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Fox & Spice

Episode 3 - Rental - Part 1

There was no moon tonight. The black sky dumped a large amount of rain, continuing in the same vein as what had happened earlier during the day. Rarely drenched to that extent, the big city became tranquil, and even its abundance of artificial lights didn't seem to enhance the heavy mood. Today was miserable for everybody... almost everybody.

Two of the still active citizens raced from an underground parking lot toward their destination, which, unfortunately, wasn't accessible via one of the multiple pedestrian tunnels. Hidden under an inefficient umbrella, the two persons didn't mind being this close to each other; they even held hands. They were lovers.

The guy was definitely good-looking, and the girl was also very pretty. They met a long while ago at work and secretly started dating. It was the kind of couple who knew they would be together for the rest of their life even if they were still young. On their fingers, they even added a ring that didn't come from a light decision. They wanted this, and forever. It was an unquestionable and determined love.

As the rain intensified, they reached the Fox & Spice's entrance, a casual fetish club they had discovered about a year ago. They only came here a few times, but every time they did, it felt like home. The modern ambiance, the lovely lounge, the incredible dance floor, the beautiful kinky people, all of it had participated in this feeling of belonging.

Once inside, they headed to the cloakroom.

"Hiii guys! It's 2\$ each."

The happy lady wearing fox ears was there to welcome them, even though the state of the cloakroom quickly revealed that she wouldn't make much money tonight. It seemed that everybody had been scared to go out tonight because of the pouring rain. Since it was the middle of the week, the cute couple had expected the club to be quieter, that was how they liked it, but they didn't anticipate it to be this dead.

Nevertheless, the guy handed his jacket over, uncovering a casual black shirt and a classic pair of black jeans held by a very manly belt. Yes, this guy wasn't only good-looking, he was also fit. The probability that he had some healthy abs hidden behind his outfit was high.

When his partner took off her long raincoat, the place's ambiance drastically changed, going from casual to sensual. Molded on her body was a gleaming PVC dress. She, too, was fit and desirable, in sync with her man. Her cleavage was impressive, and her arms and shoulders didn't play a role in holding the dress up as, instead, two thin straps led to the base of a collar snugly

wrapped around her perfect neck. Most of her back was open, and the bottom of the dress barely hid her panties. Her knee-high boots, also made of shiny PVC, complemented her attire in a very fashionable way.

He slid his fingers in her long blonde hair and gently rubbed the back of her neck. Even though he didn't want to treat her like a trophy wife, it always felt like it. There was not a single moment since he met her when he didn't consider himself lucky. In a place like this club, a cultural automatism would label them as master and slave, even if it wasn't remotely the case.

The perfect couple advanced to the next door, the one leading to the club. As soon as they walked in, they understood that it wasn't a typical night. The place was empty. A lone couple was making out on the dance floor, relaxed, a few more people were sitting in the lounge, laughing, and a couple more at the bar, but those looked more like bored employees.

The girl wrapped her arms around his and murmured.

"Well, it's probably not going to happen tonight."

"It doesn't look like it. We picked the wrong day."

"It's okay. We can stay for a bit and go back home. Would you buy me a drink, good sir?"

"It would be my honor, my love."

A bit of classy roleplay later, the sexy duo found a comfortable seat in the lounge. She leaned on his chest, chasing away disappointment. A drink and some human warmth could make everything better. Fortunately, that was what the cute waitress walking toward them was just about to propose.

"Hi guys! My name is Trish, and I'll be your waitress tonight... Heeey! I recognize you! I haven't seen you in a while. Sorry, can you tell me your names again?"

"Yes, it's been a few months. I'm Steve..."

"... and I'm Anna."

"Aaah yes! I remember everything now! You are Finnish, Anna, right?"

"Yes, but I'm working on my accent!"

"Don't! It's adorable. So, I'm sorry. It's a bit quiet tonight. All that rain scared everybody away. Can I get you something to drink?"

