

# PARTY ANIMAL

*By Audrey Taylor*



ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX & FRIENDS

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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## PARTY ANIMAL

By Audrey Taylor

Mark could hardly believe he was going to a party with Marsha, all decked out as her sister, Stacy. How she got him to go along with this crazy idea, after only knowing each other two short months, was difficult to comprehend, especially since he'd emphatically turned her down when she first suggested it.

“Absolutely no way,” his resounding tone discouraged any arguments.

Such a ridiculous idea, being invited to a private club she belonged to, which required all attendees to express their inner femininity, regardless of gender. Somehow she had gotten him to change his mind and he still wasn't sure how she had accomplished it.

It wasn't easy walking in the three inch pumps and remembering to take shorter steps constantly being caught by the tight skirt just above the knee, thoroughly disrupting any comfort to my stride. The wind kept creeping up my legs to attack the more vulnerable areas. I was actually thankful for the protection of the pantyhose and girdle, else I'd probably be freezing my . . . off. Sssh, mustn't mention any part of the male anatomy. She warned that was a strict 'no no'.

The large front door was answered by a perky lady in a revealing maid's uniform which struggled to contain her voluminous breasts. She graciously took our coats and pointed us towards the large ballroom off to the left. The noise level emulating from the area transmitted it's function as the main gathering place.

I still had no confidence in my appearance even though I'd practiced much of the afternoon at Marsha's place.

She had insisted I stay over last night to could get a head start on the extensive prep work needed for my transformation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Standing completely naked in the bathroom, it really wasn't hard to take Marsha's gloved hands spreading the cold depilatory cream all over my body. We'd had several drinks since my arrival and I wasn't feeling much pain. She insisted I remain perfectly still so she didn't poke my eye out while trimming each eyebrow, waiting for the depilatory cream to do it's thing. When the burning sensations made me squirm she begrudgingly let me rinse off in the shower. I barely had time to marvel at the ease of drying myself, the water simply fell off my smooth skin, before she had me sit at her vanity and was back to her plucking chores. From a quick glance in the foggy bathroom mirror it didn't look like it needed much more.

“Just a few stragglers,” dragged out to another twenty minutes. Finally she was done, but told me to remain still so she could make a matching hole in my left lobe so I could wear the beautiful diamond earrings we had selected earlier.

We were naked and playfully wrestling on the couch when she finally tickled me into submission, accepting my laughing acquiescence before she would let me up. It really wouldn't be that noticeable once it healed up. People weren't concerned with those kind of things today.

I even slept in one of her nightgowns as she was eager for me to get into my Stacy role as soon as possible. “You'll feel a whole lot better if you get comfortable with being a woman,” she explained while she washed and set my long hair before retiring to bed. The rollers and hairnet had felt uncomfortably bulky before her passionate lovemaking made me lose complete track of my head. I've never met a woman quite like her. After she allowed me an earth shattering climax I couldn't remember my head hitting the pillow.

A satin robe was added to my morning ensemble, and a pair of mules which mostly slid along the floor as they refused to stay on my feet. Leaving me to do the breakfast dishes she went to select some daytime clothes for me, asking me to jump into the oversized bath and soak a while. Soon she had joined me under the bubbles and our smooth bodies fit snugly together. I could fully appreciate the excitement of our smooth skins making contact. I never realized how much hair interfered with the sensual sensations felt by the body.

By the time the water had drained away, much of my energy had dissipated with it, my satiated body easily adapting to the parade of suggestions she made. I had no strength to object as she feminized each part of my body, while her tantalizing fingers continued to maintain my arousal level. My skin had never felt so sensitive.

I couldn't help smiling at my reflection when she filled my bra cups with two realistic falsies that hung down like the real thing. It was difficult to tell they weren't real.

My regulars should only see me now. They'd treat me a whole lot different in this getup. Dealing with a bunch of men who are usually half pie-eyed and out for an evening of vicarious enjoyment usually called for the skills of a diplomat and a personal confidante at the same time. Looking like this I'd have problems keeping their hands on the other side of the bar.

