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# The Sun I Can't See

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# Chapter 1 - Sunrise

I decided to come to this small park to relax. It was just in front of the big luxury apartment building where I lived, a big skyscraper. One could say I was quite lucky to have this area just across the street because, in such a big city, there was not a lot of green space anymore. To me, it was vital to be able to go to a place where I could just sit down to smell and hear the remainder of nature.

Today, I was not working. It was late in the morning, and I was sitting on a small bench facing the pond with my book. Halfway through it, I couldn't get myself to finish it, it was not very good. What would be the point of imposing this on myself? There were plenty of other works I could try later if I wanted to.

I put it next to me on the bench before stretching and placing my elbows on the backrest. I turned my face to the sky, there were no clouds; I could feel it. The sun was intense, warming up the skin around my sunglasses.

When I was peaceful like this, I could hear and feel so many things. Everybody should take the time to do this occasionally, they would understand me better. I liked to build a mental representation of my environment, only using the sounds, the smells, and the touch.

Without vision, I could tell there was a hotdog stand somewhere on my left, probably a busy one as the employee kept repeating the same words over and over again to greet new customers. Regular clients were not receiving the same treatment as he used a much more genuine dialogue to reward them for their fidelity.

The pond in front of me was impossible to miss, of course. Adults and kids alike were feeding the ducks. The fascination experienced during this action crossed generations. To me, however, they were just water rats. I tried to feed them once or twice but found it pointless, and I didn't like the noises they made.

They should move them to a real forest instead of keeping them in the middle of a city to make people feel better. I guess humanity needed a reminder that they didn't destroy the whole planet yet, so they could keep doing it without guilt. The quacking water rats were that excuse.

There were also a bunch of other benches on my right that were all full from what I could hear. People, like me, read a book to escape city madness or feeding pigeons. Blerk! Pigeons, I didn't even need to talk about those things. Flying rats.

There was a light wind today. I was a woman, but I could still feel the thin body hair of my naked arms, reacting to it; I was very sensitive. If it were blowing from the West, it would bring an odor of pizza. The hotdog smell would generally come from the East. Because it was merely a matter of paying attention, I could just let my senses receive all of this information effortlessly. For me, it was by far the easiest way.

The giant city was good to me. It would be hypocritical of my part to say otherwise as, even if not perfect, I made my money out of it. A chunk of it came from real estate, but I also had a specialization that made my work pretty valuable to a lot of people. Also, it was convenient to have all the services I needed at a walking distance; it made my life easier. Like most people living here, if I had to go somewhere a bit farther, I'd just get in a cab. Yeah, I liked it here, a lot.

"Sorry, do you mind sharing this bench?"

I returned my head to a level position and turned it toward the man that just asked that question. Here we were again. It never failed. It was a simple matter of time.

"Sure, no problem at all," I said.

"Thank you. The park is bustling today."

Yep, the chit chat had started. I slid my butt to the left and returned my book to my lap. Next, the stranger was going to talk about the weather and eventually would start flirting with me. It was always the same recipe. Since it was a non-aggressive way to meet new people, it was all good.

I was not offended by unknown lonely men who tried to get a piece of flesh. They did nothing wrong, but I just wished that, eventually, one of them would use a different path to approach me. At least, based on his voice, this one seemed to be around my age, early thirties, I'd say, which made him a better candidate than the ones in their sixties that were pulling the same crap. Age was not the issue per se, but come on. Grow up!

He sat next to me, at least this one was not trying to touch me right away, else I'd have been out of here. I was ready. What would he say next? I waited ... And waited?

Nothing? Was he ignoring me?

That was a bit odd. My head was pointing toward the quacking duck pond, but all my attention was on this man sitting next to me. I couldn't hear him preparing his voice and couldn't sense him hesitating. There was a strange calmness emanating from him. Usually, men were

quite nervous while gathering the courage before speaking to me. Why was he different? I waited some more, trying to figure out what I was missing? What was he waiting for to talk to me?

Then I heard him flip a page of his book. Again ... and again. Was he truly reading and not paying any attention to me? I kind of felt like a fool for guessing wrong what he was going to do. My face felt warmer, and it was not because of the sun this time. It was merely a bit of self-humiliation.

By doing nothing, this guy made me rearrange my thought process. He got me curious, interested. I wanted to know why he didn't do what I predicted. He did have a friendly voice and was polite, so maybe I should try to talk to him? Then I realized something; I was squeezing my book very hard. Why was I that anxious all of a sudden? I groaned and lowered my head.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Ghk! ..."

He scared me. I didn't deserve this embarrassment. Why did I groan anyway? Now I probably looked like a freak. But, perhaps I was right, he is going to talk to me after all. He was just waiting for an opportunity. That must have been the reason.

"I'm fine," I said.

"Okay ... Sorry."

Sorry? What now? My face was burning even more. I heard him flip another page of his book. Was this apology all the extent of his social interaction? He didn't intend to speak to me at all. That was abnormal. What was his deal, was he gay? I was even starting to be a bit angry at him for ignoring me.

Without even noticing, I was the one who was currently gathering up some courage. How did it end up like this? It was supposed to be the other way around. And these damn water rats kept quacking as if to make fun of my situation. Okay, let's put an end to this nonsense. I turned to the guy and addressed him using a confident tone.

"Excuse me?"

"Mmm ... Yes?"

"I ..."

"What is it?"

Oh no! I was not ready ... I just paused like an idiot because I had no idea what to tell him. He was waiting for my next words, but I had none to share.

"Are you sure you are okay?" he asked.

"I'm... sorry."

"Sorry for what? Do you want me to sit elsewhere? I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"What? No! No, no! It is not that at all. It is just ... you didn't talk to me."

"Uh? You are a strange one, alright. Look, do you need to talk? I'm a good listener if you need to vent about something."

Oh my Gosh, this went all wrong. It must have given the worst first impression ever. I was ready to show him how confident I was, but instead, it made me look like a vulnerable girl who had mental problems and needed a shoulder to cry on.

"I have no problems!"

"Haha. I didn't say you had. So, what is it then?"

"I ... I don't know ..."

Not only did I dig a hole, but I climbed down into it and even started burying myself. I wanted to run away. It was as if I was losing control, and on top of everything, my whole body was burning of shame. What was going on? Something like this never happened to me before.

"My name is Miles. What is yours?"

"Oh? What? My name?"

The guy attempted to jugulate my self-generated discomfort.

"Yes ... Your name. You must have one. Right? Maybe look on your health card. It should be on it."

"I do. Hehe ... Sorry. I'm Alex."

"So, what were you reading, Alex?"

Okay, he got me there. The tone he used while asking for my name made me smile. He was also distracting me with another question. He was too good at this. Did he plan all that to get to me? If that was the case, it was one nasty flirting technique. Maybe there was something to salvage out of this encounter after all.

"Dune," I said.

"Dune? Like the movie?"

"Yes."

"It is an excellent book. I read it a long time ago. I didn't remember it being this big, though."

"It is ... a special edition. But, it is the original text."

I rubbed the cover with my hand, trying to hide it but I couldn't do the same with the unusual large size of the book. He didn't understand what I meant by "special," I think.

I liked his voice, but he was just trying to make me feel comfortable. I had to get back to my old self else I would annihilate that already damaged first impression. I needed to rattle his cage a little bit to turn things around in my favor.

"So, your name is Miles? Do you find me pretty?"

"Uh? ... Well ... Yes, you are. But that is not why I am here. You misunderstood my intentions, I think."

Ah! I got him.

"I know. I know. Don't worry. Tell me. What do I look like?"

"I'm sorry? Surely, you must have seen yourself in a mirror before. I did, and sometimes it is scary, but I don't need people to tell me what I look like. It is a strange question."

"Hehe, it is a strange question, but I'm asking it anyway. I like to hear how people perceive me. It is like a game."

"I perceive that you are as strange as your question. Okay, very well, I'll play. Let me take a good look at you. You have blonde hair tied in a ponytail, I can't see your eyes because of the sunglasses, but they look cute on you. Your skin is tanned and flawless. I'd say you are in your late twenties or early thirties. You don't look that tall, but you are not short either. You seem fit. Mmm, what else ... I like what you are wearing. I like that short sleeve shirt. Is that enough?"

Answers like those were why it was so hard to meet interesting people. They were so superficial. Or maybe they just didn't process things the same way I was. It was a bit disappointing. I had higher expectations.

"What's wrong, Alex? It was not what you wanted to hear?" he asked.

"I'm not sure what I wanted to hear ..."

"Alright, I'll try again then."

Try again? More of the same? I wasn't too sure I wanted to hear more about my clothing and tanned skin.

"You wear a ponytail because you have a day off, but the weaves on the side there makes me think it is not your regular haircut. Your tan tells me that you probably went to the beach,

somewhere south not long ago. Health is important to you, so you eat well, and you exercise regularly."

"Oh my ..."

I didn't expect that. He should have started with this right off the bat because he just reached the next level. Maybe he was not as superficial as I thought. Alright then, he deserved a reward.

"Miles, are you single?"

"Haha ... I told you, I am just here to read my book. But, yes, I am. Are you?"

"I am too. Yes. Would you like to go on a date?"

"A date? I don't know, Alex. I am not sure what I want. I broke up recently with another girl. It is a bit too fast."

"Do it for me then? What about you just come over to eat. I'll cook something good, and we will go from there. Are you available tonight?"

"I am ... but ... sure ... I have to move on, I guess. But, Alex, keep it simple, okay?"

"I can do that. See the big apartment tower over there behind us?"

"The Theodore? You are not living there, are you?"

"I do, and I'm not going to apologize for it."

"No! Sorry! I mean ... I didn't want to judge you by the cover. It's just that not a lot of people can afford to live there."

"It's not important. So, visit me at around 6 pm. You have to talk with the clerk, tell him my name, and they will escort you to my place. See you later."

"O ... Okay."

Finally, I managed to get an interesting date for tonight. It didn't end well last time I pulled something like this, and it was a while ago, so hopefully it would go better this time around. Miles seemed smart enough and funny too. His voice was kind of dreamy; I couldn't wait to get to know him better. There was no significant risk anyway.

It just made me happy to get this opportunity today, that would be enough reward in case things went sideways. I hoped he would at least take the time to get to know me a little bit, unlike all the others. I don't think he noticed, so I would only find out tonight.

I stood up and carefully walked around the bench, sliding my hand on the backrest. I listened intently and, from the distance, heard the beeping of the pedestrian crossing located in front of my building. I slowly walked toward it. Miles was probably watching me, so I had to look somewhat sexy, and, more than anything else, it was not the right time to trip and fall.

I made it to the crossing without incident, but there was a lot of traffic today, so I had to be careful. I heard a familiar beep; someone already pressed the button for me, that was always convenient. The audible signal resonated, and it was my cue to cross the street. A good trick was just to follow the footsteps of another lady wearing noisy heels. That way, most of the time, I could avoid bumping into cars that were blocking the intersection. Listening to the other pedestrians swearing helped too. It worked great this time.

I made my way in the direction of my building, and it didn't take long for one of the doormen to notice and greet me.

"Miss Alex, you are back already? Are you going back home?"

"Hi, Albert. Yes, and I will have a guest tonight around 6 pm. His name is Miles."

"Very well, I will let the clerks know. Here, take my arm, let an old man feel useful, and guide you to the elevators."

I certainly didn't need help to find my way, but Albert was awesome. He was probably in his late sixties and always treated me like a real human being. When that doorman helped me, there were efforts made to make me believe that it was for his benefit and never for mine. The other doormen were friendly too, but Albert was my special one. Too bad, he was already married.

He walked me to the elevators and pressed the right button to send me to my floor . Before the door closed, I asked him one last thing.

"Albert, can you ask security to keep an eye on me and my guest tonight, just in case?"

"Yes, Miss Alex, will do. Have a wonderful evening."

"Thank you. You too."

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I was getting nervous. I kept pressing the button on my watch, and a small robotic voice confirmed that Miles could show up any minute now.

"The time is 5:53 pm."

Well, at least I was ready, so was the food. I took a nice shower before jumping in some sexy underwear and a cute little summer dress ... just in case. Feeling sexy during a date was legitimate, right?



I was sitting on the living room couch, and on top of the coffee table in front of me were two items. One was my phone, the clerk would be calling me if Miles indeed showed up, and the other item ... I was not ready for it just yet.

I shouldn't have been surprised, but I jumped when my phone rang, betraying my nervousness. When I answered it, the clerk indicated that Miles had arrived and that they would escort him to my place. I gave them my blessing even though it made my heart beat faster.

"Come on, Alex! Everything will be fine ... relax. It is just a friendly dinner."

I talked to myself in an attempt not to freak out any more than I already was. The second item, a long, narrow, and white silky piece of fabric, was waiting for me. I slid my fingers under it and lifted it to my face, placed it over my eyes, and tied it comfortably behind my head. It was so soft. To me, this classy blindfold was the best way I found to feel at ease with myself when receiving visitors.

I stood up and walked to the door, patiently waiting for someone to knock, which happened not too long after. I opened the door, and one of the clerks addressed me.

"Good evening, Miss Alex, Mr. Miles is here, should I let him in?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Have a great evening, Miss Alex."

I quickly took a few steps back and crossed my hands in front of me. That was a cute pose I could think of to present myself. My heart was racing, but I was doing my best to keep my composure. I heard Miles walking in, and the clerk closed the door behind him, leaving me alone with this strange new guy that I only met a few hours ago.

"Welcome to my place, Miles. I hope they treated you well."

"I ..."

Moment of truth. He undoubtedly noticed the white blindfold I was wearing. This was the reason he paused. It couldn't have been anything else. I just had to wait for his next move to find out if I would have a good date or if everything would crumble down to dust as usual.

"You look great, Alex. How are you?"

As much as I didn't expect a lot, my little heart filled with a bit of joy. His first comment was not about my blindfold; it was just to tell me that I was looking pretty. I'm sure my cheeks turned all red.

"Thank you. I really like this dress. It is a warm day, so let's start with something to drink. What would you like?" I asked.

"I'm not difficult, beer, wine, or whatever else you have."

"I have beers. I will have one too, just give me a sec. Please, sit on the couch, I'll be right there."

I happily trotted back to the kitchen and opened the fridge to grab two beer cans. I ran my fingertips on them to feel the embossment.

"Okay, I have Sappori and Oldcastle. Which one do you want?"

"Sappori sounds good. Hey, you have a nice view from here, what was it? 38th floor?"

Darn, he didn't sit on the couch. I followed his voice and met him next to the window with our beers.

"Here, take it. Yes, the 38th floor. I know the view is facing other buildings, but it is fine. The apartments with a view over the park are so much more expensive. I wouldn't be able to afford one of those. I don't need this extra burden in my life. Do you need a glass for your beer? I always drink from the can; they don't break if I drop them.."

"I'm fine with the can as well. It is nice and cold; that is all we need, right?"

"Right. Come on, let's sit. I want to get to know you a bit better."

He walked to the couch, but unfortunately, I couldn't keep track of which one he sat on, I now had to pick a spot for myself, I just hoped I'd not sit on top of him, that would be catastrophic. Ideally, I wanted to choose the one of the two where he wasn't, just so I would not sit too close from him right off the bat, that would be a bit odd. But all I could do was to rely on luck now. I picked a spot and sat down. Fortunately, nothing terrible happened.

"So, how was the rest of your day? Did you finish that book after I left?" I asked.

"Haha, no! I couldn't read anymore after meeting that strange girl."

OH CRAP! I sat right next to him. I even jumped a little when he replied.

"Oh! Hehe! Can you tell me more about that strange girl?"

"She was super cute, but a bit odd. She invited me for dinner, and when I got to her place, she magically became even more intriguing."

"Is ... Is that so? How come?"

The silk blindfold was kind of a dead giveaway. I wished Miles had not gone there already, but what did I think? Of course, he was going to want to talk about this. I just wanted to be treated like a nice cute girl for a few hours, but I wasn't going to be mad at him for mentioning it. It was my life, after all. Who I was.

"Well, for a start, she is even cuter than I remembered, and a bit more mysterious as well. Her place is nice. Minimalist, but nice nonetheless. There is nothing on the walls, and everything is white. So it is hard to tell what kind of person she is."

He knows ... Come on ... Spit it out. I'm ready.

"Also ... there is this book here on the table, she was reading it earlier. There is no text at all in it, the pages are covered with tons of small dots instead."

"Miles ... I ..."

"Sorry, Alex, I think it is better to get this out of the way so we can enjoy our evening, don't you think?"

"You ... You don't want to leave?"

"Why would I? Come on. Say it already, so we can stop talking about it. The two of us putting on poor acting performances is not how I want to spend my dinner with you."

He was different. He was not uncomfortable as he should have been. Why was he like this? I started rubbing my neck nervously, knowing he was right. The reason that I didn't want to say it was that I didn't want him to leave and wanted to spend the evening feeling just like a cute girl and have fun. But now that he said that he wanted to stay so genuinely, what would be the point of trying to pretend any longer.

"Miles ... I'm a blind person. It's from birth, and I never saw a thing in this world. I'm wearing this blindfold to hide my eyes. They look weird."

"I love the blindfold. Keep it."

"You are okay with it?"

"Yes, it's pretty. You look like Lady Justice. So, what is the deal here? How can you afford an apartment at the Theodore? You are some sort of real estate genius or something?"

He didn't care ... like, at all. I couldn't believe it; he just skipped to a different topic after telling me I was pretty. Not that talking about money was something I wanted to do, but at least he genuinely seemed not to give a shit whether I was blind or not.

"I worked hard. And a bit of luck. This place is not that big and is fully paid off already, I just have to pay the fees and taxes. It is only one bedroom."

"Do you want to give me a tour?"

"Sure ..."

Before we could even stand up, the phone rang; I used a vocal command to answer it.

"Answer. Speakerphone! ... Hello?"

"Miss Alex? This is security. How are you doing?"

"Everything is fine. Thank you."

"Thank you. We will call again later."

Simple as that. Now Miles knew he had to be on his best behavior.

"They are keeping an eye on me?" he asked.

"No, an eye on me. Living here comes with some perks, Miles. You are not allowed to murder me tonight."

"Haha. Okay, noted, do not murder the cute girl."

"Come, you wanted to see my place. It is not that big, but wait till you see the bathroom."

We stood up and started walking around. I knew every inch of my place. All the distances and objects were recorded precisely inside my brain, and I never moved a single piece of furniture since I lived here. I moved around with confidence. I showed Miles the kitchen, which was half-opened in the living room. Everything was white, I knew that much, and the countertops were grey granite, whatever that was. I showed him my favorite item, which was a fancy espresso machine that I loved so very much. I wanted to hug it. The next stops were the laundry room and the mighty bathroom.

"Geez, Alex ..."

"Haha. You like it?"

"This is nuts ... This bathroom is bigger than my apartment."

"I know, right, I love it so much. This is why I picked this unit. You know, for me, it is all about the sense of touch, so I wanted the nicest shower and tub. It is also a sauna."

"Wow ... just ... wow."

"Come, I'll show you the rest."

I showed him around my office. It was a small room where I had my paperwork, computer, and accessibility equipment I used to do my job. Some days I wished I could stop working and say goodbye to all those neverending reports that I had to type. Bleh! I wasn't there just yet.

The final stop was the bedroom. I opened the door and walked in first. Usually, the guests are baffled by it.

"So, this is my big bedroom. The whole wall is made of windows, but nobody can see in from the outside. I don't know how it works. It's probably magic. What do you think?"

"Well, it is very ... How to say ... kinky?"

Uh? Did he just say kinky? Where did that come from all of a sudden? I started to get a bit nervous ... I did have a couple of secrets hidden inside the closet, but I remembered clearly closing the doors, so I was wondering if something was off. Too bad that I had no quick way to verify. My eyes were my hands and ears, not very useful in a case like this. I grew a bit uncomfortable.

"Hee ... What do you mean, kinky?" I asked.

"Ah. Okay. So it is not here on purpose? Well, I tell you, I didn't care about your blindness, but this ... I'm sorry, but I care VERY much!"

"Miles! What ... What are you talking about? Tell me!"

The noise I heard next was not the one I wished to hear. It was the evident rubbery noise of a latex garment. Only now, I remembered and understood what Miles saw and just picked up. It was a full latex catsuit that I left on the bed when I was cleaning earlier. I must have been so nervous that I forgot to put it back in the closet with the rest of my stuff. My body burned hot from embarrassment. I extended my arms in front of me and panicked a little.

"Oh, no! No, no, no! Give it to me ... Now!"

"Heeey. Relax. It's nothing. Don't be shy like this. I just discovered a little deviant side of your personality, that's all. Here, it's in front of you."

"Shut up! Give it to me."

"Haha, you should see how cute you look right now."

I wrapped my arms around the suit, turned it into a ball of ruffled rubber and lowered my chin on it. Something like this was not supposed to happen. Then two male hands gently grabbed my shoulders.

"Calm down, Alex. I love it. Don't be shy."

"... Mph. Don't touch me. And I'm not shy."

"Alright, there, not touching. But I would love it if you wore it for me."

"Uh? What? MILES! NO!"

"Why not? Don't tell me you don't like it, I would not believe you. Don't you like wearing it?"

"I do, but ... Hey, NO! I don't know you."

"What does it have to do with me? Whether or not you are wearing the suit, I won't suddenly try to get in your pants. I'm not like that."

"So, why would I do that then?"

"That is what I said earlier, you love latex, and I love to look at girls wearing it. It's not a crime."

I couldn't even call him a pervert, I was hugging a rubber catsuit right in front of him. This bullet would be a blank. This idea he planted in my head just now caused the butterfly in my stomach to take off and party. I didn't know him at all ... So, why was I getting excited about the thought of wearing it tonight? Again, his voice. It didn't project any abusive vibes or anything ominous; I didn't think he was dangerous at all. He was just having fun.

The phone rang again, pulling me out of my trauma.

"Answer. Speakerphone! ... Hello?"

"Miss Alex. Security check."

"... No issues, thank you."

"Thank you."

There was some sort of cold silence after this call. Perhaps he was starting to get offended by those security checks. I needed this service to protect myself as I was a bit vulnerable, but at the same time, I could understand why a nice guy like him could be insulted for being treated as a potential rapist.

"Alex. Listen, this is just for fun. It is to do something we both like. Okay, let's do something about this fear of yours. Look, give me the suit, I'm just going to put it here on the bed."

His tone was reassuring. But again, I never thought he meant to harm me or anything. He gently tugged on the catsuit, and I let it go reluctantly.

"Thanks. Now open your hands. I'm going to give you something."

"What is it?"

I placed my girly hands open together in front of me.

"Here, this is my phone and my wallet. That is all I have on me. Hide it somewhere ... It is not much, but it is all I can do to show you that I can be trusted and that I trust you."

"Mmm ... I'm still not sure I should do this; wearing a kinky suit in front of a stranger is odd."

"Hehe ... Yes, you are sure, else you wouldn't even consider it. Just admit it, you want to."

"Miles! Stop! ... Okay ... Don't move. Maybe you are right ... a little ... but I want to check something first before I decide. And take those things back, I don't want them."

I didn't care about his items at all, but it was a nice gesture, he was at least trying to comfort me. I reached him with my hands and started to feel him. That's what I do best.

"Seriously? You are wearing Jeans, on a warm day like this? What color are they?"

"Blue ... they are Silvery brand."

"I know that. I'm not dumb."

"What? You can tell just by touching them?"

"Yes. It's easy."

I then checked his top. It was a t-shirt. I tried to find a logo on it, but couldn't find any, and it felt like cheap fabric too.

"Why are you wearing a t-shirt? Didn't you have a nice shirt or something? Was I not worth more than a cheap t-shirt?"

"Alex ... I was going to explain to you all that. But when I saw your blindfold, I thought I could get away with it. I live at the other end of the city, and I didn't have time to go back. And you are tickling me ... Are you done already?"

"I shall forgive you this time only. I hope it is clean, at least. And no, stay still, I'm not done."

I checked his fingers for rings and his neck for chains or something. There were none. The next part, for a sightless person, could be quite intimate, so I preferred to ask him first.

"Can I touch your face?"

"Sure ... but you are making me nervous."

"Are you good looking?"

"I don't know ... Wait! ... How is this important?"

"It is not. I can make up my own opinion about your visage. I just wanted to know if you were pretentious."

"Darn, Alex. You are evil."

"I can be. Stay still for a sec."

His ears were not pierced, but there were some small hairs that should have been plucked off. I checked his facial structure; it was pretty generic. As he said earlier, he didn't have time to go back home, so he was not clean shaved. It was a 5 O'clock shadow, but yet, it was not rough to the touch. He probably couldn't grow a decent beard even if he tried. His nose was a bit oily, but people didn't notice that in general. He didn't have any moles or anything like that. Overall he looked like a typical Caucasian.

"Close your eyes. What color are they?" I asked.

"Boring brown? And are you done? I feel scrutinized."

"Hehe, it's because you are. I think you look fine. Oh, dear ..."

"What? What did you find now?"

"Your eyelashes are SO long. Are you sure you are not a girl?"

"Hey!"

"Just kidding ... but they are very long. And you should pluck off the hair in between your eyebrows; it's gross. What color is your hair?"

"Kind of black."

"Alright, I'm done."

I won't tell him that, but he was somewhat of a cutie. To me, he seemed healthy. As I thought, he was thirty or so, he didn't seem too tired, so he must get enough sleep. Being sightless was great for this kind of exercise. I could learn so much about people just by touching them. I could hear them very well too; Miles was obviously nervous when I started feeling him. When I listened to his breathing change, I discovered that he liked me more than he led me to believe. He said I was cute and all, but there was more to it, and I wondered if he realized it himself.

"Okay, you know what? If you promise to be a gentleman, I think I'm going to be bold and wear my catsuit just for you."

"Aaah, Alex. That would be super cool, but you know ... do it for yourself too. I was pushy just the kick of it, but don't do it if you are not comfortable."

