

Dark Desires

Faye Valentine

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As she had done every single day for more than five years, Elliana got home from work at a quarter after five, relaxed for fifteen minutes before making dinner and then took a shower to prepare for what had become her favorite tradition. After her shower, she went to her second walk-in closet to pick out something to wear. When the house was built in the late 90's it had been used by the previous owners as an office, but when she purchased it in the summer of 2015 it remained empty until discovering her love of all things fetishwear. Within a year she had far too many clothes to fit in just one closet so had the office converted into one that now contained every type of fetishwear imaginable hanging from nine bars and filling sixty-four shelves around three of the walls.

With thousands of combinations at her fingertips it sometimes took a while for her to decide on what to wear, but tonight she knew exactly the look she was going for. Walking to a bar in the back left, she plucked a dark blue and black corset dress with overbust corset and high low skirt off a hanger. She then grabbed a pair of leather knee-high boots with lace-up front and four-inch heel from one of the many shoe racks. On her way out, she grabbed a stunningly beautiful rear-locking silver collar with a leaf and vine motif etched into its silver surface.

Laying the dress out on the bed and the boots on the floor, she sat down at her makeup table. Twenty minutes – hair and face done, she opened a center drawer and looked down at all manner of tops for the seven microdermal piercings following the curve of her right collarbone. With a dozen of each letter she could spell out five letter word she liked, but tonight her eyes were drawn to a set of individual gears that, when put in place interlocked and if she was careful actually turned with the use of a fingernail. Once they were in place she put the collar around her neck and screwed the ends together. A few minutes later the dress and boots were on and she was headed out the door.

On the outside, Dark Desires was about as unassuming as a brick building could be. It had a front door leading into offices only used during daylight hours and large parking lot in the rear. Located on the outskirts of town, the three-story structure was surrounded by woods on all four sides with a wide driveway the only way in and out. Finding one of the few empty spaces, Elliana parked, got out of her car and walked up to the back door where she was greeted by one of the club's many barrel-chested bouncers.

"Evening, Ma'am," Bruce said in greeting.

"Evening Bruce. You know you can call me Elliana, or even Ellie if you like, right?"

"Yes Ma'am," he said as he pulled the door open so that she could enter. To his confusion, however, she just stood there staring at him. "Ma'am?"

"Not until you use my name. Go on, start over with the greeting."

"Really?"

"I've been coming here for over five years now. I've seen you greeting thousands of men and women. I get that you call the staff Sir or Ma'am, but I've heard you using people's actual names, or at least the names you know them by on numerous occasions so why won't you afford me the same curtesy?"

"I'm just trying to be polite."

"And I appreciate that, I really do, but is it really polite to continue calling me Ma'am after I've given you my name and asked you to use it countless times?"

"No, you're right. I apologize for being rude and promise it'll never happen again," Bruce said with genuine sincerity. "Evening Elliana."

“Evening Bruce. And thank you.”

“Enjoy your night.”

“Thanks. I’d say you too, but it has got to be so boring standing out here alone all night with no one to talk to and only cars, trees and the stars to look at.”

“That would be incredibly boring. Which is why we rotate stations every two hours. You know, I’ve been working here ever since it opened and I think you’re the first to ever mention it. Thank you.”

“My pleasure,” Elliana replied. “Well, I guess I should head on in so you can give that arm a break, she added with a nod towards the arm that had been holding the door open all this time.”

“Have fun.”

“Always do.” And with that she stepped into a hallway with booths on either side – the one on the left occupied by a lanky man in his late thirties wearing a leather vest and presumably some sort of pants that she could not see. The right was occupied by a busty brunette woman wearing what appeared to be a two-tone green latex dress that did everything possible to accentuate just how busty she really was. Walking up to the right, she gave the woman a warm smile. “Evening, Misty,” she said as she withdrew a \$20 bill from her purse to cover the entrance fee.

“Hey there Ellie. I saw you talking to Bruce. Is he giving you trouble, or did he finally grow a set of balls and tell you how he really feels?”

“Meaning?”

“Oh honey! Don’t tell me you’ve never noticed the way he looks at you. He’s had the hots for you since, well, since forever.”

“Really? Bruce? The guy who until just now never once used my name despite more than three years of getting him to?”

“Oh yeah. Trust me, he loves everything about you. But you didn’t hear that from me.”

“I see. Well, some things are starting to make some semblance of sense.”

“He’s a really nice guy and a friend so don’t tease him about it or I’ll make sure this is the last time you ever visit,” Misty said as she took exchanged cash for a thin purple wristband.

“I’d never do such a thing,” Elliana said as she slipped the band around her right wrist.

“Just between us, he’s hung like a freaking horse and knows how to use it. I know that scares most women away, but I just so happen to know how much of a size queen you are and thought you’d like that.”

“I’ll see you on my way out,” Elliana said, shaking her head as she walked further down the hallway. The heavy wooden doors were barely open an inch before her eardrums were slammed with the sound of techno music thumping throughout the club. Entering, she let her eyes fall on the naked bodies of at least a hundred men and women. Some were sitting at tables conversing and enjoying the view. Others were letting their bodies sway to the music on the large dance floor in the back. But most were engaged in some sort of bdsm related fetish. Where most clubs have a dress code, Dark Desires has an undress code requiring everyone including staff to strip naked save for footwear. Heading to the right, she walked down another hallway and then entered a locker room where two well-hung black men were spit-roasting a petite blonde while three more slowly stroked their cocks as they waited their turn.