The staff was as friendly as usual. Perhaps it had something to do with the fox ears they all wore. They looked very credible on Trish's head for some obscure reason, making her look like a mythical creature. The couple selected an excellent whiskey that they would savor on the comfy couch while pretending to be more mature than they were. Trish trotted away, determined to

provide the best service possible to maximize the poor salary she would make tonight. Whiskey was a good thing to sell as the tip would be higher.

Anna closed her eyes while petting Steve's belly.

"That's too bad... I was ready."

"I know you were. Don't worry about it. We can come back another day. But don't give up so quickly. Look around and let me know if you see something interesting."

"No, Steve. That's your job. That's what we agreed on."

"Right, but it still feels odd to decide for you. You are the smart one."

"Hehe. Don't be scared. We both agreed on this. Do you have a second thought?"

"Nope. I know that's what you want. I trust you."

Continuing their relaxed and mysterious discussion, the two lovers looked around, not seeing anything hopeful.

A few minutes later, Trish returned with her beacon of light attitude and a little tray supporting the two whiskey glasses that she unloaded on the coffee table.

"Heeey, what's that look on your face. Are you looking for something?"

"Hehe. Maybe. But we probably will have to come back another day. It's not like it is a good night for opportunities. But it's okay. Ultimately, we are just here to chill."

"Tell me!"

"What?"

"Tell me what you two are looking for. Maybe I can help. The Fox & Spice ALWAYS has good opportunities."

"Haha. Are you sure?"

"Yes, I work here, silly. If you are looking for something special, I can try to help. That's my job."

Trish separated the couple and amusingly forced her cute butt between between the two of them while wrapping her arms around their neck. Why was this waitress so friendly? There was no doubt that she was the biggest ball of positivity in the club.

For a few minutes, the couple explained what they were looking for, and Trish just listened, asking a few questions here and there. She didn't flinch or judge as if she already had heard everything in her lifetime as a fetish club waitress. She only tried to find a way to help.

Steve and Anna were still not too convinced that their plan could work today. It would have been challenging even in a crowded club. They told Trish everything, but mostly because she was friendly more than anything else. She probably wouldn't be able to help.

But as they finished their explanation, Trish stood back up and pointed at them with her two indexes.

"Don't move. I'll be back in a few! If you leave, I'll be mad."

"Haha, we won't leave."

As Trish happily trotted away, Steve looked at Anna, who just shrugged in return.

"13!"

"What?"

"Room 13. If you go now, it might be your lucky number tonight."

It took twenty minutes before Trish finally returned, and her instructions were so intimidatingly simple. Room 13 was very likely to be located somewhere in the play area. Trish was definitely inciting them to go take a walk around there.

"What's in room 13?"

"Ah! I'm not saying... As far as I'm concerned, I didn't tell you anything! I'm just a fox-waitress! Byyye!"

"..."

That was it. That was all she wanted to share, a room number. Anna kissed Steve on the cheek.

"It's worth taking a look, no?"

"I suppose. Are you still ready?"

"Yes. I won't change my mind whatever you decide."

"Alright then, let's go, cutie."

After standing up, he extended his arm and presented his hand for her to grab. When she placed her feminine fingers inside his palm, a shiver traveled down his spine. Anna was so pretty, so delicate. He had to be out of his mind to have accepted to do such a thing for her. Yet,

it was also something he desired. There was no reason, just acceptance of what they liked and a willingness to reinforce their trust in each other.

The cute couple headed toward the play area. They had been there before, but the current lack of patrons made the ambiance a lot less sexy than usual. There were no excited people, no girls screaming, no guys making rude comments, nobody roleplaying something they were not—only a boring hallway with open doors on each side.

They stopped near room 13, and heard some activity in it. Looking at each other one last time infused them with enough courage to walk in.

The first thing they saw was a normalish guy helping a latex-covered girl out of a shiny vacbed.

"Miiiles! That was fun, but you need to grow more hands to satisfy me better!"

