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Fox & Spice

Episode 1 - The Sacred Fox

"Who do you think I am? The answer is no!"

"I'm 18! Stop being so protective!"

"I'm your mother, and you still live under my roof! So the answer is no! Not after what you did last week."

Absolutely not! I won't let my daughter get abused by a bunch of sex maniacs. Not on my watch. Last week, Ellie called me at 2 am to get a ride home because she was at a sex club, with no money. When I picked her up she smelled like booze and was dressed up like a prey.

"You would never have found out if I hadn't lost my wallet. What I do with my life is none of your business."

"Is that so? You think I will let you destroy your life and become a slut?"

"What are you talking about, mom? Your idea of what a casual fetish club is is totally messed up."

"Ah, yeah? What is the name of that place again?"

"Fox & Spice... and no matter what you are saying, I'll go back! You have no idea what you are talking about."

"Right, if you go back there, I promise I'll go get you by the scruff of the neck!"

"Ah, whatever! I'm talking to a wall. I have to go to school now."

Ellie was my only daughter, I didn't want to antagonize her, but I didn't like her hanging out with a bunch of sadists who just wanted to use her as a piece of sexual meat; I just couldn't bear the thought. When I learned what this Fox & Spice club was, a shiver went down my spine. I never thought my shy and creative daughter would get dragged into the porn industry.

I watched her walk away and slam the door behind her, leaving me alone with my anger. I had to finish my breakfast and go to work as well, so I guess this would be a discussion for a later time..

Work was as uneventful as it could have been. I did whatever I had to do even though my mind was preoccupied. This situation with my daughter was not one I was expecting to have to deal with one day, and it was weighing on my soul.

I got back home, and I looked at myself in the entryway mirror. For 40 years old, I wasn't looking too bad. When did I get so motherly, though? That was more than likely because I knew better. I made mistakes in my life, and if I could prevent my daughter from doing the same, I guess it would mean I was just doing my job, despite the occasional frictions it could cause along the way.

Ellie was the living proof that I had things to teach her. Her father left me right in the middle of my pregnancy, the coward. It was too late for me to get an abortion, but I didn't want one anyway; I was delighted to expect a child. I got a lot of support from my family at the time, and I quickly found my new life joyful. I would not change a thing.

However, it was not easy. Dating a douchebag, getting pregnant, and dealing with the collateral damage was not the ideal situation. So, seeing my daughter hanging around people who were undoubtedly just there to tie her up and fuck her was not a reliable way to develop healthy relationships; I knew that much.

Lost in my thought, I walked to the kitchen and found a note on the countertop. Nobody else than my daughter and I lived in this house, so I had a bad feeling about this.

"Oh, God! I'm not sure I want to read this..."

I gathered my courage and made my eyes jump from word to word.

"Hi, mom! I won't eat at home tonight, I'm going out with my friends, and I'm not telling you where. Please, don't be nosy and don't try to call me unless it is necessary. I understand you care about me, but I don't want to fight with you about things you don't understand. Love. Ellie."

I let a groan out and looked at the sky...

"Aaaah! She didn't get it at all. I'm not dumb. She is going back to that Fox & Spice club. I'm sure of it."

I slammed the note back on the counter and went to take my shower, frustrated. Whatever I was telling her went in one ear and out the other. If she wouldn't even tell me where she was going, it would make things worse between us.

It was not fun to spend the evening alone. I finished my meal a while ago and decided to watch a bit of TV. Ironically, it was a reality show about odd jobs, and the episode was about a daughter who went working in a lumber camp. Of course, the mother was freaking out about it

and decided to go onsite to make sure her daughter was safe in this world of suspiciously manly men.

I didn't need life lessons from a TV show, so I switched the damn thing off and just grumbled on my couch. Yet, was it such a bad idea? If I were to go to the fetish club to find out what she was doing over there, I would have a better idea about what to prevent a pork producer hiring her. On the other hand, she would probably be furious since she asked me not to be nosy.