"Mr. Miles. Do you have sudden remorse?"

"Hehe, maybe I do. I just really like girls in latex. I didn't mean to push you."

"Nah, it's all good. Let's do this. Go back to the living room while I'm dressing up. Unless you want to try the fancy shower?"

"Can ... Can I?"

"Of course you can. Go right ahead. You need a shower anyway. Oops ... Did I say that out loud?"

After this last little tease, I showed him where the towels were, and I went back to the bedroom, whispering some individually crafted words to myself.

"What the hell am I doing to myself?"

I stripped naked and placed all my clothes on top of the dresser. In one of the drawers, there was a bottle of lube that I picked up. I poured a bit of it in my hand and started rubbing the slippery liquid all over my skin. One reassuring thing was the sound of the water splashing around that came from the bathroom, it was telling me that Miles was not peeking on me, and he was instead enjoying the luxurious shower set up. It was time for me to turn into a rubber lady.



For me, everything was about texture. People described wearable latex to me in the past since I couldn't see it, but their descriptions always left me puzzled. They kept saying it was shiny when polished, as an example. Telling this to a girl that had no concept of light, was a bit pointless, it didn't help me at all to understand why kinky people loved it. To me, rubber was building material and tires, not quite erotic.

That was until a friend of mine made me wear a pair of latex opera gloves for fun. It was instant addiction. It was SO different than what I expected. I had touched rubber before, but wearing it was much more intense. I understood the meaning of the word "shiny" when she polished my arms. If light were anything like the wind, it would just slide effortlessly on the perfectly smoothed latex surface.

The catsuit I had was hugging my entire body, making me feel so good. I was wearing it often when I was by myself, just because I liked the sensation so much, and I was about to put it on again, this time with an observer. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I slid my legs effortlessly inside the suit. Then I tried to remove all the wrinkles around the feet and ankles; at least that was an excellent excuse to caress my body as a perk. Once satisfied with the comfort level around my toes, I stood up and pulled the catsuit over my hips and ... wait ... I felt a bit naughty. I tiptoed back to the dresser and opened another drawer to grab one of my jelly dildoes.

"This is nuts. But ... I'm so turned on right now! Why not be extra bold."

After hesitating for way too long, and trying to calm my heartbeat, I decided to go for it. I inserted the dildo inside my already soaking wet pussy and pulled the suit over it. I then put my arms inside the sleeves and pulled the suit over my shoulders. The lube I applied on my body made the whole operation much easier. I used talc before, but this was much more pleasant.

I could feel the dildo when I was rubbing my crotch with my gloved hands; it was easy for me to tell it was in there, but ... I didn't know if it would be visible to Miles. I was semi-confident that I would get away with it; It seemed discreet enough to me. But I was almost regretting this unnecessary risk that I took in the name of my judgement-altered sexual brain.

Next was the attached hood. I pulled it over my head and aligned the mouth and nose holes. There were none for the eyes as it was pointless, for apparent reasons. I was at the point where I just needed to zip the whole thing up. I was considering letting Miles do it for me as it would be much easier. Yeah, I would do that.

I went to the closet and started rummaging like a raccoon in a plastic bin sitting on the floor. I pulled out a pair of short vinyl high heeled boots; those always made me feel extra sexy. Maybe

I could ask Miles to take care of the lacing as well. I giggled at my naughty thought, knowing it would be an excellent way to learn if he was one of the men who had a feet fetish.

One downside of being covered in latex was that it included my fingers too. It sure felt delicious, but it was taking away a lot of the sensitivity I needed to be functional. My fingertips were my eyes. A wave of anxiousness washed over me when I remembered that I still had to finish preparing the food tonight and this would make it much harder ...

"Oh no, I forgot about that part," I said.

"What part? ... Oh my ..."

Miles startled me. I was way too absorbed by my latex experience that I didn't notice the water had stopped. Well, at least I was not naked anymore. I requested his assistance.

"Can you zip up my suit?"

"S ... sure ..."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, you are just so beautiful. It's crazy ... Did someone ever tell you how good you look in this suit?"

With my face hidden, I could blush to my heart content. I was not going to answer his question. Miles stepped behind me and started sealing me in. The feeling of the latex sliding and getting tighter around my skin was so erotic. I had to try at least to keep a minimum of composure. He was so very gentle. He didn't even try to touch me if only to move my hair out of the way. I wasn't sure if it was because of the suit, but I kind of wanted him to hug me. It was torture.

"Do you have some polish?" He asked.

Oh no! I forgot about that part too. I did have some polish, but ... was he going to offer me his help? Semi-reluctantly, I walked to the dresser once more, feeling around for the right bottle inside the drawer.

"I ... do ..."

"Okay, do you need help?"

"S ... Sure."

What else could go wrong? This whole adventure was escalating way too fast for the little me. Miles started at my feet; he was very straight forward about it. He probably knew that trying things right now would not end well for him. Slowly, but surely, he went up and up with the pad,

reaching my sensitive thighs and my butt. In a very gentle tone, he tried to warn me of his next move.

"Relax, Alex. It will only take a second, I won't try anything ..."

As he said that, I understood that he was going to polish my crotch next. He had no ill intention, but only now, way too late, it came to me that I had this dildo inserted between my legs. And he would undoubtedly discover it. I felt his hand rubbing the pad right over it. My heart almost exploded, and I let out an involuntary moan. I was done for! I would be Alex, the slut, forever.

"... Alex? ... Is this a ...?"

"... nng! ... Maybe."

"Really? Well, that is cute. I bet it feels good too."

To confirm that what he felt was what he thought, he put his whole hand over my pussy and pushed the dildo deeper. People that relied solely on the sense vision to see things were not that gentle with their hands. I could only slide a finger quickly, and I'd have had all the information I needed, but Miles didn't have that skill obviously. The dildo moved inside me, making me moan some more, and my legs started shaking.

"Wow, Alex, you are quite something, you know that? Let's finish the rest of your body."

"Yes ... please."

It was HARD to contain myself. The polishing pad was rubbing all over me, and as much as I tried, it was almost impossible not to interpret this as erotism. Particularly the breast and face. I kind of wanted to get fucked right away, but I had to resist that urge. Miles was just here for a friendly dinner, after all. As if ...

"Your hood without eyes is amazing. Come to the living room. You want those boots on as well, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, if you don't mind."

Our awkward walk arm in arm to the living room was brutally interrupted by the phone ringing again.

"Answer. Speakerphone! ... Hello?"

"Miss Alex. Security here."

"Yes, everything is good ..."

It just felt wrong to keep doing this to Miles. I had to allow him to feel like a regular guy at some point. This date was ours, and by now, he convinced me that he wouldn't do anything terrible to me.

"You know what, guys? I think I'm going to be fine. Thanks for your help tonight."

"Are you sure? It is no problem at all, you know. We are here for you."

"Thank you, no, I'm good. I will call you if there is an issue."

"Very well, Miss Alex, enjoy your evening."

I hung up and stayed silent for a moment. I was not wondering if I did the right thing, but I still felt a bit vulnerable, out of habit. I tried to remind myself that Miles had been great so far, and I was trusting him. Worst case scenario, my phone system was all voice-operated. I could call security with a single word if there were anything wrong. But deep down I knew it wouldn't come to that.

"Alex, I'm going to touch your neck area gently, don't be scared."

"Okay... but why? ... Eeep!"

"Hehe, you are a sensitive one. Listen, I want to be honest here. I didn't want to come today. I am here because you asked me to. As I said, I'm still missing my ex, and I'm not ready to go crazy just yet. But what you are doing for me right now is amazing, and I appreciate it a lot. It is hard for me not to sound creepy when I tell you that I love girls in latex and all, but it is just because I'm uncomfortable. I want to enjoy it, but I'm a bit scared. I don't want to hurt you with my personal mess."

And me who thought I was the scared one. We needed to talk. We were both enjoying this way too much already, but at the same time, we were not ready to go too far.

"Well, Mr. Miles, I think we are going to get along just fine."

I hugged him.

## Chapter 2 - Noon

"The time is 7:43 am."

My little talking watch told me that it was acceptable to wake him up.

"Morning, Miles."

"Heeey, rubber girl."

I slid my arms around his torso to hug him tightly. I still couldn't believe this happened. After a false start in the park, I invited this guy over for a simple dinner then ended up wearing my full latex suit and making love to him. The best thing about all of this, he was still here.

"Thanks for cooking last night, I couldn't feel anything through those rubber gloves. I'm still embarrassed; I'm the one that invited you."

"Don't mention it, Alex. In the end, it was delicious."

Yeah, right. Not quite. Miles ruined my diner; he just didn't know how to cook. How could he turn my perfectly fine roast into such a dry lump of meat? The veggies were overcooked, and the rice was undercooked. But yet, I didn't say a word.

Yesterday, I wanted him to stay so badly and act around me as if I were a regular cute girl. He did and not once was bothered by the fact that I was a blind person. He treated me exactly how I dreamed of being treated. But, now what? I was almost scared to start talking, in case it would lead to the likely result of him leaving me. I just had to.

"Do... do you want to stay here this morning?"

"I can't. I have to go to work soon."

"Ah... Okay."

My heart sank a little bit. I heard that excuse before, and it was always hard to tell the veracity of such a reply. I could try to interrogate him to find out if it was genuine or not, but Miles didn't deserve this, not after all the respect he showed me. I knew that once he walked out of here, there wouldn't be any guarantee I would ever see him again or even have an opportunity to figure out if I loved him or not.

His next words were unexpected.

"When is your next day off? I would like to see you again," he asked.

"... You want... to see me again?"

"Well... Yes!?"

"..."

I could be so irrational sometimes when it came to dating. I was conscious of it and hated myself for it. The thing is that I had so many rejections, direct and indirect, and met so many people behaving oddly around me because of my handicap, that it became a nasty habit of mine to think things would inevitably go wrong.

When did I stop believing that someone could be seriously interested in me? I didn't do this on purpose; Life simply conditioned me. I supposed that even people who could use all their senses could feel this way occasionally, but I couldn't help but think being sightless was making things just a bit harder for me.

Miles interrupted my wreckless train of thought.

"Sorry, Alex. You don't need to justify yourself. I didn't think you only wanted a one night stand, that's all. A lot of people do things this way nowadays."

"WHAT? NO! Miles! Of course, I want to see you again."

"So, what is it then?"

"Nothing... I just... you know..."

"I... don't."

I groaned. Why was I not able to have a rational discussion with this guy? Could he not understand why I was reacting this way? I felt my body being lifted and dragged on top of him. Males can be so scary strong sometimes.

"Alex, you are confusing me. Just tell me what you think of me, and I'll tell you what I think of you. Deal? Then we will know where we stand."

"... I guess... Sure. Mmm... I think you are nice."

"What? That's it?"

"I don't know... Well, you treated me well. You were respectful. You didn't judge me."

"Oh, you are very wrong about that last part. I'm totally judging you. You are lying on top of me wearing a full latex catsuit."

"Oh! So, what? You think I'm a whore because of that?"

"Hehe. Alex the Whore has a nice ring to it, but no. I think you are friendly, funny, mysterious. But a little bit of a scaredy-cat."

"What do you mean, a scaredy-cat? I let a stranger in my house and wore a latex suit in front of him. I'm brave."

"You had security behind you this whole time, and you are a pervert, so you were happy doing it. You liked it so much that you even shoved a large dildo between your legs."

I buried my face inside his chest. This was so embarrassing. I much preferred only to address the former argument.

"Being cautious doesn't make me a scaredy-cat!" I said with a muffled voice.

"You are scared I will leave and not come back."

"Yeah, so what? You were nice. A girl can dream, no?"

I slid my rubber hands under his shoulder and pressed myself on his chest even more. I could feel his heart beating. He was so calm. I decided to take a leap of faith to end this suspense.

"Miles, I would like to go out with you for a while."

"I would like that too."

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I've been dating Miles for the past three weeks. We didn't see each other a whole lot because of our work schedules, but it was good. He wanted to take things slow anyway. His previous relationship was still bugging him quite a bit, but he never acted weird around me because of it. Maybe I sensed a tiny bit of awkwardness when he wanted to make sure not to hurt me if things went sideways. I just thought he was protective of me, which was not a bad thing.

His overall attitude was fantastic; he didn't give a shit if my normal was different than most people. He let me live my life as usual without trying to help me through it, particularly at my place where I didn't need him to do anything at all. The only time I requested his assistance was when the bottle of lube slid off my hands and magically vanished without a sound.

The one thing I was not too sure about was if he liked latex more than I did. When not going out, he was quite pushy and wanted me to wear my catsuit all the time. I had no problem with wearing it for him if it was making him happy, but I didn't like the pushy part.

That said, I never had so much fun turning into a rubber girl. He liked it, and so did I; we were mostly on the same page. We would get to know each other better over time to fine-tune the rest.

We had quite a bit of sex too, I mean... a lot of it. If someone had told me three weeks ago that I would have willingly turned myself into a rubber sex machine, I would have had some reservations. It was all good and fun and tonight was going to be even better; we would be going out to somewhere special.

“Club Fox & Spice!” Miles said.

“What the hell is that? I’ve never heard of it.”

“It’s a fetish club. I would like to take you there. You would be able to try new fun things.”

“What kind of things?”

“Mmm... Not sure I want to tell you, it would spoil the experience.”

“So you want to go there tonight? I’m down.”

I pressed the button on my watch.

“The time is 6:37 pm.”

I haven’t been to a club in forever. I went to pubs and restaurants with my friends, but it was not the same as a fetish club, obviously.

“So?... Let’s go?” I asked.

“Alex, wait!... I...”

“What is it?”

“Well... It’s embarrassing, but I can’t afford it. We went out quite a bit recently. Aaaah! Can you pay for me? That’s what I’m asking.”

Oh! I didn’t see that one coming. My job paid well, so I didn’t have to budget for entertainment as he did. I was glad he asked instead of getting himself in trouble for me; this was the kind of trust I liked... and I could always turn this into a game too.

“Ah! Yes, I can. But you are going to pay me back... and I’ll choose how!”

“Alex? Are you blackmailing me?”

“Haha. Totally! So, how are we dressing up? I have a cute black dress and black stripper heels. Oh, and you can’t go with this t-shirt.”

“No, you have to wear your latex suit. It would be perfect.”

“Uh? What? In public?”

“It’s a fetish club, Alex; it’s the whole point. There is a changing room over there too. You can put it on only when we get there. But yeah, you are right, I’m screwed, I have nothing else to wear here.”

I stood up in front of Miles and opened my arms in a Godly manner.

“You are so wrong! Hahaha. Behold the power of the Theodore! Call. Reception!”

My voice triggered the phone system, and after a single ring, a clerk answered.



“Reception, how may I help.”

“Hey, this is Alex at 3888. I have a small emergency. A friend of mine needs a suit within two hours. Can you help me?”

“Certainly, Miss Alex, I will call you back in an instant.”

“Fantastic! Thanks a lot!”

After the beep, the room went silent. I just waited for Miles to say something, which didn't take very long.

“Alex, you are sick in the head, do you know that?”

“Haha. I told you, I love my apartment.”

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“I feel weird wearing those clothes.”

“Nooo. You are fine. I really like how they feel.”

We got him something simple, but he was still whining. Black pants, black shirt, a nice belt, and a dark sports jacket, it was perfect for tonight. Something different from those cursed jeans and t-shirts couldn't hurt. A pair of socks and leather shoes on top of that, he was good to go. I would pretend to be his slave, and they would let us right in.

Aboard the cab driving us to the Fox & Spice, I was wearing my little dress, knowing that once at the destination, I would have to shapeshift into a desirable latex girl. In my head, I was going to get raped or something terrible like that, but Miles said nobody would do anything to me unless I let them. If I had any issues whatsoever, the club staff would take care of the offender swiftly. Having sex over there was not even allowed.

However, it was a fetish club, so he told me I would have to be tolerant and not panic at the first sign of trouble. I just had to speak up and say I didn't want this or that, and people would more than likely respect it. His words were only half-reassuring. Maybe he was right, and I was a bit of a scaredy-cat deep down.

I plunged my hand into my bag containing my full catsuit and my short high heeled boots, and I pulled out my wallet. I slid a cash card out of it and gave it to Miles.

“Don't lose it.”

“No worries; I won't.”

“What's in your pocket?”

“Ah, come on! You were not supposed to ask about that.”

“Well, I felt it earlier... I heard it too... I think I know what it is.”

“Stop it, Alex! Seriously. It was supposed to be a surprise. You and your damn super ears.”

I giggled. This evening was going to be a lot of fun. I had no idea what to expect, but I liked to experiment, and wearing my catsuit in front of so many people would be memorable; I was anxious but excited. The cab stopped, and Miles tapped my card to pay for the ride.

As soon as we got out, I could already feel the ambiance. It was warm outside, and there were a lot of people. It was too much noise even to try to understand what was going on around me. I quickly grabbed Miles' arm. Getting lost here would be troublesome. I was wearing a black blindfold tonight because I didn't feel like wearing my sunglasses at night. Anyway, in front of a fetish club, it didn't look too suspicious, I was pretty sure.

Miles tugged me along.

“Come on, let's go in. Lots of cute girls here, you'll fit right in.”

“I'm the cutest. Don't even dare look at them.”

“Hehe. Ok, I won't. There is a step here, and the bouncer is going to talk to us in a sec.”

“I know, I heard someone walking on it, and the bouncer is loud.”

Miles got used to giving me a minimum of info when we went to new places. But often it was unnecessary. I was not this good all the time, so I asked him to keep doing it when it made sense to do so.

“Your IDs, please, and ma'am, remove that blindfold so I can see your face.”

Miles was about to interject, but I stopped him before he made a mistake.

“Don't worry, Miles, it's fine. Sir, I'm legally blind, can I get some privacy before I remove it?”

“Legally blind? Uh? Nevermind, It's all good, ma'am, have a great night. Go to the table behind me, and they will search your bag. It's mandatory.”

“Thank you.”

They indeed searched my bag and let us in. The music was loud, and my whole body was vibrating because of the bass from the techno music. I always loved this feeling. It was as if a giant vibrator set on low speed stimulated my whole body. It smelled like dry ice and liquor. They must have all kinds of machines to create a unique sexy ambiance.

“Miles, what color is this place?”

“Mostly red and black here, but there are different sections with different colors. Here we are next to the lounge, but over there, in front of us it is the dance floor and behind it is the play area. There is a big bar too on your right. Don’t worry, we will go everywhere, and I’ll find cool stuff for you to try. Let’s go get you dressed up first. Follow me.”

I kept my finger in his belt as he was tugging me along to the dressing room. A staff member quickly stopped him.

“Dude, you can’t go in there, it is ladies only.”

“She cannot see, she will need my help.”

“She can just remove her blindfold, anyway it is not allowed in the club, and you can play master later. I’m not letting you in.”

“You don’t get it! She really cannot see. I’m not playing master.”

I found it hilarious; Miles had no clue how to deal with those situations. So, once more, I jumped in to save him.

“Guys, stop! Stop! Listen, I’m legally blind, do you know where I could go to get dressed up? I need his help.”

“Oh, what the hell, man! Why didn’t you say so? Telling me that a blindfolded girl couldn’t see was not helping your case, you know. Follow me. You can use one of our lap dance booths.”

It was too funny. Poor Miles, he would learn eventually. I held on his arm as the employee guided us to the booth. Erotic sounds were coming out from that place, that’s for sure; it was turning me on a bit too. He gave us the one in a corner and said that as long as the curtain stayed closed, nobody would bug us. It was excellent accommodation; I would have to remember to send a thank you gift to those guys tomorrow.

Miles and I got in the booth and slid the curtain behind us. He sat on what sounded like a cushy leather couch and opened my bag to pull out my boots and catsuit.

“Come on, Alex, get naked... Slowly. Hehe.”

“Oh? Is someone trying to take advantage of the situation? Alright then, but you can’t touch me!”

“Hey! That’s not fair!”

“I know! Right? You just had to bring your own money. No money, no lapdance.”

“Alex! That’s just cruel!”

“Hehe. I know!”

I sexily removed my clothes following the beat of the music. I was so happy to be here; I never thought I would go to a fetish club one day. I didn't know why I was so excited; maybe it was because my world expanded all of a sudden. Miles made me feel as if I belonged here, not necessarily by his actions, yet, but in his way to treat me. I sounded like a broken record internally, but there was something about this guy and his natural aptitude to see me as a regular cute girl with a kink. I liked it a lot.

Once naked, he passed me the bottle of lube for me to begin coating my skin with it. Miles, of course, tried to grab my oily butt, but I slapped his hands away. The next step would be the catsuit. I sat on his laps that were protected by the bag and pushed my lower limbs inside the rubber legs. He was getting hard under me, but I wouldn't tell him I noticed. The rest of the suit went on without a hitch, only slippery sexiness.

“Come on, do what I'm paying you for!” I said.

“Hey, you are not paying ME! You are paying FOR me ... Not the same thing.”

“My version is more fun! Come on, zip me up, give me a quick shine, then let's go have some fun!”

“Agreed!”

For the next few minutes, Miles rubbed a soft pad all over my body, making me feel even prettier. He stuffed my clothes in the bag, along with all the other items we didn't need. It was time to get out there!

We walked back to the cloakroom to drop my bag, and we were ready to party. However, a little something was still bugging me, and Miles wouldn't like it. I pulled on his sleeve innocently and used my girliest voice.

“So? ... Can I have it?” I asked.

“Have what?”

“My surprise!”

“You are not going to give up, right? You know what it is, so it is not fun.”

“What if I kiss you while you put it on me? Would it be more fun?”

“That would be a good way to salvage something out of my immeasurable disappointment. Alright, follow me, we are kind of in the way.”

I kept my finger in Miles' belt and followed him to a corner. He plunged his hand inside his pocket to pull a little something interesting that I was looking for since we left home. I lifted my chin...

“Unbelievable, you really guessed what it was,” he said.

“Hehe. Oh, no... I just wanted to kiss you.”

“You are such a liar. Okay, I guess it’s still going to make you look cuter. It’s black like your catsuit. Very sexy.”

When he started fastening the not-so-secret item around my neck, it made me so happy. It was a collar just for me; I never had one before. I heard the little metal roller on the buckle behind my neck and felt the leather wrapping comfortably around my neck.

“There, how does it feel?”

“I love it ... Move your hands; I want to touch it.”

“Hey, what about my kiss?”

“No kiss until I know you are not tricking me with something.”

I slid my fingers along the one-inch wide collar. With the gloves on, it was a bit harder to tell, but I could feel the little metal studs all around, not the spiky ones but the flat ones. The buckle was all made of metal and...

“Hey Miles, is this loop for a padlock?”

“Oh, yes. I plan on using it one day, not tonight, though. But check your tag... It is my favorite part.”

He got me curious, so I started inspecting the front. There was indeed a metal D ring attached to the collar, and something about two inches wide was dangling from it, definitely a big metal tag. Miles, with some pride in his voice, teased me a little.

“So, Miss I-Spoil-Surprises ... I bet you didn’t see that one coming.”

“Wait... Give me a sec to understand. Is it a heart? Yes... That is what it is! Darn gloves... But there is something engraved on it... Hey... Is that braille?”

“Yes, it is! Can you read it?”

“With the gloves on, it’s ha... ALEX! IT SAYS ALEX! Oh my God, Miles! IT'S MY NAME! But... How?”

“Do I deserve a kiss now?”

Of course, he was! I jumped around his neck and wouldn’t let him go! That was so nice of him. He went from a super nice guy to an amazing guy. It was one of the most thoughtful gifts I ever received; he went an extra length to get something meaningful to me. I just couldn’t stop kissing him. I was the happiest girl in the world right now.

He managed to remove my arms from around his neck and proposed an activity.

“Alex, would you like to dance?”

“I would love to. Do you?”

“I couldn’t save my life dancing, but I have a good idea for you. Follow me! People will just love you, I’m sure.”

“What do you mean? Hey, are there a lot of people out there? I’m a bit scared to bump into them if you are not around. We can do something else if you don't want to dance.”

“Yep, lots of people here, hold on tight. And don't worry, as I said, I have a great idea to start the night.”

I grabbed his arm, and he pulled me along again. We avoided all the obstacles, and soon enough, we were on the hard dance floor. So many people bumped into me by accident, and compliments about my outfit flew left, right and center. This was one crowded place. Some comments were obviously about my lack of eye holes on my latex hood. I giggled at those because it made me feel unique and attractive.

“Miles, I love this place, but I can’t dance here. Seriously. There are too many people. I’ll hit them all, or I’ll hurt myself.”

“I told you not to worry, Squeaky. I’m not going to put you in trouble. HEY! CAN WE USE THIS?”

Squeaky? Was that my new nickname? And who was he yelling at all of a sudden? A girl replied.

“No, sorry, it’s only for the performers.”

“Okay, come here please, I need a favor for a special case... Alex, stay here for a sec and don’t move.”

“O... okay?”

What was he doing? He was talking to that other girl but it was so noisy here; I couldn’t hear what he was saying. I just stood still in the middle of what seemed like a big crowd. Nevertheless, I couldn’t help it when my butt started moving at the rhythm of the music. I knew it was not the right place for me to do this, but I wanted to dance so badly.

Out of the blue, a small arm slid under mine... This person was not Miles'. It was the girl he spoke to a second ago.

“Come with me, Alex. You clearly want to dance, and your boyfriend told me about your eyes.”

“My eyes?”

“Yes, just follow me and be careful; there will be a couple of steps.”

It was an odd way to tell me she knew I was blind, but hey, she was kind enough. I had no clue what she wanted with me, though. And steps? There were no steps on dance floors. People tripping on them would cause some carnage. Was she on drugs or something?

We went not far from where I was waiting, and my foot bumped into... a step? She moved behind me and wrapped her small hands around my waist.