"I only have two, Squeaky. Live with it. You still moaned a lot."

"Yes, typical male! You did well! And... wait, Miles? There is someone else in the room!"

"No, it's just the two of... Oh, no. You're right, Alex. We have visitors. How the hell did you know?"

"I may be blind, but I'm not deaf."

Obviously, the man's name was Miles, and the latex girl's name was Alex. Having just ended a hot vacbed session, they looked like a happy and friendly couple.

Steve and Anna had roughly the same thought even though they were not communicating with each other. Alex, the rubber girl, wore a full latex suit, but her hood didn't seem to have eye holes. How could she have detected their presence so quickly?

"Hi guys. Come on in. We were just playing with the vacbed a bit. Alex is addicted to it."

"That's not true... I just like it... a little bit."

"Hi. I'm Steve, and this is Anna. We were just walking around the empty club trying to find friendly people."

Alex rudely stepped in front of Miles and smiled.

"Well, I'm friendly. He is not."

"Hey, Squeaky... Careful if you don't want to walk back home naked."

"Yes, my lord."

"Geez, Alex. You are going to scare them away."

Steve knew that he was the one who had to do the talking. Anna would not say a word, leaving the burden of their secret scenario's progression in his sole hands. But so far, both of them had a good vibe about this playful couple who found ways to have fun despite the lack of festive ambiance.

"Would you care to join us for a drink? We were expecting to see a lot of people tonight, but the place is dead."

"Sure! Good idea. Let's go back to the lounge. Alex needs to cool down a bit anyway. Want a beer, Squeaky?"

"I'm in!"

All too naturally, Alex wrapped her rubber fingers around Miles's belt and followed him out, which was a bit puzzling for Steve and Anna, who had not yet realized that Alex was truly blind.

In no time, they were back in the lounge on their respective facing couches. As his anxiety gradually rose, Steve played in Anna's hair some more to calm himself down, as if she was a stress-relieving device.

For a little while, they casually discussed random non-kinky things to break the ice. Smiling Trish even came back and provided everybody with more drinks and made sure they were comfortable. So far, both parties' members acted normal, and there were no signs of underlying immature craziness.

That said, both couples seemed to entertain a mysterious behavior. On the one hand, Alex was wearing an eyeless hood as if it was normal, and on the other, Anna had not spoken a single word.

Steve was the first to inquire about the former topic.

"So, Alex... You seem to love latex."

"Oh, yeah. That's my favorite kink. I love so much how it feels."

"And you like being blindfolded like this in public? That is like a fetish?"

"Pfffhahaha!"

"... What's so funny? What did I say?"

"Haha... I'm blind. Eye holes on my hood would be pointless. But I do like being blindfolded anyway. Rawr!"

"... Seriously? You really are blind?"

"Last time I looked at myself in the mirror, yes. Bahaha!"

Miles poked Alex in the ribs, trying to make her stop spitting bad jokes, but at the same time, he couldn't help himself but laugh. It was very refreshing to see how casual she was about her handicap. Growing up blind had not been easy, but she had broken all the barriers she had to in order to become successful. Her last milestone was to finally learn to relax about love, which allowed her to get into a now stable relationship with Miles. This last little step really made a difference in her ability to enjoy life and receive the love she deserved.

Right after her teasing, she returned a question, but this time, directed to Anna.

"Anna? Why aren't you talking?"

Steve answered in her stead.

"We made a deal."

"A deal? Are you like a strict master not allowing her to talk? If that is the case, I don't like that!"

"No, not at all. Not even close."

"What is it then? Is she mute?"

"No. She simply doesn't want to influence my choice."

"Influence your choice? What choice?"

"Yes... Well... You will think we are a bit nuts, but... Would you like to rent her?"

"... Rent her?"

As Alex counter-questioned, Miles sprayed his alcohol back into his glass, not expecting this sudden offer.

"Yes. For a price, you can rent my beautiful wife and do whatever you want with her for the night."