In the good parenting manual, they never explained how to deal with those situations; If I did nothing, I'd be a negligent mother, and if I did something, I'd be the evil mother. By experience, I knew this would end up in some sort of self-sacrifice to protect my daughter; it would generate another conflict that I would have to endure for the better good.

I grabbed my tablet and searched for the Fox & Spice website. Of course, they were presenting it as a nice friendly place, and the clients in the pictures looked more like actors than normal humans; Their teeth were just too white, and their clothing too ordinary.

Then I saw a promotion announced; tonight was lady's night. Of course, now I understood where Ellie was going to be tonight; getting cheap drinks in exchange for becoming an easy target was a good deal for a poor student. I was not very happy.

I went to my bedroom and opened the closet looking left and right in search of something suitable to wear. I made up my mind. Tonight, I would be going to Fox & Spice and get my daughter back.

When I got to Fox & Spice, the place was seriously busy. I waited in line for a good fifteen minutes before I reached the security staff. Most people around looked younger than me, but there were also a few couples in my age range. Wearing my fancy black dress made me stand out since everybody else had porn style clothing—lots of leather, latex, and chain, but also a lot of funny haircuts. I had to admit, most of them looked friendly, which was not exactly what I had expected.

When I finally reached the bouncer, I was surprised by his request.

"You want to check my ID?"

"Yes, that is mandatory, ID or you don't get in."

"Seriously? I'm 40 years old."

"I don't care if you are 20 or 70, I need your ID, or you can go party elsewhere."

"That makes no sense!"

"Alright, lady, walk away. Other people would like to get in. NEXT!"

"Wait, wait! Here it is..."

Geez, this guy wasn't joking at all. Well, I guess it was a good thing; they wouldn't let any minors inside this place. I showed him my ID and, satisfied I was not a fetus, he directed me to the table behind him where two security persons were waiting for me.

"We need to search your purse."

"Oh? There is nothing in it really, just my wallet and some makeup."

"Just put your purse on the table or walk out. You are not getting in before being searched."

"Seriously, do I look like a criminal."

"I don't care what you look like, and honestly, your behavior is suspicious. The search is mandatory, so put your purse on the table or leave."

"Okay, okay... sorry."

I placed my belongings on the table and let them take a look inside. One of the two guards asked me to step aside and started patting me down. Was this place a secret laboratory or something. Then, from the corner of my eye, I saw the other one looking at my makeup powder. He took a small sample of it and placed it in a small glass container and dropped some liquid on it.

"W... What are you doing?"

"Checking for drugs, obviously."

"You think I'm taking drugs?"

"I don't think. I just do my job. We don't want any GHB in here, and frankly, you constantly arguing with us makes you rather suspicious."

"S... Sorry... I didn't mean to."

He didn't care about my apologies. He needed to do his job, and I was making his life difficult. Admitting that this club wouldn't be a rapist nest as I was expecting was difficult for me, but they clearly didn't want any trouble. I looked at the people waiting behind me, and they looked unhappy about my attitude, which was delaying their fun. I felt so abnormal here.

After triple-checking all my stuff, finding no club drugs, they finally let me in... and I felt so lonely at that point. The last time I went to a club like this, I was in my twenties, and it didn't look nearly as good as this. There were not that many people inside yet, meaning the line up was all about security delays.

I had no idea if Ellie was here already or if she was even going to show up. Looking suspiciously out of place, I walked to a quieter area and tried to wrap my head around everything I was seeing. The lighting setup of the dance floor was impressive. I guess we didn't have as many lasers and fancy strobes back in my time. Mirror balls were no longer a thing.

A friendly voice pulled me out of my nostalgia.

"Hey, Honey. Would you like something to drink?"

I looked at the source of the words, and to my surprise, it was a woman about my age, short hair, with a pretty smile. She was wearing a latex tank top, a short black skirt with knee-high boots. But what struck me the most was the two fluffy fox ears perched on top of her head. I was speechless.

"Hello? Do you speak English?"

"... Oh... yes, sorry. You work here?"

