

### Chapter Thirty-One

"Why aren't you dressed?" Diane inquired, as she stood in the doorway to her guest room, hiking up her tight latex pants while Connie sat dejectedly on the bed, staring at her cell phone.

"I was just checking to see if I may have missed a call from John."

"Not that again, honey, give it a rest already."

"I can't."

"So, what's the verdict?" Diane asked, as she bent forward, testing the elasticity of her outfit.

"Nothing. I don't know what to do and I'm beginning to feel a bit guilty about tonight."

"Have you tried him?" she asked, as she entered the room and took a seat beside Connie.

"I didn't do anything, why should I go crawling to him?"

"Well, you might be right but somebody's gotta make the first move."

"And if I do, he'll have won. I'll be right back where I started."

Diane shook her head in agreement, rose and walked to the closet. Removing the new, black, full leather outfit that hung from the back of the closet door, she carried it to the bed and carefully placed it beside Connie. "Are you going or not?" she asked.

With some hesitation, Connie reached for the offered costume. "May as well," she said, "he doesn't seem to care about where I am, so, I guess he won't care about what I do."

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Connie remained silent as Diane drove in the direction of the club. She concentrated on the rhythmical tempo of the windshield wipers as they cleared away the evening mist. Am I doing the right thing? she wondered. What if somebody sees me, how will that look and worse, how will I explain it? Oh, what the hell, if somebody recognizes me at that place they're certainly not going to reveal the fact that they were there as well.

"Are you still with me?" Diane asked, as she maneuvered the car into a space not far from the club's dark alley entrance.

"Yes, just daydreaming."

"Well, we're here."

"So soon, what time is it?"

"Eleven. You're not going to back out, are you?"

"No, I'm coming," she said, while slowly exiting the vehicle and adding, "I must look like a hooker in this outfit."

"Nonsense," Diane replied, "but the soft leather really shows your every nook and cranny."

"Great," she replied, as she gazed at her chest while realizing that the cold air had caused her nipples to stand out like to two rubber erasers.

"Advertising, my dear, it's advertising," Diane said, when she noticed her friend's prominence. "Oh, and don't forget our fake names," she added, as she opened the club's door and entered, her lips aglow from the interior's intense black lighting.

"I'll remember," Connie mumbled, as she followed from behind, "I'm Christy and you're Donnatella."

Heads turned as they descended the staircase and walked among the writhing throng. Connie remained by Diane's side, afraid to stray even the shortest distance. The crowd, larger than usual, the result of the pending auction, left little room for movement. Sweaty costumed bodies were crammed into the room like so many sardines. The combined effect of perfume, cologne

and other unidentifiable fragrances were difficult to accept and Connie scrunched her nose in response.

"What's wrong?" Diane asked.

"Smells like the zoo."

"You'll get used to it," Diane replied, as she gazed about the room in search of familiar faces.

"I hate the zoo," she said, as an older man approached and ran his hand over her well defined buttocks. "Hey, what the ...?"

"Just admiring your fine form," he said, "you're new, aren't you?"

"She's with me," Diane proclaimed, protectively.

"Do you think I am too old to handle the both of you?"

"Probably not," she laughed, "but we're here for the auction, so, if you don't mind?"

"Why don't you let your friend speak for herself?"

The crowd resisted as Connie attempted to push away from the man and she momentarily lost her balance and fell into his arms.

"Now that's what I like to see," he said, as he grabbed her breasts as if trying to prevent her from falling further.

Diane grabbed her by the arm and pulled. "The night's young," she said, as Connie now stood by her side, somewhat dazed, "and it's too early to get involved."

"That's what I like to hear," the man said, "always leave the door open for possibilities."

"You're too polite," Diane scolded, as he disappeared into the crowd.

"Should I have told him to go piss off?"

"Now, that's my girl. It's about time you incorporated some good old street language into your repertoire."

"Only when the occasion permits."

Diane took hold of Connie's hand and guided her through the crowd like a small child. They stopped before an oddly attired couple who were seated beside the rack.

"Come to make a purchase, my dear?" the fierce looking, biker clad man asked.

With her eyes fixed on his, her hands on her hips, Diane assumed a dominant posture. "I've brought a friend tonight," she said.

"I see," he responded, as his gaze shifted to Connie, looked her up and down and finally fixated on her midsection. "Is this one for sale?"

Diane smiled and gestured down towards his cowering female companion. "No, is yours?" she asked.

"I am her master, she does as I command--just as you have, on occasions."

While Diane verbally sparred with the master, Connie inspected the room with wonder. The walls, at various locations, were studded with large iron hooks and rings. The back wall, partially obscured by the multitude of bizarrely costumed bodies, featured an assortment of whips, chains and other unrecognizable

artifacts. She sniffed the air and grimaced, while strangely aroused by the damp aromatic mist that had repulsed her upon arrival.

"Having fun?" Diane asked, as the biker couple walked off to check out the buffet.

"Just observing."

"Well, c'mon, the auction's about to begin."

"Where?"

"Just follow me," Diane said, while taking Connie's hand and dragging her through the crowd.

A tight circle had formed around an imaginary stage at the room's center and as the crowd awaited the first of the evening's offerings, a blanket of silence fell upon them.

Connie and Diane had made their way to the first row, standing shoulder to shoulder with the anxious bidders. Connie stared wide eyed at the people beside her and not having the slightest inkling of what to expect, she leaned forward, bringing her face closer to Diane. "How does this work?" she whispered.

"Well," Diane replied, "a master or dom will bring his or her sub into the circle and offer them to the highest bidder."

"For money?"

