The Escape Chapter 3: Consequences

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Events take an unexpected turn as Kimberly encounters two new worlds.

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Kimberly drove Kath to a motel and paid the attendant.

The attendant was not at all surprised to see two women with no luggage take a room. He was more surprised when she left alone a few minutes later.

Kath would be a liability. There would be endless complications. But they could all wait till morning.

The reckoning with Frank could wait for the morning as well. He would not listen, he would shut her out of the argument with his. But It would have to be done.

Kimberly did not want to return to The Usual but she didn't want to go home either. After driving round aimlessly for a while, she decided to stop at the first bar she found that showed any sign of life. Turning the next corner she saw two men entering a bar called Well, Come! There was an open parking space outside. Perfect. She parked and went inside.

The bar was packed with men, but finding a date was furthest from her mind. She sat down at the first empty table and ordered a Bacardi and Coke.

"Are you alright?"

Kimberly looked at the untouched drink standing in front of her.

"Yes, yes, it's just", she paused to collect her thoughts, "look I am upset and I don't want to ruin the evening for anyone else, you will find plenty of better prospects for you here tonight I am afraid."

Her companion gave a laugh, "I would have to agree".

That seemed rather rude. Kimberly turned to stare at her unwanted companion: But he was right.

He wore a Freddy Mercury mustache and was dressed in leather from the peak of his leather cap to the toes of his boots. His sleeveless leather jerkin was open at the front and heavily decorated with chains.

A brief look round the room confirmed that all the men were dressed in a similar manner. The only women in the bar were a gaggle of four goths sitting in a corner. A man wearing only a pair of leather shorts and a dog collar knelt on the floor next to their table. One of the women held the end of the chain attached to his collar.

Kimberly tried her best not to laugh, but it was hopeless. She laughed, he laughed. They both laughed together.

“I am George by the way”.

“Kimberly, Nice to meet you”.

Soon she was telling him the story of how she had come to Houston in the hope of meeting a friend and ended up rescuing Kath. He had come with his partner from San Francisco where he was part of the organizing committee for what he called ‘The Pride’.

Kimberly finished her drink and began to thank him for cheering him up: She could face the drive home now.

George insisted she stay while he talked to someone who ‘could help’.

Kimberly was introduced to the gaggle of goths while George went to talk with some people. After Kimberly recounted the story of her night a second time, the girl holding the end of the leash passed it to her.

“I guess if you are George’s friend you should be the one taking care of Boi, I am Alice by the way.”

“If any of my husband’s congregation saw me like this”, Kimberly said as she accepted it.

“That’s what she said about the customers from the Gee Spot.”, another girl said, “Helen.”

“I wonder which would be more surprised”, Another chipped in, “Mary.”

“I’m Heather. Perhaps we should hold the next Pride committee there.” There was general amusement. Apparently that was the reason they had come to the bar: to make arrangements for the Pride event with George.

“On a Tuesday.” Peels of laughter.

“Aww, I think he looks quite cute”, Kimberly offered and patted Boi on the head. Boi tilted his head to one side and gave her a quizzical look with big brown eyes.

This led to a second round of story telling. Kimberly explained that though she was a pastors wife, she did not plan to remain so very long and the reason for her Tuesday visits. By the time George returned they were all gossiping like old friends.

As the girls had got onto a discussion of shopping, George returned with three other men.

The first took out a leather wallet from his pocket, “You are going to think this is not my business. This makes it my business.”

The wallet contained a policeman’s shield. He fired off a series of questions to assure himself that Kath was in no immediate danger and commended Kimberly for her actions. They would send a social services worker round to visit Kath in the morning and she would attempt to persuade her to file an official complaint.

“But in the meantime, we are going to be paying her husband a visit of our own. We have received reports suggesting she may have been attacked.”

George motioned to the second two men. “This is my friend Henry. His partner here is a family court lawyer. He has agreed to write up a restraining order and have it served pro-bono.”

Kimberly noticed that the lawyer was also wearing a collar. Earlier she had noticed that George had directed all his conversations with the lawyer through Henry, neither speaking to each other directly.

“That’s great, thanks, you are so kind.”

“Oh, that’s no problem. You are a very special manager who would do this for an employee”, the cop replied.

“I feel responsible. My husband persuaded her to return.”