"Hahaha! Obviously! Don't you recognize my famous fox ears?"

"Sorry, it's my first time here. I didn't know."

"Aaah! Nice! Welcome to the Fox & Spice, then! What's your name?"

"My name?... Well, it's Kathie."

"Nice meeting you, people just call me Trish. Let me get you something to drink. It's on the house. What would you like?"

"Heee... oh... okay... well... a Caesar, maybe?"

"Okay! I'll be right back!"

I was dumbfounded. She must have been the nicest girl I had ever met, and it had to be in a place that I considered hostile. Was there a conspiracy organized by my daughter to dismantle each and every prejudice I had about this club? I was quickly losing my focus.

The music was soft, and everybody seemed to have fun on the dance floor. The way they were all dressed up was different than what I was used to, but there was nothing inappropriate that I could see. No naked boobs or exposed slimy cocks.

This club was big, though, so I would need to explore a little bit. Maybe this fox girl who was coming back with my free drink could assist.

"Here you go, Kathie! Enjoy your night with us!"

"Thanks, Trish. Sorry, can you tell me what's over there?"

"Ah, you need some guidance, right? Okay! So you know this is the dance floor. Over there, that's the lounge, where people usually go to chat, drink and cuddle. But over there, where you pointed at, is more for the players. We randomize the activities all the time, so I would say, go take a look! We are a casual club, so don't worry too too much. Just ask people around, they will help you. Oh, and don't pull open closed curtains. They mean people prefer having some privacy. Those are monitored by cameras to enforce our rules. But open doors are all fine. You came here by yourself?"

"Well... Yes... No... I mean... My daughter is probably here."

"Your daughter, uh? So, kinks run in the family, that's great! Okay, I have to return to work now, but here, I got this for you. Give me your wrist. It means you are special tonight."

"I'm... special...?"

She lifted my arm and, around my wrist, tied a little chain bracelet with a small fox-shaped medallion dangling from it. Before I could even ask about it, Trish trotted away, resuming her work and being as warm and friendly with the other patrons. She was such a little ball of energy; she sure seemed to love working here.

For the next few minutes, I walked around the general areas of the club. Being dressed way too casual gave me an advantage; people were mainly ignoring me.

I didn't see Ellie or any of her friends I knew about, so I had to resign myself to go check the "play" area, which was making me cringe. I didn't know what was going on over there, but it was probably very spermy and rapishy. This thought alone made me uneasy.

If my daughter were in there, I could potentially rescue her, so I had to rip off the bandaid and go. Fighting my instinct, I decided to give this scary play area a once-over.

I cautiously entered the quiet section, which consisted of a bunch of smaller rooms. None of them had doors; only curtains. That was what Trish had explained to me, and it all made sense now. The multiple open rooms allowed me to take a quick peek. Most of them were empty, but I could hear some girl moaning nearby. It didn't feel like I was supposed to be here, but I kept sauntering despite my anxiousness. I didn't even want to think about what would happen if I found my daughter naked or engaged in a sexual act.

Then, I arrived at a room that had people; my heart was racing. The moans were coming from it too, and that's when I saw it. One big breasted girl, only wearing shiny black panties, was tied up on some sort of small leather table. She was on her back, arms stretched above her head, unable to go anywhere. In her mouth was a ball gag, muffling her groans.

Standing next to the table was a woman wearing a full latex suit and holding a candle in her hand. She was murmuring some inaudible words to her victim while smiling and slowly caressing her body. This scene was much more romantic than I could have expected.

The latex woman tilted the candle over the girl's breasts, and a big dribble of wax landed on them. The tied up girl yelped, and I gasped noisily in shock. My hands went right to my mouth to block the sound that had already escaped my throat. It was too late; the latex woman immediately noticed my presence.

"Hey? You okay there?"

"I'm... I'm so sorry! I didn't mean too..."

"What? Sorry about what?"

"I... I didn't mean to intrude. I'm so sorry."

"Uh? Wait a minute. Come here for a sec."

"Me?"