“Come on, be careful, and climb up. There are five of those, and it’s steep. I’m right behind you, so don’t be frightened.”

“Come on, Alex. You better give us a good show!”

The girl instructed me to climb up a small stair, and Miles was asking me to give a good show? What were they doing to the poor little me? Half-trusting, I carefully climbed up while the girl was keeping me balanced. I counted each step, and once I reached the top, I bumped into something hard.

“Let me open that for you, one sec ... There! You can walk in.”

“In what? What is it?”

I stepped inside something that had a wobbly floor. Then the girl finally revealed what their master plan was.

“This is one of our dance cages. Your guy told me that it would be a good place for you to be. You wanted to dance but were scared to bump into people.”

“Ah, really? I’m in a dance cage?”

“Haha. Yes. You look so sexy in that suit, so you fit perfectly in there. But here is the deal. Usually, this is only for the performers, so you are in the middle of the place, and everybody’s watching you, you have to give them a good show else we will have to get you out of there.”

I heard a metal door slamming, followed by a squeaky latch noise. Was I really in a cage? I couldn’t believe it! A quick exploring of my surroundings confirmed it; there were only bars. The design of this device was barely enough for me to do my job... Dancing erotically for people to watch.

I didn’t even have time to settle down in my new environment before people started screaming encouragement at me. They wanted the sexy latex girl to perform an arousing dance, nothing less. It was a bit intense, and I was not too sure how to start. The cheers increased exponentially, leaving me no choice but to start moving my hips. There was a big wave of cheering and clapping as soon as I did.

It took a few seconds, but my body gradually took over and unleashed my desire to twist my skeleton in every way I could.

This was FUN!

Miles was not here, but the way he was talking about his lack of love for this activity meant he was probably at the bar using my cash card. His idea was perfect! I may have been a prisoner of a cage and forced to dance like a slave for everybody to watch, but I never felt that much freedom. Nobody would bump into me, spill their drink on me, or grab my boobs without asking. Yes, this was perfect!

Then I heard Miles' voice calling me from a distance.

“Hey Squeaky, I'll be back in a little bit! I'm going to explore. Don't go anywhere!”

“I won't! Take your time! I LOVE IT!”

For what felt a long time after that, I kept dancing. My warden girl came back twice to check on me and ask if I needed a break. I refused both times even though I was getting a bit tired. I spent countless hours on a treadmill for this exact moment. Never in my life I would have thought this could have happened to me.

But all good things had to come to an end. The girl came back a third time; it was to let me out. It was so nice of them to let me use the cage for a while. I had so much fun, I even hugged her. Miles was waiting for me at the bottom of the stair.

“So, how was it, Alex?”

“It was AWESOME! But I'm so hot and thirsty now. I need water. How long was I in there?”

“Hehe. You don't want to know. Here, I got you covered... take this. I know where to go to relax, follow me.”

He gave me a bottle of ice-cold water that I drank while he tugged me away from the crazy dance floor. I would need alcohol at some point. Water was okay for now, but it wasn't fun. I wondered where we were going? I hoped it was the lounge where we could sit and have some nachos.

All of a sudden, it got quieter, and... were those moans? My hand went from his belt to his arm in search of reassurance.

“Miles? Where are we? I hear sex noises. I thought we couldn't have sex here.”



“Calm down, Squeaky, no one is having sex. They are just having fun. I found what I want you to try next. I think you’ll like it, but it is not for everybody, so let me know if you don’t, we can always leave.”

“Will it involve beer and nachos? Cause that’s what I want right now.”

“No, hehe. We can go to the lounge after if you want, but I think you’ll like this better.”

“What is it?”

“One sec, we have to ask first ...”

Miles stopped walking, and I kept sipping water from my bottle. The echo changed a lot, which made me understand we were in a smaller room. Probably one of the play areas that Miles mentioned earlier. In front of us, there was a moaning girl, but it was as if she was moaning in an empty plastic bottle or something, it was odd. People were also using lower voices as if not to disturb her. Miles spoke to them, matching their tone.

“Hi, guys. Do you mind If my girlfriend and I just watch?”

“Hey man ... your girl is ... stunning. Wait, how can she see? I thought they didn’t allow blocking people’s vision in the open spaces?”

That was my cue, as usual. A blind person had to spend its life telling the non-blind persons that we were blind because they were too blind to figure it out themselves. That thought made sense to me.

“I’m legally blind. So hiding my eyes doesn’t make any difference in my world.” I said.

“Ah, cool! That is a first.”

“Yeah, that is awesome. Come closer, do you want to touch her too? I love your neck tag, by the way.”

That man was genuinely impressed, and that girl was envious of my collar tag. She couldn’t have it! It was mine forever! But... What did she mean by touching her? Touching who? Miles knew I was missing a piece, and he just quietly explained to me what they were doing in this room.

“There is a vacbed in front of you with a girl stuck inside.”

“What is a wackbed?”

“No! Vacbed, vacuum bed. It is a large and rectangular tubular PVC frame, and there is an envelope of latex around it. A person can climb in between the two sheets. The side is zipped up, and the air is removed from between the two layers of latex. The person is then trapped and can’t move anymore.”

“Oh? Like a pork loin?”

“Alex! Come on!... You are destroying the mood.”

People around were indeed laughing at my comment. Hey, I couldn't see, so all I could do was try to associate their poor description of things with what I knew. To me, vacuum-packed meant frozen meat. Something still didn't add up.

“How can she breathe if there is no air?”

“She has a small tube in her mouth.”

“Why is she moaning?”

“Because people are caressing her.”

“Like? Everyone?”

“Hehe. Yep. Hey guys? Do you mind if she explores a little bit?”

“Go right ahead. The more people touch her, the more she loves it.”

Miles moved me in front of him and told me just to extend my arms. I quickly found the edge of the table slash bed. It was squishy... I made a step forward until my hips touched it. I carefully explored what was in front of me with my hands. I found the latex covered tubular structure, which matched what I thought, but sliding my hands further on the slick latex sheet, I touched something odd.

I was not sure I understood what it was, a bunch of small sticks, perhaps?... Then they twitched! Oh, my God!... It was a hand! Inside the latex! I retracted mine up to my chest. Miles rubbed my shoulders.

“Haha. Don't worry, Alex. She likes it. Touch her a bit more. It's all good.”

“You sure about that?”

“Of course, I am. She chose to do this because she likes it. Give her what she wants, you'll see.”

I reached back to her hand. It was so odd... I delicately went up to her arm using my fingertips, as I always did when I tried to understand something, and she started giggling and twitching.

“Alex. Don't tickle her! That's so mean! What are you doing? Be a bit more sensual about it.”

“Sensual?”

I tried once more, this time using my full hand as if I were massaging my own body. I went up to her arm again and down. She returned me an approbation in the form of a relaxed moan; I guess I was doing something right. I went up to her shoulder; I could feel all her muscles and

bones. She was in good shape, but yet, skinny enough. Her chest and belly were so warm and soft; her breathing was a bit erratic, though.

Miles poked me in my lower back and whispered in my ear.

“I want to see you squeezing her boobs.”

“Hehe. Really? Will she be okay with it?”

“I bet she will. Everybody is watching you, just waiting for you to do something kinky.”

“What? You guys are all watching me?”

“Yes”

“Yep”

“Yes”

“Uh, Uh!”

Oh, my God! How many people were here? Miles kept putting me in those situations tonight. If he continued on that trend, he would get himself in trouble. Whatever! I returned my hands to the girl, then I slid them up to her chest to feel her boobs.

They were much bigger than mines; there was no doubt about it. I squeezed them gently, but the latex just ran away from my fingers. The moaning intensified, which meant Miles was right. I didn't know I was going to please a girl tonight. I liked my males a lot, but somehow, this activity felt just right.

I kept going a bit longer, massaging her breasts, neck, and face. It was a good feeling to know I was giving her pleasure successfully. But all of a sudden, I heard a weird hissing noise. I jumped back, and Miles caught me in his arms.

“Wha... What did I do?”

“Haha. You're funny. Nothing, they are just letting her out of there because another girl wants to try it. Did you like it?”

“Yeah! I did! It was weird at first, but I get it now. When she is inside, she really can't move. I can only imagine how it feels.”

“Well, as I said, another girl wants to try it.”

“Ok?... Hey! Wait... MILES!”

“You'll be fine, Squeaky. Just give it a shot. I will be here to save you if you don't like it. Oh, and your new girlfriend is coming to see you.”

Out of nowhere, a pair of lady arms wrapped around me and hugged me tightly. Just by her voluminous chest, I knew it was the vacbed girl.

“Aaaah! It was you who touched me like this. I don’t know how you did it, but it felt so amazing. You have magical hands!”

“Heee!... Hi!... I don’t know? I guess I’m that good.”

“Come on! It is your turn! Follow me!”

“Eep!”

I got the feeling I was screwed. It was payback time for this girl. She was nice though, very enthusiastic, which was surprising since she was so calm earlier while stuck inside the vacbed. She led me to the other side of the table and helped me get on the bed... or... in the bed. I could hear the latex sheets flopping around as I was trying to figure out how to do this. She was very encouraging and supportive of the newbie that I was. She invited me to relax and to position myself comfortably.

“Okay, open your mouth ... that is your breathing tube. Bite in it lightly until the bed is fully empty. Are you ready? If there is anything wrong, tell me right away.”

“Uh-uh.”

The long zipper slid along the side. Her hand rested on top of my belly to accompany me through this new experience. Then it started. The noise of a vacuum filled my ears, and I quickly felt a strange sensation. I was getting sealed between the two rubber sheets; I couldn’t believe how fast I got immobilized like the said pork loin. When the noise stopped, she reached my rubber face with her fingers.

“Are you okay?”

“Uh-uh...”

“Any discomfort?”

“Nuh-uh”

“Good... just relax and enjoy. Let me know if you want out, ok?”

“Uh-uh.”

The first thing she did was to slide her hand down my neck. This felt GOOD! Recently, Miles touched me a lot while I was wearing my latex suit, but this was not the same at all. Not only was there nothing I could do to stop her, but the intensity was ten times higher.

Sorry about that, Miles, I would marry that girl. No, not really. But still, she was amazing, and it was so erotic. Not as shy about it than I was, she went to places where I didn’t dare to go on her earlier, such as my inner thighs near my crotch, it was crazy sensitive. My heart was pumping pure endorphins.

After a while of that sexy caressing, she did something I didn't expect at all. She climbed onto the table. I didn't even know it was allowed; I called that cheating. Her hands rubbing on my whole rubberized corpse was already too much to bear, but then she lowered her entire body on top of mine, dragging it slowly.

"Uuummmmm!" I said.

"Oh, little Alex like this, uh?"

"Uh-uh."

This was nuts. I couldn't move and felt like a prey eaten by a jaguar. This girl had full control, and even allowed one of her legs to rub on my crotch; it was no accident. My brain was about to explode, but I wasn't out of trouble just yet.

In between two moans, suddenly, my air intake was cut. I tried to understand what was happening while she kept distracting me. Did she even know I couldn't breathe anymore? Instinctively, I pulled on my arms to reach my mouth, but they just wouldn't move outside a small stretch. The rubber gripping me just brought my hands back to their original position.

And I could breathe again.

"Uuuuh! Uuuuh!"

"So... How was that? Liked it or not?"

"..."

"Hey, Alex, you have to tell me... I won't do it if you don't like it... one grunt for yes... Did you like it?"

"... Uurr!"

"Oh, good. That's what I thought."

Miles interjected.

"Hey, go easy on her. It's her first time. I don't want her to have a bad experience."

"I know that! I won't go too far. Can't you see she loves it."

Aww! Miles tried to protect me. It was adorable and... Eep! I couldn't breathe anymore. Something strange was crawling on my face... It was not her hand. Was it... her tongue? She was licking my face all over while I was struggling for air.

She tried so many things on me while I was her prisoner. My air intake kept cutting over and over, but never for very long. I kind of wished she would have forced me to hold my breath longer, but because of the warning Miles threw at her earlier, she must have been affected. Ah,

well, I guess he was right. I was safe, and enjoyed myself tremendously. There was no reason to push this harder yet; we were just having fun. But still... I wanted more.

Toward the end of my session, pretty much everybody started to caress my body all at the same time. That was insane and even a bit creepy. For a girl like me, that lived by the sense of touch, this was one of the best experiences I ever had. Miles and I would HAVE to come back to the Fox & Spice; that bastard got me hooked.

Shortly after this countless hands treatment, the air entered the vacbed, and the hugging latex released me from its grip. I was free again. I crawled out of there, assisted by the girl, and she gave me a big hug...

... and a deep kiss!

Surprised, I kind of reacted weirdly on that one. That was so unexpected, plus I had never kissed a girl before. Immediately realizing what she had done, she felt super bad about it.

“Oh! I’m sorry... I don’t know why I did that! I’m sorry!... I’m so sorry!”

“Well... Hehe. That was something!” I said.

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to! I just got carried away.”

“Hey, hey! It’s ok. I was just a bit surprised, is all.”

I didn’t know what spark of genius hit my brain at that moment; I guess I was feeling bad for her feeling bad. I wrapped my arms around her and planted my lips on hers for an even deeper kiss topped with an audible moan. She groaned a little and just started to work inside my mouth with her tongue. I liked this a lot; it was great timing for trying this kind of stunt.

We explored each other like this for the next minute or so. This whole exercise left her panting her life out. She may have liked it even more than I did.

“A... Alex...,” she said.

“Thank you for the whole adventure. I loved every minute of it. I would love to stay in contact with you if you would.”

“S... Sure.”

“Miles? Can you note her phone number?”

Miles was just laughing at the scene. I think everybody in this room appreciated our little show. Those people were great. Nobody was weird; nobody abused each other; nobody acted tough or submissive. It was just good fetishist fun. After a series of friendly hugs, I gripped Miles’ belt, and he towed me out of this place.

“Miles! It was so nice. It was the best idea ever.”  
“It did go much better than I expected, yeah, they were nice.”  
“That girl was super fun ... What was her name?”  
“I've seen her around before, maybe even talked to her. Mei... Mei... something...”  
“Mei?”  
“Yeah... One sec... She is the one that entered her contact on your phone... Meixiang!”  
“Meixiang? That sounds Chinese.”  
“Well, yes... She is definitely Chinese, or she has Chinese parents. You didn't know?”  
“No! I didn't! How come she had such big boobs then?”  
“Now, now! Enough with the prejudices. Do you still want a beer and Nachos?”  
“Yes ... I'm hungry. And I love you!”

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I loved the crackling sound of the nachos between my teeth. The tasty fake cheese was something that I enjoyed very much, some sort of guilty pleasure of mine. Miles got us a quiet seat in the corner of the lounge even though the place was quite crowded. It was nice just to relax a bit after all the emotions I went through. I took my heels off and put my feet up on the couch while leaning on Miles. This was by far the best date we had.

“I'm so happy right now, Miles.”  
“This place is great, isn't it?”  
“Yep. The music is smooth, the place is comfy, and there are all kinds of kinky smells.”  
“And cute girls too.”  
“Ah! I told you, you were not allowed to look at them!”  
“Right. It's okay, none of them are cuter than you are.”  
“Lies!”  
“No, I swear. Your full latex catsuit makes you stand out. You get a lot of stares since we showed up. I feel so proud to be at your side.”  
“Awww... So, were you scared that I would leave with this girl when we made out?”  
“Nope.”  
“More lies... I'm sure you were.”  
“Haha. No! I wasn't... It was hot to see you kiss her like this.”

Miles could be a bit dense. What I wanted to hear was a bit of jealousy in his voice so I could feel a bit more desired, but there was none of it. Either I was not very important to him, or he genuinely didn't care.

Now that I was thinking about it, he didn't give a shit about me being blind either. Maybe he was that clueless and wasn't bothered by most things, like me kissing that girl. I needed to confirm this somehow.

“So, if I do it again, you won't mind?” I asked

“I would love to see that again. But I don't know where Meixiang went.”

“Pick another girl for me then...”

“Another girl? Geez, how many do you want to charm tonight?”

“Just one more. You said you liked girls in latex. Is there another one around here that you like?”

“Hehe. A couple. Are you serious? You want me to find one?”

“Sure. I want to see how insensitive you are.”

“Hey. Not being jealous doesn't mean I'm insensitive. Alright then. Let's see... There is a cute one over there, but I don't think you would like her. Plus, she seems to be dating a douchebag.”

“The super loud and stupid guy?”

“Yep, that is the one. Hey... There is one over there wearing a full latex bodysuit and a corset. She is kind of cute. She reminds me of you, actually.”

“What is she doing?”

“Nothing. She is just sitting next to her talkative friend. She cannot do much because of her gag. Next time they look over here, I'll try to wave at them.

That was interesting. Miles was so confident he wouldn't be jealous that he wouldn't hesitate to arrange a lesbian make-out session for me. I was starting to understand the extent of his obsession with latex girls, which would allow me to tease him endlessly after this. That said, my little heart was beating just a bit faster; what was I getting myself into?

“Ah! Her friend saw me... She is coming,” he said.

“Hey, you two. You need something?”

She sounded friendly enough, and I recognized the voice. She was indeed the talkative one I was hearing. Miles explained to her our idea.

“Hey, my girlfriend quite likes the girl who is sitting with you, the gagged one. She was wondering if she would like to cuddle with her for a bit? If that's okay.”

“That's my slave tonight, I don't like sharing usually, but yours looks great. So here is the deal, if you buy my two friends and me a drink, I'll let you borrow her for a bit. I'm pretty sure she will be open to it.”

I elbowed Miles in the ribs.



“Miles, do it!”

“Alright. Deal. Get what you want and send the waiter to us along with your gagged friend.”

I was getting even more nervous now that it was going to happen for real. One thing that made me laugh internally is that she just assumed I was Miles’ slave. That was not how he and I rolled, but it was not worth arguing since so many people around here were into that kind of relationship. Little did she know that I was the one financing their drinks, not my “master.”

Miles poked my shoulder with his manly finger and whispered something in my ear.

“Move aside, Squeaky, she is coming. I think it is better if you don’t talk to her. Let me act masterly... She is probably into that.”

“Yes... my Lord! My master!... My King!... My deity!...”

“Stop it, Alex... She is here.”

I felt her warmth right away when she sat next to me. More than likely already briefed on our intentions, she slid her hand on my rubber breasts right away. I had an instant flashback from the earlier vacbed adventure, but this time there was only one thin layer of latex between my nipples and her hand.

“Mmm...”

“Ah, the two little slaves are not wasting time, I see. Alright, enjoy yourselves for me.”

I moaned a little, and Miles just fully opened the door for an all you can eat rubber buffet. I started rubbing my hands all over her as well. She was fit and curvy; I liked her body a lot.

I could feel her heart beating fast as well; she was really into this. Her gagged moans were pretty cute. Curious about it, I slid up my hands to visit her neck and face. I ran my fingers over her mouth, and there it was, a small rubber ball stuck behind her teeth, held by two leather straps. Trying to put myself in her shoes made me want to try one, too; it was turning me on.

For the next few minutes, the slavegirl and I cuddled, and Miles had not said a word until now.

“Hey, Slave. Would you like to kiss my girlfriend?” he asked.

“Hmmp.”

“Okay, so do you think your Mistress would be okay if I remove your gag for a bit?”

“Hmmp!”

“Alright, then, let me help you with this.”

Miles got off the couch and I heard a metal buckle noise along with some saliva noises. I ran my latex hand to her cheek to confirm the gag was gone. There was no resistance whatsoever when I pulled her into a deep kiss. Our tongues met, and I was in heaven once more.

The fact that I was not really into girls, or at least I never considered it before, made the experience so much more special. It was something I enjoyed more than I would have thought.

I could do this forever. This slave girl was such a great kisser. Knowing that Miles was watching us added a little extra erotic acting. This was an excellent way to spice up the quiet relationship we had so far.

Earlier I thought he didn't care or that he was not jealous, but a different thought started to bloom inside my brain. Maybe he was a voyeur, and he was guiding me in this direction for his own pleasure. Was he even aware of it? He must have been.

Yes, first, he asked me to slowly undress when we were inside the lap dance booth so he could watch me. Then he made me dance in the cage in front of everybody. Then what? He selected the vacbed activity, so he could enjoy himself while other people rubbed their hands all over me? And now what? He eagerly agreed to arrange for this girl to give me one of the best make-out sessions ever.

The picture was clear. He and I would need to have a chat about this later. I was okay for now since my hands were full of this lovely girl.

We didn't break the kiss a single time for the past ten to fifteen minutes, at least. It was not hard to notice that her hand was rubbing closer and closer to my crotch. Grabbing private parts was not allowed here, but perhaps it was tolerated under certain circumstances?

And here we were, she completely covered my crotch with her hand with extra pressure added from her middle finger.

“Aaanh! Mmmm”

Miles didn't even object, like, at all. My blood was boiling, and I was sweating my life inside my latex suit. What If...? Would it be okay to ...? I slid my hand down to her belly, over her corset, then lower... and lower... and lower...

“Hey, girls! Try to keep it civilized! The waiter just signaled us to be careful,” Miles said.

A mixed wave of warmth, embarrassment, and frustration coursed through my body. Was I losing all control? Good thing Miles brought me back to reality. The slavegirl moved her hand up away from my crotch to my neck as well and started to fiddle with my collar. She seemed quite curious about my lovely heart-shaped tag.

Then she froze! And by that, I meant, all the muscles in her entire body tensed and time stood still. She abruptly pulled away from our kiss, pulling on my tag even more and doing something to it. Could she read braille? Nevertheless, that tag was precious to me. I gripped her wrist in an attempt to control her.

“Hey, stop! Don’t pull on it that hard! Don’t break it, please!” I said, a bit distressed.

Then she screamed in my ears.

“A... ALEX!?”

That... That voice... NO! NO! OH GOD! NO! IT COULDN’T BE!

## Chapter 3 - Sunset

“Kill me!”

“No... I won't kill you. Come on. Stop acting like a baby.”

I pressed the button on my talking watch for the tenth time.

“The time is 8:38 am.”

Last night at the Fox & Spice, everything was going fantastically well until... the kissing slave girl. I've been crying my life out since that moment. Immediately after what happened, I changed back in my regular clothes, and we went straight home; it unfortunately shortened our evening.

This morning, Miles tried to make me feel better, but there was nothing he could do. I would stay in bed until I dehydrated and died.

“The time is 8:39 am.”

“Come on, Alex! Stop pressing that button and get out from under the blankets. Your breakfast was ready an hour ago.”

“The time is 8:39 am.”

No. I was not going to get out from under the blanket, not until I was deceased. Miles didn't know what to do with me anymore, and I didn't know either. The fact was, there was nothing that could be done. Things would never be the same.

“The time is 8:40 am.”

“Okay, that is enough. Here, I have your blindfold. Let me put it on you, and then we can talk.”

“No!”

“Alex, what is the big deal? Yes, you kissed a girl you knew, so what? It is not the end of the world.”

“Leave me alone! You know that's not the problem.”

“The time is 8:40 am.”

No... It was really not the issue. I kissed that slave girl for a long time in front of Miles; it felt so good and so right, and I was so turned on by it. Then we went as far as trying to sneakily masturbate each other in public. Everything was extraordinary and would have turned this evening into the most perfect day of my life. But no. Instead, it turned into a nightmare.

While we were busy exchanging mouth fluids, the girl's fingers explored my pretty tag attached to my shiny new collar, and she was able to read my name which was engraved in braille; what were the odds for her to know braille? It didn't take her a lot of brainpower to understand that a cute blind girl named Alex was undoubtedly the only sightless Alex living in this city. So, of course, she recognized me.

"The time is 8:41 am."

"Alright, come here. Whining for the rest eternity won't help your case. Lift your head a bit."

Miles slid my silky blindfold over my eyes and tied it behind my head. He then sat on the bed and dragged between his legs. My back was now resting on his chest and his arms wrapped around me.

"So, what now? You are never going to talk to her again?"

"Of course, I'll talk to her again... How can I not! SHE IS MY SISTER, YOU DUMBASS!"

"Pfff. I thought she looked like you."

"STOP LAUGHING! It's not funny... How would you feel if you had sex with your brother?"

"I don't have siblings. I Would not know."

"Well, I KNOW! And it's not fun."

"Anyway, you didn't have sex with her. You just gave her a couple of small kisses. You make a big deal out of nothing."

"Not a couple of small kisses? We french kissed for fifteen minutes, and she even rubbed my crotch with her hand, and I liked it!"

"Now that you are mentioning it, it was kind of hot."

"Shut up!"

"Alex, just calm down, okay? She didn't know, and you didn't know. That was an honest mistake. That's all. It is not as if you are going to get pregnant because of this."

Perhaps not, but he was not the one who would have to face her and have to explain my rubber doll outfit. Plus, I learned my younger sister acted as a slave girl for another woman. How was I supposed to react? Miles put something in my hands.

"Here, take this," he said.

"What... My phone? Why?"

"Call her, talk about it, and put this behind you."

"Miiiiiles! What do you want me to tell her?"

"That you are sorry for what happened and the truth. You like the fetish scene. I'm sure your sister will understand. Don't forget she was there too, doing her slave thing."

I groaned incessantly, but I knew what he said was sound. It was better to defuse the situation quickly and try to put this behind us. I raised my knees to my forearms and held the phone in front of my face. I reluctantly spoke the command I didn't want to say.

“Call Marry.”

It rang about three times before my sister answered. It felt like an eternity.

“Hey.”

“Marry... So?... How are you doing?”

“Okay, I guess...”

“Yeah... So... about last night...”

“Alex... You put your tongue inside my mouth!”

“... Well... you did the same... and even touched my crotch.”

“...”

“...”

Of course, this was going to be awkward. It was as embarrassing for her as it was for me. Miles put his hand on my shoulder and shook it a little. Yeah, I guess it was better to follow his plan.

“Listen, Marry... I just want to say that I am sorry...”

