

Chapter Forty-Seven

Aside from a degree of situational depression, Connie was suffering from overt loneliness. Since the onset of the divorce proceedings, she had spent most of her days sitting at home watching the soaps and bemoaning her state of being. Somehow, however, with the hope of salvation through a change of scenery, she managed to drag herself out of the house.

With her Lexus parked in Diane's driveway, she doubled back to make certain that the doors were locked. Convinced that they were, she rang the doorbell.

"Wow," Diane exclaimed, upon opening the front door, "you look hot."

"I don't feel sexy, I feel guilty," Connie pouted, while adjusting her skintight, black latex leotard.

"You shouldn't feel that way, honey."

"I am still married, Diane," she proclaimed.

"Only in the eyes of the law. Anyway, you don't owe him a thing."

"Maybe, but I can't change the way I feel," Connie replied, as she took a seat on the living room couch.

"Well, now that you got comfortable, you can get up. It's time to go," Diane said, with her hand on the door to the garage.

"You're driving?"

"You look too nervous to take the wheel."

The drive to the club was strained by Connie's silence. She kept fidgeting with her hair and surfing the radio stations. Diane, for her part, seemed unmoved by her friend's state of mind and remained mute until they had reached their destination.

"If this is what you have planned for the evening, you may as well wait in the car," Diane declared, as she shut the engine down and released the seat belt.

"Sorry, I guess I'm still in a funk," Connie lamented, while exiting the car.

"C'mon, let's go," Diane said, while gesturing for her to follow. "Once you get inside you'll forget about all that other crap."

"Wait, before we go any further ..."

"Now what?" Diane asked, impatiently.

"Do you think that this mask covers enough?"

"What do you care?"

"I care," Connie replied, sullenly.

"Don't worry, honey, it's big enough to hide your identity but not those luscious lips," Diane said, as she ran her fingers through Connie's short, blond hair. "Let's go in, the cold air's making my nipples hurt."

"Hey Donnatella," the manager cried out, as Diane, followed by Connie, entered the psychedelically lit room.

"Hi," Diane replied, as she waved and continued towards the down staircase.

"Hang on a minute, toots," the manager shouted.

"What's wrong, are my nylons twisted?" Diane chuckled.

"No, it's about your membership dues."

"What about it?" she asked, while approaching the woman.

"You're paid through year-end but your friend here ain't on our books," the manager said, while nodding towards Connie.

"What's the big deal, single females have always been free?"

"New policy. If you'd looked in your locker you woulda seen the notice. Occasionals are still free but regulars ain't and your friend here is gettin' close to bein' considered a regular."

"We'll keep that in mind," Diane remarked, as she motioned for Connie to follow her down the stairs.

"Oh, and one more thing," the manager called out.

"Now what?" Diane asked, already on the staircase.

"I think I saw that guy goin' in earlier, you know, the one you asked me about?"

Diane turned to Connie and winked. "Thanks," she called out, as they continued down the stairs to the main room.

"What should I do?" Connie asked, as they pushed their way through the crowd.

"Nothing, let him come to you."

"What if he doesn't and he's moved on to someone else?"

"Then so will you."

A long table, supporting an assortment of serving dishes, was set at the back of the room. As the two women approached it, Diane scanned the room. "I don't see any familiar faces or bodies, maybe we're early," she observed.

"What should we do?" Connie asked, with somewhat more enthusiasm than earlier.

"Let's check out the food."

"How can you think about food, my stomach is full of butterflies," Connie replied, as she dutifully followed.

Diane grabbed a canapé and attempted to put it into Connie's mouth but with a shake of her head, she refused. Rebuffed, she turned back to the table and lifted an intact French cucumber. "Give you any ideas?" she asked, while seductively cuddling the lengthy vegetable.

"I prefer the real thing," Connie declared, her gaze fixed on the opposite side of the room.

"What are you looking at?"

"That guy over there," she whispered, while pointing, "is that him?"

"Why ask me? You're the one with the intimate knowledge."

"I can't be sure."

"Does it matter? He's staring at you, go for it."

"But you said that I should let them come to me."

"OK, then stick out your ass or something ... give him a sign."

Connie turned her back to the man and bent forward as if to retrieve a fallen object. The maneuver caused her outfit's thin elastic material to dip into her every crevice. Suddenly, she felt a hand tracing the crease of her buttocks and she rose with a start. "Excuse me!" she cried out, more as a reaction than a premeditated response.

