

## ***Exchange and Descent: Encroachment Under the Sea***

**(Writers With Drinks Mix)**

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In the Cage, I changed from my warm street clothes into my play clothes. My colors were lighter than usual, white tights instead of black, and a silver-white negligee rather than my usual red. The white tights were a practical necessity, as my black pairs had long since disintegrated and I wasn't feeling up to wearing fishnets. Form follows function. I decided to keep my suede-with-white-fringe coat on as well, since it was just fashionable enough to look...well, *fashionable*, rather than simply odd, being a coat in a sex club.

I noticed my crossdresser friend Rhonda walking past the Cage, giving the tour to a black-haired genetic girl in leather pants and a leopard-print coat. I didn't get a good look at her face, but her shape and colorings caught my attention.

A few minutes later, Rhonda approached with the girl, who introduced herself as Zuki. Her lined face was long and pretty, the visage of someone who's been around the block a few times and is still enjoying the ride. Rhonda left to investigate a rumored gangbang, and Zuki and I made small talk. I tried to engage her without seeming too terribly obvious, and she filled me in on her sex club history: she'd gone to the Citadel quite a few times, had never been to the Power Exchange before, but was curious both because and in spite of its reputation. Rhonda returned a few minutes later and exhorted Zuki to come watch the gangbang. Zuki suggested I come along as well.

The gangbang was in a room I hadn't realized existed, a small chamber next to the Cow Room. I swear, the Power Exchange is like Hogwarts sometimes, with new rooms appearing as required. It had a vaguely oceanic theme, brick walls painted light blue with fish and seashell decorations, and blacklights adding an

extra glow. The Undersea Room. Of course. Though things were just getting started, the room was already packed with men standing against their will several feet away from a bed covered in black vinyl. They looked like the crowd outside Studio 54, hoping against hope to get in on the action.

Zuki and I started working our way through the crowd to Rhonda, who had some prime real estate on the edge of the rather inexplicably located medical table. Whenever I stopped moving, I felt hands on me. First it was one lightly brushing my ass, then another working its way around to my breasts, another on my ass, reaching under my skirt and another, and another, and another.

My coat was complicating their job, but if the Power Exchange had taught me anything, it's that life finds a way. My options were to leave, which I would normally do when mob-will had overridden individual consent (the hot kitchen rule was in effect), try to fend them off, or simply roll with it. I decided to roll with it, only deflecting them when they got too close to my dick or ass, especially with their own dick.

The guy leading the gangbang invited Zuki to participate. She joined the dozen or so people restraining the bottom, who was a girl wearing only a shiny black gas mask and tall, equally shiny black boots which were roped to the bed. Combining my favorite textures with one of my favorite sensations, the rope around the boots looked *exquisite*. For the most part I simply watched Zuki, admiring her body from afar. She didn't have large breasts or the kind of ass which guarantees heavy rotation for a music video on BET, but her body looked good to me all the same, lean and muscular in all the right places, quite similar to Vash's. I do seem to have a type.

Realizing she wasn't likely to get invited to join the gangbang—for as high as the tranny population per capita is at the Power Exchange, the lack of trannies around the bed was quite conspicuous--Rhonda left the room. I took her place

on the now-empty edge of the table, shifting so none of the vacuum-abhorring men could fill it. My hope was that Zuki would join me. Patience was the key, since she was at the bed for a good long while. When she looked in my direction, I smiled and tried to make subtle eye contact, just so she'd know I was still there, waiting. If she wanted.

After what was probably an hour or so, Zuki returned to the table. I asked her if she was leaving, and she said: **no, i came over to be with you.** I scooched over to give her room. I replied: *i'm glad. i was watching you the whole time, you know. i think you're really hot.* We watched the gangbang as I gently stroked her arm, our attention gradually turning towards each other.

The number of hands multiplied. Two hands on her body, then three, then four, five, six, and I was feeling the same on my body. It was like we were going hentai or something. From the moment I'd gone in there'd been at least one alien tentacle on me at any given time. After being in the room for a while, sitting on the table watching her, I'd ceased to notice. But when the sideshow of Zuki and I started, the tentacles invited themselves to participate. We could have left the Undersea Room and gone inside the Cage where it was safe, but we stayed. It was an exercise in disassociation, focusing on the sensation and the feeling (which, empirically, was nice) and not the feeler. Or, rather, the owner of the feelers.

The frustrating part was that the tentacles were often where I wanted *my* hands to be. I was trying to be conscious of whatever Zuki's boundaries were from moment to moment, but to Them, she was a piece of meat, little more. Which, again, she was aware of and allowing, though occasionally brushing away a hand and/or saying **don't** in the general direction of its owner. I told her I wasn't always sure whether she was reacting to my hands or someone else's, and she replied: **i can always tell which hands are yours.** I was becoming increasingly

aware of her resemblance to Vash, and the blue light of the room gave her a mid-period Alanis look. As I say, I have a type.