“Yeah... I'm sorry too... I should have asked some questions first. I never thought you could be such a pervert.”

“Hey! Be nice. I was just having fun with my boyfriend. I didn't know you were dating girls either.”

“I'm not dating girls. It was just roleplaying with some friends. I like fooling around with them sometimes, that's all. So are you, apparently.”

Yeah, I had things to admit as well. I liked my sister a whole lot, but we never talked much about our relationships, let alone our sex life. Part of it was my fault as I tended to dwell on my love failures and vent a bit too intensely.

“Well, listen... As you saw, I do have a thing for latex, but I usually keep it private,” I said.

“Right. That must be why you danced like a sex maniac inside that cage for almost an hour, giving a good show to everybody.”

“You... You saw that?”

“Everybody saw it. I'm sure you made quite a bit of money.”

“Hey! No... It wasn't for the money... It was so that I wouldn't bump into people.”

“We danced a lot together in the past and you never needed a cage. Anyway... for what it’s worth, you did a good job.”

I blushed a bit at the unexpected compliment. My sister never was the cheerful type; she was mostly shy and reserved, and laughing didn't come easy. We cared for each other, but when we grew up, we never had too many common activities outside our homeworks. The distance between us increased since we were young adults and started working. Thinking about this made me realize our latex fetish may have been one of the first strong interests we shared.

“Say, Marry... I did enjoy it a lot at the club last night... I mean... outside the sister kissing. So... Would you like to go back there with me one day?”

“... Yeah, I think we could do that. But we will need to talk about this some more before going. We need to know what to expect from each other. And don’t tell mom.”

“No!... Never!... I would never tell her something like that.”

“Okay... I have to go now. I need to go brush my teeth again.”

“Hehe. Have fun... and... Thanks, Marry, for understanding.”

“Don’t mention it. I’ll text you later this week.”

Miles turned my head to the left and gave me a little kiss.

“See. All is good. Do you still want to die?”

“No. I’ll live. My sister is nice. Maybe this is a good thing, after all. I learned a bit more about her.”

“Good, now it’s time to eat your cold breakfast. Come on.”

\*\*\*

In the afternoon, I was back in my latex suit, cuddling on the couch with Miles. I was on my back with my head resting on his lap, and his hand was rubbing my chest slowly. I poked him under the chin with my finger.

“Would you date me if I were not wearing latex?”

“No, I would go back to the store and ask for a refund.”

“Come on. I was just wondering what you liked about me outside this.”

“That’s easy. You are cute, you are smart, you are funny... oh, and you are super rich!”

I slapped him on the cheek for that last comment even though he was just kidding.

“I’m not super rich! I just know what I’m doing. I bought low and sold high.”

“I can’t even buy low in this city. I give all my money to the landlord.”

“Well, if you are extra nice, maybe you can move in one day.”

He pinched my nose.

“I’m not going to move in after three weeks, squeaky toy, you know that.”

“Hey, let go of my nose. I know... A girl can dream, no?”

I lifted my leg and put my rubber covered foot in the front of his face. I wasn’t wearing heels this time.

“Kiss it!”

“I can bite it too.”

I felt his lips touching my foot, and then his teeth bit on my little toe.

“Ah, you are no fun! So what are we doing today? I don’t want to spend my life on the couch.”

“I’m not sure. Do you want to call your new friend and see what she wants to do?”

“You really liked watching me kissing other girls, don't you?”

“It’s not that... I just thought you would like to see her again.”

I sat up, turned around, and climbed on top of him. I laced my arms around his neck and gave him a small kiss.

“I’m not stupid, Miles...”

“I never said you were. Where does that come from?”

“I know what you are doing. I understood everything at the club last night. Why don’t you just admit it? There is no shame.”

“Admit what? What are you talking about, Squeaky?”

“Are you a voyeur?”

“What? I’m not!... That... That’s ridiculous.”

“I think you are. It is not a bad thing, you know.”

“So, what makes you say that?”

“Oh, you want examples?”

I liked it when people challenged my intelligence. Sure, I could be awkward around people because I had trouble with my relationships, but I was still pretty good at reading people's minds. And Miles just pushed the wrong button. He should have admitted what he liked instead of hiding it.



“You said you liked girls in latex.”

“Yeah, that doesn’t make me a voyeur... I just think it is sexy as hell.”

“But you said girls... with an S. You could have said MY girl.”

“That’s weak. Was that your mighty proof?”

“No. Then, at the club, you made me dance in a cage.”

“Hey, that was a great idea! You had a blast!”

“I didn’t say otherwise, but you left me there for almost an hour. It didn’t take you that long to explore the club. I’m sure you were watching me and liked the way everybody around desired me.”

“Sure, I was at the bar watching you. It’s not a crime. I was happy for you.”

He really won’t admit it. I needed to drill this guy a bit more.

“So, why did you choose the vacbed activity?”

“I don’t know. It looked fun. I thought you would like it.”

“Because it was rubber or because you knew I was going to touch a girl, and she would touch me in return?”

“...”

“HA! You hesitated! I knew it.”

“Alex... Why are you doing this?”

“Just tell me. Did you enjoy watching me being touched like this... everywhere?”

“It... It was for you...”

Ha! He is getting hard under me... This was so awesome. Finally, I got my payback for him forcing me to admit that I loved latex on our first date. Sweet revenge.

“You are getting an erection just thinking about it. I can feel it. So, how did you feel when the slave girl kissed me? Don’t even mention the word sister else I will bite your face.”

“I... I liked it... Who doesn’t like two rubber girls kissing?”

“What are you scared of? Just say it already. You won’t go to jail. I can feel your heart racing in your chest... that can’t be good.”

“Okay, okay... I like it! Happy now? I like seeing you doing sexual things with other girls.”

“That turns you on that much?”

“Yes! But only because I love you—”

He abruptly stopped his sentence right there... What did he just say? Love me? I’ve been dating him only for the past three weeks, and I told him that I loved him. I was honest, and he knew it. He was very open as well and said to me he still had feelings for his ex-girlfriend. The way he was talking about her, it was truly over with no chance of ever getting back together, but

I could understand why he didn't want to rush into another relationship. He kept his emotions at bay, probably not to get hurt again.

"Miles? What did you just say?"

"Alex..."

"You don't want to repeat it?"

"I'm not sure... I'm confused... I don't say that to be mean. I really like you. I don't want to mess things up again."

"I understand, don't worry. Do you want to know what I think?"

"Should I?"

"You love me more than you think you are."

I got off from his lap and stood up in the middle of the living room, fists on my hips.

"Call Meixiang!"

"Contact not found. Please try again."

"What? Why? Call Meixiang!"

"Contact not found. Please try again."

Miles interrupted my attempts to call my new friend.

"What are you doing, Alex? We were having a serious discussion."

"Call Meixiang!"

"Contact not found. Please try again."

"Ah, come on! Miles, did you enter her name properly?"

"Yes, but you are saying it wrong!"

"Call MAY-CHI-HANG!... stupid system."

This time, the phone rang a couple of times, and the girl answered.

"Hello?"

"Hey Meixiang, it's Alex... the vacbed girl."

"Heeey... I was worried you wouldn't call me back. I thought about you a lot."

"Look, Miles and I have nothing to do today. Would you like to come over and have some fun?"

"Oh... I would love to, but I'm probably too far."

"I'm near the Irwin Park downtown... Where do you live?"

"Oh, that is very far... I'm 45 minutes from there, easy. And I don't even have a car."

"No problem... I'll send a shuttle to pick you up."

"What? A shuttle? What the..."

“Don’t worry about it. Give me your address and get your stuff ready. Bring whatever kinky stuff you have. Are you working tomorrow? You could sleepover too if you want.”

After she gave me her address, I called the clerk and sent a shuttle her way. I was pretty sure Miles was looking at me while shaking his head.

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Later that afternoon, Meixiang arrived. The clerk let her in then another clerk showed up with a big heavy thing, it was hard to tell what it was just by the sound of it. I was hiding in the hallway closet because I didn’t want the staff to see me wearing a full latex catsuit, but as soon as they left, I bounced out to greet the first girl who ever kissed me.

“Meixiang!”

“Alex!... Do... Do you really live here? And call me Mei... or Meimei.”

“Mei? That sounds good. And yes, welcome to my place.”

“And wait till she starts bragging about her giant bathroom...”

Mei was shyer than last night, and Miles had to tease me about my beautiful bathroom. Even after three weeks visiting me, he still couldn't shut up about it. Wanting to be a good host and make her relax a little bit, I offered to serve some refreshments.

“Let me get you something to drink, what would you like?”

“Oh... I don’t drink. I’m fine. I only drink water.”

“Ah, okay. That is fine. I have some flavored water if you want.”

“No, thanks. I only drink normal water.”

Well, we certainly won't get drunk tonight, I thought.

“Hehe, ok... Hey, don’t be shy. Come sit; we can chat a bit.”

I extended my arm in her general direction and waited for her to grab my hand. It took a second, but finally, I felt her little fingers grabbing mine. I walked her to one of the couches and made her sit next to me. Why was she so tense?

“Don’t be so nervous. We are just friends. You are safe here.”

“I’m just... a bit... intimidated. Is this really your place?”

“Ah, don’t be. The staff can be intimidating, but it is just an apartment like any others.”

“Excepted the bathroom...”

“Miles! Stop it. You’ll make her feel even worse. I...”

I stopped talking because I felt something brushing against my latex covered face, particularly around my eyes. Mei was all gentle, but why was she doing that all of a sudden?

“So... It was not an act?” she asked.

“An act? What do you mean?”

“... Are you really blind? I wasn't sure if it was true or not.”

“Oh? Well... Yeah, it's true... I'm a person who is blind.”

“But... How come you can walk like this around your apartment?”

“I... live here?”

Miles saw the awkwardness and decided to help both of us.

“Even if she could see, she would spend all her time in her suit just for the feeling of it; she wouldn't see shit anyway. So, Mei... What did you bring in this big chest? I'm curious.”

“Oh, hehe. A thing or two. Alex said to bring some kinky stuff. When I saw the shuttle, I decided to bring the whole thing. I hope you'll let me use the shuttle back home; else, I'm in trouble.”

“For sure. Don't worry about that,” I said.

Did she bring a big chest full of kinky stuff? I thought she was going to show up with a catsuit or maybe some cuffs, not a full chest. It made me wonder how deviant she was. I needed to learn more about her; maybe we should have talked a bit longer over the phone.

“So, how old are you, Mei? Do you have a boyfriend or something?”

“I'm 28. And no, I'm alone, and I'm happy this way. I see people on and off, like tonight. I know what you might think, but I'm not that sociable. I spend most of my time by myself. I only go to the Fox & Spice when my friends are insisting.”

“Well, you looked pretty sociable to me yesterday.”

“Hehe. Yes. It was fun last night, but you made it so much better for me. The way you touched me was very different.”

“I just touched you in a way that made you react the most. I felt what your body was doing; your twitches and breathing. You were just showing me what to do.”

Maybe those things were evident to me, but people should really learn how to look at others without vision. It was possible to receive a lot of information from another person from a simple, gentle touch. I was not a superhero, even though Miles kept saying I had super ears, my senses were the same as everybody else. I just learned to use them properly. And tonight I would get to practice them some more with my new kinky friend.

“Mei, I’m curious. If you have all those kinks, why do you spend a lot of time alone? Would it not be more fun to have someone to play with all the time?” I asked.

“No. It would drive me nuts. I’m a loner. I like myspace, and I entertain myself quite well.”

“So everything in that chest over there is to entertain yourself?”

“Yes... I... I can show you if you want.”

“Sure... I would love to check what you brought. And Miles? You are awfully quiet over there?”

“I’m fine. Just watching you, girls, wondering where this is going. I get the feeling I’m going to like it.”

Of course, he was watching. He barely admitted his kink to me earlier that the two cute chit-chatting girls were hypnotizing him already. I don’t think he realized how bad his case was and got the feeling he was not going to talk a lot tonight. For some reason, I found his little personality trait very cute.

“Alex, instead of just showing you... Could... Well... Would you like to try something with me? Since Miles is here too... He can assist.”

“I invited you over to have some fun, so yes! I would love to try some new things. What are we doing.”

“Can I go change first?”

“Oh, yes. But... Do you have a latex catsuit? Miles would love it...”

“Hey, don’t listen to her, Mei, wear whatever you want. It doesn’t matter to me,” he said.

“Oh? So you wouldn’t like me to wear my latex bodysuit?” she asked.

Oh my. Mei just cornered him. I’m sure his face turned all red. He shot himself in the foot right there. Poor Miles, it’s going to be a long evening for him at that pace. I liked Mei quite a bit already.

She never got a reply to her question but she walked away, and I heard her rummaging in her chest before asking me where the bathroom was. As soon as she was gone, I jumped from one couch to the other and landed on Miles.

“So? Do you like her?” I asked.

“I like you better. I have no clue what she wants to do.”

“I know! It’s part of the fun. No? I think she smells good.”

“She smells like trouble... for you.”

“Why do you say that? She is super nice.”

“I saw her having fun with you on the vacbed. I think you are in for quite a ride.”

I let my body fall on his chest for him to hold me a bit. Maybe he was right. The vacbed scene was memorable, but Mei was really into it, particularly when she started blocking my air intake. Perhaps Miles thought she was out of control at that point, but I thought she just wanted to make me experiment with new things. The truth was probably somewhere in the middle; I was pretty sure of it.

After a few minutes, Mei came back and told me what she was wearing plus a bit of what she wanted us to do.

“I’m back! I’m wearing my black latex bodysuit. I don’t have a hood or hands like yours, but I like it better this way. So, are you in for a bit of self-bondage?”

“Self-bondage? Miles can tie you up if it’s what you like.”

“No... What I like is self-bondage. I like tying myself up. Are you going to do it with me? Have you ever tried?”

“I... I have not...”

“Don’t be nervous; I can show you how. Come here on the carpet with me. I’ll give you what you need.”

Well, that was unexpected. I didn’t think this was what Mei was going to do. Not that I didn’t want to try, but it was one of those situations I didn’t sense coming; I didn’t have time to think about it. If I said yes, I would feel uneasy about it, but if I said no, I would probably have some regrets later.

Mei’s tone was quite confident, and she talked about self-bondage as if it was something normal to do on a Sunday afternoon. Ah, well, why not! I hesitantly walked to the middle of the living room.

“Is it okay right here?”

“Yes, sit down, I’ll give you some things. Don’t worry, I know it’s your first time. I’ll make it fun for you. I wanted to do this scenario for a while. Since you can’t see, it’s going to be even better. And Miles can participate too. Here... take those.”

Mei sat right next to me and put some leather items in my hands along with some sort of chains. I fiddled a bit with them. Even with gloved hands, that was easy. It was two pairs of cuffs and a collar; the chains linked them all together.

“Why are the chains so short?”

“Cross your legs, and I’ll show you. It’s going to be fun. If something goes wrong, just tell Miles, and he will help you out. I don’t want you to panic or anything; it would ruin your fun.”

“Okay... So you are going to cuff me?”

“No, you are going to cuff yourself. This is self-bondage. So first, cuff your ankles. Then put the collar around your neck.”

As instructed, I sat Indian style and cuffed my ankles together, but when I pulled on the collar to put it around my neck, the chain was too short. I had to lean forward a bit to do it. After fastening the strap behind my rubber neck, Mei crawled behind me and wrapped my torso with her arms and started massaging my breasts.

“Hehe. Mmmm. You are already taking advantage of me?”

“Yes. Sorry, I couldn't resist any longer. Now, in front of you, on the carpet, there are five small padlocks. Lock your collar and ankle cuffs with them.”

“Mmm... But where are the keys?”

“Miles is going to give them to you in a bit.”

“I will?” Miles asked

That smelled fishy already. Miles had not been briefed about this either, so Mei was brewing something to entertain all of us. I guess we would have to trust her on this one. I didn't sense much danger as Miles would totally save me if something bad happened. I grabbed the small padlocks with my rubber fingers and clicked them on my ankle cuffs and collar.

“That felt funny... I'm a bit nervous.”

“It's normal. Take your time... It is just in your head, there is no real danger. I placed a pair of cutters on the table; Miles can free you up anytime. Just let it pass. When you are ready, put your hands in the wrist cuffs between your collar and ankles and lock them.”

“Hehe. I'm good... I'm nervous, but I like this a bit. I don't think I would do it by myself, though.”

“If you cuff your hands and lock them, I'll give you a long deep kiss.”

“Alex, you should do it,” Miles added.

“HAHA! Of course, you were going to say that, dumbass!”

That was fun. New, but fun. With Miles in such a good mood, I felt even safer. It was not easy doing this while Mei was pleasantly fondling my breasts, but I did it. I attached my wrists in the cuff and leaned forward a bit to grab the two remaining padlocks she gave me. I placed them in the lockable prong and clicked them on. A small wave of excitement ran through my body when I understood I was truly stuck. Mei rubbed my rubber head and neck and whispered in my ear.

“Such a good girl. You did so well for your first time.”

“I can't move much. How will I get out?”

“Don’t rush it; just focus on relaxing and enjoying your predicament. Try to experience how good it feels and let it turn you on. Let me just grab my stuff now, and I’ll tell you what the game is.”

Mei went to her chest back and forth about three times. She was bringing more items every time. Some of them were cuffs and chains, I could tell, but some other things didn’t sound like anything I knew. And Miles even let escape an “Oh, my God” while she was preparing herself, to which she let a “sshhh” out. Clearly, she didn’t want him to spoil anything. Then I heard her sit on the couch next to Miles, and all I could hear were murmurs. She was telling him all kinds of stuff, but despite my good hearing, I couldn’t make out what she was saying.

“Did you understand everything?” she said.

“Yes... I’ll spank Alex really hard!” he said.

“HEY! I know that is not what she said. What were you two plotting behind my back?”

I felt a hand on top of my head; it was Mei’s. She knelt in front of me and leaned forward. She lifted my chin and pressed her lips against mine. While she was kissing me, she pushed me gently and made me lay down on my side; I turned into her puppet. For the next couple of minutes, she kissed me deeper and deeper, making my arousal spike stupidly. I involuntarily pulled on my bonds, but I couldn’t go anywhere. When she stopped, she told me one last thing.

“Once you free yourself, will you save me?”

“What? Save you? Hello? Meimei?”

She didn’t reply to me. All I could hear was a bunch of chain and cuffs noises next to me, plus some other unidentified sounds. A few minutes elapsed, and she was still not done. There was an intimidating amount of padlock clicks coming from her side. Then my attention was drawn elsewhere when I heard a familiar robot voice.

“The time is 6:14 pm.”

“Hey, that’s my watch!”

“Yes, give me your wrist... Oh, you can’t.”

“Hilarious, Miles! Why do I need my watch?”

“You don’t, but I thought you would like to have it for this.”

“For what? What is she doing?”

“Hehe. You asked me if I liked Mei... I wasn’t sure, but now I really do. She is awesome.”

“Hey... Don’t say things like this in front of her. Tell me what’s going on!”

“Don’t worry. She didn’t hear me. I’ll tell you in a minute... Relax, Squeaky. She is almost done.”



What were they doing... Playing with my mind? I wanted to know what was going on, but I had no means to obtain any answers. It was frustrating... but also somewhat exciting. Only a few minutes ago, I had no idea I would end up helplessly cuffed on the carpet. When I invited Mei over, I was thinking much more about a rubber night with a lot of girl kisses and Miles' voyeurism rather than strict bondage. Well... At least his wish has been granted. And talking about the wolf...

“Okay, she is ready. So, she told me to give you some instructions.”

“I figured that part already. What are we doing?”

“The first part is that you have to free yourself. Then I’ll tell you more.”

“And how do I do that? I need keys. And what about her?”

“She is fine. She is enjoying herself at the moment. And yes, you need your keys... One sec, I’ll give them to you.”

What? As simple as that? Well, maybe she just wanted to introduce me to self-bondage with an easy first experience. I was not overly disappointed, but I thought I could go a bit farther. Mei's kisses put me in a good mood to do something like this. But I would not question her judgment; Perhaps we could try something harder later tonight.

That was what my mind was thinking until Miles came back with the keys...

“Here are your keys, Alex.”

What followed was a loud metallic cascading noise as if someone was dropping a large number of coins on the carpeted floor. I didn’t want to even think about what it was... because I understood right away. Miles pushed me closer to the pile so my hands could touch the items.

“Miles... You are shitting me, right? Those are all keys? Mei, you are evil!”

“She won’t reply to you.”

“Why? Is she gagged?”

“I’m not telling you. You need to find your keys. I would not wait too long if I were you. Might take you a while with those gloved hands.”

“Help me!”

“No... It is self-bondage. I can’t help you.”

“Hehe. Traitor.”

There were a billion keys of all shapes and forms, but a lot were the same. I didn’t know where to start. My bondage was not that restrictive, but it forced me into a curled position. What made the most sense to me was to free up one of my hands first so it would be easier to work on the remaining padlocks. My plan was good.

For the next forever, I tried keys after keys after keys. None of them worked. At least, I understood the ones fitting in my padlocks all had the same shape. It allowed me to discard the odd ones and toss them aside. But, still, there were a lot of compatible keys, and the more I was trying them, the more I was questioning myself as if I tried them correctly. If I messed up, the good key would end up in the huge pile of failed keys. I started whining a bit.

“Miiiiiles. I’ll never find it.”

“Well, you better find it because Mei is waiting for you. I would hurry if I were you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing... Come on... Keep working; you must be close.”

“The time is 6:50 pm”

“What? It’s been 30 minutes already?”

“Apparently. Less talk, more work. I’m going to have a beer. Want one?”

“Yes, please.”

Mei was officially tied up next to me as she was struggling in her bonds occasionally. Was she getting impatient or something? She also asked me if I would save her... I bet Miles will ask me to untie her when I free myself. It was pretty obvious.

I kept working on my key issue between two sips from the beer can that Miles brought to my lips. Thankfully he wasn’t that heartless and gave me some alcohol. Then, out of the blue...

Click!

“MILES! IT OPENED!”

“Good job, squeaky! About time. Only four to go.”

“Hey! At least got one! Stop teasing me.”

Was this the ultimate reward obtained from self-bondage? I freed up one of my hands, and I got a rush of happiness. I quickly unfastened the cuff and stretched my arm... It felt so good. I pushed myself back up to my butt, and I felt a boost of motivation as if things were going to be much easier from this point on.

“Put my beer next to me. I’ll need it.”

“Okay, but don’t bump on it, I don’t want to clean your carpet.”

“The time is 7:13 pm.”

“It’s been an hour already...”

“Yeah, poor Mei. I don’t know if she knew you were going to be this slow.”

“I’ll untie her after... That is the plan, right?”

“Maybe... Take care of yourself first.”

Same response as usual. I was right; things were going much faster now that I had a free hand. Every time I had a "good key," I tried it in all the remaining locks. The next one to go was the collar, and I was relieved because it allowed me to straighten my back, at last. I let a happy cry while stretching. Meimei also was letting some muffled moans out. I still couldn't figure out what she did to herself just by the noise she was emitting, and Miles warned me not to crawl to her until my cuffs were all off.

It took a while, but I achieved the goal and tossed the bundle of chains and cuffs aside.

“The time is 7:50 pm.”

“FINALLY! Holy crap that was hard work.”

“Good job, squeaky. It's time for phase two.”

“Can I go see her now?”

“Go ahead! She has been waiting for you all this time.”

I crawled on my fours like a cat and pawed in front of me to find her. And there she was. I went to her and started checking what kind of mess she put herself in. Chain, leather... She was resting on her belly.

“Hey, she is hogtied... Mei did that herself?”

“Yes... It was quite interesting to watch.”

“Wait a minute... She padlocked everything... don't tell me...”

“I'm afraid so. You have to find the keys.”

“Hey... What the... There are two padlocks per cuff. What kind of gear is that?”

“I know, right. It was a way to extend her pleasure, I suppose.”

Mei was probably ticklish because she wiggled quite a bit when I was feeling her feet. But why was she not talking? I slid my hands down her head to check if she gagged herself, and...

“Oh, my God! WHAT IS THAT?”

“Hehe... I have to admit. Your new friend is a bit extreme.”

“Seriously, what is it? Her head... that is not leather or anything. It's like a hard helmet or something.”

“Yep.”

I wasn't too sure what I was feeling. I never heard of such a thing. A hard shell hood entirely covered mei's head and face. From what I could tell, it was a two-piece mask. On one side, there were hinges, and on the other side and top, there were small rectangular metal blocks, probably

some sort of locks. I didn't understand how they were working. There were not a lot of features on her face, but there was a small rectangular opening at the mouth level. At least she could breathe.

"Miles? Why is she not talking?"

"She put a gag in her mouth and earplugs in her ears before locking the mask over her head."

"This is so extreme! Are you sure she is ok?"

"Yes, she keeps giving me the signal that she is enjoying herself. Tap on her shoulder twice... let's see if she gives us a thumbs up. Yep... She is okay."

"Now get to work else she is going to be stuck like this forever. She said to keep the mask for last."

I made a couple of trips to my piles of keys and brought them all back next to Mei. It was going to be hard; she used all kinds of different padlocks. It took a very long time but gradually managed to open one lock here and there. The first thing that I managed to liberate was one of her legs, the right one. That made her moans quite a bit. She was probably all cramped. Her left arm was next, and it fell on the floor like an overcooked noodle.

"The time is 9:13 pm."

"Miiiles... Help me! I still have two padlocks to remove for her arm and one on her leg. I'm starving too."

"Well, take a break and come eat a little something. Mei is fine. She keeps giving us the okay signal. Come, I made you a sandwich."

I rubbed her body a bit with my hands and tapped her shoulder twice while holding her hand, and she gave me a thumbs up. Was she really okay after three hours of strict bondage? I made my way to the kitchen, where Miles gave me my plate. I sat on the stool and started to nibble.