I'd been bartending almost ten years. It started as a lark, something to pay the room and board until I could get through night school and into a real profession. My dropping out of school put a real chink in those plans and when I found this super job at Charlie's, just across from the stock exchange I'd settled for the long haul. It's been close to eight years of uncertainty with an alternate career path, utilizing whatever stock tips passed my way to accumulate a reasonable nest egg in the market.

That's where I met Marsha initially, when she happened in one day in search of a telephone and ended up with 'one for the road' which I hoped to convert into a dinner invitation.

I spent most of that first evening consoling her over the bar about her recently ended relationship which left her kind of moody and in search of why she couldn't find

the right match-up. She kept blaming herself and I spent most the conversation deflecting her continual flow of self incrimination.

Getting off at 7 she agreed, although hesitantly, to dine with me. The nice part of working at Charlie's was the almost normal working hours as opposed to my fellow bartenders who usually went to three in the morning.

Well, as you could imagine one thing led to another and soon we were spending some highly erotic evenings together, her prior entanglement gone by the wayside.

This was our first party together and I still couldn't shake the weird feelings I had about the evening. Something was troubling me, besides my feminine attire, but I couldn't put a finger on it. I tried to imagine the other men attending and whether they would be noticeable.

\* \* \* \* \*

The waitresses had my full attention as we strolled into the large ballroom. Each wore some sort of restriction on their arms which made it impossible for them to do more than hold the tray which offered nibbly treats to the guests, mincing about on heels that made mine look like sandals, their feet in line with their legs, almost straight up and down. Prima ballerinas had nothing over these gals. Maybe this was some form of practice before their stage appearance.

Some wore full leather sheathes that encased their shoulders and arms down to the elbow joint, while others had a bar locking their elbows together behind them, barely allowing their hands to reach in front for the tray. All wore gorgeous corsets that displayed their cleavage for everyone to admire.

Nothing wrong with that I couldn't help thinking to myself. Gossamer white nylons ran up their shapely legs to where decorative lace panties delicately covered their feminine mounds.

We moved about the room as Marsha introduced me as Stacy to several of her club members. We joined in the festive atmosphere amid the enormous noise level generated by so many talking females. I had to admit that many of the women were stunning in their unique attire. The age level varied greatly but even the older ladies had an unusual grace and charm about them. Everyone accepted my Stacy guise like I had been born to it (there was a lot of effort put into it) and I slowly felt myself beginning to unwind. Maybe I'd actually be able to get through the evening without any embarrassment.

The beauty of the women made me somewhat hesitant to join into the conversation. I just didn't feel like I matched up well enough. A really stupid idea I couldn't seem to shake even as I remained in the background while following in Marsha's footsteps.

We weren't there very long before our hostess made a point of joining us, sharing some idle female banter before getting to the point of her visit. Who would be paying for our invitations? Huh? There was some kind of fee? I remembered Marsha telling me there was no need for money, that only a few dollars in my purse for the ladies room attendant was all that was necessary.

Maybe she had forgotten some charge or other needed to defray the costs. Fortunately Marsha agreed to handle it. I thought of my wallet back in her apartment, along with all my I.D. and credit cards. Besides my purse money all I had was a small hanky and her apartment key.

She excused herself, saying she wouldn't be long and told me to mingle in the meantime. I felt jittery as I watched her follow Ms. Flanders from the room, a tightness forming in my gut at the sudden separation from my security blanket, Marsha.

I knew absolutely no one else to speak of and settled into a far corner sipping my drink while studying the various waitresses as they passed by. So many different kinds of restraints which looked kind of alluring to my novice eye.

Avoiding unnecessary contact was my prime concern even though my higher pitched voice would pass muster from the intensive practice the last 24 hours. I certainly wanted to avoid drawing any undo attention to my person.

