

No Fool—An Undercover Mission
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She took one of the black leather harnesses and held it before her, frowning. “What’s the long part in the middle?”

“It goes around the manhood.”

Mrs. Smith lifted her gaze toward her chosen man, a mocking glance in her eyes. “You mean, you get strapped into this thing and this part holds your jewels?”

Michael wondered for how long he could pretend this conversation to be normal. The urge to burst into laughter got stronger by the minute. “Indeed, that’s what it’s designed for.”

“Designed!” She gave back the harness, laughing herself silly.

He closed the drawer and opened the last. It was low enough for her to look into it without Michael’s help. He knelt beside her.

She pointed at a curved piece of metal with two blunt endings. “And this is?”

“A nose hook.”

“A *what*?”

“A nose hook. You put it in like this—” He demonstrated it. “—So that the sub can’t lift his head.”

She picked another one, larger than the first. “And this is for someone with just one nostril?”

Michael did not know what Mrs. Smith would do if he rolled on the floor laughing. He decided to answer the question. “No, that’s another kind of hook. It belongs more to the backside.”

“I get the idea.” Her hand flew up. “No demonstration necessary.” She put it back as if it had bitten.