We both kept our clothes on, at least the clothes we came in wearing, Zuki in her leather pants with the laces down the side and white baby tee bearing a black-haired variation of the old Coppertone logo, me in the aforementioned light slip and white tights and suede-with-white-fringe coat, both of us reflectively radiant in the the blacklight. We couldn't have gone unnoticed if we'd wanted. I considered taking off my coat, but Zuki was doing just fine with it on, and I wanted to maintain the primary tentacle barrier. Problem was, my phone was in my right jacket pocket, and it would be easy enough for someone to slither off with it. Every few minutes I tried to shift my jacket so the pocket wasn't quite as accessible, but the pocket always made its way back around. What's more, I was parked out front on Otis so I had to move my car by four in the morning because of street cleaning, but I didn't dare get out my phone to check the time lest I announce the phone's presence. Ah, life on the edge. At least my wallet tucked fairly safely into my right boot, a habit I picked up from Vash.

The occasional hand would venture between my legs. So long as they didn't try to get inside my panties, I was okay with it. Some were scared off by what they found. As a tranny I was dating at the time named Jezebel put it: ***that problem solves itself.***

The more aggressive and mindless the other hands got, blind and determined as they were, the more I tried to be gentle with Zuki, to keep her grounded with a positive energy even though I was a stranger.

***you're so sweet.***

Though I occasionally brushed away a hand that was trying to displace one of mine, I let them go where they would on Zuki's body. Policing her skin was not

my responsibility unless she asked me to, and even then, the wise thing would have been to get out of the kitchen. Besides, if I found the tentacle cloud to be tolerable-to-kind-a-nice (except for the cell phone anxiety), Zuki was frequently enjoying it, especially when one pair massaged her shoulders. She craned slightly and said: ***that feels good. thank you.*** I never had the right to get proprietary, whether it was Vash or Jezebel or this person I'd met just a couple hours previous, and certainly not when they were enjoying themselves. I tried not to get muscled out by the tentacles (*they...just...keep...bouncing...back*), but who touched her where was her business, and she was taking care of herself quite well. At one point she said to the swarm: ***let me totally clear about this: keep your hands out of my fucking pants.*** And they did.

All the same, one of the bouncers kept close by. When the swarm radius shrank, he would say: ***back off, guys. respect the lady.*** I listened closely, I always listen closely to these things even when my attention should be fully elsewhere, and I'm never ever wrong (am I?), and it was definitely singular, respect the *lady*, not *ladies*, Zuki was the one needing respect because she was the lady, and me? Not so much, evidently.

Zuki was getting it, though, often saying: ***you're so beautiful.*** In the moment, saying exactly what my eternally fragile ego needed to hear.

When we weren't making out, Zuki and I talked about mundane things, such as traffic conditions on Highway 99 compared to I-5, or our day jobs--she was a clothing designer with a store in Oakland, though she made the occasional cryptic reference to how her clients would react to the network of pink meteor trails my nails were leaving on her stomach. The tentacles didn't care what we were talking about so long as our bodies were present. This was not Algonquin, and while they were not entitled to anything, they didn't pay fifteen dollars to hear our banter, either.

As the gangbang drew to a close, one of the bouncers informed us: ***now you have to make each other come.*** Zuki and I looked at each other and laughed. No pressure, huh? We both agreed that it wasn't in the cards, and that was okay. We were enjoying ourselves plenty as it was.

It was pushing three in the morning when we left. Since we hadn't been in enough crowds with gropey men, we took the scenic route through the Don't Ask Don't Tell Room, Ground Zero of all fellationic activity at the Power Exchange. Gripping my hand, Zuki explained that in addition to designing and selling clothes, she was an artists' model, hence possibly getting odd looks from clients about the marks. She didn't seem particularly troubled by it, though.

As we walked out to her car, Zuki said: ***i've never been with a girl like you before. i honestly wasn't sure at first if you were a tranny or not.*** I said: *that's nice to know. it means i'm doing something right.* She said she'd been on a date earlier in the evening which had gone badly, so she decided to give the Power Exchange a try. Huh. A recurring theme was presenting itself: I tended to hook up with girls who go on bad dates and decide to dip into the sleaze of Divas or the Power Exchange afterward, where would they find me. It's like I was a bad date rebound catcher. Hey, whatever worked.

Standing at her car while she lit a cigarette, I told her I was in an open relationship, with a girlfriend and a side dish. She smiled and said ***i'm glad you have people who love you.*** I told her I was glad, too. We kissed and parted company.



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