Everyone was so ultra feminine which of course was the theme of the party. Even with intensive study it was difficult to spot any other converted men like myself, wondering if I somehow I was the only one in the crowd. That really made me nervous. I breathed a sigh of relief upon spotting a blonde who seemed a shade out of synch with the other women around her, remaining in the rear of the group like I might have done. My smile concealed my concern at being read that easily, sensing Marsha had done a far superior job with my appearance. But if I remained a wallflower I would probably be conspicuous like her. What to do?

My mouth dropped open with surprise when Marsha came mincing into the room with a tray held in her tightly gloved hands, dressed exactly like the other waitresses. She looked magnificent. My heart skipped a beat as I studied her lovely image. I'd never imagined her this way. From being so bossy and strong willed to a picture of subservience it made for a wonderful transition.

So this was how the invitations were paid for. She seemed comfortable enough with her restricted pose, like it was something she was definitely accustomed to. She passed me without the slightest hint of recognition, stopping only to allow me to remove an hors d'oeuvre from the tray. The hint of a smile was the only visible sign of recognition. We said nothing.

How long would she have to remain like that, I wondered? I went to refill my glass responding to a need for more fortification as a three piece combo began warming up in the far corner. Soon the air was filled with their mellow music and many of the guests were moving to the center of the dance floor. Like a wall flower I stood quietly to one side watching with appreciation the bevy of paired off women, feeling like I had fallen mistakenly into a ladies auxiliary club dance without a proper ticket.

The waitresses continued their rounds and I noticed Marsha several more times traversing the room, each time locked in yet a new constraint. I whispered a question once when she passed close by, hoping for some idea of when she might return. She must not have heard as she proceeded on without acknowledging me. Suddenly the silence of all the waitresses was quite apparent and I tried to converse with several others to no avail. They must be under strict orders about fraternizing with the guests.

It wasn't until almost 11 o'clock while I was in the arms of Charlotte on the dance floor that Marsha finally rejoined the party, dressed once again in the lovely burgundy dress she had worn here.

Charlotte had started up a conversation earlier, noticing my unsuccessful attempts with the waitresses and showing some pity on me. She had noticed me swaying to the music, shuffling my feet to the rhythm without conscious thought. I had certainly wanted to dance, waiting impatiently for Marsha to finish her serving stint. Charlotte offered to fill in temporarily, promising she would behave when I told her about my absent mate.

I felt a strange giddiness when I reached out to accept her hand. No harm in a little dance, I thought, and she promised to be good. I had to do something to alleviate my boredom.

Marsha asked to cut in and I noted Charlotte's flash of anger at having to give up my hand. I'd gotten quite comfortable in her arms over the past half hour. What was this positive glow at sensing her growing attachment for me? Like I was something special.

I loved dancing and again gave up the lead to Marsha this time, as she moved us gently to the mellow music. Did all these women have to lead? It was fortunate I was able to follow so easily. Being a natural dancer I adapted quickly to new steps and partners. She made no mention of her waitressing duties so I put my questions off till later.

'Oh no,' I watched our hostess approaching over Marsha's shoulder. 'She's not going to steal Marsha again?' her hand on my arm gave me a strange foreboding.

I heard Marsha say, "It's your turn, darling," and released her hold on me.

It never dawned on me that my help was also required. I struggled to maintain my cool as I followed meekly behind Ms. Flanders without raising one word in protest. Would it make any difference?

What could I say? That Marsha had done the penance for both of us. It didn't seem right to announce, 'I'm not really a lady,' in front of this crowd. That would sure go over big time. No, I had to take my serving responsibilities like a man, uh woman and just keep quiet about it. It didn't seem like too stringent an ordeal and I hoped by being cooperative my participation would do unnoticed.

Ms. Flanders left me in a room with Doris, a heavysset blonde lady who seemed Scandinavian, indicating a choice of maid's costumes before asking me to remove my clothes. She had to know I wasn't a woman yet seemed totally unconcerned by the idea.

"Your stocking and undies as well. Only the corset remains." Does she want me to fully expose myself? I did her bidding, her strong tone offering little chance for appeal.

