

## Chapter Twenty

"You look nervous?" Diane commented.

"That's because I am," Connie responded, while trembling visibly.

"The first time is always the most difficult but once you get into it, well, you'll see."

"I felt better about it before we parked the car."

"What did you tell the senator?" Diane asked, as they slowly walked the dark alley leading to the S&M club.

"He left this morning for Los Angeles and won't be back for two days, so, I didn't have to tell him anything."

"There it is," Diane whispered, while gesturing towards a nondescript storefront.

"That dingy little place with the blue neon light?"

"C'mon, give it a chance. It's really pretty nice inside," Diane remarked, as she stopped to view her reflection in a pane of black glass.

"Oh Alright."

"How do I look?"

"That dark blue latex leaves little to the imagination."

"That's the point, it's all about marketing. Now, put your mask on."

"Are you sure it will be enough?"

"It'll do for tonight but we'll definitely have to get you something more appropriate than the spandex that you're wearing."

"Does it make me look fat?"

"No, honey, it makes you look hot but it isn't kinky enough for this place."

"You think I look hot?"

"Oh yeah," she said, with a wink.

"I didn't know you cared," Connie replied, with a nervous chuckle.

"There are a lot of things that you don't know about me," Diane mumbled, as they passed through the club's front door.

"Who was that?" Connie asked, after Diane waved to a woman standing near the entrance, sporting a red Mohawk hairdo.

"She's the manager, I told her I was bringing a friend."

"Her outfit is kind of scary."

"I have a black leather jumpsuit just like her's but I left off the spikes."

"Gee."

The unmistakable stench of sweat and fear greeted her as she descended the dimly lit staircase behind Diane. Stopping on the last step, she turned to leave but Diane's restraining hand thwarted her efforts.

"Where are you going?" Diane asked.

"I've changed my mind, this isn't for me."

"You got this far, at least take a look around," Diane insisted, as she gently tugged on Connie's arm.

"OK, just a quick look," she whispered, as her foot slid from the stair to the large stone walled room's concrete floor.

"What do you think?" Diane whispered, as they stood in the middle of the mostly empty room.

"Looks like a cross between a cave and a dungeon."

"That's about it."

"Are we the only ones here?" Connie inquired, as she allowed her hand to glide over the surface of a torture device known as the 'Rack'.

"No and keep your voice down."

"Why, this room's empty?"

"See those closed doors?" she said, while gesturing about the room, "they lead to variously themed chambers and since the doors are all closed, it means that they're occupied."

"I guess that accounts for the odor."

"Sex and desire," Diane remarked, while sniffing the air, "that's what you smell."

"What's that?" Connie asked, naively, while pointing to a sling-like affair suspended from the ceiling.

"That, my dear, is the trapeze and it happens to be my favorite toy."

"And why is that?"

"It's the divine giver of pleasure and is reserved for the most obedient of slaves."

"How does it work?" she asked, blushing.

"My God, you are a straight arrow aren't you? But if you stick around long enough I'll bet you'll find out."

"So, what's going on behind these closed doors?" Connie asked, as she reached for the lever attached to the nearest cubicle.

"Don't!" Diane hissed, "when the doors are closed no one is to enter but there is a place where we can watch."

They passed through the room's only unlocked door to a narrow, dimly lit corridor and followed the floor's pattern of iridescent arrows.

"OK, let's stop here," Diane whispered.

"What's this all about?"

"See those glowing circles hanging from the wall?"

"Yeah."

"Walk over to the first one and quietly slide it up and to the right."

Connie's trembling fingers grasped the free edge of the circle and gently moved it aside, revealing a clear view of an

occupied chamber. "Wow, he's whipping the shit out of her," she observed, with a nervous giggle.

"Gaze into her eyes," Diane suggested, as she replaced Connie at the porthole, "it's not pain that she's feeling, it's pure ecstasy."

"But her rear is beat red?"

"I know her, the redder the better; makes her horny. She's probably already had a dozen orgasms."

"Are you serious?"

"Stop acting like a little school girl, just move on."

"Should I try this one?" Connie asked, stopping by the third glowing circle.

"Why not?"

"Oh boy!"

"What do you see?"

"What's the turn-on from saran wrap?" she asked, as she stared at a naked man wrapped from head to toe in thin, transparent Mylar, while a rubber clad woman stood by, taunting him with a metal prod.

"Oh, they're doin' that routine? It's mostly a control thing but it requires a lot of trust."

"And you're gonna tell me why, right?"

"Well, I've heard of people suffocating from that ... not my cup of tea."

"I can't believe this stuff really goes on," Connie murmured, as she walked on to the next circle.

"I heard that," Diane said, "don't be such a prude."

"Now, this is more like it."

"What's happening?" Diane questioned, as Connie, her breathing quickening, stood mesmerized by the scene unfolding before her.

"Shush," she replied, brusquely, while her right hand found its way to her crotch in the darkness.

"Let me see."

"Not yet," she insisted, while rubbing herself rhythmically.

"Oh c'mon," Diane implored, while pushing her aside.

"No fair," Connie pouted.

"Now that's hot, isn't it?" Diane said, after a quick glimpse into the room, where a nude woman was strapped to a chair while a man dressed in chain mesh stood before her with a huge erection, repeatedly plunging it into her open mouth.

"Let me have another look."

"Be my guest."

"O-h m-y God."

"What?"

"He's coming in her mouth," she exclaimed excitedly, as her hand, once again, found its way between her legs.

"Let's get outta here, it's time to meet some people."