"You aren't too bored?" I asked.

"It's okay. You girls have fun. But I want you now. Seeing you playing with her like this for so long is making me too horny."

"I would not mind some sex either, but, we can't leave Mei like this. Let's free her first, and then you can fuck me. If you help me and it will go faster, you know."

"Nope. She said I couldn't assist. And what would prevent us from making love while she is tied up? Nothing."

"What about morality? If we start fucking, we will be at it for hours... "

"So?"

"Miles... you are a pervert. We can't do that to her. Alright, I'm finishing this sandwich and going back to work... AANNNGH!"

Miles just cupped my pussy with his hand... That felt so good. He kissed me, draining all my willpower on top of incapacitating me. He unzipped my crotch and began to finger me rather aggressively, not to my displeasure. He fired me up like a race car engine... then he just walked away.

“Alright, Alex. Go save your friend. Let me know if you need anything from me, okay?”

“Miles! You are a monster!”

“I know! That is why you like me so much.”

With my pussy throbbing of desire, I managed to finish my sandwich and went back to Mei. I knelt next to her; she had rolled to her side, trying to get relief because she still had one arm attached to her opposite leg. It was probably not very comfortable. I rubbed her belly and rolled her back to it. I checked on the floor for my sorted piles of keys and...

“MEI! No! You rolled around all over my keys! We will never get you out of this if you keep doing that!”

“The time is 9:32 pm.”

I had to free her soon. This activity was becoming ridiculous. There were way too many keys to deal with. I quickly sorted through them again; I knew which ones were just not good, that was about three-quarters of them but still... It was going to take some more time.

Two times while I was trying to finish my job, Miles showed up and fingered me some more. My clit was on fire, and I couldn't manage to calm down... and Mei did the same too with her free hand; she reached my crotch and tried to finger me as well when she discovered my zip was down. Were they all against me tonight? Didn't she want to get free? She wasn't helping.

Click!

I heard her remaining arm and leg falling to the carpet, and Mei let a long moan out. I did it! She was free even if she still had a cuff around her ankle. She rolled to her back and kept moaning. I rested my hands on her belly and called Miles.

“I did it! She is free... Come here. You can take her helmet off now.”

“Good job, Squeaky. Hey... she still has one cuff on her ankle.”

“You are shitting me, right?”

“Nope... She said everything must be off before phase 3.”

“Miles! My fingers are exhausted... Come on, let's end this.”

I pressed my watch button again.

“The time is 10:27 pm.”

“What? That late already. Miles...”

“No. Mei said no. You almost finished your job. Don't give up now.”

I groaned at his bossy attitude. I was tired of trying keys. I grabbed another from the good pile and inserted it in the last lock, totally depressed. Self-bondage was not that fun anymore. I let a long sigh out and turned the key.

Click!

“Wait! What?... Did it just open? No way!”

I sensed around with my fingers and, indeed, the last lock was open. I took it off and undid the last ankle cuff and threw it away.

“MILES! I DID IT!”

“Already? Wow... You got lucky on that last one!”

I climbed on top of Mei and started to hug her really hard. She returned the hug and patted my back. Apparently, she was happy for me too. I kind of wanted to kiss her, but her helmet prevented me from doing so. I ran my fingers on the locks, trying to see if I could understand how they worked, but I had trouble figuring it out. Once more, she slid her hand to my crotch, distracting me from rescuing her.

Just as I was going to scold her, I felt two manly hands grabbing my hips and lifting my butt. I was chest on chest with Mei, and Miles decided that it was the right time to enjoy me.

“Miles...”

“You two look so cute like this... I can't wait any longer. You've been torturing me for the past 4 hours.”

“Hehe. Oh, so you are not hiding anymore? Mr. Voyeur. Alright, you better make me cum after all that teasing.”

I was pleased. I managed the key challenge, and now I was awesomely rewarded by Miles, who was pushing me to the edge, and Mei, stuck under me, knew exactly what was happening. She played with my body while I was getting pounded from behind. Removing her mask didn't seem that much of a priority anymore. My judgment was gone.

I think I came twice while Miles exploded only once. We brought Mei to the bedroom for round two. Miles was so into it. Something had triggered him hard tonight, but he only fucked me, not her. As much as I liked this semi-threesome, I wouldn't have wanted to share him at this level; that was his thing, not mine.

Mei tested my limits at some point. While my boyfriend was having his fun inside me, she pressed her crotch on my mouth, forcing me to lick her. I had never done this before and was probably not good at it, but I didn't dislike it. At least she was not my sister. For some reason, when I felt she was close to cum, she retracted and wouldn't let me finish her. I wasn't too sure why she wouldn't let me make her cum.

This little party continued for quite a while. We had so much fun; we almost forgot Meimei was still a prisoner of her helmet. Deaf and mute inside a hard mask preventing me from touching her face directly, we had to let her out of this wild piece of bondage.

"The time is 1:27 am."

"No way! That late? Miles, we have to let her out."

"How?"

"What do you mean, how?"

"Well, she said that you were smart and would figure it out."

"No! I have no clue! She told you nothing?"

"I don't think so."

"But she must be miserable!"

"I don't know about that. Tap on her shoulder again; we didn't check in a while... Ah... still a thumbs up. She is still a happy camper. Why don't we figure it out tomorrow? I'm tired."

There was a limit to what a person could endure. I wouldn't be able to get myself to leave her like this all night; I would feel like shit. I got grumpy and pressed Miles some more.

"Miles, it's not funny anymore. It's very hot, and all, but I want to let her out of that mask. I don't know what to do about those locks. Tell me."

"Ok, ok. Fine. I'll help you a little. So, you don't think the keys are in your pile in the living room?"

"No... Those locks are weird."

"Do you think you need a key?"

"Yes... I think so."

"So, where is it, you think?"

"I don't know... in her chest in the living room?"

"No."

"On the coffee table?"

“No.”

“Miles... Stop it!... Hey! Did she give you the key?”

“Yes. Hehe.”

“Ah, come on! Seriously? Give it to me now! Else you'll have to be afraid next time I give you a blowjob.”

I presented my open hand, and after a few seconds, he placed something in it. He knew I had sharp teeth. I couldn't believe it, though. He let me get frustrated for such a long time before telling me he had the key. I climbed on top of Mei and analyzed the locks, searching for a way to use this weird flat key.

“She said that you had to ask me for it first.”

“I'll get my revenge one day. How do those things work? Ah... I see.”

I inserted the key in the small slit at the top of the lock and pressed it down. I heard a click, and the metal latch opened. That was satisfying. I did the same on the three other locks. I gave back the key to Miles and started to pull open the face mask. Mei groaned quite a bit and lifted her head so I could remove the back piece. I put the weird contraption aside and checked her warm sweaty face.

I knew she had earplugs and gag, but that was about it. I quickly realized that it was more than I could have imagined. She had a leather head harness with a built-in blindfold and panel gag. Only her little Asian nose was sticking out. I reached for the buckles, fearing for the worse, and for once, there were no padlocks. I would have lost my shit, I swear.

After unfastening the straps, I peeled the harness off her. It took some effort to pull the gag out. She let out a long groan, and while I was gently removing her earplugs out, she spoke her first post-self-bondage words.

“Aaaaah! At last!... My jaw is going to be so sore after this.”

“Mei! Are you okay?”

“Are you kidding? It was AMAZING! It went SO much better than I thought it would. You kept me tied up for so long. I must have turned you on a lot if you chose to have sex instead of freeing me.”

“I guess there was a bit of that. You really enjoyed it?”

“Oh yeah! I'm used to tying myself up almost every night; this was super fun. I almost wished you would have left me like this overnight.”

“You are nuts. Hey, by the way, why didn't you want to cum? I tried hard.”

“I know you did. You were a licking machine. But if I cum in bondage, I want out, and it's not fun anymore. I'm wired that way.”



What a bondage beast. Mei was so much into this self-bondage thing that she tied herself up every night and kept herself frustrated on top of it. She was a different breed of pervert... and I thought Miles was bad.

She pulled me into a hug.

“What time is it?” she asked

“Eep! About 1:30 am.”

“Oh! Time to sleep then. But... Do you have a bit of food for me? Also, I brought something pretty cool for you and me.”

"I put a big sandwich for you in the fridge," Miles said.

She moved me aside and walked out of my room. Miles rubbed my latex covered belly.

“Maybe you should have left her to simmer in her mask a bit longer. You just got yourself in trouble again, I think.”

“Hehe. She is really into it, that is for sure. Do you know what she is going to bring back?”

"A sandwich?"

"Miles!"

“No idea. Maybe another friend who was tied up inside her big chest all along.”

“Hahaha! It wouldn’t surprise me.”

She made a detour to the washrooms and kitchen first, so it gave me some extra time to make-out with Miles, with a lot of tongue, but she eventually came back with something that sounded rubbery and full of metal buckles, she tossed it on the bed next to me.

“What is that?” I asked.

“Try to guess.”

I rubbed my hands on the item and tried to figure out what it was. I felt thick latex, it was flat and long, and my ears didn’t betray me as there were a bunch of straps and metal buckles. What the hell was this? Oh... There was a zipper too... a very long zipper. Ah! I got it.

“Aaaaah! I think I know what it is now. Is it a sleep sack?”

“Bingo! That didn’t take you long to figure it out.”

“Well, Mei. My friend told me about those when she helped me order my catsuits. I was curious about them. It is kind of hot.”

They totally were. I could only imagine how it felt to be lying down inside one, unable to escape until someone let you out. Even me, a small girl, bondage rookie, was finding this idea arousing. But... Did she bring it for... me?

I decided to ask her in a way that wouldn't make me look like I begged for it. I was just hoping.

“So, Mei, do you want to sleep in it?”

“Yes! Help me get in it!”

Well, my hope didn't live long; I was kind of disappointed now. For a second, I thought I would get to try one, but no. She was way too excited about having a chance to spend the night cocooned in rubber. Too bad. I would have loved to try it. Maybe tomorrow, I could get an opportunity for a little sleep sack session. For now, all I had to do was to find satisfaction in making her happy.

“Alright! Get in!” I said.

“Can I help?” Miles asked

“Nope! You, big male, served your purpose!”

“Hehe. You are so going to pay for that comment later.”

“Pay how? I, the woman, is the mistress of my own destiny!”

Miles was fun to tease and never got seriously offended. He could understand a joke and be playful about it. Since I met him, he had always been like this. Sometimes he would be quiet and reserved, but on other days like today, he was very much involved in the entertainment.

Meixiang unzipped the body bag and laid down on it. Knowing exactly how to do it, she pushed her feet at the bottom and made sure she was aligned correctly. It was almost a challenge to keep up with what she was doing with my hands only. Next, I helped her get her hands inside the internal sleeves and pulled the bag over her shoulder.

I played a bit with her latex body before zipping the sack up. Her breasts were still big, and I was jealous of them; that owed her an extra chest massage. I grabbed the zipper tab and slid it over her body, slowly encasing her in delicious rubber. Yes, I would have loved to try it so much; my disappointment kept growing. But I was currently discovering little things about myself, so it was not all dark. I kind of liked the feeling of sealing her inside the sleepsack, knowing she would be stuck in there until I decided to let her out. Yes, there was this little feeling of empowerment I liked.

After being careful not to pinch her chin with the zipper, I fastened the straps one by one, beginning at the ankles. I didn't want to make them too tight, but too loose wouldn't be fun either. She didn't complain, so I guess she was okay with how I was doing it. It was a matter of balance. Soon enough, she was all set and ready for the night.

Of course, now that she was tied up while I was not, I couldn't help myself but kiss her. Mei loved kissing me, I could tell. Her mouth was soft as silk, and her tongue was so warm. Maybe having sex with a woman was not something I would necessarily seek, I liked men too much, but kissing a girl... Absolutely! It was pointless to lie to myself; there was a little something special that I loved.

“Alright, Meimei... if you don't snore too much, I'll let you out tomorrow.”

“I don't think you will be able to...”

“Uh? Why? I'm in control of you! Rawr!”

“No... There is another sleep sack for you.”

“...? WHAT? REALLY?”

“You didn't think I would be the only one to have fun. Your sleep sack is not as restrictive as mine, though. But it is a comfortable one to sleep in.”

While I was trying to absorb what she just said, a big floppy piece of rubber landed on top of my shoulder. Of course, Miles didn't say a word about it. He knew way too well how it was going to end for me. But I was thrilled, and also felt like a fool for thinking she would do something for herself only; I misjudged her.

I tugged it to my arms and inspected it. It was not nearly as thick as Mei's, and it didn't have any straps. I think for my level of experience, this was even better. Mei was right; I would have felt a bit too restricted in hers. This one would be much better.

“Alright, Alex, let's tuck you into bed,” Miles said.

“Oh, yeah. You are all happy now, right?”

“Happy for you!”

He gave me a sarcastic kiss on the forehead and took the sleep sack from me. He flattened it on the bed and turned my body towards it.

I touched around to find the sack and moved my butt in it. Miles gently helped me to find the best position. He guided my arms in the sleeves and kissed me before zipping me up.

“It does feel comfortable... I think I like this,” I said.

“Well, it is very hot if you ask me. You need to get one.”

I struggled a bit to test my predicament, but there was no way I could get out of it. I was truly stuck.

“Mmmm... I will have nice rubber dreams like this.”

“Mei and you both, I'm sure. I'll sleep between the two of you, or at least try. So just wake me up if you want out.”

“Did you like your evening, Miles?”

“Yes, I did... and you know what... I do love you, Alex. I'm sick of pushing it down. You are very much my dream girl. And not just because of the hot sex and the occasional rubber lesbianism.”

“Aawww... so romantic. Hehe. I love you too. Why are you telling me this while I can't hug you? That's mean.”

“Hehe. I didn't think about that. I really want to tell you why I love you so much.”

“I'm all ears... and I'm not going anywhere.”

For the next little while, Miles and I chit-chatted about our love for each other. The bondage girl next to us was more than likely listening, but she didn't say anything. We pretty much forgot she was even there. Yet, her presence did bring Miles and me a bit closer together tonight.

We would have to thank her appropriately later.

## Chapter 4 - Night

"Morning, Squeaky."

"Mmm..."

I tried to stretch my limbs as Miles ran his fingers on my latex covered face, but I couldn't move... ah, yes. The sleepsack. The amazing contraption hugged my body so comfortably. Did I really fall asleep in bondage? I wondered what time it was; we went to bed late last night and I slept like a baby since then.

"Do you want out?" Miles asked.

"Mmm ... What time is it?"

"About 9 am. Did you sleep well?"

"Hehe. I could get used to this, yes. Hey, is Mei awake?"

"Nope, I think she was exhausted."

"Awww. Don't wake her up yet. Just kiss me first!"

Miles pressed his lips on mine. It started small and cute, but it quickly degenerated into an intense make-out session. Being stuck in a rubber sleepsack turned me on already, so being stimulated that way made it even more intense. Miles was in a similar state, and now he wanted more.

"Let me get you out of this thing."

"If we have sex, it will wake Mei up, I mean, it's a bit embarrassing. Yesterday when we had sex, at least she couldn't see us."

"Right. One sec then..."

Miles left the bed; I wasn't too sure what his idea was. I heard some metal noises, and then, Mei woke up with a start and emitted some muffled groans. I wasn't sure what was going on, but Miles was definitely doing something to her; another one of those moments when I would have liked not to be blind.

"Miles? What is happening?"

"Nothing... I'm just putting her head harness back on, blindfold included. It startled her because she was asleep when I pushed the gag behind her teeth."

"Ah, that's mean!"

"She'll be fine. I don't have much time before work, so I skipped the arguing."

"MMMppphn!"

Since Mei was a bondage beast, I was not very worried. Actually, it wouldn't surprise me if such a wake up call was appreciated despite some struggles while Miles fastened her head straps.

"There you go. All mute and blind. Now, let's take care of you, Alex."

"I think it's the opposite. I'll be the one who takes care of you."

"If that makes you happy..."

Miles unzipped my sleepsack and let me out of it. This thing was so comfortable that I was not even sore after so many hours encased in it. I must buy one of those; I have no other options. But before thinking further about that, I wanted to do something.

While Miles was running his hands everywhere on me, I crawled to Mei and lay down over her. I found a spot between her head harness straps to kiss. Just as I was going to tell her good morning, Miles lifted my hips up and immediately pushed his cock inside of me; he was more desperate than I could have imagined. At least my body was ready to take it; I guess a night in the sleepsack kept me warm and wet.

"Aaannh!"

"Sorry, Squeaky, I don't have time. I have to go to work really soon."

"AAaanh! Aannnh!"

I didn't mind at all. My chest was pressed on Mei's and Miles hit a particularly good spot this morning. I gripped the straps holding Mei prisoner to brace myself and accepted this nice manly pounding.

He couldn't hide it anymore, two females wearing latex and bondage gears while hugging each other was a major turn-on for him. I could tell just by how he was fucking me; it was a feral level of intense. As nice as it was, I wondered how we would navigate through this in the future. I definitely wouldn't want another girl in my bed all the time.

"Aaanh!"

"Hang in there, Squeaky. I'm close."

I tried to give Miles a good show by nibbling on Mei's ears in a way that he could see her face and mine at the same time. Mei liked it too; she was almost moaning more than I was despite her gag. All of this felt great, but this morning I was more in a mood to give Miles what he wanted instead of running after my own pleasure. I even felt a bit dirtier than usual.

As soon as he told me that he was about to cum, I quickly turned around and opened my mouth while sitting on Mei's hips.

"Oh, my God, Alex."

"Mmm... I want it all."

I could hear Miles masturbating furiously in front of me; what I offered got to him quite efficiently. He started groaning like an animal, and his sperm hit my rubber covered face. Some of it went straight to my mouth too, which made me giggle. It was a good load.

I swallowed what I had and used my finger to bring whatever I could find on my face back to my mouth.

"Geez, Alex! You must be possessed this morning. You are such a dirty one."

"Who is dirty? Me or the guy who cums on people's faces?"

"Hehe... Good point. Alright, sorry, but I really have to bolt. I'm late. I will see you tomorrow, Alex."

Miles kissed me on the side of my head and got off the bed.

"Ah, you are not coming back tonight?"

"I can't. I have to go back home and take care of a few things. Take good care of Mei, and don't get yourself in trouble."

"I won't. Call me later then. I love you."

"Love you too, Alex."

We kissed one last time, and then he left me alone with Mei. I flopped back on top of the bed next to her.

"Do you want out?"

"Mmmph!"

"I'm not sure what you said, but I think I need a bit more sleep while cuddling with you."

"Mmmph!"

Half-lying on top of her, I drifted back to sleep. She didn't move at all, not to wake me up. Good girl.

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When I woke up from my little nap, I fetched my talking watch and checked the time.

"The time is 9:53 am."

"Well, that was a short nap, but it felt good. Let's take care of Mei now."

I inspected her head and found the buckles with my fingers. I undid the straps and took off the harness gently, along with the gag.

"Aaanh! That was mean!" Mei said.

"Hehe. But you liked it?"

"... Yes."

"Do you want out?"

"Yes, and it's urgent!"

"Oh, hehe... okay. One sec."

I removed the sleepsack straps one by one, unzipped it, and then helped her struggle out of her internal sleeve. As soon as she was free, she bolted to the washrooms.

I turned to my back on the bed and activated my brain for a bit. Mei was lovely, but what was I turning into? Only two weeks ago, I was that confident but solitary girl trying to get occasional dates that were not too creepy. Now, I'm in the middle of my bed wearing latex, surrounded by kinky gears and a sexy girl in my bathroom that was about to come back and demand sex.

What happened to me? I didn't dislike any of this, and I'm having tons of fun. But... was this really who I was? What happened to the small blind girl who only wanted some romance and occasionally indulged in some fetish?

A short moment after, Mei came back from the washroom and climbed on the bed. Within seconds she ended up on top of me and started cuddling.

"Hello, Alex!"

"Hello, Mei!"

"I need kisses."

"Hehe. Do you?"

"And maybe more..."

Mei tried to initiate a make-out session, but somehow, since Miles was gone, it was not really the same. I recalled all the times I kissed girls; it was always in front of him ... for him, mostly. Of course, I didn't regret experimenting, except with my sister, but the truth was that I liked it mainly because he liked it.



He took such good care of me. I felt safe when he was around. Now, I was alone on the bed with Mei and no one to watch over me. I trusted Mei, I had a very good feeling about her, but she was not my girlfriend, and she seemed way more into me than I was into her.

"Alex? Are you alright?"

"..."

"Hey? Are you sobbing?"

What was going on? This big ball of emotions suddenly built up inside my throat, and I started choking. Why? What just happened?

"I... I don't know... I'm sorry. I just..."

"Hey, hey, hey... Come here, you."

Mei got off me, lifted me, and rubbed my back. She grabbed my hand, and I squeezed it back.

"It's okay, Alex. I think you are just overwhelmed. This is all new to you, right?"

"... Yes ..."

"It's fine ... listen. Let's get you out of this suit and go for breakfast somewhere together. I'm starving. How does that sound?"

"... But... you wanted to have sex ..."

"Hell no! That is not important to me. I told you, I'm a loner. You are not in a state to have sex right now. I've been there. Bondage can be quite demanding. So don't worry about that. I only want you to have good memories of our night together. Do you want me to take a shower with you? I saw it. It's enormous."

"Hehe, Mei. Yes ... I would love that."

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About an hour after my little meltdown, Mei and I sat in the park in front of my place. After determining that it was too late for breakfast, we grabbed ourselves a couple of hotdogs from the stand and went to sit somewhere on the grass. Usually, I always sat on one of the benches, but I liked to try new locations when I was with people. It was a bit disorienting at first, but it allowed me to explore my restricted world a bit more every time.

"So, tell me ... What made you cry earlier?"

"I'm not sure ... Miles, maybe."

"Miles? He is a bit too reserved for my taste, but he seems to be a good guy."

"Oh, he is, and I like him a lot. But during the past few weeks, I discovered a bit more about him. About what he likes."

"Well, that is good. We are all different, so learning about each other takes time. How long have you been dating him for?"

"About a month."

"Oh ... So it's all squeaky new."

"Hehe. Miles started nicknaming me Squeaky recently. I think it's really cute."

"Tell me about him. Why do you like him?"

I laid flat on the grass and kept my hotdog on my belly, squishing it a bit with my fingers. What did I like about Miles? I didn't think that was the right question. I knew what I liked about him... However, I was not sure what I didn't like about him; and that was my issue. Since I had an opportunity to vent, I should take it.

"I like that he genuinely doesn't care that I'm blind. It is as if I didn't have this handicap at all when I'm around him. We walk around town together, and it is never a problem. He is not ashamed of me. He is always there for me if I need anything."

"Well, that is nice. So, what is the downside? Something is bugging you, I can tell."

"Well, he doesn't open up a lot. I've been trying to pull him out of his constant sadness. He broke up with his ex shortly before meeting me. I want him to stop thinking about that and just have fun with me. It kind of works... Last night it was the first time he said he loved me... and I truly believe him."

"But... because there is a but, right?"

"Yeah! You could say that. I'm just paranoid, I guess."

"Tell me ... If you are paranoid, I'll tell you."

"Mmm ... I'm just wondering if Miles would still love me if I were not wearing latex as often. I get the feeling that he loves me because I'm fulfilling his fantasy. At the Fox & Spice and last night with you, I understood many things about him. He really likes it when I do things with other girls while wearing latex. I mean... he never fucked me like he did last night. I'm not complaining, but it was as if he made love to his fantasy more than to me. And when he left us this morning, was he happy because we had a great night or because he thought I would end up having sex with you all day?"

Mei laid down next to me on the soft grass, her shoulder brushing against mine, and sighed a long sigh. She was either thinking I was crazy or finding a way to tell me that my relationship sucked. Little did I know that it was not at all what she was thinking about.

"I know Miles... Not personally, but he's been around at the club."

"You ... know him?"

"Yes. I mean, I spoke to him a couple of times before but nothing memorable. To me, he was just a random guy. He was going there with his ex on a regular basis. So I've seen how he was with her. It was hard to miss."

"Really? Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"It's not my business to care about who is dating who. I'm a loner. I don't get involved in that kind of stuff. But what I wanted to say was that, to me, it looks like groundhog day."

"What do you mean by that? Groundhog day?"

"He was doing the same with her as he does with you... sneakily putting you in a position where you end up being shared with other people."

"..."

"There is a major difference, though... You are not crazy. His ex was! She enjoyed his little games way too much and gladly had sex with everything that had a pulse. What Miles liked turned into what he hated. His girlfriend walked away from him more and more, using his fantasy as an excuse to do crazy things with other guys, even without him being around. He was so in love with her that he endured... for way too long."

"He... didn't tell me anything about that. He admitted that he liked sharing me with other girls, but I didn't know that he was doing it before... I don't know what to think anymore."

"I don't know either, Alex. What I know is that he loves you very much. He doesn't fake that part. But based on what you told me, if you continue to try to please him that way and that his fantasy is not what YOU want, I fear both of you are going to have some conflicts. He might unconsciously use you to get back the feelings he just lost."

My heart was navigating between pity and fear. What Mei just told me was to protect me from a greater evil than I expected. It was unquestionable that Miles didn't want to hurt me and that he cared about me very much. But, was I a pair of crutches for his wounded leg? The little me who was doing everything to please him...

Yes, I loved rubber and having new experiences, but I was doing it much more often than I used to because I tried to match his desires, this much was evident to me. What Meixiang told me was game-changing, and I was glad she did. This odd feeling about our relationship, the one I couldn't put my finger on, found its place on the board game.

"Alex?"

"Yes?"

"Are you going to eat that hotdog? All the toppings are running over your shirt ..."

"Oooh, nooo! My new shiiiiirt!"

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"So, Alex. Do you need help to get in your suit?"

"No, not today. I just want us to have a quiet evening cuddling in front of a movie."

"Cuddling in rubber is always better!"