When she saw my penis she almost burst out laughing, "You're not properly covered." Her laughter was irritating, "Come here. You're fortunate I have one more." I stood legs apart in my tight corset as she rumaged through a large bag, "Here it is," and pulled out a plastic diamond shaped sheath. I grimaced as Doris roughly placed

an oddly shaped cup over my deflated member, telling me to hold it in place as she ran the elastic strings, with a lot of finagling, up over my hips and under the corset, drawing the ends taut before tying them securely in the back somewhere.

I took a moment to study my new image. My penis was gone, replaced by the shape of two vaginal lips.

“That's better. Here put this on,” she handed me a pair of pink panties which surprised me since white had been the common color for the other waitresses.

“It's the only pair left,” Doris abruptly answered my question.

With the panties in place, the side mirror made it obvious that no one would mistake me for a male. I looked a perfectly demure female everywhere. Soon a scanty waitress uniform was in place over my bulging corset.

When she asked me to place my arms behind me, I thought nothing of it, figuring it was only par for the course. I watched through the mirror as she took what looked like a long rubber glove and asked me to clasp both hands together before fitting it over both of them at once, pulling it almost up to my shoulders and then tightening the three straps that ran up the arms.

Something was wrong. It covered my arms all the way up to my shoulders. There was no way I could carry a tray while wearing this. My arms were completely useless. I started to question her as she was placing something over my head, and when she didn't answer I began moving my head from side to side insisting on a reply.

Doris took a moment to calm me, “Don't be silly, darling. This is only a mask,” that was not my question, but my hesitation gave her the opportunity to draw the smooth material over my face and around my neck. It was quickly apparent that further objections would not be forthcoming from me. It wasn't like a Halloween mask that went over the eyes only, but a full rubberized hood that encased my entire head and effectively locked my jaw in place when she tightened the straps at the back of my head and neck. I had not seen anyone wearing a contraption like this. It was difficult to move my head and with my arms locked tightly behind me I was fully at Doris's mercy.

There were tiny eye slits and an opening at each nostril to breathe. So thoughtful of them. When she spoke, it seemed to come from a great distance, like a telephone call from under the ocean.

“You'll be well advised to obey everything I say, Stacy. Believe me, any resistance will be dealt with severely,” her sudden slap of my cheek made my head vibrate, my body almost toppling over from the surprise. I believed her. I never knew it was coming. My limited sight lines through the tiny eye slits offered only vague awareness of my surroundings.

Doris helped me sit and carefully ran fresh nylons up my smooth legs, (Why had I allowed Marsha to use that depilatory cream?), attaching them to the garters dangling from my corset. The shoes felt heavy when they were strapped on and then she drew me to my feet and I almost screamed, not that it would have been heard. I struggled for balance, realizing I was about to become a full fledged member of the ballet com-



pany, experiencing the excruciating pain of walking on my toes. Welcome to the club, a real wacky club that's for sure.

I tried holding still as Doris ran a strap around each of my ankles. Another restriction? It forced me to take mincing steps, like I was about to do anything else in these wicked heels. A chain kept my legs from separating more than 18 inches.

"You're ready, darling," her hazy voice seemed satisfied. "Remember to obey all instructions without hesitation and you'll do fine," another slap made my ears ring even while a tugging at my waist forced me forward, trying desperately to keep my balance with small careful steps. My ankle restraint and impossible heels made it very difficult.

Before I had taken two steps I came to an abrupt halt. "I almost forgot" I heard Doris comment. "You have to be initiated first. Stay right here," like I was planning to run away. "I'll see what Andrea's up to." Somehow I was hoping she was too busy to deal with my initiation shit.

Several tortuous minutes passed as I tried in vain to relax in my exaggerated posture. My shoulders were bent severely backwards, causing my chest to thrust forward. I could only imagine the weird picture I presented. Thinking of my thrust out breasts I felt the crotch pad struggling to contain my arousal. This whole scene was getting wild.

