

### Chapter Forty-Eight

Connie awakened the following morning with a hangover. Upon returning home the previous night, upset about her behavior and apparent abandonment, she had uncharacteristically downed two large glasses of rum and was paying the price. The pain and dizziness, however, did little to quench her lingering sexual desire, a smoldering fire whose embers were stoked by a night full of erotic dreams. She padded to the kitchen, naked, save for a short, flimsy nightgown, hit the brew button on the automatic coffee maker and took a seat at the table. Why did he leave me like that? she asked herself, as the mental image of the evening's activities flashed into view and held her, no less forceful than a narcotic. She shivered, placed an exploring finger between her legs and moaned. "Shit," she whispered to the

empty room, "I've got to do something about this, I can't seem to get my mind off of it."

She filled her mug with black coffee and walked back to the bedroom in search of the inexpensive business card, the one she had found in her pocket following her first encounter with the master. Hesitant, the mug in one hand and the card in the other, she stared at the lettering. "What the hell," she mumbled, "after last night, the damn vibrator won't cut it, so, what have I got to lose?"

It rang several times before a voice answered. "Speak," it demanded.

"Is this the master?" Connie asked, with a quivering voice.

"It would depend upon who is asking," the deep voice said, its icy tone almost palpable.

"It's Christy."

"You must have the wrong number."

"No, wait," she shouted, realizing that he had never asked her name, "last night, the club?"

"What do you want?" he bellowed.

"I waited for you last night, I followed your orders."

"I had other obligations," he replied, curtly.

"I understand, master."

"Why have you called?"

"I would like to see you again," she pleaded, the coffee mug and card now lying on the nightstand, her hand delicately stroking an inner thigh.

"To what end?"

"Whatever you desire, master."

"I cannot comply, I have other commitments."

"Since last night, I haven't thought about anything other than you."

"If I were to allow your presence, slave," he said, his words dripping with contempt, "you must do whatever is required."

"Yes, master, I understand."

"I am not convinced."

"How can I persuade you, master?"

Silence and heavy breathing followed. "You will do so tonight, slave."

"Thank you, master."

"You will wait for me where Sutter street crosses Stockton, near the Grand Hyatt Hotel, eight P.M. Wear a raincoat and no mask."

"Am I to dress like I do for the club?"

"I said a raincoat, slave."

"Nothing else?" she asked, incredulously.

"You may wear undergarments but that is all."

Her body flushed with excitement at the thought of standing nearly naked on a public street. "How will I recognize you, master?"

"Pin a red ribbon to the front of your coat and keep your hands in you pockets. A messenger will find you with further instructions," he replied, before the call ended.

I must be going nuts, she thought to herself, while walking to the bathroom and running a bath, just the sound of his voice makes me wet.

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Connie was taking a nap when the telephone rang. "Hello?" she responded, with a yawn.

"Connie, it's Diane. Did I wake you?"

"It's alright, I was just taking a little nap."

"What happened to you last night, you just waked and disappeared?"

"I was supposed to meet that guy outside."

"What do you mean, 'supposed to'?"

"He was gone when I got there."

"Probably just part of the control thing."

"You think so?"

"It wouldn't surprise me."

"As long as it wasn't personal, I can live with it."

"Sounds like you have a thing for this guy?"

"I don't know if it's him or the excitement that goes along with the scene but I've been dreaming about it all day."

"Told you," Diane gloated, then added, "listen, the old man's out with his cronies, so, what are you doing this evening?"

"I'm busy," Connie replied, nonchalantly.

"Busy? Wait a minute, you're not seeing him are you?"

"What if I am?"

"I thought you were concerned about being seen with someone before the divorce is final?"

"I know, but I have to, I can't stop thinking about it and besides, I'm meeting him at a hotel or at least I think I am."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm supposed to wait for him on a corner near a downtown hotel."

"Just be careful, we really don't know anything about him," Diane said, with audible concern.

"I'll have my cell phone. If you get a call, come and get me," she giggled excitedly.

"Have fun," Diane said, as she hung up.

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Connie arrived at eight o'clock sharp. Standing on the corner by herself, shaking nervously within while waiting, she felt dirty and excited at the same time. What if he does it again, she thought to herself. Well if he does, it'll be the last time that I'll kowtow to his desires. Who knows, as horny as I am, I might just head on in to the hotel bar and find another warm body.

While in the midst of a fantasy, one where she enters the bar and flashes a handsome customer with her nearly naked body, a

hotel bellhop approached. "Excuse me," he said, "I believe this note is for you."

"Thank you," she said, while tearing open the sealed yellow envelop as he departed. Room six-ten, she remarked to herself, well, ready or not, here I go. During the elevator ride, nervous and fraught with indecision, she almost changed her mind but a familiar tingle drove her onward when the lift stopped on the sixth floor. She stood outside of the room and listened as muffled sounds drifted from within. Do I hear more than one voice? she asked herself. She knocked and waited.

"You must be Christy," the tall attractive woman said with an unfeminine voice, as she stood by the partially opened door.

"Yes, but who are you?" she asked, with a mixture of confusion and trepidation.

"You are not entitled to an answer," the woman said, "come in."

Step by step she entered the small suite, realizing that her suspicions were correct; there were two people within. The second person, a young female, clad only in garter belt, nylons and thong panties, lie upon the bed in a wanton pose. She recognized neither. "Where is the master?" Connie demanded, her raincoat drawn tight around her neck.