“Your husband? What has he to do with this?”

“He’s the pastor of Cattle River. I’m afraid he might try again.”

“The Pastor?” The men looked at the lawyer in astonishment.

The cop shot a look at Henry. “Let me deal with this.”

“I’ll speak to your husband.”

Kimberly looked at him skeptically.

“Don’t worry, he can be very persuasive,” George reassured her, “And now girls, I think that completes the committee meeting.”

“Yay, Houston will be coming!” Alice replied.

“Yeah, but I thought we were talking about the Pride.”, Helen shot back.

Henry and George went into a back room followed by their collared submissives.

“You know that was really quite surprising”, Heather said, “breaking high protocol, just as you think you are starting to understand.”

“Where next?”, Mary interrupted, “the night is yet young girls!”

“Gee Spot or Pinkys?” Helen asked, “You must come with us, Kimberly”.

“Oh please do,” added Mary, “you must”

“Pinkys is closed”, Alice pointed out, “so Gee Spot it is”.

“Its Tuesday, Gee Spot, will be standing room only by now.”, Heather replied.

“I got it girls, Beverly’s Place.” Alice said triumphaly.

“A Tupperware party?”

“Tonight is lingerie.” Alice replied.

“Its past nine.”

“Don’t worry I’ll sort it out.” Alice said confidently, “Kimberly, please say you will come, I’ll explain later but it would be a huge favor.”

Without waiting for a reply, Alice disappeared off to the phone booth. The other girls insisted she join them. Kimberly was tempted, but all she wanted to do that night was drive home and sleep.

* * * * *

A short while later, Kimberly was driving to Beverly’s house with Alice sitting in the front seat beside her. Alice explained that Beverly had been struggling to scrape together some money to open a store of her own. She had become the queen of the Houston home sales circuit in the process. Besides Tupperware, she had done make up, candles and shoes. Lingerie was her latest effort. She had bought up the entire stock of a store that had gone out of business after Victoria’s Secret opened a store in the same mall.

“Her parties normally end about now. I persuaded her to put on a second show”.

“Just for us five?” Kimberly wondered how much lingerie she might be expected to buy.

“No, I had a stroke of genius.” Alice said with obvious pride. “I called the Gee Spot and they made an announcement.”

As the parked the car, Kimberly began to have second thoughts or to be more precise third of fourth thoughts. This did not seem like her scene.

“Don’t you think these clothes are a little, well, square?”. In order to arrive at 7pm Kimberly had come straight from work and was wearing a smart but terribly conventional skirt suit.

“Give me a second”, Alice whipped out her make up tin and set to work.

In a matter of minutes, Alice had transformed Kimberly’s look. Black nail varnish and lipstick replaced the red and some deft work with three types of eyeliner (black, purple, blue) gave her an ethereal look.

They arrived to find the party winding down. Some of the guests were wearing only lingerie, others

were fully dressed, some were putting on coats and making their goodbyes.

The hostess was an imposing red head, six foot tall at least. Kimberly and Alice were welcomed and offered drinks.

“The owner of the Gee Spot called to say that she was grateful to send over a couple dozen of her more drunken regulars. They should be arriving soon.”

Sure enough, cars started to arrive and disgorge their cargoes of gregarious dykes. Heather, Helen and Mary were amongst the last to arrive. They tried to pretend that it was because they took directions from the men from the Well Come, but a trunk full of alcohol purchased en-route proved otherwise.

Women began shedding clothing to try the lingerie over their panties. Kimberly was feeling overdressed. Apart from a butch wearing plus fours, she was the only person still fully dressed. She would have happily shed her clothes to display her own underwear, had she been wearing any.

Fortunately Beverly had anticipated this dilemma. A box in the bathroom contained plain white panties. Kimberly gratefully took a pair and slipped the couple of bucks requested in the honesty box. A bra was not necessary. Everyone else had discarded theirs to try on the lingerie.

Every twenty minutes Beverly chose five pieces of lingerie and asked to model them. Each woman whose outfit sold best in each round won her outfit.

The modelling sessions began quite conservatively with light posing and a little wiggling of the hips but got rowdier with each round. Alice modelled a fetching set in red lace by pretending to grind her crotch into Heather’s face as Helen cheered her on. Kimberly realized she was getting a little bit jealous.