Suddenly I sensed another person nearby and felt someone reaching into my corset to move the breast pads aside. "Don't move," her muffled warning reached me right before the needle entered my chest. I tightened up as I felt some fluids entering my chest right below my right nipple. What was this for? Some kind of psychedelic drug? Marsha had never said anything about drugs. My mind was in turmoil awaiting some kind of reaction, noticing through the tiny slits that Andrea's hair had red sparkles in it. I felt her reposition the padding and then repeat the same procedure on my left side in the identical spot.

"Almost finished," she whispered and I had started to relax, her hand moving over my rear end and then moving my pantie aside to insert yet a third needle high in my cheek muscle. This one went a lot deeper and deposited a generous amount of whatever they were giving me.

This was getting ridiculous. What was all this about? What did this have to do with paying for my admittance? I bet Marsha didn't go through all this. It had to be some kind of hallucinatory drug. Panic started creeping up my back as the needle was removed and the pantie lowered once more. Enough is enough. This game was over as of right now. I want out of this place, but I had absolutely no way of voicing my objections.

Helpless like a baby as Ms. Red Sparkles patted my pantie and made some reassuring sound cooing sound. My ass cheek was full of something.

A flu shot? Maybe they were worried about bringing in germs and wanted to protect the guests from those serving the food. My current restraints didn't support a serving function any time soon.

"Good," Doris's muffled voice announced her return. "I didn't hear a peep from you," her brief chuckle was annoying. "Now you're ready for the party."

The tug at my waist got me moving once more, my leg tethers forcing short deliberate steps while my feet struggled under the awful strain they were forced to endure. Compared to my feet the strain in my shoulders and arms was hardly a bother.

I could sense we were in another room, and suddenly there was clapping and people were laughing and carrying on like it was New Year's Eve. All this came through in muffled fashion as my head remained rigidly forward, catching occasional movement when people passed through my line of sight directly in front. I'd hate to have to find my way home in this getup.

Somehow I was praying Marsha would come forth and rescue me. But as time passed I realized nobody was about to save me, that I would do my penance for as long as they liked.

Doris was gone from my side for I could sense people mulling around me, their hands running freely over all parts of my body. "Okay, smile," it sounded like we were posing for pictures or something. More laughter and giggles. I would have loved to join in if my feet weren't in so much pain. My neck was also starting to feel the strain as well, my chin locked in an upward posture while facing straight ahead.

Suddenly there was a hand stroking my flattened crotch running familiarly over the false clitoris and causing arousal underneath which nobody could see. Other arms were around my waist and I felt myself being led around the dance floor. My partner had blonde hair and was pressing in close to me, pressing her crotch demandingly into my own. Her hands were all over my corset and rubber masked face, whispering sweet nothings that I had difficulty deciphering. Something about adoring me and wanting to take me home and keep me as her slave forever.

Panic seized me, as the full extent of my powerless position hit home. How did I stop her if she decided to do just that? Where was Marsha? How could she let them do this to me? Didn't our relationship mean anything to her?

Even as I struggled to follow my dance partner I recalled Marsha's propensity for control. All these party ladies seemed to share a similar trait. But nothing had prepared me for this scene.

Soon another pair of hands were holding my butt and massaging me roughly as we moved slowly to the music. Thank God the music was slow as I was getting limited air throughout the nose holes and was starting to feel dizzy. Besides it was close to impossible to keep my own balance as we moved around the floor. If it weren't for my partners support I would have toppled over repeatedly.

In a weird sort of way I was happy for the crotch cover. I couldn't imagine my embarrassment at having my manhood exposed and fondled by all these women.

When the music finally ended the familiar tug at my waist and Doris's muffled voice was actually good to hear, "Time to change darling. So many other outfits to try." Maybe now I would join the other waitresses.

As she removed my arm restraint, she cautioned me about remaining absolutely quiet when she removed my head covering. No talking was permitted. Yet another stinging slap reinforced the message.

