

## Chapter 14

### An Anonymous Party: Part 1

Two weeks after Ava had struck her bargain with Xavier, she sat at her shiny new vanity, nestled in the corner of her own private en suite bathroom. She was still getting used to having...\*things\*, belongings that were completely her own. She had barely begun to scratch the surface of her debt to Xavier and the Red Moon Pack, but the few thousand dollars she had made, she'd made honestly, and that made her feel good. Accomplished.

Ava was relieved to find that the court member's escort training was thorough, but flexible. She was taught everything from how to make intriguing conversation and massage therapy, to pain play and the traditional art of Kinbaku bondage. Thankfully, Bella seemed to be particularly conscious of Ava's handicap, and made sure to assign her to clients who sought out companionship rather than sexual gratification. So far, Ava had bantered and flattered her way into what money she'd managed to accumulate, so far, without offering anything more intimate than a shoulder rub.

Ava had the sinking feeling that was all about to change tonight.

Earlier that evening, Ava had been in the middle of a Kinbaku session, where one of the male escorts walked her through the steps of binding him in a complex, but none the less beautiful configuration with silk cord. Madame Bella marched into the session, declared Ava's classes done for the day, and ordered her to follow.

The older female looked visibly agitated; lines of consternation etched into her porcelain face. When they came to Ava's bedroom door, Bella pulled out a keycard and continued inside without missing a step. Previously unaware that anyone but the cleaning staff had access to her space, Ava made a mental note not to leave anything of value laying around and followed her inside.

Bella made for the en suite bathroom and begun drawing a bath in the lovely clawfoot tub, before finally turning to address Ava.

"You've been requested tonight. On the eighth floor." She said.

Ava's belly began to twist at the mention of the eighth floor. The memories of all that had happened the last time she'd set foot in the VIP section of the club, still fresh in her mind.

"By whom?" Ava asked.

"An anonymous party."

"How can you have anonymous parties in a sex club? Shouldn't you always know who's in your establishment?"

Bella's eye twitched at the line of questioning, "Anyone who offers proof that they're a member of the Alliance is granted automatic access to the Green Light Club."

Irritation colored the madame's tone as she reached over to grab a bottle off of the counter near the tub, "Not that it's any of your concern, but it's one of the many stipulations that must be adhered to in order to keep the club operating as a neutral party within the Alliance."

"But, what if the guests abuse your hospitality? Like with- "

"Like with the waitress last month, yes. Believe me, I remember." Bella drifted the bottle of bath oil under her nose, taking in the lavender aroma before pouring a generous amount into the rapidly filling tub. "What happened then was... unfortunate, and I wish that I could say that it was an isolated incident, but I'd be lying."

She swirled the bath water around with her hand, testing the temperature. When she was satisfied, Bella rose and walked over to where Ava stood watching the preparations. "Incidents happen here. Things that I'm more powerless to control than I'd like to admit. That's why it's important for you to follow my instructions tonight."

Bella instructed her to disrobe and climb into the tub, which Ava did immediately. One of the first things she had learned to let go of after starting her escort training was her sense of modesty. After that, her training had gotten exponentially easier.

First, her hang-ups over being seen had lessened, then her extreme discomfort with being touched soon followed. Ava still preferred to initiate physical contact, but unexpected brushes from strangers didn't cause her to descend into an emotional spiral anymore, either.

When she settled into the steaming bath, Bella handed her a coral loofa and perched on the lip of the tub. "My first piece of advice is to mitigate your expectations. These aren't the males you've come to know here at the Club. They have no reason to care for your safety. In fact, your discomfort could very well be what they're here for."

Ava paused her scrubbing, "Then why can't I just refuse to go?"

Bella didn't answer and Ava knew it must be one of those many rules the Alliance made her comply to. The austere female had shown unexpected

kindness to Ava over the past few weeks, but at her core, she was a cutthroat businesswoman and Ava held no delusions that the proprietress would put her livelihood in jeopardy for her sake.

"That brings me to my next piece of advice. Think about what you're comfortable with and consider expanding your boundaries."