Kimberly realized that her turn would come soon. She scanned Beverley’s wall of CDs to find some suitable music. Most of it was classical. Others were grunge and techno bands she had never heard of. As she was toying with the idea of the ride of the Valkyries, she saw the perfect choice. Quickly before she changed her mind, she handed the silver disc to her host, “track 5 please”.

Beverly smiled as she saw her selection. When she saw it, she put down a packet containing a blue bra and panties and started searching through the boxes in front of her, “I have something more appropriate”

“Awesome!”

The outfit was considerably less revealing than the blue one, but it would have the desired effect. Merely touching it made her feel good. Wearing it felt better.

Kimberly was the last act in her group. Her audience cheered as they heard the first beats of the most electrifying guitar riffs of the ‘70s and were practically in a frenzy by the time she made her entrance clad in suspenders, stockings, heels and a black silk basque corset. A piece of red tinsel served for a boa. Combined with Alice’s earlier makeup it made a pretty good Rocky Horror Show outfit.

She had danced to Sweet Transvestite countless times at University and she knew the words by heart. Kimberly had been a cheerleader in High School and had taken dance lessons for years. One more thing she had given up when she got married.

She teased them all through the first verse, picking someone in the audience, strutting towards them as if to let them touch then turning sharply and wheeling away at the last moment as the next stanza began.

As she planned, she was standing right in front of Heather as the first chorus hit. Heather was more than willing to receive the same treatment from Kimberly as she had just received from Alice.

Helen practically threw herself at Kimberly when the second chorus was reached. Kimberly jiggled her breasts in her face in time with the beat, then gave Mary the same treatment.

She had the room in the palm of her hand and worked it expertly, completely lost in the moment. By the time it was her turn, Alice was more than ready for her to do anything Kimberly wanted.

Kimberly put her hands on Alice’s shoulders and gently pushed her down onto her knees in the center of the room. Alice tried to reach out to touch her as Kimberly danced and twirled round her, but the preacher’s wife would have none of that.

Taking her tinsel boa, Kimberly lightly tied Alice’s hands behind her. She had to work fast as the final chorus was coming but she made her mark just on time.

At the chorus, Kimberly placed her hands on Alice’s neck and the back of her head, giving a rhythmic pelvic thrust into her face with each beat of the music. The room went wild. At the end of the song, Alice gave Kimberly a kiss, full on the lips and they hugged. It just felt good to feel close to her, to touch her (mostly) naked skin.

Beverly skipped the CD back a couple of tracks. “Timewarp, everyone!”

The space in the center of the room rapidly became too crowded to dance in the heels. Kimberly led Alice to a corner to make out.

The next songs were slow and they danced closely. It was the first time Kimberly had danced with a woman that way. She knew it would not be the last.

The music stopped and Beverly was making some sort of announcement which Kimberly ignored: Alice had popped her breasts out of the corset and was licking her nipples.

Suddenly the whole room was looking at them and clapping.

“OK, I will repeat”, Beverly said into her microphone, “Most items sold, Alice”. There was another cheer. “She seems to have already chosen her prize”. There was another cheer.

Alice tried to give an embarrassed wave, but Kimberly pushed her head back down to her breasts.

“Most sold by price, Kimberly”. There was another cheer. “Who has also chosen her prize it seems. And for those of you who were disappointed, I will definitely be ordering more of that outfit for next month, so put down your names, sizes and telephone numbers on my list.”

“Or if you are shy, just put down your size and telephone number,” Helen added to general amusement.

“And if you are really shy, just give Bev the money as you won’t ever wear it anyway,” Heather rejoined.

During the general merriment, Alice tugged on Kimberly’s hand and lead her upstairs. Beverly spotted them and gave a smile of encouragement.

Alice shed the few clothes she was wearing as soon as they were inside the bedroom. She had the perfect figure for a goth, thin and lithe with small but firm breasts with taut nipples that Kimberly ached to touch with her tongue.

“I have wanted to do this for so long.”

“Do it!”

Alice pushed Kimberly backwards onto the bed and began unwrapping her like a present. Kimberly

reached for the other girl’s crotch for the sheer joy of touching another woman in her private place. It felt smooth, soft, warm and inviting.

They lay together on their sides and their bodies naturally fit themselves into the interlocking S position that allows two women equal access to the other’s slit.