"Okay, Alex. I think this is not for us... Do you want to go back to the play area?"

"Why, Miles? Is she ugly?"

"ALEX!"

Miles had to endure Alex's raw behavior, but that last question actually triggered a muffled laugh from Anna, which didn't escape the blind girl's attention.

"Ah! She laughed! She likes me! Is she into girls?"

"It doesn't matter. I'm renting her, and she will just go with whoever is paying."

"I see... Is that not a bit risky?"

"That's the point... but I'm trying to be relatively selective."

"And you don't mind if strangers have sex with her?"

"She is very pretty. I'm sure she will make the buyer very happy. Generosity feels good, you know."

"Alright, how much is she?"

"ALEX!"

Once more, Miles had trouble coping with this situation. He loved when Alex decided to fool around with other girls, but she had never rented a person. More playful, Alex had grasped the concept quickly and got into the game, but Miles was either too shocked by the proposition or had trouble seeing his girlfriend talking about this other girl like she was some good on a shelf. It was half-funny and half-serious.

Steve, however, was an open book; he had to honor the arrangement he had made with his wife.

"500\$, and tomorrow morning you throw her out of your home with no phone or money. It will be up to her to find her way back home while wearing her sexy PVC dress."

"You guys are a bit extreme... but I like that. Okay, Miles, Steve, leave me alone with Anna for a little while."

"Alex... come on... Are you really considering this?"

"Relax. I just want to talk to Anna, but she can't because she doesn't want to influence Steve's choice..."

"I get that but..."

"Trust me, Miles... Come on, you two. Go do whatever you, hairy males, do."

"Alright, squeaky. But don't plot nasty things behind my back."

"Oh, I would never do that!"

"Right..."

Miles and Steve grabbed their tumbler and left the lounge, heading towards the bar. What they would talk about was irrelevant. All the focus and real decision-making would be in the hands of the girls.

"So, Anna, come sit next to me, please. If I try to go to you, I might break my ankle on the table."

The pretty blonde girl wearing a shiny black PVC dress and harboring a wide smile stepped from one couch to the other and sat right next to Alex.

"Can I touch you, Anna?"

"Haha. Yes."

"Oh my God. You have an accent. Where does that come from?"

"I'm Finnish. I moved here a long time ago, but it's hard to lose the accent."

"Nooo, it's cute. Don't lose it."

"That's what everybody tells me."

"Are you blonde?"

"I am."

"Do you have blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"I don't care! Haha. I don't know what colors are. I've always been blind. Can I touch your face?"

"Of course."

"With my latex gloves on, I won't feel much. You sound young, though..."

"Mid-twenty."

Alex brought her hands to Anna's face and started exploring. It was frustrating to do this with her gloves on, but she could at least get a rough idea about what the woman looked like. Right away, she could tell Anna was fit. The shape of her visage was very nice, with no signs of ugliness or a third eye. Her skin seemed smooth like latex.

She then kept exploring lower, her shoulders, collarbones, dress... yes... sexy dress.

"Oooh! I like what you are wearing! It's super sexy... Is it latex?"

"No, shiny PVC."

"Aaah. I'm not too familiar with that texture. Is it like a purse? Like, kind of sticky and... Sorry... I sometimes use the wrong words to describe things."

"Oh yes. It's like those PVC purses. You are right. I know what you mean. I like PVC a lot. I find it really sexy and easier to wear than latex."

"Can... Can I touch your breast?"

"If you want to, yes."

Trying to be somewhat respectful, Alex slowly reached Anna's chest and cupped the two round mounds to give them a little squeeze.

"Okay, that's not fair! Why do all the girls have bigger boobs than me?"

"Haha... I didn't choose."

"Okay, so... What's the deal here? Is he forcing you to sell your body?"

"Noooo... Steve is not like that. It was my idea. I had to convince him to let me do it. It's one of my biggest fantasies. But we discovered that it's turning him on too. We know we won't do this often, we don't want to take the risk to damage our relationship, but I want to experience it at least once."