Ava reared back, astonished that those words had left the other female's mouth. Bella nodded her understanding and continued, "You don't have much time to meet your goal...and service that goes above and beyond is duly reciprocated." Ava understood what Bella was telling her, and truthfully, the thought had crossed her mind more than once since accepting Xavier's loaded deal. Still, hearing it aloud was upsetting. It made the whole situation so real.

Ava had gotten off easy the last few weeks, but her grace period was officially over.

Now, she sat in front of her vanity, looking at someone completely unrecognizable. After their talk and Ava's bath, Bella had sent in a few of the girls to help her prepare. They'd done her hair and makeup and given her a sparkly handkerchief to wear as a dress and gone about their business.

She looked ridiculous. The scarlet lipstick they'd slathered across her mouth was too red for her sallow complexion and the heavy blue

eyeshadow on her lids clashed with her auburn hair. Based on the giggling she'd heard as the other girls exited her room, the results had been intentional.

Unfortunately, Ava had none of the tools, time, or talent required to fix it.

Ava walked to the assigned room on the eighth floor, resisting the urge to tug at her tiny dress. She knocked on the door to announce her presence and entered. Although it was a different room number, this suite was identical to room 803. Also like that forsaken room, this one was filled with about a dozen males, lounging around with drinks as a semi-opaque haze thickened the air. "Fucking finally!" Exclaimed a male on the sofa closest to here, "The entertainment is here!"

Well, Ava thought as he proceeded to bound up to her and haul her the rest of the way into the room by an arm. That doesn't bode well.

The gathered males began whistling and catcalling at the sight of her skimpy dress, until one from the back piped up, "Oy, where's the rest of her?"

They began to laugh as Ava blushed, fully unaware that she hadn't managed to fill out much in the couple of months since leaving the dungeon.

The guy holding her arm barked out an intoxicated laugh, "You don't like scrawny bitches?"

The heckler in the back quipped, "I don't fancy fucking skeletons, mate. I need a real woman!"

More laughter broke out as Ava stood there silent and humiliated, unsure of how to proceed. Another male rose up and yanked her closer to where he sat. He grabbed her by the face and pulled her down, so that he could peer at her face from where he reclined on the sofa.

"What's the verdict, Jade?"

The male turned her face from side to side, as if inspecting livestock. "It's gonna be a 'no' from me!" He laughed and twisted her face so that the guy next to him could get a nice hard look, "Tell me, am I high or does she remind you of one of those little clown dolls?"

The male beside him gasped, "The ones with the strings?"

"A marionette!" Someone across the room called.

"Yeah!" Jade exclaimed, "She looks like a little marionette doll. All painted up with nowhere to go."

He reached into his jacket and pulled out a thick stack of bills, "You want some money, little marionette?" He waved the money under her nose. "Dance for me."

She made to back away when someone she hadn't seen came up behind her and took each of her wrists in one of his own. "He said dance for your money, little clown doll."

When she didn't move, the male holding her began swaying her back and forth, like he really was a puppeteer controlling a doll. He used her own hands to cup her breasts and slid them down her body while grinding his hips into her from behind.

Ava let her head fall forward, her hair hiding the shame on her face. The males started to boo her.

"You want us to pay you for that?" Jade sneered. "Bring her closer."

The guy holding Ava nudged her forward until she was standing just in front of Jade's reclining form. "You've been really disappointing, marionette. It's like you don't want your money at all. Is that it? You don't want it?" Tears brimmed in Ava's eyes as she thought about what Madame Bella had told her and slowly shook her head.



"That's what I thought! But I know what you can do to make it up to us." Jade leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "Kneel for me. Show me how much you want it."

Ava's eyes burned as the room full of males began to chant, "Kneel, kneel, kneel!"

Ava tried to shut her mind off as she slowly lowered herself to the floor. As soon as her knees hit the tile, the room erupted in patronizing cheers.

"Huh, well look at that." Jade didn't join the cheering - just sat there staring at her as if he'd expected a different result.

"Here's your money." He sneered and threw the unbound stack at her where it scattered to the floor around her.

Ava swallowed back the wave of tears threatening to spill over. Somehow, the thought of crawling around to pick up the fallen money was the most degrading thing to happen tonight.

A pair of polished men's Chelsea boots walked up to her and stopped.

Fluttering tingled throughout Ava's chest, and she dreaded looking up. When she finally did, Xavier stared back at her.