"Are you attempting poetry?"

Miles kissed me on the side of my head. It's been three days already since I had this disturbing conversation with Meixiang about him. I didn't want to confront Miles about it as I didn't know where the truth laid with certainty, but he has been pushy in response to my refusal to go kinky. I didn't want to notice, but it was there, in my face. It was not that easy to keep it cool.

"Maybe if your friend Mei were here, she would manage to convince you."

"Mei is busy this week, she is back to school to study business, and she has a couple of assignments to finish."

"Oh, good for her. So why don't we go to the Fox & Spice after dinner then? Maybe we can find you a new less-busy girlfriend."

"Miles ... I just want a normal evening with no kinks. Can we have that once in a while? I'm always wearing my suit when you are here."

I kept a gentle tone as I didn't want to be the spark that started a fire. I just wanted to spend a quiet evening with the person I loved. I wasn't trying to test him or anything; I was just trying to rebalance my life after this crazy weekend with the club, the incident with my sister, and Mei's visit.

Miles wrapped his arm around my shoulders and gave me a little squeeze and a Kiss behind the head.

"No problem, Squeaky. You cook, and I chose the movie."

"Deal!"

The evening was okay, I guess. The food was great because I took care of it this time, but the movie sucked. Miles could have chosen something different than a manly action one that had no intelligent dialogues in it. I would have liked something a bit more romantic and more blind friendly so I could have followed. I leaned on him for the larger part of the movie, but I didn't get a strong response. It felt as if I was cuddling with a taxidermied creature.

When we went to bed, it was more of the same coldness. I wore a cute little nightgown that was so soft on my skin, but that didn't do anything for him. Sleeping on his shoulder that night felt a bit lonely.

The next morning, he just woke up, went to work, and I did the same a bit later. I tried not to overthink this. Other couples didn't have wild sex every night after all. I refused to see that there was something a bit odd about all of this. The last thing I wanted was to go back to my old habits and think that love was not something I could have.

The rest of the week was, unfortunately, more of the same. One night I decided to wear my latex suit because I wanted to, and he made love to me with passion all night. It was as pleasurable as it was infuriating.

The other days were not nearly as fun, particularly tonight. I was cooking our dinner when Miles pushed me again.

"What about a repeat of the other night?"

"Miles... We can make love without me wearing latex, right?"

"Yes... sure... but I would like it better if you were."

"I know, but I'm not like that... I can't wear it just because you want me to. Sometimes yes, but not all the time."

"Okay, but can we go to the Fox & Spice this weekend... This time I'm paying."

"Miles! Stop asking! We will go back, I promise, but you can't force it on me. Is it that much of a problem if I'm not wearing kinky gears and go hunting for new girls?"

"No... Sorry... I thought you liked it."

"I do... But not as much as you, apparently. I get the feeling you are trying to lure me to the club so you can fulfill your fantasies. What about what I want?"

"Alex ... That's not fair. I'm not trying to lure you anywhere. I told you what I liked and thought you were okay with it. I'm just trying to put us in a position where we would get opportunities to do fun stuff..."

"Where YOU can do fun stuff. Well, I'm not that adventurous. I need to be in the right state of mind and right now I need to feel loved without the extra stuff. I can have fun without kinks... I'm not like your ex!"

"..."

Oh crap. Did I just say that? He didn't respond... I felt awful about what I said.

"Miles... I'm sorry... I didn't mean it..."

"No. It's all good. I'm not sure what you know about my ex exactly, but we agree on something. You are nothing like her... Not by a long shot. She was not cowering in fear. You know what? I'll go back home tonight."

"Miles! Wait!"

All I could hear was him walking away and getting out of my apartment. I slammed my knife on the cutting board and kicked the cabinet door. My anger was not only directed at myself but at him as well. As much as I was ready to admit that I had not been delicate enough, him leaving this abruptly and making this harsh comment was just a reflection of how annoyed he was with me this past week. And all of that for what? Because I didn't want to wear my latex catsuit when he wanted me to? That was childish.

I grabbed a beer and sat on the floor in front of one of the living room couches. I tried to find out how I felt about what had just happened. Perhaps I was a bit sad because I really liked him, but it was not the prominent feelings coursing through my veins. I had some sort of renewed confidence in my capacities... in what I wanted.

I was this small girl who had worked very hard to get where she was and went through so many roadblocks because she was blind. I was also this girl who loved her occasional kinks and was always ready to try new things and have fun. But I would not be manipulated into believing it was all I was good for.

It was clear to me that Miles didn't intend to hurt me while he was trying to achieve his fantasies; he was simply not seeing what he was doing to himself, and I wouldn't be the one feeding his addiction.

He would push me over and over to go farther and farther to the point where he would harm himself, which he did sooner than he must have expected tonight. What Mei said was what happened, and I witnessed it first hand. Would he accept to have a more balanced life focused on us instead of on his fantasies? I didn't have the answer to that question.

I fully accepted that he liked to see me having fun with other girls. I fully accepted his love for latex. If he had been more rational about it, I'd have no problem giving him what he wanted. But those things shouldn't be the only thing that united us. He would have to show me, and himself, that he loved me first for who I was. Only then would we be able to have all the fun in the world.

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"Mei!"

"Alex!"

I hugged my friend Mei really tight; she had not visited in forever. This time she didn't show up with her big chest of kinks. It was just her and her larger boobs pressing on my smaller ones. She dropped her backpack in a corner and grabbed my hand before leading me to the couch.

"So, how have you been?" she asked.

"Meh! Fine, I guess... I'm back in my routine, and it feels better."

"I take that Miles never called you back. That sucks..."

"Ah, it's okay. It's been three weeks already. I guess he was just not ready to begin a new relationship, and maybe I was just too excited about starting one. It is funny, though, just as he was beginning to open up, I tested him a bit and found this hidden dark side. Still, I miss him a lot."

"Okay, then we don't talk about him anymore. Are you ready for tonight?"

"Yes! Very! You said you had something special for our girls night?"

"Yes ... this!"

She grabbed my hand and gave me some sort of paper. I felt them and understood they were some sort of tickets. Why don't they put braille on those things? Was it that hard to do?

"Are we going to a show?"

"Nope, we are going to the Fox & Spice tonight."

"So ... What are those tickets for then?"

"They have those special activities that we can reserve. It's taking place in one of the smallest rooms, but I'm sure it's going to be a lot of fun."

"Why are there three tickets? Someone else is coming?"

"No... That is just because we can't reserve for two... It's three people minimum. I'd be happy to go with just you, but feel free to forward the invite as long as it is an open-minded person."

"Mmm ... What is this special activity?"

"I have no clue."

"What? How is that even possible? You reserved a kinky activity without knowing what it was about?"

"Yes... That's the fun part. It will be a surprise. There will be a Master or Mistress, and she or he will take care of entertaining us for a whole two hours."

That made me a bit nervous, but it sounded like fun at the same time. I liked surprises a lot, and it was fair to assume that they wouldn't force us to do anything we didn't want. Fox & Spice was a very friendly place.

Since she had three tickets, I knew exactly who else to invite.

"Call Mary!"

"Who's Mary?"

The phone rang a few times, and my sister answered.

"Hello?"

"Mary, it's me. How are you?"

"Good, you? What's up?"

"Great! Hey, are you available tonight? Would you like to go to Fox & Spice with a friend and I?"

"Tonight?... Sure, why not. But just to chill, I don't feel like doing anything crazy."

"Perfect. Yes, just for a drink, nothing more. Come here when you can, then we will go together."

"Cool. See you later, Alex."

I hung up and immediately Mei started drilling me with questions.

"Just for a drink? Nothing more? You lied to her! Who is Mary? Are you sure she is into that kind of stuff?"

"Mary is my sister. And yes, I did find out that she was a client of the club too. I found out the hard way that she likes fooling around with girls too."

"The hard way?"

"Hmm... Yeah... Well... We kind of made-out by accident..."

"You kissed your sister? Alex ... that's..."

"Gross ... I know ..."

"No... no... It's very hot!"

"Oh! Shut it, Mei!"

I pushed my Asian friend down to the couch, and she started laughing. She said that on purpose just to make fun of me. Mei became such a good friend in a short time. I liked her because she was very down to earth and understood the subtleties of our hobbies, and she made fun of the truly wrong things.

One of the reasons she was a loner was that she didn't think a lot of people were smart. The amount of stories that turned into drama in the fetish world turned her off; Masters that went too far or were taking things too seriously, submissives that went down the rabbit hole and lost everything before discovering their top was a just douchebag, and people who were spending all their money on fetish gears thinking credit cards were made to provide them with an infinite amount of cash forever until a recovery agency knocked at their door. Mei had seen too much and chose to limit the number of good friends she had not to get involved with the rest of human weirdness.



I flopped on top of her for some hugs. Having a girlfriend was not something for me; I knew that. I liked too much having a strong male presence around me, I always did. But occasional physical contact with a woman was something I learned to enjoy. Mei needed affection too, so she understood really well how good it felt just to give in.

Our afternoon consisted of kissing and cuddling. There might have been some crotch rubbing as well, but it was more for her than I; I was a generous friend.

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"I am pretty sure you said, "just for a drink." A full-fledged BDSM session is not just a drink."

"Relax, Mary. It's going to be fun."

Mary has always been a bit uncheerful, but I was ready for this. Mei left a few minutes ago to register, and we were waiting for her at the lounge. We finished changing, and I thought we were awesome. I was back in my full catsuit with the eyeless hood, and Mary had her latex bodysuit with no hands or hood. I wore my short boots, and she had longer ones; they went up to her knee.

"Would you leave my leg alone!"

"Aaah. Stop whining, Mary. I'm just checking your boots. I like them. It's not like I can see them, so let me touch."

"Stop it! Your friend Mei is coming back. She will get the wrong idea."

"I already told her that we made-out."

"ALEX! Can't you keep secrets?"

Mei also brought her latex suit, the same one she wore at my place the first time she visited; pretty much the same as Mary; we were a very rubbery trio of hotties.

"Alright guys, I gave them our forms, and everything is good. Follow me. We have room 7,"

We stood up, and I interlaced my arm with Mary's. Since we grew up together, it felt more than natural to do this with her. She followed Mei, and I followed her.

"Do you know who our Master will be?"

"No idea."

"I've never tried those mini-events, so I don't know either."

Mei knew the place, but she wasn't in the secret of the Gods, and Mary was as new as I was with all of this. The forms we filled up earlier were just a big list of different kinks to choose

from, and also some questions related to health and stuff like that. Since I couldn't fill-up the form myself, I asked Mary to do it for me. As it was not embarrassing enough to have my sister ask me all those questions about my kinks, on top of that, she refused to tell me what she had checked on her list; that wasn't fair at all. I secretly hoped she would get punished for that.

As usual, I was the only one who had a medical condition; blindness. Not sure if that Master-dude would know what to do with me. It would kill all my fun if we got one that would pity me for my handicap and only make me do boring stuff.

"Okay, guys, it's here. Good luck!"

I heard the metal rings sliding on a pole above my head; Mei must have pulled a curtain open. Mary tugged me inside, the curtain closed behind us, and then...

"MISTRESS NYSSA!"

Geez! That was the first time I heard Mei scream like that. Obviously, she knew that person, and it was not a Master-dude; it was a Mistress. A male named Nyssa would just be weird. Considering the joy that emanated from Mei's throat, it was a person she liked very much.

"Did you really think I would let anybody else play with you, Meimei?"

"No, Mistress... But I'm still very happy!"

"Hehe, I'm happy too. So, who are your friends? It's the first time you come with someone else, are you getting more social?"

"This is Mary and Alex."

"Nice meeting you, you two. So is this your first time?"

"Yes..."

"Yup!"

"Oh, boy! False start. I will punish Mei for this."

Oops... I didn't know what we had done, but Mei got in trouble already because of us. I felt Mary squeeze my arm a little more. She was as nervous as I was, if not more.

"So, Mary, Alex, My name is Nyssa. So you have to call me Mistress Nyssa or Mistress. But don't worry, I won't be too severe with you since it is your first time. Instead, when you omit using the proper form, Mei will pay for it. She knew all about those rules and should have been wise enough to fill you in before the event. Now, I looked at the form, and you two have the same last name. Are you related?"

"Yes, she is my sister... Ow!"

"...Mistress!"

I answered, but Mary elbowed me in the ribs because I had forgotten the protocol already; she completed the sentence for me, which seemed to amuse our chief.

"Hehe. Complicity. Look at that. So, let's see how close you two are from each other. Alex, I want you to kiss your sister!"

"WHAT? NO! I mean ... No, Nyssa... Mistress ... God... I mean... we wrote it on the form."

"Eerrh!"

What was this all about? Was this a bad joke? I reacted roughly, and Mary was just dejected by the thought of kissing me again. Nyssa exploded into laughter.

"Hahaha! I was just kidding. Don't worry. It's all good. I think we are going to have a lot of fun tonight. But, first thing first, Mei and I are friends, I know her like the back of my hand. So don't worry about what I will do to her."

"Mistress Nyssa is the co-owner of the Fox & Spice and also a professional Mistress."

"I was... I'm just co-owner now. I only play Mistress for a handful of people I like. Now, since you are new, just try to have fun and enjoy the experience. If you trust me, everything will go well. Since you are new, it's just going to be a casual evening. If you are scared, I will probably see it, and I will work with you."

Well, that was the coolest Mistress ever. She was so casual and friendly. She sounded so smart, but also confident that everybody would have a good time. I wanted to be her friend right away. Also, this room had a different echo. I tried listening to all the little noises that reached my ears to figure out what was around me.

Then a booming voice that was directed at me, making me jump.

"ALEX!"

"AH! ... uh? Yes, Mistress?"

"Pay attention. Don't make me repeat."

"But... I was not... I mean..."

"You were looking around instead of listening to me."

How did she notice that?

"Sorry... I... I just can't see so..."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Heee... Nothing, Mistress."

"Exactly! You were just distracted. But since you want to get familiar with your environment, I will make you visit the club. I want you to go to the bar and bring us back some drinks. It's on the house."

"Heee... I'm sorry... I can't do that..."

I seriously couldn't do what she was asking me. I would be happy to obey, I do love beer, but there was not a chance in the world that this was going to happen. Did she realize what blindness meant? That meant my forehead would end up hitting a wall. I did have a cane at home, but I wouldn't know where to go even if I had brought it with me. Nyssa didn't seem to get that at all and kept arguing with me.

"And why can't you do it?"

"I'm blind... Mary wrote it on my form. I don't know the layout of this place. I can't go get the drinks."

"And what did I tell you earlier? When you were too busy being distracted?"

"..."

"That's it... you were not listening. I said you had to trust me and that you were safe here."

"Yeah... I do... but..."

"Do you think I would let a person who can't see just walk around by herself in the middle of a fetish club?"

"... I... I... don't know..."

"You don't know!? Choose your next words carefully, Miss Alex, or else it's going to be a tough session for you.."

"Well... Probably not."

"That's right... probably not!"

What was going on? Usually, I was the one who was good with words and with a higher IQ, but Nyssa was crushing me like a walnut under a tank track. And why was I her prime target all of a sudden? Did my flesh smell tastier than my sister's?

"I'll make you a list. What do you like to drink, girls?"

"A rum and coke," Mei said.

"What? You never want to drink anything other than water at my place. I'm outraged!"

"Calm down, Alex!"

"A rum and coke as well, please," Mary said.

"Mary? What the hell? Since when are you drinking rum and cokes? Is this a joke?"

"Alex, last warning. Calm down. It's not right to judge people because of what they like."

"... Fine! I'll have a beer then," I said.

"Thank you. I added mine to this list as well. Here, don't lose it. You'll go to the bar and give it to the barmaid, saying it's for me. And you'll bring back our order."

"... Yes, Mistress Nyssa."

I got scolded once, right off the bat, I didn't want to be scolded another time. I still had no idea how I would accomplish this impossible task, though. But then, my sister was yanked away from me, and Nyssa told me why.

"Oh, look, Alex. I found you a guide dog."

"WHAT?"

Oh, my! I withdrew all I said about Nyssa; she was AWESOME. I immediately understood where she was going with this. My sister was in trouble, and she clearly had not expected this curveball.

"That's right, Mary. You'll be Alex's little puppy guide. Mei, bring me the harness over there, would you?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Awww! Is Mary going to be my puppy? I always wanted a guide dog, but I am allergic. This one will do just fine, but she will whine a lot."

"Alex, add another word, and you will switch places with her," Nyssa said.

"Oops! Yes, Mistress Nyssa."

I heard a bunch of jingling noises, no doubt that they were gearing up my puppy Mary. I couldn't wait to find out what they were doing to her. Imagining my shy little sister turning into a doggy was just too cute to bear. I was so excited, even though Mary probably was not.

"Alex, you think she will whine a lot?"

"Yes, Mistress. She tends to do that."

"Alright, then. Mei, give me the dog muzzle."

Holy crap. I will have to be careful about what I say from now on. I didn't expect that my answer would have real-world consequences. I couldn't see them, but I felt the pressure of my sister's murderous gaze on me.

"See, this rubber muzzle fits you like a glove... you are going to be so cute. Plus, Mary is a great dog name!"

Oh, my God. Did Nyssa just say that to her? Mary, who wanted a quiet evening got way more than she possibly expected. It took a few more minutes filled with rattles and clicks before my new guide dog was ready.

"Alright, Alex, come here. Meet your new dog. Mary, sit!"

I followed Nyssa's voice and carefully walked towards them. After a few steps, a hand grabbed my wrist and gently guided me to a head at my hip level. I placed my other hand on the head, and I started feeling around, excited like never before.

I quickly found two pointy rubber dog ears attached to a head harness, a little bit like the one Mei wore at my place. Just a bit lower, I discovered something amazing; it was the muzzle they referred to earlier; they strapped it to her face with some rubber straps. It covered her nose, mouth and cheeks. The mouth was slightly open for her to breathe. I've never heard of such a garment, but it was so adorable.

"Aawww, she is so cute! Can she talk?" I asked

"Of course, I can!"

"Mary! No you can't! You are a dog, and dogs don't talk. They bark!" Nyssa enforced.

"Aww! Come on, Mary! Try barking for me!"

She shook her head in disapproval of my excitement and desire to treat her like doggy. But then, Nyssa didn't seem to like that attitude. I heard a big slap, which made Mary yelp. She undoubtedly got a good smack on the butt for being stubborn.

"You have to obey your sister, Mary. Bark!"

"... wrrff... oof"

"Hahaha. Aawww! I love heebeer!"

I wrapped my arms around Mary and started to fluff her non-furry body. I always loved dogs, but I couldn't have one. She was the best thing ever!

"Here is the leash, Alex. Attach it to her collar and go get our drinks!"

"Yes, Mistress! Right away, Mistress!"

She gave me a thick leather leash that I attached to the D-ring of her collar. Then I yanked on it.

"Up! Let's go to the bar, doggy!"

"Don't be too rough; I cuffed her hands behind her back. You go to the bar, and then you come back right away. Don't drop the drinks, and don't mess up the order. Else you are going to get punished. Same thing with you, doggy. You will be as responsible if something bad happens. And no talking!"

"Come, Mary! Lead the way! Woof, woof!"

"Wrrfff"

I had way too much fun with this. Slowly, Mary pulled me out of the room. I never thought I would be doing this kind of activity with my sister tonight. I had no idea if she enjoyed it or not, but I didn't really care. For the next while, she would be my dog, and I intended to fully appreciate every second of it.

I recognized the path leading out of the play area. It was a good thing that Nyssa threatened to punish us; at least that way I knew Mary wouldn't pull some stupid stunt, like running away from me. I'm sure she could use some training.

As I continued following her, my mind drifted to some sort of realization. All my life, I relied on people to guide me through unfamiliar areas. Everything was designed for people who could see, leaving me dependent on them. One would think that I was the one being tugged around, but in fact, they were all acting as my guide dog. I never quite looked at things this way until now.

After a while, Mary stopped.

"Are we at the bar?"

"Rrrf"

"Good. Sit!"

"Eerrrr! No!"

"Sit, or else I'll spank you and tell Nyssa."

Mary was going to murder me for sure after this. Nevertheless, I had a job to do. I felt around with my hands to find the bar's edge. I waited for a few seconds, and then a barmaid addressed me.

"Hey, what can I do for... Hey! Aren't you Alex?"

"Heee... I am... Do I know you?"

"No. I'm Trish. And all the staff knows about you."

"They... they do?"

"Of course they do, you sent us a letter and four tickets for a musical to thank us for accommodating you on your first visit. We pinned your letter on the board in our locker room."

"Ah, yes... Well, you guys deserved it. You made my life easier, and I had tons of fun on that evening in the dance c..."

Why did I have to go there? I didn't want to remember that fun night because I spent it with Miles. I didn't want to hurt, not tonight.

"I won one of the tickets. Thank you so much! The show was great! It was the first time I went to a musical."

I felt an arm wrapping around my neck and pulled me over the counter into a small hug. Trish was super friendly, but I had to complete my task. I handed her the list that Nyssa gave me.

"So, I need those drinks on the list. It's for Mistress Nyssa."

"Oooh, you are spending the evening with Mistress Nyssa? Lucky you. She is amazing! Okay, give me a minute."

I couldn't help it. While I was waiting, I had to pet my dog again. Mary was so cute! Particularly when she shook her head left to right to get away from me.

"Alright, Alex. Here's your order. Do you know how to hold a serving tray?"

"I... don't..."

"It's easy, I already balanced it for you. Just put your hand like this, in the middle."

She moved my elbow to my ribs and made a right angle with my wrist. Carefully, she placed the small tray on my hand.

"How does that feel?"

"Is it straight?"

"Yes, kind of! Is it too heavy?"

"No, I think I'll be okay if my dog doesn't do anything stupid."

"Rrff"

I gave Mary so many bullets to shoot at me later, but I didn't care one bit. I was enjoying myself too much.

"Thanks, Trish! Come on, Mary. Up! Up! Let's go back. Go slow, right? I don't want to drop this."

"Rrff"

We slowly made our way back, but it was not as easy as Trish made it sound. My arm was quickly getting tired, and I wasn't sure the tray was straight anymore.

But I could do this!

That's what I thought until someone walking past me inadvertently brushed my shoulder. My first reflex was to drop the leash and secure my tray with my other hand.



"Feeww... That was a close one. Mary, come back."

Nothing. I extended my arm, trying to find her.

"Mary? Hey, don't play games. Come back! I can't do this without you."

Still nothing. That wasn't cool. What was I supposed to do now? I was stuck in the middle of I don't know where.

"Mary, it's not funny anymore! You know we will get in trouble if—"

"WRRFFFF!"

"AAAAH! Ah! Curse you! You scared me!"

"Hahaha!"

She came so close to my ear before barking like an idiot. I almost dropped my tray. I guess she didn't want to wait before getting her revenge on me. I touched around until I found her leash.

"Alright, I have it, let's go, brain-damaged dog!"

"Rrff"

She yanked on the leash, making me panic again. It was going to be a long night.

We slowly made it back to the room. Mary pushed the curtain open with her muzzle and led me back in. As soon as I put a foot inside our private playroom, I heard something very BDSMish.

*Thwack!*

"Owww!"

"Oh, good, you are back. Let me grab this from you."

Nyssa interrupted her spanking session and took the tray off my hand, to my great relief. I was finally able to relax my arm. I also commanded my dog to sit.

"Sit, Mary!"

This time she didn't argue since Mistress Nyssa was around. Last time, she had been rewarded with a nice butt slap. I petted her on the head and rubbed her cheeks.

"Alex, what is this?"

"This what?"

There were some words that people who were blind couldn't comprehend. "This" and "that" were among them. Obviously, I couldn't see any of the gestures associated with that sighted people language.

"Sorry, on the tray."

"Our drinks?"

"No, it's not."

"I... I don't know. I gave Trish your list, and she gave me this tray?"

"You didn't care about double-checking our order? You brought us back four glasses of water."

"WHAT? How... Why would she give me water?"

"Hehe, I told you. If you were to make a mistake, I would punish the two of you. Come here, give me your hand."

What now? Was I in trouble again? Why would a friendly barmaid give me water? It didn't smell right. Was this even the truth? I presented my hand, and Nyssa guided me to a corner of the room.

"Touch what is in front of you."

"Okay... Hey, is that Mei?"

"Yes, it is. Take a look at how she is tied up, and then we will put you on the same device. You can free her up too. I'll be right back. I just need to take care of your pet first."

Using my little rubber covered fingers, I started exploring my friend's predicament. Right away I found that something was off.

"Mei? You are naked?"

"I am... She likes me naked. I'm wearing panties, though."

"Is this some sort of bench?"

"Yes, it's a spanking bench... It works really well, I can tell you that. Did you tell Mary to select spanking on your preference form?"

"Y... Yes... I thought that... well..."

"Oh, boy. That's going to be interesting. And entertaining."

Mei was lying on her belly over that strange leather bench, and her wrists and ankles were held in place by some velcro cuffs. I ripped them open to free her; It reminded me of our painfully long self-bondage session at my place.

"See, Mei? Velcro, good, padlocks, bad."

"You were just not good at finding your keys. Aaaaah, my butt."

"Does it hurt a lot? Does she want to do the same to me?"

"Oh, yeah! It hurts a lot. You'll have fun."

"..."

Before she said that, I was looking forward to trying this device. I was here to experiment, and this looked fun. But I didn't want to leave here with a shattered tailbone either. I helped Mei off the bench and while she stood next to me, I spoke to her using a low voice.

"Is Nyssa that cruel?"

"I heard that, Alex!" Nyssa said.

"Eeep!"

"You are very good at getting yourself in trouble, you know."

"I'm sorry, Nyssa!"

"It's Mistress Nyssa for you, and Mei will receive another punishment for Alex's mistake."

"I'm so sorry, Mei! Aaah! Everything is going sideways! W...Where is Mary?"