Kimberly’s tongue touched the clitoris waiting in front of her causing a shiver of ecstasy to flow through her partner’s body. As she ran her tongue along the length of the wet crack she discovered the exquisite pleasure of licking a shaven cunt.

Kimberly tried to focus on her lover’s pleasure but Alice’s fingers working deep inside defeated her. Whether they were deep inside her cunt or her ass, she neither knew or cared. Kimberly had surrendered herself to the moment. Alice was her guide and she would go wherever she was led.

Her orgasm came quickly causing Kimberly to bury her tongue deep in her friend setting up a chain reaction that caused both women to come simultaneously. She had never come so quickly with any man and only Ass Lover had ever made her come so powerfully.

Afterward, Alice cradled Kimberly in her arms, “How was your first time with a girl”, she asked.

“Wonderful”, Kimberly hugged Alice closer to her, “I just wish it could have gone on forever.”

“Oh darling, you are in for such a wonderful surprise.”

Their second love making was slower, more tender, unhurried. Alice told Kimberly to relax as she showed her just some of the ways that only a woman can please another woman. The tricks with the tongue on her breasts and nipples. The waves of pleasure created by an expertly placed finger hooked deep inside a cunt to press firmly on the G-spot. And the ways that two women can please each other at the same time by rubbing their pussies on each other.

Kimberly enjoyed trying out these new techniques as much as she did learning them. She learned how a woman’s body curves and is firm and soft in different ways to a man. She discovered the ways in which she could draw a quiver of pleasure with the right touch. She explored the subtle architecture of a woman’s private place and marvelled at the way that the anatomy and response of woman is as complex as a man’s is simple.

For the first time she was experiencing sex from the perspective of a man making love to a woman and she was enjoying the feeling it gave her.

Eventually exhaustion forced them to stop. By the time they returned to the living room the party had wound down. Both girls were still completely naked but neither felt the least shame. Three women curled up in a corner together were also naked. Heather and Helen were kissing wearing only their bras. Beverly was nowhere to be seen.

Kimberly found her dress and shrugged it on as Alice collected her friends together. Mary was assumed to be upstairs with Beverly.

Kimberly said her farewells to the remaining girls with hugs and kisses. Plans were made to meet again at the Gee Spot next week. Telephone numbers were exchanged.

It was close to dawn as Kimberly got into the car for the long drive back the work and home. As she started the car a thought crossed her mind. Could the company or the sex have possibly been better had it been Ass Lover in the bar?

* * * * *

The argument with Frank was worse than she had expected. At one point she thought he might hit her.

Frank had used every argument he could throw but they were hollow. At one time Kimberly would have capitulated. Now she returned his arguments with equal force. Finally, she said the words that would leave him speechless.

“If you think saving marriages is so fucking important you should start thinking about trying to save your own.”

As Frank looked at her in silence, the telephone rang.

Frank went to take the call in his study without a word. He was still there when Kimberly went to bed. Kimberly caught sight of the nightdress she had folded and laid on her pillow the night before. She left it there. Tonight she would sleep in the guest room.

When Frank sat down to breakfast he was still wearing the clothes from the night before.

“I spoke to the Houston police last night and I promise not to try to persuade Kath to return.”

Frank left the kitchen without another word.

At first Kimberly was too surprised to respond. Kath would be safe, or at least as safe as could be hoped for. There was that to be thankful for at least.

But as she thought about the encounter again at work, she understood that Frank had only accepted her demands, not her right to make them, her right to be treated as an equal.

Her phone rang, it was the manager calling from Austin. There would be a very important meeting there next Tuesday and Wednesday that they must both attend.

Kimberly picked up the phone to give Alice the bad news. She did not usually make private calls from the office, but this was different: If the company required her to rearrange her private life she would do so on their time.

Kimberly gave her the latest status report on Kath, then gave her the bad news.

“Oh that’s really bad, I was so looking forward to it”

Kimberly tried to assure her that she would be there the next week without fail.

“But I had something to ask you, something that won’t wait.”

“Sure, you know I’d do anything for you hon.”, Kimberly replied.

“You can say no if you like.”

“Anything hon.”

“Did I mention I’m married?”

Alice had not.

“Next Saturday is my husband’s birthday. I was hoping to do something special.”