"Yes. Haha. You. Come here."

Why did she want me to come into her room? I instantly regretted coming to this club. What did I get myself into? But now, her friendly tone couldn't be ignored; the minimum of good manners required to live in a harmonious society prevented me from escaping. What did I think? That the clients would just ignore me forever? I managed to get my feet moving in the direction of the couple despite my reluctance.

"What's your name?"

"I'm... I'm Kathie."

"Kathie? I'm Mistress Nyssa, and this is my friend, Mei."

"Mistress... ?"

"Oh, boy. I don't want to be rude, but you seem a bit... lost."

"Well, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. You probably want to be alone right now... I'll just go... I'm sorry again."

"Stay!"

As I was turning around, Nyssa, or should I say, Mistress Nyssa, froze me with a single authoritarian word; I stopped breathing.

"Show me your wrist... please."

"My wrist?"

I raised my arm and extended it to her.

"Oh, right. The bracelet? A waitress gave it to me?"

"Trish?"

"Yes. Trish, that's it. She was very nice."

"I know. I'm working here too. Well, not right now. I'm just having fun with my friend, Mei, here."

And just as she said those words, she tilted her candle again right over the poor girl's belly, which made her yelp and twist in discomfort. Once more, I gasped. Nyssa stared at me some more with a smile, studying my reaction.

"... You've never been to a fetish club before, right?"

"..."

"What are you doing here?"

She saw right through me. I turned beet red, and I certainly couldn't tell her the truth. How in the world could I admit that I was here to stalk my daughter? There was not a remote chance in the world that people promoting this club could understand my actions. All I could come up with was a pathetic lie.

"I... I was just curious... I saw there was a ladies' night and..."

"Do you know what the bracelet means?"

"Not really, no... Trish just said I was special."

"Ha! She got that right. It means that you are new and that we have to take good care of you. She labeled you as a fox, and at the Fox & Spice that makes you sacred."

"... Sacred?"

"Yes. So allow me to teach you a couple of things while I'm untying my little Asian friend. Can you close the curtain in front of the door, please?"

"O... Okay."

Did I just walk into a trap? I made the piece of fabric slide on the metal rod above the door, as per Trish, this meant nobody would come in uninvited. Nyssa killed her candle and dropped the remaining hot wax on Mei's thigh.

"Alright, Kathie. First thing first, you didn't intrude. If you walk around this area and there is no curtain, it means you are free to come in and participate. Just be nice about it and ask. So stop being embarrassed, we are nice people."

"Sorry, Nyssa... I didn't know..."

"Mistress Nyssa. Not Nyssa, and not Nyss... I hate Nyss. So, Mistress or Mistress Nyssa. That's who I like to be here."

"Yes, Mistress Nyssa."

Those words coming out of my mouth sounded so strange. Was I doing everything that I didn't want my daughter to do? Why was I even still here? I was a grown woman, and I could just say goodbye and leave. However, she had been so lovely about this incident, and now she was just trying to educate me a little. It would be insulting to give her an undeserved attitude; I put myself in this situation, after all.

"Good, the second thing, and it is an essential one. If you ever see something you don't like or shock you, don't react shocked! Don't make comments. Just leave. Else it is insulting for people who are trying to enjoy themselves. Do you understand? Mei loved what I was doing to her and when she heard you gasping, she could have felt judged for what she liked."

Those words electrocuted my mind. When I came to the Fox & Spice, I was expecting to meet the worse people; the ones who were trying to pull my daughter into prostitution and drugs or attempt to use her to make money on the internet. Instead, I met people who wanted to protect me, reassure me, guide me, and educate me.

What Nyssa explained acted as a slap in my face, a well-deserved one. I had been judging and disrespecting all of them without putting any efforts in getting to know them first. My daughter had said that I didn't know what I was talking about and this little event forced me to admit she was right. I felt very apologetic.

"Oh, my God. You are so right... I'm so sorry about that... I really didn't mean it..."