"In her little cage. She is resting. Alright, on the bench! Mei, give her a hand."

I wasn't too sure how to describe Nyssa's personality. One second she was terrifying, and the other, she was super friendly. I could only interpret her attitude as "We are here to have fun but don't fuck with me."

Mei helped me climb on the spanking bench. It was not as easy as I thought it would be, but quicker than I realized it, I was resting flat on my belly on top of it. Now that I was in this position, I understood why they called this thing a spanking bench; my rubber bum was fully exposed to whoever wanted to attack it.

Mei was wrapping the velcro cuffs around my wrists when she got interrupted.

"One sec, Meimei. Leave her hand free... Alex, since you can't see, I'll let you touch the paddles, so you know what I'm using."

"Oh, thanks."

"This one is made of wood, and if you like it, I can give you one for home. It's a promotional item for the club. There is a fox carved on it. But don't get fooled, it's a good one."

"Oh? Is that the logo of the club? I can't feel too much through my gloved hands."

"Yes, it is. This other one, here, is soft leather. And the next one is stiff rubber with metal studs. That one stings. Believe me."

"Hehe, maybe I'm nuts, but I like the shape of the studded one better."

"Good choice. We will use that one then. Thank you."

"Aww, crap!"

I didn't know it was a choice. I thought Nyssa just wanted to show them to me. She tricked me again! After cuffing my last wrist, I felt two pairs of hands caressing my back gently.

They didn't say anything... They were just making me feel very good. I started to melt on my bench, almost forgetting the purpose of this comfy furniture.

"Guys... This feels great..."

"Shhh... Keep quiet, Alex. Just enjoy and relax a bit before we start."

I really liked this Mistress so far. She was not at all like the ones in the movies with annoying voices and lousy acting. Mistress Nyssa was calm, in control, and she was not pretending. There was no doubt she knew what she was doing. Sure, she kept tricking and outsmarting me, but I quite liked that; it kept me on my toes and it was challenging.

The body massage continued for a while, to the point where I almost fell asleep. That was until I felt something a bit cold and hard rubbing on my rubber butt. I clenched my glutes as I thought a potential impact was coming my way, but Nyssa aborted her action.

"No, don't do that. You have to stay relaxed. Don't worry. It will be pleasant."

"O... Okay..."

I decontracted my muscles, and Nyssa placed the paddle back against my butt, making little circles. Then...

*Thwack!*

"Mmm..."

Okay, that didn't hurt at all... I wasn't expecting this. When I came back to the room with Mary earlier, and we heard Mei getting spanked, it was incomparable to this.

*Thwack!*

*Thwack!*

"Mmm..."

"How does that feel?"

"I'm... I'm not sure... "

*Thwack!*

"Good, I think. It feels funny... It kind of—"

"... turns you on?"

"..."

Now that she was mentioning it, yes. What was going on? Was I really getting turned on by such a light spanking? What was the chemistry behind this? The spanking continued while Mei played with my rubber face. The good feelings were just increasing; it was an incredible experience that had no commonality with my conception of what a good spanking would be. I kind of felt emotional, but... I wanted more of this.

"Can... Can you do it a bit harder?"

"Only if you ask properly, I find your tone a bit too casual to my taste."

"Please, Mistress Nyssa, could you spank me harder?"

"That's a much better way of asking for things, don't you think? You sounded selfish the first time."

"Yes, I'm sorry, Mistress."

*Thwack!*

"Ooww... mmm"

I definitely felt that one.

*Thwack!*

"Aaah! What... what is going on?"

"Shhh... Don't ask questions... just feel it."

Now it was unmistakable; my body was sexually reacting. There was a bit of pain, yes, but it balanced with the pleasure. My brain was screaming for more... I've never felt anything like this before. I got slapped on the butt in the past, but it was nothing like this. Last time was when Miles was fucking me and...

... Miles...

Nyssa took a small pause and rubbed my butt with her fingers. She was not entirely satisfied with my performance, so she gave me some tips to navigate better between the two worlds that kept me in a trance; pain and pleasure.

"Alex... your pleasure could be so much better if you just let it flow. I'm sensing that something is preventing you from letting it flow. Don't worry about what may happen if you let your emotions surface. There is no judgment here, okay? I want you to open your mind as much as you can. You are doing very well."

After a few more caresses, Nyssa was back into it. She accelerated the pace and started hitting me every couple of seconds, not enough time to allow the fire to subside in between two blows. It was embarrassing because I knew Mei and Mary were watching, but I did as Mistress Nyssa asked... I opened myself to let whatever clogged my chest come out; my moans became uncontrollable.

"Aaaah aaah Aaaah!"

For what seemed many long minutes, it felt so good. But those thoughts about my failed relationships kept coming back to haunt me. I didn't know what to do... It was stronger and stronger... and it was so sad that I started crying a little.

Then everything stopped...

"Alex? Are you okay?" Mei asked.

"I... yes... I'm so confused. I have this surge of emotion all of a sudden. I... I don't know why."

"Brain chemistry... It's normal."

"Mei, untie her, we will take a break. Alex, you did so well. People have a nasty habit of keeping everything inside, and it makes them suffer. Did you notice how good it felt when you let those things go? So pleasurable even through the pain, physical and emotional."

"Y... Yes. I think I know what you mean... I will have to be more conscious of that in the future... I didn't realize..."

"We all do it... so don't feel guilty... Alright. Relax a bit with Mei. I have a puppy to take care of. I like your sister a lot, Alex."

Mei ripped open my velcro cuffs and helped me down the bench. She made me sit on a small couch and cuddled with me quietly. I was still unsure of what had happened to me... or was it the opposite? Maybe I knew exactly what had happened.

"I'm so sorry... for crying like that."

"Hey, no. You did amazing. I told you, it's normal. This kind of activity often triggers reactions like this, particularly if you are not used to it and particularly if you have a good Mistress like Nyssa. She loves digging inside people's minds and reaching them deeply. So, what were you thinking about?"

"... Miles... Miles... I miss him so much. I act tough, but I don't know what happened... Why did he never call me back? Was I really just a toy? Did he not love me just a little bit outside his fantasy?"

"Awww, poor thing. It's not something you can control, you know. All you did was to stop accepting his pushiness, and he took it the wrong way. I know for sure that he loved you very much, but he has to work on his demons first. It's not something you can do for him."

"I know... I know... But it still hurt. I really liked him."

"I know you did... but you know what?"

"... what?"

"Right now, I think your pet sister has bigger issues than yours. Hehe."

What an excellent way to divert my focus toward something more joyful; I was too focused on my little crisis to realize it, but some interesting rubbery noises were coming from the other end of the room. Mei was right; I was better to pay attention to the present moment and have fun instead of dwelling on things that I couldn't change. I did come here to enjoy myself, after all.

"What is she doing to her?" I asked.

"She is placing her in a rubber doggie suit. It's like a sleep sack, but with four pockets for her folded arms and legs. It's to force her to walk on her elbows and knees."

"Oh, my... That sounds so cute! Does she still have her muzzle on?"

"Yes. I think Mistress Nyssa loved to turn your sister into a puppy a little bit too much, so she will probably keep her like this for the whole session. She is so adorable. I'm so glad you invited her. She doesn't seem nearly as shy as a dog."

"Right! I really want to play with her again. I love dogs so much!"

"Then go. Ask for permission first, though... and let me take your boots off, else you will damage the rubber mats."

One after the other, Mei unlaced and pulled my boots off. Next, she guided me to the opposite corner of the room where Nyssa checked on me.

"So, Alex? Feeling better?"

"Yes. Sorry about that, Mistress Nyssa."

"No, not at all. It happens to everyone. A good spanking session can be emotionally demanding, and you were not used to it. You did great."

"Yes... I suppose. So... Can... Can I play with my sister?"

"Awww, sister love. If you are okay spending some time in a big cage with her, sure. I'm sure she would love it. She is really into it."

"She... she is?"

"Yes... Puppy play was Mary's first pick on her form."

"What? Really? She never told me that she was into this."

But again... She never told me she was on the fetish scene. There was a lot I didn't know about my sister... which made her a more interesting person all of a sudden.

Mistress Nyssa guided me to the entrance of the big mesh cage and made me crawl inside. It took two seconds before my hand found Mary. Was she that thrilled to be a doggy? Definitely another thing I won't tell our mother.

I sat next to her and started investigating her predicament. I was immediately feeling better around her. She was my sister, whom I loved so much, and sharing a small adventure like this was very special and meaningful to me.

There was nothing sexual in me petting her. It was just two siblings enjoying some fun time together. For some strange reason, I had a hard time thinking of her as anything else than my personal guide dog now. When Nyssa got this idea at the beginning of our session, I think she somehow managed to read our minds.

I wondered, though... Would my sister be willing to do this again outside the club? It would be one messed up family relationship... But I think it would be incredibly fun. I could totally picture myself reading a braille book while having her at my side as a doggy. If she liked it,... why not?

Once we would be done here, I would definitely ask her.

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"You are happy now, aren't you?"

"Very! Best evening ever."

"And you HAD to buy me the petgirl kit..."

"Hey, Mary! You can't hide what you like anymore. So yes, I knew it would make you happy, so I got it for you."

"No, Alex... We all know it's because it would make YOU happy!"

"Ah... Come on! It was super fun. For once that we have something in common... You could be less grumbly about it."

"Bhahaha... You guys make me laugh!"



Mary, Mei, and I just finished our session with Mistress Nyssa at the Fox & Spice Club; we had so much fun. We decided to walk back to my place instead of taking a cab because it was not too late in the evening and it was a beautiful hot night. A forty-five minutes stroll could only be useful to keep our belly fat in check while chit-chatting about all the cool things we've experienced.

When I invited my sister to join our girl's night, I never expected that she would have ended up revealing one of her kinkiest secrets. Puppy play was one thing she dreamt about for a while, and she finally had an opportunity to experience it; it turned out that she was a natural. The funny thing was that I instantly fell in love with the doggy version of her. The hell with whatever people would think, she was my dog now; Mary was way too adorable not to declare ownership.

Even now, walking in the street as regular humans, holding her arm and letting her lead me gave me the feeling Mary was still my guide dog. It was a role she played so often when we grew up that the chemistry was perfect; it was not humiliating for her and not embarrassing for me. Who would have thought?

I think Meixiang approved our new symbiosis, and I could tell by her cheerful voice tone that she found this situation entertaining.

Mei, her, was a strange BDSM creature. During our session with Nyssa, she acted more like an assistant than a person who was there for a new adventure. As much as she took care of me, it was obvious that her relationship with Nyssa was way more important. I didn't blame her at all as I knew she was a loner at heart and her own emotions easily took priority over everything else. She never cared that much about the world around her. It was a privilege to be important enough to be her friend... at least that was one way to look at it.

It was all good; we all experienced life from a different point of view. Mei was sheltered, Mary was following the flow, and I was the outgoing one wanting to try everything. I guess being blind gave me this desire to explore the world whenever I had an opportunity. Nonetheless, despite our differences, there were some nights like tonight where everything worked out perfectly between all of us.

"Bark!"

"No, I'm not going to bark! Stop it."

"Mary, Bark!"

"Alex, stop it."

"I said, bark!"

"Arf! ... Happy now?"

"Awww... so cute!"

"Hey... Stop ruffling my hair... We are in public in case you didn't notice."

"So, Mary... Are you going to wear your harness and muzzle for me again?"

"Yes, we will go back to the club at some point."

"No, I mean, at my place."

"Aaah... Seriously?"

"Yes... You are my dog!"

"Hey, guys! Look... An ice cream van... I want some!"

Mei interrupted my harassment spree because her stomach took control over her body. I heard her footsteps quickly getting away from us. Mary stopped and asked me what I wanted to do?

"Do you want some ice cream too?"

"Yeah, let's go for it. Haven't had any in ages."

"Okay, don't trip over the curb. Big step. There is a puddle of water."

"Aaah, I don't want water in my new shoes!"

Mary helped me cross the road, and we rejoined Mei, who was already reading the menu to find the flavor she wanted, another thing I couldn't do. It would be unlikely that an ice cream van would carry a braille menu for me... But it was okay because this time I had my dog with me!

"Go, doggy! Read the menu for me!"

"Hey! Don't call me that in front of everyone!"

"Whatever... Do they have, like, butterscotch?"

"Yes... That's what you want?"

"Yes... you? It's on me tonight."

"Not sure I want ice cream... But they have those mini-cookie packs. I'll get one."

"Alright."

Mary guided me to the truck window, and I ordered my ice cream in a bowl and the cookie box for Mary. The bowl had nothing to do with me being blind; I just didn't like having sticky fingers.

After a short wait, we got our snack and headed to a small plaza nearby to sit on a bench to eat. I sat in the middle. Mei was on my right and Mary on my left.

"Mary, give me your cookie box. I want to know what it looks like."

"What? Why? It's just a box... You had those before."

"Give it to me... I can't see it."

"You are so whiny today. Alright, here..."

She could be so naive sometimes. Of course, I knew what a cookie box was like; it was far from the first delicious mini-cookies I had within my grasp. It was not at all why I wanted them, I couldn't care less about the box.

I swiftly sliced the seal with my nail and flipped the lid open.

"Hey! What are you doing? Those are mine!"

"I know... Mary... Sit!"

"..."

"Come on... Sit!"

"Alex... Stop it... Give me my cookies back."

"Not before you sit in front of me like a good doggie."

I heard a little, "Oh, my God!" coming from Mei, who was probably fascinated by the way I dared treating my sister. She probably wouldn't get involved, but I could sense some sort of approval coming from her.

"Lex... There... there are people around."

"I don't care. I can't see them. If you want your cookies, you have to be a good doggy and sit."

"..."

It took her a moment, but then I felt her moving off the bench and in front of me. Two things could happen... Mary would either obey or snatch the box off my hands. In all honesty, I wasn't too sure which stance she would adopt.

"Arf!"

"Aaaah! Puppy!"

I reached in front of me, and she was right there, sitting like a dog with her chin just above my knees. Keeping a hand on her cheek, I approached a tiny cookie close to her mouth, and then she reached and grabbed it with her teeth.

"Aawwww! Did you see that Mei!? She is sooo cuuute!"

"Haha... You two are messed up in the head. People are totally staring at us now."

"Who cares! We are having fun, and they are not."

"True... By the way, your ice cream is delicious, Alex."

"MEI! You can't eat my ice cream!"

What a great night. In front of me, Mary sat there for a while, Mei was joking around, and I had a blast; it truly was a perfect night. It was so great to bond with my sister again and continue building a solid friendship with Mei. Tonight, it was only the three of us.

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"We should have called a cab. My feet are killing me."

"Aaah, Mei, you need more workouts in your life. It wasn't that far."

We arrived at the Theodore, my luxury apartment building, and the doorman let us in as soon as they saw me. Tonight we would all sleep at my place.

As we were waiting for the elevator, a familiar voice called my name; it was Albert, my favorite old doorman.

"Miss Alex, would you have a moment, please?"

"Sure. What's up?"

"Would you mind following me?."

"Oh? Yes, sure."

I grabbed Albert's arm, and we walked away from Mary and Mei. It was the first time Albert behaved like this, so he got me curious.

"Miss Alex. First, please accept my apology as this is not something I should get involved with."

"Hey, no worries. What's going on?"

"Well, earlier today, your friend Miles entered the building..."

"... Miles!? Are you sure?"

"Very sure, Miss Alex. He walked in... and walked out right away... then he walked back in and went to the front desk... When we asked him what we could do for him, he asked for you, and just as we were about to call you, he changed his mind and walked out again."

"... Really? He came here to see me?"

"It appears so... But it was not the only thing that caught my attention..."

"No? What else?"

"He was wearing a nice shirt."

"... a nice shirt? But... Miles always wears those crappy t-shirts..."

"Precisely... So, that is all, Miss Alex. I just thought I would let you know."

"Oh, thanks Albert. You did the right thing."

"I'm glad to hear. I will walk you back to your friends now."

Albert was definitely more like a father to me. He genuinely cared about me and my happiness, and he knew I had a rough time because of what had happened with Miles. Telling me this was showing how much our relationship was special.

"Hey, Alex. What was that about?"

"Oh... Nothing... He... He just wanted to tell me that they were about to renovate the unit next to mine. That's all."

"And he tells you that around Midnight on a Friday night?"

"Oh... hehe... They care about me very much."

"Whatever... Let's go to bed now. Walking for hours killed me."

"It was only a forty-five minutes walk... geez."

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"Mmm..."

"The time is 9:37 am."

"What? That late?"

My little talking watch surprised me when it told me the time. When we came back last night, Mei went straight to bed, but my sister and I stayed up a bit longer to watch some cheesy TV show. I loved doing that with her because she knew exactly how to translate into words the action I couldn't see. Again, we grew up together, so it was all so natural.

I didn't bring back the dog roleplay, though... I think Mary had enough emotions for one day. After the show, I gave her some blankets and a pillow to be comfortable on the couch, and then went back to my bedroom. I shared my bed with Mei, who was already sleeping like a rock, exhausted by our short walk.

I expected to wake up next to her this morning, but when I patted the mattress with my arm, she wasn't there anymore.

"Mei?"

"I'm in the living room, lazy butt."

"Mmm... I'm not a lazy butt..."

Still half asleep, I walked down the hallway and went straight to the kitchen with a precise goal in mind, my espresso machine. As usual, I wore my silk blindfold. I wasn't used to having people around the house, so this habit of mine just made things more comfortable for me.

"Do you want a coffee, Mei?"  
"Yes, please!"  
"And you, Mary?"  
"Mary is gone already."  
"What? Really?"  
"Yes, she said she had to go to work."  
"Awww... My dog!"  
"Haha... You really liked her as a canine, uh?"  
"Yes... I loved it."

I brewed two coffees and went to sit next to Mei in the living room. She pressed her shoulder against mine and asked me a funny question.

"How can you read this?"  
"This? This what?"  
"That book in braille. I would not be able to do it."  
"Sure you would... It's not that hard. I'll show you... look..."

Understanding that she had looked at my bookshelf out of curiosity, I extended my hand to reach the book she held and slid my fingertips on its cover.

"D... U... N... E... Crap..."  
"Dune crap? What kind of book are you reading, Alex? This is such a weird title."  
"Nah... It's just Dune. You just picked the book that I read when I first met Miles."  
"Aaah. You can't associate everything to him. What is this book about anyway? Dune?"  
"It's a book about big worms..."  
"I said, stop associating everything to him!"  
"Hehe... You're nuts, Mei."

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"Do you realize what could have happened here?"  
"We are so sorry. We will take those signs down immediately."  
"You better do that, yes. Unless you want somebody to die."  
"Hum... I assure you... We didn't have any ill intentions. It was an honest mistake."  
"Tell that to a person who is blind, and that was going to end up with a broken leg because of your gross negligence."  
"..."

Tony and I worked for a firm mandated to perform and enforce safety and accessibility regulations in private commerces and residential buildings. We've been a team for a long time and worked very well together; my skills combined with his allowed us to provide the private sector with an expertise that was very much in demand.

The city had strict rules regarding safety signage within the large building; this was necessary for emergencies, like fires, among other things. Everybody was entitled to live in an environment that was safe and functional, handicap or not. A sightless client shouldn't receive fewer services after paying the same amount.

That said, Tony and I performed an inspection in one of the most reputable luxury hotels in the city following an investigation triggered by a set of customer complaints. We found so many anomalies so far that I was getting pissed off. We just found this braille sign indicating "lounge," but it led directly to a staircase. Useless to say that it was hazardous.

"Alex... Come with me. We need to talk..."

"... okay?"

Tony pulled me away from the hotel manager and started to reprimand me using a low voice.

"Alex? What the hell are you doing?"

"What do you mean? Those signs are all wrong... Someone could have died..."

"Do you think I don't know that? That's not my point! You cannot treat them as if they did this on purpose. You know that! We are a neutral firm... We inspect, we report, we take the necessary actions. We are not a courthouse."

"But... They..."

"No buts... I don't know what's wrong with you recently, but stop treating them like criminals. Be professional or keep your mouth shut."

"Tony..."

"Just do your job, leave the talking to me. We have a reputation to preserve."

It was the first time ever that Tony addressed me this way. If the clients had not been near us, I fear he wouldn't have been this gentle.

We returned to the clients, and I kept a low profile while trying to digest what had just happened. Tony took the lead.

"Sorry about the interruption. Yes, you have to take down those faulty signs immediately. I recommend you contact the vendor who provided and installed them to find the problem's root. You'll need this information for the post-incident review."

"Thank you. We will get on it right away."

"We will send you the official report within two days, and then you'll have ten business days to correct the issues before our next inspection. Failure to do so will lead to fines."

"We will wait for the report and do all we can to resolve the situation."

"Perfect, we will keep in touch, then."

I grabbed Tony's arm, and he led us to the elevators without a word. I knew I had messed up, and I knew he would want to discuss this as soon as we would be out of here. Usually, our inspections always ended up with some "good jobs" and "nice work," but this time around, it was a heavy silence.

As soon as we exited the hotel, we got in a cab that drove us away.

"So? Want to tell me what's going on?"

"... Nothing, Tony. I guess I'm... I'm just tired..."

"Tired my ass... You've been acting weird for the past several weeks. Do you realize that I constantly have to clarify all the odd things you are telling our clients? We can't continue to work like this."

"I'm sorry... I'm just ... distracted."

"Look, you are very good at your job, Alex... You can find things that nobody else would. But when you are acting like this, it's counterproductive. I don't know what is going on in your personal life, but you better resolve it soon. I need my coworker back."

"... I... I will... Sorry... You are right."

"Yes, I am. Alright, we are done for the day anyway. Do you want to go somewhere for lunch?"

"N... No... I think I'll go back home and think about this."

"Okay, then. Driver... We are going to drop by the Theodore first."

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"Aaaaah! What's wrong with me?"

As soon as I got home, I went to my bedroom and crashed on the bed, face first. I knew Tony was a hundred percent right, and I've been acting like an idiot for the past few weeks. There was no reason for me to be so annoyed and irritable.

My life was GREAT! I had a fantastic job and super coworkers, I lived in a beautiful apartment that fit my needs perfectly, I found a good and supportive friend in Meixiang, I got to reunite with my sister to an emotional level I thought was gone forever, so why was I so tense and unfocused?



Well... That was a stupid question. I knew precisely why... Miles!

I was already not doing so well at accepting his sudden departure, and when I learned that he had shown up to see me but changed his mind at the last second, it turned my heart upside down... and nobody could help me make sense of this situation.

Despite my relatively short relationship with Miles, he was a guy I had learned to love. He had many qualities that were very appealing to me. I had never dated someone who naturally didn't care about my handicap the way he did. He was creative, open-minded, and even funny at times. I always felt safe around him and knew he would never use his physical strength to control me. To sum it up, he was the type of guy that checked so many of my boxes.

He had faults too. His demons related to his previous relationship were just toxic to both him and me. During the moments when I refused to play along with one of his kinks, his coldness was also something that had annoyed me a great deal. And of course, I didn't appreciate the way he walked out of my life as soon as I said something he didn't like to hear.

I didn't discuss this analysis in depth with anybody. This was what I was thinking, and only I would decide if something could be done about it or not. If I were to ask for advice, some people would give me different opinions that, in the end, wouldn't necessarily reflect what I desired.

No, This time, I would decide on a path to follow by myself... But I had to do it soon because this unattended emotional matter was slowly but surely gnawing at my brain.

A second chance.

I would give him a second chance. That was my decision.

I just had to observe myself to find imperfection. How many times in my life had I whined about my disadvantage in romance because I was blind, even if it was not true? How many times have I condemned people because they didn't see me as an average person on the first date when I should have accepted better that they were just not used to my lifestyle and my differences? I didn't give them a chance to learn.

If I were alone today, it was partly because of my flaws, the ones I consciously knew I had and that I had been working on for so long. What good would it do if I crucified someone cared about because he was not perfect and made a big mistake?... After that person had told me that he wanted to take things slow because he struggled with a recent breakup; after that person genuinely admitted that he loved me.

A second chance didn't mean I would go back into this relationship blindly... Well, that was a stupid thought coming from a blind girl. But yeah, if I were to meet him again, it wouldn't mean we would be back together; it would only mean that I would be open to hearing him out and being honest with him about my feelings in return.

I got off my bed and went to my closet. It was time to do what I was good at; being blind and awesome, and own my decision. I felt around through my clothes to find the right items. With the help of the little aluminum braille tags, I pulled out of the closet the same clothes I wore when I first met Miles. That would be the perfect bait.

Then I went back to the living room, grabbed my sunglasses and that big Dune book before heading outside.

Using my spidey senses, I survived the crossing of the street and went straight to the park. I've walked this path so often that I wasn't scared to get lost. After this railing, it was another thirteen steps to reach my favorite bench.

As soon as I felt the wooden backrest with my fingers, I walked around it and sat.

"AAAAH! What the fuck!"

"Ooooh! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry... I didn't know you were sitting here."

"The hell! Are you blind or what?"

"Heee... Yes, actually. I am."

My determination to come here made me forget about common sense. I sat without even checking if the bench was empty and ended up on a random guy's lap by accident... and now he was pissed at me.

"What? Are you really blind?"

"... Yes... I can't see. Sorry, I need to sit here, or else I will get lost."

"Ah, whatever... just sit next to me, there is room. Just don't sit ON me."

"S...Sorry to ask you this... but could you move to another bench?"

"No. There is enough space for the two of us."

"But... I'm waiting for... a friend and..."

"I said no. Sit or go. I don't care."

"..."

Awww... What an unpleasant person. I sat as far from him as I could and placed my book on my knees. That wasn't part of my plan, and I didn't know what to do anymore. I hoped this guy would leave soon.

The next thirty minutes were not that fun. I slowly read my book while my neighbor was doing I don't know what. I didn't like his presence. It was annoying not to be able to understand what people so close to me were doing. It was as if I felt his negative energy crawling on my skin.