"Are you even into women?"

"That, I never thought about it. But that's part of the game. He picks someone for me, and I obey. That's the deal."

"I like my male, but I like fooling around with women once in a while. As long as you are not my sister."

"What? Eeww... Nooo! Who would kiss their sister? That would be wrong."

"Yeah... Tell me about it. Okay. I'll talk to Miles and see if he wants to do it."

For a few more minutes and some additional boob squeezings, the two girls discussed random things not so related to the transaction they might have been about to do.

When Miles and Steve came back, Anna returned to her seat. Alex didn't waste time and climbed on Miles to have a little face to face whisper-conversation. After two minutes of back and forth discussion, Alex turned around and voiced her thoughts.

This twisted game's goal was to turn Anna into a product, overuse her all night, and dispose of her in the morning like a used condom. As odd as it sounded, Alex fully got the point, and since her little friendly chat with Anna to make sure nothing ominous was going on, she was particularly okay with it.

"Alright. We will rent your wife for the night."

"Good. That will be five hundred dollars well invested. I promise."

"Ah... about that... She is not worth that much."

"..."

This time Miles didn't say a word, more than likely because that topic had been addressed during his secretive conversation with Alex a few seconds ago. He would let her do the negotiation and devalue the poor girl.

"Okay, so four hundred then?"

"Are you kidding, Steve? We are in a fetish club. I can get any girl I want for free."

"They are not all as pretty as Anna."

"I don't care. I'm blind. I can't even see her. But I still want to make a fair offer. Seventeen dollars."

"Seventeen!? No way! Why so low? That is not even close to the original price."

"She is wearing a cheap PVC outfit, and she speaks funny."

"..."

Miles was squirming on his seat. For sure, he knew Alex was going to negotiate, but his face couldn't hide the fact that she was having a bit too much fun with this objectification fantasy. Yet, he knew better and kept his mouth shut. Could Alex pull this off? Renting an incredibly sexy northern girl for seventeen dollars?

"Okay, okay. Two hundred, then."

"No, Steve. I said seventeen dollars. I'm not going to go higher. Your sex doll is not worth it. It's a used one too. How many times did you cum inside her this month?"

"..."

Even Steve had a hard time staying in character as Alex mercilessly degraded his beloved wife. To let someone treat her that way was unnatural and kind of hurtful. Could he really let go of something priceless for a mere seventeen dollars?

He took a quick look at Anna and noticed that her cheeks were bright red, and she was also rubbing her legs together as if some good sensations were going on inside her lower belly. Was it possible that Alex's behavior turned her on that much? It really seemed to be the case.

"Fifty..."

"Okay, Miles, we are leaving. He just doesn't get it. I'm not going to pay that much for that."

"Alright! Alright! Seventeen dollars, you win."

"Cool! So, we are going to pay for your drinks, instead. They are worth about seventeen bucks."

"Ah, come on! Really?"

"Yup. Now be on your way, Steve. We are going home with OUR rental girl."

Steve looked at his wife again, and she smiled back at him, just enough so he wouldn't walk out of this adventure. He rinsed his doubts by tossing the rest of his whiskey down his throat and stood up.

"Okay, then. I'm heading home too. Anna, I'll take your coat back with me. So I hope it won't be too chilly tomorrow morning when they throw you out. That little dress will probably make it interesting. Don't speak to strangers on your way back, okay?"

Anna almost had a mini-orgasm during her husband's last speech. Without another look, Steve turned around and left the premises, abandoning her behind and sealing her faith.

"Well, that was a good deal, Alex. You are quite a negotiator."

"I just hope she is worth seventeen dollars."

"Alright, Squeaky. Don't push the cork inside the bottle. Let's go home now."

"Nope!"

"No?"

"No, I want to put my new toy in the vacbed and play with her. Then we will go home."

"Haha. Sounds like a plan."

Alex stood up and stretched.

"Come, Seventeen. I hope you like rubber and bondage!"

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