"It's alright, Kathie. Hehe. Don't be so anxious. Nobody is mad at you. You are new, so I'm just trying to help with a few tips."

She helped Mei to sit on the edge of the table, and she unfastened her gag. A plop and a bit of drool later, Mei was able to stretch her jaw. The girl brought a hand to her wax-coated chest, but Nyssa stopped her on the spot.

"Keep your hands off it!"

"Yes, Mistress Nyssa."

Mei was better trained than I was. I would not know how I would react if Nyssa were barking commands like this at me. The mistress looked at me and asked me to do something unthinkable.

"Kathie, I want you to peel the wax off her chest."

"... Me? But... I... I don't know if..."

"Hahaha! Oh, my God. Relax! It's just the three of us here. Nothing happening here will leave this room. You told me that you came to this club because you were curious, so experiment a little bit. I give you this special opportunity because you are our sacred fox tonight. Don't walk away from nice people. You are safe with us."

"O... okay..."

Why did I just agree? Were they just pulling me into their sadistic games, or did she genuinely want to help me? My troubled heart couldn't help but lean for the latter. I had no reason to doubt they had ill intentions at this point.

I brought my shaking hand to Mei's chest and pinched a bit of wax with my fingers. I pulled it gently, and a chunk of it unstuck from her skin, revealing a redness underneath, meaning that she must have felt it when it dropped on her.

I kept going for a bit, uncovering her cute nipples; obviously, she never had a baby before. She must have been in her mid-twenties.

"How does it feel, Kathie?"

"Good, I mean... I'm not the one that got hit by the wax."

"Did I pick your curiosity? Do you want to try?"

"..."

"Hesitation is a good sign. If you didn't want to, you'd have said no right away. Alright, come here. Just follow my lead, and I promise you'll enjoy it."

"..."

"Come on! Stop being so nervous. Trust me. It's safe. Mei, did I hurt you?"

"No, I just got surprised every time the wax landed on me, but it was a very pleasant feeling."

"See, I told you. Come on. Let us turn your first visit to the club into a fun experience. It's never too late to try new things."

WHY? Why are all those people so darn sweet? Participating was not the plan! I was coming here to save my daughter from this evil clan, but they were all welcoming, inclusive, and generous. Now that I admitted this, was it okay to allow myself to experience something new with them? The ones I had judged so harshly?

Knowing that my answer probably never would come, Nyssa grabbed me gently by the shoulder and gave me a big smile. She was perhaps my age, long black hair, and tanned skin. Outside her sexy latex suit, she didn't have the profile of a dominatrix, at least not the one I had in my head. Friendliness was not a trait I imagined.

"Good! So, don't worry, as long as the curtain is closed, nobody will get in and see you naked. Mei, give her a hand, please."

"... I have to be... naked?"

"Of course, silly fox. We are not going to drop the wax on your dress. We have seen tons of girls of all ages and sizes. You have nothing to worry about around us."

I felt the little hooks at the back of my dress getting undone. Mei's little fingers were just doing as they were told, and before I could even gather the strength to protest, my dress bundled up at my feet, leaving me exposed in my underwear.

Nyssa cocked her head and let a strange noise out.

"Oh..."

"... What? Yes, I had a baby... Those are stretch marks."

"Uh? No! I don't care about your stretch marks. I got two kids myself. But... What kind of underwear is this? You are in a fetish club... I mean, you didn't have to wear latex, but you could have worn something a bit sexier under your clothes. Ah, well, top goes off anyway..."

"Wait? What?"

All the tension in my bra suddenly released. Mei had pinched the hooks, without any remorse. I quickly crossed my arms in front of my chest in embarrassment.

"Nyssaaaaa!"

"It's Mistress Nyssa, don't make me repeat that. Alright, enough with the childish attitude. We told you, you are safe here. Try to enjoy yourself a little. Else it won't be fun for any of us. We are just trying to make you experience something new in a safe environment. If you want to stop, we will, but really, you should trust us... we know what we are doing. Don't you want to have a bit of fun instead of feeling like crap?"