Then out of the blue, a quiet male voice coming from behind me revealed something I'd have preferred not to hear.

"That guy is trying to play with your hair, you know."

"Uh? WHAT?"

Without thinking about it twice, I slammed close my oversized Dune book and whammed it with all my strength in the face of the guy next to me.

"AAAAAH!"

"WERE YOU TRYING TO TOUCH ME!?! YOU CREEP!"

"No! No! I swear! I wasn't!"

"Yes, you were... You better leave before she gives you a concussion."

Without another word, the stranger quickly grabbed his belongings and left in a hurry. And the other man walked around me... The man I had been waiting for.

"Thanks... Miles."

"You're welcome, Alex. Can I sit?"

"Yeah... I thought... No... I hoped you were going to show up."

"... I hoped you were going to show up too. I didn't have the guts to go to your home directly. So I came here almost every day... Hoping you'd eventually be here."

"... I know. It's okay."

Miles sat next to me. That was the scene I wanted to recreate today. Outside the creepy guy, it was how Miles and I met, but the energy was quite different this time around.

"How... how are you doing, Alex?"

"Good... It's been a while."

"Yes... It's been a while."

"..."

No, I wasn't going to make any efforts to initiate this adult conversation. My part was to show up here and wait for him. This gesture of goodwill meant that I was willing to hear him out, and it was up to him to understand that. His part would be to convince me that he had learned something from this spontaneous breakup.

"I messed up... All I ever wanted was to be happy with you, but I failed to see that this happiness was right there under my nose."

"You could say that."

"Alex, I lied to you."

"... About what?"

"When I first met you, I told you that I wasn't ready for a new relationship. It wasn't true. I was ready the second I saw you. On that day, I didn't sit next to you on this bench because it was the only seat left, I chose to sit next to you because you attracted me. But then... I couldn't talk to you. It's a miracle that you invited me for dinner after our awkward conversation."

"Mmm... Cute... But what else did you lie about?"

"Nothing else... That was it... One little lie that allowed us to fall in love... And then, I let my greed creep in and destroy everything."

That was an honest assessment from his part. It was pretty much what I thought had happened, and I believed him. It didn't mean we could get back together or anything, but at least it felt good to clear the air. That was the kind of talk we should have had when things were going downhill. But I knew that sometimes, people are just not ready to talk about their problems; sometimes it could take minutes, sometimes it could take years.

"So, what's next, Miles?"

"What's next? Nothing... It's not like I'm employing a strategy to get you back. There is no plan here. I just hoped I would get to see you again, talk about it, and then decide where to go from there... together. The way things ended was not healthy, and that's on me."

"Do you love me?"

"Always did, always will. You know that already, I'm sure."

"I do. And I love you too. But you know what? That's not good enough."

"... Mmm... You are a strong one, Alex... I'm sorry... I'm sure you will..."

"Oh, stop whining for a minute and listen to me, hehe. I know two versions of you. The one you are today that is friendly, honest, adult, and not very smart."

"... Hey!"

"But there is the other Miles, that is confused and forgetful. That one tends to forget what he likes and dislikes and falls back in the same patterns that hurt him before. I don't like that Miles at all. Can you get rid of him? I think it would be a good thing because that dark Miles hurts the good Miles too. I don't want the good Miles to suffer."

"... Yeah... I see what you mean... I cared more about my fantasies than you. I knew it was wrong, and that's why I left. I didn't want to drag you into my shit any further. You have to know... I want to change... But in all honesty, I wouldn't know how... And saying that makes me realize that there is not much hope for us... You were right... I'm dumb."

His last little speech made me smile. In one sentence, he said that he loved me, that lost sight of that love, that he now knew what he did wrong, that he protected me against greater pain, and that our relationship was doomed.

He was right... There was no hope for us the way things were unless I opened a door big enough for the two of us to walk through as imperfect human beings.

"Mr. Miles. Friday 9 pm, Fox & Spice club. I'll probably be around the lounge."

"..."

I stood up, walked around the bench, and headed toward my apartment building.

"Alex? Wait! What..."

"Don't be late, Mr. Miles. Don't be late."

The Fox & Spice club would be our big door to a potentially better future. Could we walk through it together?

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"You did WHAT? Did you get hit on the head or what?"

"Calm down, Meimei. I didn't say that Miles and I were back together. But I decided to allow us another chance to love each other."

"Aleex! People can't change that fast. It has not even been two months. You are going to get hurt again."

"No, I won't. Because this is my decision, and I know what I'm getting into. When I invited him to the club, that was pretty much at the same time when he realized that it wouldn't work between the two of us."

"Alex... you are odd. What you say makes no sense."

"It does to me. Come on, just support me a little. I need your help."

It was pretty obvious that Mei disagreed with this little turn of events. I dragged her to the city's biggest fetish fashion store and only broke the news to her when we arrived. On Friday, we would go to the Fox & Spice together, and Miles would perhaps meet us there. I wanted Mary to come as well, but we hadn't managed to reach her yet.

"Okay, okay. Whatever! It's your love life. Not mine. So, what are we doing here? Do you need something specific?"

"Well, I don't want to go again with the same full latex catsuit I always wear. I need something different."

"Need or want?"

"Want!"

"Okay? Like a dress?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No... Help me find something different."

"Something different? Alright... Grab my arm and let's go find something different."

It didn't take long for Mei to become ecstatic about everything she was looking at. I couldn't see anything, and she was really not good at describing what she was freaking out about. Of course, the store employees pounced on us rapidly, and as usual, I had to explain why I was wearing a silk blindfold. But overall, they were somewhat helpful and gave us a few ideas.

Amusingly enough, even if we came here for me, Meixiang found a little black latex dress that she liked a lot, so she was now trying it in the changing room. I waited on the small seat in front of it, while the employee brought me different items to help me make up my mind. Touching the various textiles convinced me that I didn't want gloves to numb my sense of touch this time around; my latex catsuit with attached gloves was very hot and sexy, but not very practical in my case; those sensitive fingertips were my eyes.

"Tadaaa! Alex, how do I look?"

"Very funny, I'm blind. What are you wearing?"

"I'm not telling you, you have to look at me... with your hands."

"Perv... Alright, come here."

Mei approached me, and I grabbed her hips. Since I was sitting, her big boobs were pretty much in my face. I started sliding my fingertips around to get a rough idea of what her dress was like.

"The skirt is short and frilly... I like that... and wait... oooh, there is a hole where your chest is... and there is a high neck... That's neat."

"Yes, so people can admire my boob crack."

"Haha... Puffy shoulders? Short sleeves? Hey... wait a minute... What's that piece dangling in front of your skirt? Naaaah... Don't tell me... Really? A latex maid uniform?"

"Awww, how did you guess so quickly?"

"I didn't guess. You let me touch you. I only guess what I can't touch."

"So serious... But yes... Maid uniform... But forget it. It's too expensive. At least I got to try one."

"I'm buying it for you."

"What? No, Alex! It's not why I said that. It's way too expensive!"

"Do you like it?"

"Yeah, but..."

"I'm buying it. But you have to wear it on Friday."

I got a giant hug from Mei, and then we continued shopping around for me. Unfortunately, I wasn't making it very easy. I just couldn't make up my mind on something I wanted to wear.

"Try this hat!"

"A hat?"

"Yes... Hahaha! Okay, no! Not for you!"

"Stop teasing me, Mei. Come on! You have to find something I like."

"Alright, alright! But you are picky, and there is not much left to try."

She pulled the strange hat from my head, but she accidentally pinched my blindfold at the same time. The silk fabric slid right off my head and disappeared. Surprised, I immediately turned toward where I thought it went, trying to grab it back, but instead, I slapped Mei right across the face with the back of my hand.

"Ooow!"

"Oooo! Sorry! I'm so sorry, Mei! Are you okay? I feel so bad!"

"Oh... My... God... Alex! You... You just opened your eyes in front of me..."

"..."

Blood rushed up to my head because of my embarrassment, and I immediately covered my eyes using my forearm. Mei had seen me a couple of times without my blindfold, but I had never opened my eyes around her. Based on her reaction, it was a shocking sight. One that reminded me of all the kids that made fun of me when I was young.

"... Sorry... Sorry... Give me my blindfold back."

"No... wait! Open them again."

"What? NO! I told you... They look weird!"

"You are weird, Alex, not your eyes... Come on... Open them for me... I need to see them again."

"Mei... I..."

"Hey, you saw all my private spots with your fingers earlier... Let me see all your private spots with my eyes... That's only fair..."

"..."

I was scared... but... Mei expressed a valid point. She let me grab her boobs and butt so I would know what she was wearing... I could probably trust her a bit more. It was easy for me to open them in front of the doctors. So why was I scared of doing it here, in front of my best friend?

"O... Okay... But don't make mean comments."

"I'd never do that... and nobody else is watching."

"Okay... There... Happy?"

"Alex! They are AMAZING! Follow me. You just gave me an idea. I found a perfect costume for you to wear on Friday."

"Wait... what? Really? What does it have to do with my eyes?"

It was the first time someone qualified my eyes of "amazing" and it made me feel all fuzzy inside. I expected something more along the line of "it's not that bad." Mei grabbed my hand and pulled me across the store. What was she going to do to me?

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"This is a bad idea!"

"No, it's not. You'll be the star of the night."

"Where is my blindfold?"

"In your bag, but you are not wearing it tonight, you promised!"

"I diiid... buuut..."

"Stop whining. Let me put your mask on, and then we can go have fun. Mary is waiting for us."

"I have a bad feeling about this, Mei..."

"Too late to change your mind. You have to trust me on this."

Mei strapped on my head a rubber mask that covered my upper face, completing my new costume. We arrived at the Fox & Spice club a little while ago and turned Mary back into my guide doggy. Then Mei put on her new latex maid uniform before taking care of me.

The outfit she picked for me was drastically different than what I could have imagined. When we were at the fashion boutique, she made me wear a latex bodysuit; this one had no hands, feet, or hood. She forced me to walk around a bit, complimenting me because I looked "hot," but that was until she told me that it was translucent and that people could see me naked through it. I



wanted to die... or kill her. Smokey black... That was what she said the color was. She also said that the black seams were standing out, making it look sharp.

Following my fuss, Mei made me wear some sort of silky skirt that was, in fact, just two extra long fabric bands, one in front to hide my crotch and one at the back that partly hid my butt, leaving my rubber legs exposed fully. That thing was going all the way down to my feet too. She said it made me look like a Goddess, but I just felt naked, even with the matching bra that she made me wear.

To finalize my outfit, she found that very special rubber mask. When she placed it on my face, the whole store had a crazy strong reaction and wanted pictures of me. That was pretty much what sold it to me because I was still not convinced.

Exploring the mask with my fingers left me confused. It had some sort of fine muzzle with very long ears. Mei said it was a black Egyptian style fox mask.

Now that we were at the club, I would have to wear this costume in front of everybody.

"There... You look amazing! You look so powerful... Try to act the part."

"Are... Are you sure nobody can see my eyes?"

"Ah, stop with your eyes already! No, they can't see them. The mask's lenses are too dark. MARY!?! Come get Alex. She is ready."

At least that would take my mind off my discomfort; my sister as a doggy. As soon as she got close to me, I grabbed her harness. She didn't have a leash today as she said it was pulling too much on her neck, so instead, we just looped a leather strap through the metal rings in the middle of her harness' back; it made her feel even more guide doggyish this way.

I couldn't help but recheck her head. Mary wore her super cute rubber muzzle and her pointy ears; something snapped inside me every time I got to touch her while she was wearing that kit. She was just the cutest thing in the world, and I couldn't help but talk to her like she was a real pet.

"Aaaah! So cute! Little doggy."

"Alex! I'm going to bite you."

"Naaah! You are too adorable for that. Go, go! Let's go back to the club! Lead the way!"

We all exited the changing room and entered the club. It sounded like there was already a fair amount of people, and it only took less than half a second before the compliments started pouring our way. Mei grabbed my arm and whispered something in my ears.

"Seriously, that is all for you, Alex. You stand out like crazy."

"That much?"

"Yeah... You'll be so busy tonight. Don't let Mary go, though, or else you are going to get swallowed by the crowd."

"Not a chance that I'm letting my guide dog go."

This experience was nuts! Simply nuts! It was as if everybody from the club came talking to me about my costume. The mask I was wearing was not something many people had seen before; the store that sold it to me would surely get a few new clients.

"Mei! The music is good. I want to dance."

"You go do that. I will take a walk around to see what is happening tonight. Mary, make sure you protect her."

"Arf!"

"Awww... She barked!"

My cute puppy Mary tugged me slowly to the dance floor. As soon as I felt the texture changing under my heeled boots, I unleashed my dancing power. My little trip to the dance cage long ago taught me not to be shy about my curves and moves in a fetish club. On top of that, I had Mary to keep me out of trouble. I knew she liked to dance as well, so I could abuse this activity to my heart content without any guilt.

It was so great and so fun. Obviously, many hands touched me, and some guys tried to get too close to me, but Mary was doing an excellent job at interfering when they were going too far. My sister seemed comfortable in that role, another trait making her a good guide dog. A couple of times, she even had to be more vocal and threatening when the guys refused to cooperate.

We danced for waaay too long, and I almost forgot why I decided to come here tonight; Miles was supposed to show up around 9 pm... Well... It was more like a suggestion, and there was no guarantee that he would even show up. Focusing on fun was the wise thing to do.

Two small arms wrapped around my waist, interfering with my thoughts; I recognized Mei.

"Mei? Where were you? Mary and I have been dancing for over an hour."

"Sorry... I kind of found a room in the play area... You know... There was another maid... and it was this guy's birthday and..."

"Aaah... I get it... So... Did you find him?"

"Miles?"

"Who else?"

"Yeah... I saw him. He is sitting at the bar... alone. He probably has no clue who you are because of your costume. So many pretty girls tonight."

"Okay, let's do this then. Let's go find a seat in the lounge, then will go get him."

Mary tugged me away from the dance floor and guided me to the comfy social area where the music was much softer. We were lucky because the corner booth was available. It would be nice to spend some time together there. Our plan with Miles around was simple, have plain old fun with no drama. Leaving love out of the equation would make everything easier.

"Mary, go fetch Miles!"

"What? Why me? Go yourself, Mei."

"Alex, your dog is not trained well. She doesn't listen to me."

"I know. Maybe I should be stricter. Perhaps Mary needs more spanking with that paddle Nyssa gave me."

"Alright, alright! I'm going... geez. But don't blame me if he doesn't want to follow me."

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Mary had to cross the lounge and half of the club to reach the bar. She vaguely remembered Miles because she only saw him once in poor circumstances. It was the night when she had kissed her sister by accident. It was unlikely that he would recognize her because of her dog attire, which gave her an idea.

She and Alex grew up together, and, unfortunately, she witnessed all the pain that her blind sister went through. From kids rejecting her at school to the incessant name-calling and all those failed dates with guys that couldn't treat her like a normal person. Yes, Mary knew that Alex had gone through hell, and it was so unfair.

It was somewhat ironic that she was about to fetch a guy who badly hurt her sister, which had high potential to hurt her again. From what she understood, a guy that had been more focused on his fetishes than the person itself.

Why was Alex giving a second chance to this individual was beyond Mary's comprehension. Could he have changed that much in just over a month? It was highly unlikely. No, Mary didn't like this one bit, but it was not for her to decide... or was it?

When she reached the bar, Miles was sitting by himself in a corner, sipping on a drink of some sort. Mary approached and climbed on the free stool next to him.

"Hey? Feeling lonely?"

"Mmm... No, I'm good. I am just waiting for someone."

Miles didn't recognize Mary, which caused her to grin behind her muzzle.

"Do you mind if I keep you company?"

"Aaah... I'm sorry, I'm just waiting for a friend. Not looking for anything else."

"How come? You don't like pet girls?"

"Oh, no. It's not that... It's just... ah... nevermind..."

"Ah, come on! I want to chat for a bit. I'm bored. My name is Ann, what's yours?"

"... Miles."

"Aren't you going to buy me a drink, Miles?"

"Sorry, as I said... I'm not looking for a date and..."

"A date? Can't you just buy a drink for a lonely pet girl? With a straw please... You know... the muzzle."

"Hehe... Okay, I can get you a drink because you are friendly. Order what you want."

Mary ordered a Bloody Caesar, with a straw, and moved a bit closer to Miles.

"So... Miles... Tell me about this friend of yours."

"Aaah, it's a long story."

"I have time. Is she cute?"

"I didn't say my friend was a girl."

"I bet she is. What's her name?"

"Yes, she is a girl... Her name is Alex. And yes, she is very cute."

"So, why the gloomy face? Something happened?"

"Am I really discussing this with a dog girl?"

"Haha! Yes you are! Come on. I'm a good listener... Tell me."

Miles took a good sip from his glass, visibly uncomfortable because of all the personal questions the undercover Mary threw at him. Somehow, this was awkward, but it also felt good to offload his failed romance story on a friendly stranger.

"Ann, you are quite something. Yes, something happened. I loved Alex very much, but I got carried away, and I messed up."

"What do you mean?"

"I dragged her in my fantasies, you know, fetish stuff, and she wasn't ready for it..."

"She wasn't ready!?"

"... No, scratch that... See, I mess up again... That's what I do apparently... What I mean is that I exposed her to all the things that turned me on, she was playing along... but then..."

"... but then?"

"I forgot to love her... I mean... outside my fetish, I didn't treat her right."

"So, she dumped you?"

"Nah... I ran away as soon as I realized that I was dragging her into some things without asking if she wanted to approach them differently first... I did this with my ex, who was a totally different person, and it didn't end well. So, yeah, I'm a coward because I ran away, but I didn't want her to suffer because of me."

Mary stared at Miles in disbelief. He was entirely honest, even though it made him look like a douchebag. But at least she understood that there was hope and that he was probably done playing games. She decided to push her assessment just a bit farther.

"Ah, forget about her! She is not worth it."

"..."

"What?... I'm just giving you advice."

"Why would I do that? Why do you think Alex is not worth it? You don't even know her."

"Do you like what I look like, Miles? I'm a sexy pet wearing latex and leather... Don't you like that?"

"Of course, I do. You are very attractive."

"While wearing this outfit, I send a positive signal that I'm ready to play. I wouldn't let real life get in the way. Who cares about being a couple... It's just dampening the fun. Wouldn't you be happier with a girl like me that is always ready to play?"

"..."

Mary got off her stool and reached Miles with her arms. She lifted her rubber muzzle just enough to expose her lips and quickly approached Miles' face. With her muzzle now covering her eyes, she challenged him through a murmur.

"I can't see... You can do whatever you want to me... You have three seconds to kiss me..."

"Wait... Ann... I..."

"Three... Fun... or a boring moody girlfriend? What will you choose?"

"..."

"Two... Kiss me now while you can... I'll make you feel amazing... all night long."

"Ann... You... You are very attractive but..."

"But what? You said it... I'm attracting you... last chance, Miles..."

Miles placed his two hands on each side of Mary's face.

"One!"

... and he pushed her away, gently, and pulled her muzzle back into place.

"Sorry, Ann... I appreciate the offer... I'm sure it would have been great to spend the night with you, you are beautiful, but I love Alex... more than anything. And if there is a chance that I can go back to her tonight, I'll take that chance."

"Aaah! I didn't think you had it in you... Impressive. Maybe she was not as out of her mind as I thought."

"..."

"My name is not Ann. I'm Mary, her sister. Don't you recognize me?"

"... Mary!? I thought I remembered those eyes from somewhere... But... Why did you do that?"

"Why? Because, if you ever hurt her again, there won't be a third chance. And I would bite your face off. Come, she is waiting for you over there."

"Wait... Did... did she ask you to do this? To test me?"

"Don't be dumb, Miles... You know she would never ask me to do such a thing. It was my own initiative because I don't care about you that much... And if you tell her, I swear, I'll dismember you. Grab my harness. I'll lead you to her."

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"Guys, here is the human male."

"Miiiles! Geez guys, it took you long enough."

"Hey, Miles! Come sit! Oh, wait! Before... look!"

I quickly got off my seat, stood up and twirled around to show him my new outfit, adding some extra hips motions.

"A... Alex?... Is that you!? You look... incredible!"

"Haha! I know, right! Come sit next to me."

"Sure. And, hi Mei."

"Hello, Miles. Hey, Mary, where did you get that drink from? You don't even have money."

"The bar... I'll tell you later, Mei."

"Mary, come here. Sit!"

"Arf!"

I didn't mind sitting very close to Miles right away, but I also wanted my sister at my side as a supportive presence.

For the next two hours, we chatted about random things, fun stuff, and we never discussed what had happened between Miles and me. Everybody was on the same page; we were here, among friends, and it was the best way to heal from the past.

At first, Miles was not too sure what to expect; he didn't know Mei and Mary would be here with me tonight, but he managed to relax over time, understanding that we were not trying to work on his case. We were ready to accept him as he was and not search for trouble or targets to moralize him.

That said, he was pretty quiet as he has always been. He preferred watching rather than getting too involved. But it was a bit different this time; he didn't just observe us while fantasizing about girl-on-girl action. He was doing it more to understand us, to understand me and what I was doing here. The types of questions he asked were quite different from what I heard from him before. It wasn't perfect, but he was undoubtedly trying.

On my side, I was happy. Before coming here, it was clear that it wouldn't mean Miles and I were back together, no matter what would happen between us tonight. This stand was taking a weight off my shoulders. Over the next few weeks, we would do more of those friendly events, and I would be able to see how he would behave and how patient he would be with me. I would make sure to let him know, though, so he wouldn't start worrying that he was doing something wrong or that I was just playing with him.

That aside, it was still great to be close to him again, feel his presence and his heartbeat, his warmth. And this fox mask I was wearing was also great. I couldn't see his face, so it was only fair that he couldn't see mine. Perhaps this would help us understand each other better.

Then, toward the end of the evening, Mei decided to give Miles and I some alone time. I knew this would happen eventually, but it was okay. They bought me enough time as it was.

"Hey, Mary. Let's go for a walk. I need to stretch my legs. Want to go take a look in the play area?"

"ARF!"

"Hehe... Alex, I'm borrowing your dog. If she causes trouble, it is still your fault."

"Haha, no problem! Mary, if you misbehave, I'll give you a nasty spanking!"

"Rrrf! Whatever!"

My dog definitely had an attitude problem, but I loved her so much. They walked away and left me alone with Miles. The music was now soft and slow, soothing. For a long moment, I just stayed there, leaning against him, thinking about what Mei asked me to do if things went well tonight. And things went well... so...

"Miles... It is a great night."

"I know, Squeaky... I... Oh... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to call you that..."

"It's alright... I always thought that nickname was cute."

"It's fitting. You are very cute."

"How are you feeling?"

"Mmm... at peace... I was so nervous at first... but I appreciated the way you guys treated me. I probably didn't deserve it."

"I'm happy, Miles... But I'm not ready... This will take time."

"I know... I know. Don't worry about it. Love is one thing, and time is another. I'm just glad you are giving me the latter."

"I want to do something... No, I need to do something."

"Something?"

"Yes, something meaningful... Don't move, okay?"

"Sure..."

I stood up and carefully straddled Miles, placing one knee on each side of his hips. Now that I was facing him and sitting comfortably on his lap, I brought my hands to his face.

"Let me look at you..."

This time I had no gloves... my extremely sensitive fingertips constructed a mental impression of his face. I had missed it. I didn't know what it was for sighted people, but for me, if I didn't touch someone's face for too long, I tended to forget what it was like.

"Miles... I want you to tell me what I look like."

"With this mask? Like a beautiful fox."

"I'll take my mask off... Then tell me what you see, okay? This is very important to me."

"Sure... You are mysterious."

His strong hands, unconsciously wrapped around my waist, made me feel safe. I demanded honesty from him... and I also needed to be honest. Things would never work between the two of us if we were not fully open with each other.

I reached my mask and slowly pulled it off my head, revealing my true identity... a girl... a simple normal girl. I placed the mask aside on the velvety seat.

"You are as pretty as ever... I missed that face."

I placed a finger on his lips.

"Shhh... That's not it... Look..."



I slowly cracked my eyelids open... unveiling my soul to him. When I did the same with Mei at the store, it didn't have this meaning. This time, with Miles, it meant everything.

"Miles... Tell me what you see now..."

"I see big beautiful silver eyes... They are like little mirrors... I've never seen eyes like this before."

"... Try again..."

No, this time, it was not about my physical appearance. Miles knew that very well.

"Mmm... Try again? Okay... deja-vu."

"Hehe... yes... Like the first time we've met at the park."

"I see a gentle soul that has gone through many hurdles to get where she is... I see a strong-willed person who built a life for herself and is now sharing it with her precious friends and family. I see a person that I hurt, and that didn't deserve it. In her mirror eyes, I see myself and my mistakes."

"No... You are too harsh with yourself... What you see in my eyes is not a reflection... It's a projection from my soul. I'm thinking about you, Miles... and I wish we can learn about each other some more... In the upcoming weeks... months... perhaps years."

"I would like that very much, Alex."

I closed my eyes and leaned forward to press my lips on his, innocently, just because it was the right thing to do.

"Miles... I would like you to become my Sun..."

"Your Sun...?"

"Yes... I don't know what the Sun is, really, but I know it's very warm. I feel it on my skin sometimes when I go to the park... It's powerful and makes me feel good... But I don't know what it is... because I can't touch it... I can touch everything... I can touch my friends, my family... I can touch you, your pretty face... I know what everything around is like just by touching it... But I can't touch the Sun..."

"Alex..."

"I need its warmth... I need its comforting presence... I need its powerful love... I want to be able to touch it... so I can learn what it is..."

"..."

I rested the side of my face on his chest. I wanted to listen to his heartbeat as I was telling him this...

"Miles! I want you to become my Sun... The Sun I can't see!"

The End

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