Skirting around them, she reached back and unzipped her dress and then gently tugged it down her body before stepping out of it and bending over to pick it up. She heard the three men approaching and without even looking back knew exactly what they wanted and that if she

stayed bent over much longer they would take it. Garment in her right hand, she quickly stood and looked back over her shoulder. “Sorry guys, but that’s not what I’m here for.”

“Your loss, babe,” one of them smiled in reply.

“Too good to fuck a couple of black guys?” another huffed.

“Excuse me?” Elliana replied, taken aback by the man’s insinuations.

“You heard me. That white ass of yours too good to take a big black cock?”

“That bullshit might’ve worked on her, but it sure as hell won’t work on me so I suggest backing off and minding your own business.”

“Fucking racist white cunts like you *is* my business.”

“Right, and how’s that working out for you?”

“Pretty damn good,” the man smirked as he motioned to the woman being taken from both ends.

“Funny, it looks to me like you’re the one standing here harassing me while they’re having all the fun.” Looking past him as if he no longer existed, Elliana continued. “Hey hun, I don’t know if you know these men personally, or if they used their racist bullshit to guilt you into letting them gang bang you, but either way I’d put as much distance between them and yourself as humanly possible.” And with that she turned and walked towards the lockers at the back of the room.

“Bitch!” The man that had been harassing her spit.

Not one to normally flash her authority, there were times when Elliana saw no other way to shut someone up than to put them in their rightful place. Which is why she spun on her heels, reached into the top of her right boot and stood up with her detective’s badge in hand. “That’s Detective Bitch and if you wish to continue visiting this fine establishment I strongly suggest you apologize right now.”

“HA! That’s hilarious. Any crackhead can order one of those off eBay.”

“Maybe, but I don’t know any crackheads working for the Newton Falls PD. Now, you may apologize or I can guarantee that in the next ten minutes you’ll be escorted off the premises.”

“I’m not apologizing to some stupid fucking...”

“DAMIEN!” the man to the confrontational man’s left shouted. “I apologize for my friend’s big mouth. When he opens it he sometimes forgets how to close it.”

“Thank you, but I want to hear it from him.”

“I’ll apologize right after you suck my fucking dick, bitch!”

“I swear to god, Damien, if you get us kicked out because you don’t know when to stop I’ll kick your stupid fucking ass!” the man to Damien’s right angrily growled. “Come on, Marcus, let’s take her advice and distance ourselves from him. Permanently,” he said, glaring at Damien. “Sorry, Ma’am, all we want is to enjoy ourselves like everyone else and since he’s obviously decided to play the part of asshole tonight feel free to toss him out or do whatever with him.”

“They talked me into letting them gang bang me, but they’ve been nice until now and I really like it so I’d really like to let the four of them finish,” the woman on the floor spoke up. “I don’t want that one anywhere near me so if you really are a detective then please make him leave.”

“You heard her. And for the safety of everyone else in the club I’m going to have to ask you to get dressed and leave quietly, or I’ll have a talk with management and you’ll be escorted out in cuffs,” Elliana threatened as she stared unflinchingly into the much larger man’s eyes.

“Fuck this bitch and fuck this place,” Damien snarled. “Come on guys, let’s go somewhere else.”

“Um, yeah, no, you’re not ruining our fun because you don’t know when to shut up,” Marcus replied.

“You’re my fucking ride, asshole!”

“I’ll go as far as to let you get your phone out of my car to call for a ride, but that’s it. Or maybe you should walk home and think about what brought you to this point.”

“That’s some fucking bullshit! Some friend you are.”

“Funny, I was thinking the same thing about you,” Marcus said as he walked over to one of the lockers and began turning the dial on the combination lock. When it was opened he pulled out a pair of pants. As he put them on he gave Elliana an apologetic look. “Not that any of us expect anything from you, but I sincerely hope you don’t judge us on the actions of that idiot.” And with that, keys in hand, he walked out of the locker room with Damien following close behind. When the two men reached the parking lot, Marcus turned to his friend and sighed. “Look man, I don’t know what the hell that was in there but I want no part of it, or you if that’s how you’re going to be so do me a favor. On the ride home and when you get there think about what just happened. If you’re okay with it and think you were in the right then kindly lose my number because I will not be associated with a race-baiting dumb ass.”

“That bitch had no right to...”

“To what? Tell you she’s not interested without you accusing her of being racist for not letting you, a man she’s never met in her life screw her in the locker room? Jesus, Damien, do you even hear yourself right now?” Unlocking the passenger side door of his Equinox, Marcus opened the glove box, found Damien’s phone and then handed it to him. “I’ve already said it, but I think it needs repeating. I don’t know where this is coming from so go home and don’t bother calling me again until you get your shit together.” Shaking his head, he walked back towards the club, stopping momentarily to have a word with Bruce. “Hey man, that guy over there by my car is calling for a ride, but he’s pretty pissed right now so if you see him doing anything stupid can you please let me know? My name is Marcus Gilmore.

“I’ll keep an eye out.”

“Thanks man.”