"You are here at his request, slave, that is all you need to know," the woman who had opened the door spat.

"But ..."

"Remove your coat," the woman ordered, as she shoved Connie towards the bed.

"I'm getting out of here," Connie shouted, trying to regain her footing.

"I don't think so," the standing woman cooed, as she hiked up her skirt, straddled Connie's prone body and tore open the coat. "Now, that's much better."

"Oodles better," the younger woman said, as she pulled the panty away from her crotch, squatted over Connie's face and rubbed her protruding labia over their captive's nose.

Connie struggled but to no avail as the rain coat was removed along with her lace panties. Her resolve weakening, as an exploring tongue darted between her legs, she stopped resisting. Maybe this isn't so bad after all, she said to herself, as the tongue began to invade her depths, slowly igniting the orgasmic engine. Emboldened by the burgeoning fire below, she extended her own tongue and tentatively licked the entrance to the cavern above.

"That's it," the young woman hissed, as she lowered her vulva, threatening suffocation.

Connie, driven by the new experience and her own sense of control, continued with her ministrations. Suddenly, nearly ready to explode, all activity stopped. Connie lie on her back, breathing heavily, as a blindfold was tied behind her sweaty head. "What are you doing?" she cried out, fearfully.

"Quiet, slave," the deeper voice said.

Fingers were softly running through her hair, almost lovingly, as she remained still, in anticipation of the unknown. They had stopped talking but there were other sounds, the kind one makes when activating snaps and zippers while removing tight clothing. What's going on? she wondered, as a foreign finger traced the outline of her lips, her arms restrained by the weight of another. The finger grew larger, demanding entrance to her mouth. Oh God, she thought to herself, there's a man in the room as well! Unable to resist, she parted her lips and allowed the thick shaft's entrance followed by its rhythmical to and fro movement. The the bed moved, the restraining weight shifted and a different pair of hands began to part her seat of pleasure, stoking her smoldering coals. Lying on her back, her oral cavity filled by the solid mass, she began to gag and the movement ceased. Through her own heaving breathing, she could hear the sound of her tormentor's whispered conversation but not its content. She tried to roll over onto her side, her back beginning to ache, but the maneuver was halted by a pair of powerful hands that grabbed her thighs and pushed her knees back towards her chest. What followed was an unexpected but not unwelcome thrust of the turgid shaft to her very depths. "Ooh," she moaned with ecstasy.

"You have done well, slave," said the familiar voice of the master, as the shaft continued to stab at her.

"Master, you have arrived," she breathed, nearing climax.

"Not yet but I am about to," he groaned, as the first spurts of his rapture began to coat her inner walls.

The pulsating jets of the warm sticky substance was all she needed to push her over the edge; she exploded, the climax so intense that it made breathing difficult. Emptied of its life giving liquid, the lance was slowly withdrawn, its owner retreating to a side of the room. Connie was exhausted, speechless and unable to move. Her physical state, however, did not include deafness. Where's the master? She thought to herself, I didn't hear a door open or close and the same two original voices are still in the room. What's going on? Connie decided to ask, after all, she rationalized to herself, she had done everything he required, hadn't she? "Master," she called.

"What is it, slave," the deepened female voice replied.

"Where did he go?"

"Where did whom go?" the voice asked, with annoyance.

"The master," she stuttered, fear replacing satiation.

"I am here, no more questions," the same voice barked.

Connie's mind was in a whirl. Something wasn't right, how could that woman pretend to be the master? In the darkness created by the intact blindfold, clarity began to emerge. Oh my God, she said to herself, he's a cross-dresser. But why show his colors now? Why not at the club where it's readily acceptable? There were no answers forthcoming but she'd had enough, it was time to leave. "May I put my coat on, master?" she asked.

"It is allowed," he bellowed, the thrown garment landing across her naked body moments before a door opened and closed with an audible click.

She sat up at the edge of the bed and carefully removed the strip of fabric covering her eyes. Although in a state of disarray and permeated with the odor of their heated activities, the suite was empty. She quickly dressed in her bra and panties, belted the rain coat securely about her body and left the room. I wonder if this is part of the control thing that Diane talked about, she thought to herself, while waiting for the elevator. Well, it doesn't matter. I don't think that I'll be doing this again, even if it means buying batteries by the truckload. The elevator door opened at the lobby level and she walked briskly to the exit and out to the street. Her car was parked several blocks over and she headed in that direction. As she stood at the busy thoroughfare, waiting for the light to change, a voice called from a slow rolling vehicle.

"Get in," the master called from an open window.

"No," she replied, indignantly, the light still red,

"No need for you to walk, I will drive you to your destination," he said, with a calmness that she had not previously appreciated.

"Why did you leave me like that?" she asked, while approaching the opened passenger window.

He hesitated and she thought to herself, while staring at his slutty outfit and smeared lipstick, the first time I get to see him without a mask and he looks like this?

"It was better to have left separately," he finally replied, "get in."

"Why was it better?"

"It doesn't matter, now get in before I change my mind."

Connie wavered briefly, the decision to avoid further contact with the man flashing through her mind, but his magnetism was overpowering. She opened the door and took a seat. "Where's your girlfriend?" she sneered, while latching the seat belt.

"Gone," he said, as he pulled out into traffic with a sideways glance and sinister smile.

"My car is in the other direction," she pleaded, "you're going the wrong way."

"Am I?"