Did I want to have a bit of fun? I could be ungrateful and leave the place, or I could let the story unfold and keep it as a secret. Those two women were so nice; they gained my respect, and I trusted them. The best option would be to put my mistake behind me for now and accept the friendship they were offering me.

"Sorry... I'm just nervous. It's my first time doing this kind of stuff. Do... Do I need to take my panties off?"

"What? NO! That's again the rules. This club is casual. People can't expose or touch private parts, and sex is not allowed. Didn't you read the FAQ before coming here?"

"I... I didn't..."

"It's alright, sit on the table. We won't use a safe word for this, so if you want to stop, just say so, okay?"

"Okay, Nyss... Mistress Nyssa."

"Ah, so you can learn, after all. Good. Lay down on your back. We will cuff you. Try to relax. I'm not going to stretch you as I did with little Mei. We don't want to scare our sacred fox more than she is. Hehe."

I laid down on the comfortable table and gave them control. My breasts felt so exposed. When Nyssa told me sex was not allowed at the club, it shattered another misconception I had about this place. In my head, I had pictured my daughter being spit-roasted by dirty males looking like Ron Jeremy, but this was completely different.

Since I put my foot in this club, everybody was extremely courteous, the security was tight, and everything kink oriented had been consensual and respectful. The only rude person so far had been me. After cuffing my ankles to the table, Nyssa placed her warm hand on my belly.

"What's with you, Kathie? Relaaax. Why are you so tense? Come on, take a deep breath, and exhale slowly. What I'm going to do is for beginners. Nothing bad will happen. I promise."

"Okay... sorry... I'll try to relax."

"Good, now let me do my job and trust me. Don't tell me to stop unless there is a problem, okay?"

"Yes... mistress."

This woman had so much charisma. She was communicating with me without any trouble, and that was very reassuring. Since I put myself in this situation, it was better just to enjoy it at this point.

"Mei, can you massage Kathie's breast... slowly. I don't want you to startle her."

"Yes, Mistress."

It felt funny when Mei placed her two soft Asian hands on the side of my ribcage; she was so delicate about it. The good feeling didn't stop there; she carefully wrapped my boobs with her

hands. Her massaging technique was spot on. Even if, out of pride, I had tried to reject what my senses were telling me, I would have failed; melting like butter was the only option I had.

"Mmm..."

"Oooh! Hahaha! I guess Mei is doing a good job. See, that's what happens when you relax. Pleasure. Now, take a look at this candle? That's what we are going to use. They have a low melt point, so it cannot burn you. It's made for this kind of play. You'll feel it, but it's not dangerous by any stretch of the imagination."

I appreciated the explanation because it was a bit scary to watch her lighting it. Then Nyssa asked Mei to do something else that I had never experienced. Her previous words were still fresh in my memory; she asked me not to interrupt her unless something was wrong. I had to trust her.

"Okay, Mei, good job on the boobs, but I need your hands out of the way now, just play with her hair and kiss her a little bit. And you, Kathie, just try to relax, you are tensing up again."

"..."

It was clear to me that it was not Nyssa's first dance at the ball. She was using misdirection to control my attention. She must have sensed that being kissed by a girl was new to me, so she quickly diverted my attention back to my breathing. And the worst was that she made me forget about her candle entirely.

A few drops of wax landed on my right breast at the same time as Mei posed her lips on mine.

"Mmm aaaah!"

That moan was involuntary. Mei held my head down gently and pressed the kiss further. Along with the wax feeling, this triggered an intense sexual wave that traveled through my entire body. Nyssa, her, was happy with her first result and caressed my belly again.

"Good girl! Very good girl. See, told you. Only pleasure tonight. No pain for the sacred fox."

"My God! What was that?"

"Shhh. Just enjoy it!"

A few more drops landed on my belly, making me pull on my bonds. Mei was doing an excellent job of playing with my hair and keeping me calm. Her occasional friendly kisses were just perfect, she didn't try to push her tongue inside my mouth.

