walked away from Dominion Paradise Club arm-in-arm.  
  
After dinner at an Italian place they'd happened on, Sharon and Ron returned to their hotel. They stopped at Sharon's room to get her carry-on bag before they went up to Ron's room. In Ron's room, they stripped off and got in bed. They embraced and Ron quickly fell asleep. Sharon remained awake for a while, thinking about her trip to Toronto and about Ron. Despite all the slutty things she'd done, Ron treated her as a valued, respected, and loved partner. Maybe she hadn't been slutty. Maybe she'd just had fun in ways that were new to her. Either way, she was glad that she done it with Ron.  
  
Sharon woke up around 6:00 the next morning. Since Ron was till asleep, she carefully got out of bed. Without dressing, she got her notebook computer out of her carry-on, opened it on the table, sat down, and began typing. She made many revisions to what she was writing and had just become satisfied with it when Ron awoke an hour and a half later.  
  
"We need to see Tibbits at 9:00," Ron said.  
  
"I know," Sharon replied. She scrolled to the start of the document she'd created and passed the computer to Ron. "How about that for our written report?" she asked.  
  
Ron read the report twice. "This is excellent," he said after the second reading. "You've given our conclusion that there's no drug activity at DPC and demonstrated that we looked closely enough that we have a solid basis for that conclusion. And, you don't even hint at the things TPS and our Force don't need to know."  
  
Sharon took the computer back. "Let me save this to a thumb drive and we can print it out at the station and turn it in to Tibbits."  
  
"Not THE thumb drive," Ron said with a laugh.  
  
Sharon smiled. "That's for you and me and is in my purse. I've got an empty drive in my bag."  
  
Tibbits read the hard copy of the report twice before he said anything. He looked across his desk at Sharon and Ron and said, "Good work. This confirms my suspicion that we're getting bogus information, but that's not why it's good work. You were very thorough, and you stayed out of any embarrassing circumstances. Given where you had to operate, I was worried about that."  
  
Sharon and Ron both said, "Thank you" and tried not to laugh.  
  
Tibbits continued, "Since you worked all weekend, I'd like to offer you a free day in Toronto, but the bean counters would flay me if I authorized another night of hotel charges. We've booked you on a 6:00 p.m. flight from Pearson. It's scheduled into Vancouver just before 7:00 your time. I'm sorry to be giving you a bum's rush. I really appreciate your help and your sacrifices. I'll be reporting your good work to Superintendent McAllister. Ian and I have known each other for years. A long time ago, we were Horsemen together."  
  
Sharon and Ron were out of TPS headquarters by 10:15 a.m. Sharon got to visit the Hockey Hall of Fame after all.  
  
Unlike the flight to Toronto, Sharon and Ron sat together on their flight home. The crew had just announced their initial approach into Vancouver when Sharon asked Ron, "Are you off this weekend?"  
  
"Yes," Ron said.  
  
"So am I," Sharon replied. "Take me to Wreck Beach on Saturday?"