"For what?" the leather clad man asked, while continuing to grope her body.

"I am sorry, master," she said, as she gazed into the familiar gray eyes, "I did not recognize you with that mask."

"The mask may be different but the voice is not," he said, "and for that, you shall be punished."

Alarmed, she looked about for her friend, but Diane had discretely departed. "What do you wish of me, master?" she asked, tentatively.

He brought his mouth close to her face and licked her earlobe. "I have not yet decided," he whispered, as clamped his right hand to her crotch.

Connie shivered, the latex between her legs becoming ever so moist from his touch and threatening to release a scented rivulet

down her leg. "Yes, master," she breathed, "I've been bad. What must I do?"

"Bring me food and drink and be quick!" he commanded, adding while pointing to a round table, "I will sit over there."

"What would you like, master?" she asked, with a childish voice.

"Chose wisely, slave, or I shall extract payment."

Shivering from uncontrollable excitement, Connie could hardly steady the plate that she had filled with a sampling of everything the buffet had to offer. She carefully approached his table and presented her collection.

"This will not do," he barked, "remove it and return here immediately."

"Yes, master."

As she reached for the plate, he flicked several canapés to the ground while grabbing her by the wrist. "Insolent slave," he growled, "you are wasteful and I will not have that."

Realizing that she had done nothing to provoke his ire but still caught up in his spell, she bent to retrieve the fallen morsels. "I'll be more careful, master," she said.

"Yes, you will but for now, get down on your knees and consume what has fallen."

She hesitated a moment too long. A powerful hand grasped the back of her neck and pushed her face to the ground. "Eat," he ordered, while forcing her lips against the stone floor.

"I can't, master," she cried out.

"Come with me," he demanded, as he pulled her erect with a fistful of her hair.

Connie's embarrassment went unnoticed by the disinterested crowd, as she was dragged to one of the many small private rooms. Thrown to the floor, as he closed the door and towered above her, something strange occurred. A clear sense of raw sexual arousal gradually replaced the painful humiliation. Sensations she had never before known built to a seemingly impossible frenzy.

Removing a short handled whip from a wall rack, he began slapping it against the palm of his open hand. "What shall I do with you?" he questioned, while circling her prone figure. "Perhaps this?" he said, while undoing his hidden fly and leaving it open. "But no, you are not ready for a reward."

"I promise to be good, master," she declared, her chest heaving with excitement.

"So you say, so you say," he whispered, still beating his hand with the whip, "stand up and face the wall."

Frightened by the tone of his voice, with some difficulty, she rose and walked to the opposite side of the room.

"Stop!" he commanded, as he came up behind her, roughly pulled the leotard down to her knees and placed the wooden whip handle between her moist thighs. "Bend forward, slave," he said.

Gaining support by placing her palms against the wall, she gasped, as the cold wooden handle began to penetrate her flooded depths. "Ooh," she moaned, wiggling her hips to assist its entry.

"This gives you pleasure, slave?" he sneered.

"Ooh," she panted.

"I will not allow it," he hissed, as the fullness within her quickly disappeared and was replaced by the sting of the whip's business end.

Once again, pain gradually merged with pleasure and then, while the whipping continued, she began to cry uncontrollably as an intense orgasm took her by surprise. So overwhelming was it, that her weakened legs were no longer supportive; she slid to the ground in a shameless heap.

"It would seem that my punishment has been ineffective," he said, as she lie panting, the leotard at her side. "Dress yourself," he added, with an expression of disgust, "and meet me outside of the club."

"Wait, master, am I permitted to know your name?" she called after him.

He hesitated while glaring at her prostrate form, his black leather mask looming grotesquely above her. "Master, is all you need to know," he said, just before leaving the room.

Simultaneously confused and excited, Connie swiftly slid her body into the damp latex and headed for the stairs, waving a silent good-bye to Diane as she passed. The door closed with a bang as she ran out onto the pavement in search of her tormentor, but he was nowhere to be seen. She waited another twenty minutes, thinking that he was toying with her but he didn't show. She considered going back inside and asking Diane for a ride home

but rather than spoil her evening, she removed her cell phone, summoned a taxi and returned to her townhouse.