"Some places might use actual money but here we use club chits that get charged or credited to our individual accounts."

"What if you get bought and you don't like the buyer?"

Diane frowned and shook her head in disbelief. "Honey," she exclaimed, "that's what being a sub is all about."

"You're kidding, right?"

"No, it's all about doing something that you don't think you'd like but deep down inside you crave."

"And what might that be?"

Diane was briefly distracted by the first sub, a man, who was being led to the center of the circle by his domina. Clad in a royal blue latex body suit, a chain around his neck, he assumed a kneeling position at the circle's center. Smiling, Diane turned to face Connie while gesturing towards the emasculated spectacle. "There's your answer," she said.

"I don't get it."

"Well, look at him. Can't you see that what we're talking about is complete and total submission?"

"I think this stuff is out of my league," Connie said, while fantasizing about the senator with a chain around his neck.

"That's what they all say ... at first," Diane murmured.

The domina, standing above her sub, began to describe in great detail his various and sundry attributes while using a black leather riding crop as a pointer. Connie, although disturbed but warming to the scene, anxiously watched as the domina flicked his now released manhood from side to side while touting its girth.

"Will you look at that dick," Diane blurted, to no one in particular. "With him on all fours, its practically touching the ground."

"Yeah, I noticed," Connie replied breathlessly, without removing her eyes from the waving appendage.

"I want that."

"But I thought that you were a sub?" Connie said, with a frown.

Diane chuckled and adjusted the tight material that had invaded her crotch. "It depends upon my mood," she remarked, "and tonight, I need some of that."

The bidding was fast and furious. The winner, the female member of the biker clad couple, approached the circle, grabbed the sub's heavy metal chain and led him off to one of the private side rooms, with his master in tow.

"What's that all about?" Connie asked, a bead of sweat beginning to form on her brow.

"You mean the seller accompanying her sub?"

"Yeah."

"Club rules. You have to watch your sub while they're being dominated by another."

"What's the purpose?"

"Don't really know. They once gave me a mumbo jumbo explanation but I think it's really about liability."

"Is it over, because I'm getting tired?"

"No, it's just beginning but take a look at this pair," she said excitedly, as the next couple pushed their way to the center of the circle.

"What's so great about them?"

"Look closely at the female sub."

"She's very pretty."

"Are you certain?"

"What? You don't think she's attractive?"

Diane glanced at Connie with a quizzical expression and then burst into a brief fit of laughter. "They're Trannies," she said.

"OK, I give up," Connie replied, her hands held high. "What does that mean?"

"We really need to work on your education, honey," Diane responded, while shaking her head in disbelief. "They're transsexuals."

"Nooo, serious?" Connie blurted, stifling a guffaw.

"No question, I've seen them here before."

"What if you buy one and don't know?"

"It's all in good fun and who knows, you might like it."

"A man dressed like a woman? I don't think so," she said, with a vigorous shake of her head.

"It goes way beyond clothing but anyhow ..."

"How long does this thing go on?" Connie interrupted, "I'm bored and it's getting hot."

"Or you're getting h-o-t."

"Just tell me," Connie demanded, as she wiped her brow with a napkin.

"They still have to bring out the female subs but it shouldn't be much longer."

The crowd became hush quiet as all eyes were drawn to the next offered male. Covered from head to toe in tight, shiny red latex, a bright orange ball filling his mouth, he remained motionless, kneeling before his mistress. "What am I bid for this lowly, cowering scum?" she growled.

To Connie's surprise, Diane pushed forward several feet and raised her arm high. "What's he good for?" she shouted.

"Rise, animal," the domina ordered, "show yourself."

"That's what I'm talkin' about," Diane mumbled, as the sub slowly lowered a lengthy zipper, reached inside and released his twelve inch penis. Without hesitation, Diane shoved a would be competitor to one side, while endeavoring to ward off others with her outstretched arms. "I offer twenty credits," she shouted. A bidding war ensued but in the end, after depleting all of her banked credits, she had won.

Connie watched in amazement as her friend, practically drooling, reached forward to claim her prize. "What about me?" she asked, as Diane gently tugged on the sub's chain and guided him through the crowd.

"Sorry, honey, I just couldn't resist," Diane replied, as she made her way towards the private rooms, adding, "go find something to keep yourself occupied."

Connie's eyes widened in fear at the thought of being left alone. I feel like a rabbit in a room full of foxes, she thought. Trying desperately not to appear out of place, she scanned the room as if looking for a familiar face, until, she

stopped dead still. From across the room, her eyes had locked onto those of a tall, muscular, masked man. So magnetic was the effect that she felt uncontrollably drawn towards him but she held her ground. Do I want him to come over? she asked herself, as a familiar, warm sticky feeling began to develop between her legs. Oh God, here he comes--I have no idea what to do or say. Overcome by the excitement of the sexual unknown, she found herself unable to move. She watched as he made his way towards her, never blinking or changing direction. The crowded room, the dense odor, all seemed to fade under his hypnotic spell until finally, he stood not inches before her. "Hi, I'm Christy," she said, with a tremulous voice.

The gray, lifeless eyes that seemed to pierce her very own continued to stare as if mining her deepest thoughts. "You do not speak to the master, only listen," he commanded, with an emotionless voice.

"But ..."

In an instant, he grabbed her by the throat with one hand while rhythmically pinching her erect left nipple with the other. "This gives you pleasure?" he growled. "There will be more, if you heed my commands."

With her mouth agape, the result of pure terror and an unexplainable sense of arousal, she shook her head in acquiescence and followed robotically as he led her to a private room.