What I found interesting was that my brain had trouble locating where the wax was falling. The heat was spreading here and there, and sometimes I felt the impact of the drop, but there was no heat. Each location was different. All I could tell for sure was that a lot of wax dripped on my chest and belly, and some more near my hips. I moaned all along.

After twenty to thirty minutes of this treatment, Mei started scraping the wax off me as I did for her. I enjoyed this as well; she had been so lovely, even if not talkative. Nyssa placed her hand on me again and inquired about my experience.

"So, how was it? Not too bad, uh?"

"Hehe, it was great. You two are fantastic."

"Good, now tell me... Why did you come to this club?"

"..."

"Come on. It's okay. I'm not mad or anything, but I'm not a fool. You didn't come here to play."

Nyssa was so good at reading people's souls. Mine was screaming shame, and it transpired on my facial expressions.

"I... I was going to do something very wrong. But I don't want to do it anymore..."

"What is it? You can tell us. You'd not be the first one we helped."

"... It's about my daughter. I learned that she came here to have fun... and I thought—"

"... That we were sadistic pervs?"

"... yeah ... sorry."

Mei and Nyssa untied me from the table and made me sit. I was looking at the floor, disgusted with myself. I had been so wrong about this place without knowing what I was talking about. This fantastic experience they offered me out of pure generosity was more than enough to reconsider my way of thinking.

"Kathie, as I said, I'm a mother too. You did nothing wrong. You just wanted to protect your daughter, and that's honorable. But children are very good at throwing curveballs at us, parents. It turns out your kid ended up teaching you a good life lesson. We are just normal people here, and we enjoy our kinks this way. You should go back home and think about what happened here. And if you like it, maybe you could come back one day. We would love to have you back."

"Hehe. Yeah... kids... They grow up so fast. It was fun. I will think about it."

"Good, get out of here now. I promised Meimei I would play with her alone all night."

I put my dress on, hugged Mei and Mistress Nyssa, and walked out, happy and relieved. I couldn't be more grateful; they lifted a huge weight off my chest.

The bar was a bit more crowded than when I arrived. My head was on a swivel; Bumping in my daughter would be catastrophic; it would ruin her evening and mine.

Looking everywhere but in front of me was not the best idea I ever had in a club. I ended up accidentally bumping into a girl who was standing in the middle of nowhere, and we both tripped and fell to the ground. I couldn't have done better to attract everybody's attention.

"Oof! I'm soooo sorry! I didn't see you. Are you okay?"

"Haha! I'm okay. I didn't see you either. I was just waiting in the middle of the place for my boyfriend to come back. I didn't know I was in the way."

I stood up and looked at the girl. Shiny latex was covering her from head to toe. I had never seen a rubber suit so extreme. Nyssa had one earlier, but it was only on her body. This girl was wearing one that was encasing everything; hands, feet, head... and eyes.

I helped her up, and once she recovered, she faced the wall. I wasn't too sure why she was doing something this strange.

"Are... Are you okay? Can you see through the latex?"

"Oh, you are over there! Sorry. No, no. I can't see at all. I'm legally blind. My name is Alex by the way. Don't worry about it. It happened to me more than once. I bump into people all the time. It's like my trademark."

"Alex? I'm Kathy. You are... blind?"

"Yes, I am! I come here sometimes with my boyfriend. It's so much fun. And you, do you come here often?"

A man showed up out of nowhere, interrupting our discussion.

"Hey! Squeaky. I got your nachos. Happy now? Grab my belt, and let's go to the lounge before it's full."

I guess the evening still had one more surprise for me. Life had forced me to meet this vulnerable girl, who was all sexy and kinky, and yet, she was so happy to be here. Her boyfriend showed up with a big plate of nachos, and she naturally wrapped her fingers around his belt and let him tug her away.

"See you around, Kathie! Don't be a stranger!"

"Okay! Goodbye!"

Yes, this evening was nothing less than an eye-opener. I would have to chat with Ellie and learn to trust her a bit more. Eighteen years old already, time flies.

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