While I was serving I was to ignore all conversation around me even if it was directed at me. I was only to respond to requests for food from my tray. Any other acknowledgment of a person's presence would result in severe punishment. "Believe me, darling, you don't want to know from it," she cautioned. I believed her.

When my arms were free I immediately flexed the muscles to get the circulation going again, even as a sharp tingling sensation hit both arms at once. Before she would take off the mask however she insisted on putting on my next arm restraint.

Can't I have a few minutes more of freedom?

The bar was quickly attached to each of my elbows behind my back. Why I didn't just object and remove my own mask and walk out the front door I still don't understand to this day. But meekly I let her attach the rubber strap to each elbow before joining them securely behind my back. Again my arms were all but useless as she started fidgeting with the straps on my head mask, reminding me yet one more time of the need for absolute silence.

When it was finally lifted from my head the sweat almost poured off my face as she took a towel to pat me down. I rested a moment before she carefully reapplied my makeup. It was a lot heavier than before but without a mirror in the immediate vicinity I was unable to check for myself.

"That wasn't so bad, now was it?" I can't believe she wants me to answer. "Your face is answer enough. There's no need for words. We call this the 'silencer'," she was reaching for something from the table. "It's a favorite at the club. It goes between your teeth like this," she was pressing it to my mouth as my arms tightened involuntarily behind me. "Open up a little more, sweetie," she wanted to get the round object between my lips, "so I can attach it in back." I wanted to object, but my arms were useless and the silence demand was locked in my brain. She had already gained access between my lips, forcing the ball further into my mouth which effectively stifled speech if I felt so inclined. The back buckles were securely tightened behind my head causing a slight gagging reflex until I let myself relax. Again I would not participate in any of the party chatter. At least I could see and hear clearly.

The pink cocktail dress I now wore barely covered my rear end and left most of my padded bra in full view. 'At least it matched my panties,' don't ask me where that came from.

When she delivered me to the kitchen I was immediately given a tray and told not to return until it was empty. Out I went through the swinging door, mincing delicately in my leg restraint and impossible heels, the strain ever present as I went in search of Marsha. I hadn't seen her in over an hour.

There was a side of me that didn't really want her to see like this. She was the only person I really knew here, besides my earlier dance partner, Charlotte, who didn't really qualify as a friend. I had a desperate need to make friendly contact with another human being.

As I roamed around the main ballroom struggling with my precarious hold on the tray I was thankful that the white gloves aided my gripping power. I had this awful fear of what would become of me if the tray accidentally hit the floor.

People were getting rather loud and boisterous. It was obvious the drink had been free flowing for some time and one of the couples on the dance floor was living proof of that. Locked tightly in a close embrace they seemed totally oblivious to their surroundings, approaching climax together right in front of everyone. They rocked wildly to the tom-tom beat of the music, causing many of the other couples to stop and watch as their passions mounted. Suddenly screams escaped the brunette's mouth and the blonde shouted, "Yes, yes, Gaaaaiiiii, yesssss." I stood transfixed by their glorious display. The captive audience began to clap and hoot their appreciation until the two women breathlessly drew apart, reluctantly acknowledging the cheering crowd with broad smiles.

I had trespassed into a strange new world and wasn't sure I would ever witness such a demonstration again. There was no way I intended to participate in this fantasy world again. Not of my own free will.

Just then my eye caught sight of Marsha dancing closely with a redhead, eyes closed in a sort of dreamlike state. I tried to will her to open them and see me, but a sudden tug on my waist cord moved me in another direction with my emptying tray.

Well it wasn't like I hadn't been dancing with someone earlier when she was carrying the tray. I continued my rounds, hoping my ordeal would end soon and allow me to return to some sense of normalcy, if that was at all possible in this environment. I don't mind telling you my anxiety remained high as I sensed that these dominating ladies were capable of many things well beyond my imagination which had nothing to do with my well being. I could still recall the earlier lady wanting to make me her slave forever. This was a real weird group that liked to live out their fantasies.

