

### Chapter Thirty-Three

The two women staggered out of the S&M club early Saturday morning. As they walked towards Diane's car, not a word was spoken until they were each seated within the vehicle.

"What a night," Diane said, as she fastened her seatbelt.

"Yeah," Connie added, unenthusiastically.

"Why so glum, didn't you enjoy that hunk I saw you with?"

"I'm not sure," she said, while ringing her fingers.

"Oh, I get it, the guilt thing."

Connie turned to face the passenger window and stared off into space. "I don't want to talk about it," she said.

"Don't worry, honey, we all felt that way the first time but after a few days, when you've had the time to think about it, you'll feel differently."

"I can't believe I let him do those things to me and--me to him."

"Then why did you?"

"I don't know. I'm so ashamed of myself," she said, while searching through her purse for a handkerchief to dry her eyes.

"Why, honey?"

"I wanted him to do things to me to punish John but instead, he humiliated me--made me get down on all fours and put him in my mouth."

"As if you've never done that before," Diane chuckled, while weaving through early morning traffic.

"It wasn't just that, there was more," she replied, her voice trailing off.

"More?"

"Yes, he made me do things to him that I would never have dreamt of, things that I can't even admit to you."

"Did he give you pleasure?"

"You mean, did I get laid?"

"That would qualify as pleasure," Diane said, as she honked her horn at a slow driver.

"No, I didn't, not even close."

"Well, I did tell you that it's not always about sex."

At a traffic stop, Diane turned on the overhead light to examine a broken fingernail and then looked over at Connie. "I didn't notice before, but why is your hair all wet?"

"Use your imagination," she replied, while glaring at Diane.

"Oh God, he is a nasty one, isn't he?"

Suddenly, a stream of tears began to emerge from Connie's eyes. "I'm so ashamed," she said, in-between sobs.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of, honey."

"Yes there is. I got off, I came!"

"But that's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Not that way."

"What's the difference?"

"It made me feel dirty and ..."

"Kinky?" Diane said, completing her thought.

"Yes, sort of."

"So, that's what you think of me?"

"Wouldn't you call what you do, kinky?"

"Yeah, I guess, but I don't see that as a problem."

"I wasn't brought up that way, Diane. My parents would turn over in their graves if they knew."

"Well, they don't and they won't, so, stop your blubbering and enjoy the rush."

"I don't know if I'll be able to live with myself after this and how will I ever be able to face John?"

"One day at a time, that's how," she replied, as she parked the car in her driveway and shut the engine.

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It was almost three o'clock in the morning when Connie threw off her shoes and took a seat on the edge of the guest room bed. Still wearing her leather outfit, she reached behind for the zipper and slowly lowered the mechanism. This accomplished, she stood and was in the process of wriggling out of the tight fitting garment, when she felt something pointy scraping against her thigh. A business card? she remarked to herself. Where did this come from? Flicking on the bedside lamp, she stared at the inexpensively printed message. *The Master, 415 626-5559*. Does he really expect me to call? she wondered, while folding the card and getting ready to toss it in the trash. From deep inside, something made her stop. She rose from the bed, slipped it into her purse and headed for the shower.

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Her hair washed but still wet, she threw back the covers and slid into the bed, hoping for a few hours of sleep before the morning sunlight intruded through the curtainless window. Exhausted, sleep came quickly.

The night's events cascaded through her dreams and despite her revulsion to the seemingly forced acts, their erotic nature led to arousal. As she tossed and turned in the king sized bed,

her moisture wetting the sheets, something wasn't right. There was a softness traveling up her thighs and over her labia. Awakening with a start, she attempted to sit up but found herself restrained.

"Relax, honey, I'll make you feel good," Diane whispered, as she lifted Connie's legs over her shoulders.

She was shocked by the sight of her friend's head bobbing between her legs and restrained as she was, could not move.

"What the hell are you doing?" she shouted.

"Giving you what you should have gotten from your friend."

"Stop right now, I'm not into that stuff!"

Diane lifted her head, blotted her lips on an edge of the sheet and continued to run a finger in and out of her friend.

"You didn't seem to mind when we were roommates?" she cooed.

"I was experimenting ... oh God, you're gonna make me cum."

"Thought so," Diane said, as her tongue replaced the finger.

"Ooh, ooh--OK, OK, that's enough," Connie moaned.

"I told you that there were things about me that you didn't know," Diane whispered, as she moved up on the bed and gently kissed Connie on the cheek.

Still panting from the intense orgasm, Connie turned her head to one side, in an attempt to avoid eye contact. "Why?" she whispered.

"Why what?"

"What made you think that I would go for this?"

"Like I said a minute ago, it wasn't exactly the first time for us."

"But that was a long time ago and it didn't mean anything."

"Maybe not to you."

Connie moved further to the edge of the bed, trying to disappear within herself and then hesitated and turned over to face Diane. "Are you a lesbian?" she asked.

"Just a few hours ago, I bought a guy with a big dick. Doesn't that answer your question?"

"So, you're a bisexual?"

"If you're asking if I like dick and pussy, in that order, the answer is yes."

"Whew," Connie responded, "you were right, I didn't know you at all."

"But now you do, so, what do you think?"

"I'm not a lesbian," she exclaimed, emphatically.

"But you liked what I did, right?"

She hesitated, exhaled deeply with a noisy rush of air.

"Yes, it was good," she said.

"How good?"

"Probably the strongest orgasm in memory."

"Well, at least you know where to get it when you need it."

"Yeah, maybe, but don't think for one minute that I'd reciprocate."

"We'll see."

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The cell phone rang just as the wheels of Connie's Lexus touched the edge of her driveway. Coming to a halt in front of the garage door, she put the car in park and turned on the speaker phone.

"Where the hell have you been?" the angry senator barked.

"Why would you care?" she spat.

"You're my wife, or have you forgotten?"

"You have your nerve talking to me like that. I haven't heard from you for days and now you're pissed at me?"

"I was upset ... you don't seem to understand the responsibilities that I have assumed nor the stress that they impose."

Connie gazed up at the visor, trying to suppress an onslaught of tears, lest she show her true emotion. "You don't really get it, do you?" she said. "Remember that little contract that we consummated, called marriage? What about the responsibilities that go along with that?"

"Where are you?" he demanded.

"Sitting in our driveway."

"At six o'clock in the morning? Where have you been? I've been dialing you all night."

"Well, well, now you know how it feels but if you must know, I've been with my friend Diane," she replied nonchalantly, her feelings of guilt diluted by the appearance of a Los Angeles area code on the caller ID.

"I will be home later on today and we'll talk, hash this thing out."

"Sure," she said, while wondering what he could possibly say that would assuage her anger.