The tray was finally empty and I returned to the kitchen only to have Doris drag me back to the other room for yet another change. This time my shoes were red and a lot more manageable (thank God for little things), my French waitress outfit was black with white lace and my hair was teased in all directions and generously sprayed in place. My makeup was even more severe and the shoulder to elbow harness left my lower arms free below the elbow to carry out my duties. I was feeling fatigued by this point, surprisingly handling the 4" heels rather smoothly, proving that a person can get used to just about anything given sufficient time and practice. Roaming about the floor I kept wishing for my tray to empty quickly. Maybe this would be my final trip so I could rejoin Marsha.

Even though my mouth was now free of restraint, I sensed the 'absolute silence' rule in my bones, recalling Marsha's own disregard of my earlier question when she was serving.

Now it was my turn to be tested. Marsha came right up to me while I was strolling around, "Darling, you look beautiful. I always knew you were meant for this," my face remained passive as my inner mind rejected her words. "Listen Hon, I'm really bushed so I'm heading home early," I couldn't keep the concern off my face hoping desperately that no one was watching.

"I'm sure one of the guests will be pleased to give you a ride home. A lovely Miss like you shouldn't have any trouble. I'll call in the morning to see how you made out." The desperation in my eyes met a leering smile, my objections straining to break the

surface. We both knew I would say nothing. My facial expressions were already cheating. I watched her turn to retrieve her coat and agonized about the redhead who was helping her with it. Watching the two of them leave I couldn't help noticing the sparkles in her companion's hair.

Just like that I was a third wheel, to be left behind with the hired help. I was determined to finish my chores and be rid of this place as quickly as possible.

She was right I needed a ride since I couldn't afford a taxi with my limited funds. Besides I hated the idea of traveling alone in the streets as a female. A sudden sense of vulnerability really frightened me.

When I was finally allowed back into my regular clothes, my familiar red skirt and white silk blouse over my corseted shape felt like home. Who would have thought I would feel like this about a ladies outfit?

I moved into the ballroom on my 3" heels with a newly acquired ease in search of one last drink before blowing the joint. Charlotte materialized as if out of thin air and asked if I'd mind holding her coat while she went to make a tinkle. When she returned she asked quite nonchalantly whether I needed a ride home. She seemed harmless enough and I certainly could use the ride so I accepted graciously and went to find my borrowed fur jacket.

I was pleasantly surprised when we walked outside and an adorable chauffeur opened the back door of a Jaguar sedan. Assisting each of us into the back seat, she displayed a significant portion of her generous bosom while helping us to settle in. It was with some regret that I watched her shut the door and move to the driver's seat.

Both of us were somewhat inebriated and feeling no pain. My hostess, Ms. Charlotte Wallace, was not one to share her thoughts about the club when I sort further information. She was gracious enough to give me a ride home and I decided to leave well enough alone and go on my merry way. The less I knew about their strange group the better off I was. No need to meddle any deeper into this.

"Certainly an unusual group of ladies, wouldn't you say?" Her remark had me studying her lined face, judging her to be an in shape lady of forty-five who expected an answer. "I always enjoy the creativity of our parties. The crazy outfits gets my juices boiling," she was open about her obvious fetish. "Your mask and arm sheath were exquisite. Was it terribly uncomfortable?" her concern seemed somewhat false.

Caught off guard I could only remember the groping hands all over me. Was she one of them? A slight shiver hit me, "Not too uncomfortable," hoping to play down the whole thing so she would drop it. I was having difficulty voicing my full feelings after my earlier training with silence. It had put my mind to sleep almost. Like my thoughts were really not relevant.

She was all buttery at the moment but I suspected an unpleasant side when she was cross. "It's hard not being able to talk and see where you're going," my voice was functioning again. "And those high shoes. My ankles can still remember the pain," I leaned over to rub them gently, realizing for the first time that my three inch heels were hardly noticeable. It's amazing how one's perspective can change in a single evening.