

Bottomfeeder: The Ungangbang (Perverts Put Out! Mix)

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As we walked downstairs to The Dungeon, Jezebel and I discussed the other t-girls at the Power Exchange. The only ones I found attractive were the Twins, and though we could tell they were Blue Team all the way, *rah rah sis boom bah*, we decided to give them a shot. I'd done some tentative flirting with the Alpha Twin in the past, nothing more than announcing my interest and scurrying away. I remained fundamentally chickenshit, forever unsure of the line between confidence and pushiness.

Jezebel and I spent the first few hours inside the The Cage having at each other. The recent bruise on my left arm was healing, and as we leaned against the middle table she added another layer to the bruise, pummeling my left arm, fist to flesh, *BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM*. She then switched to my other arm, making their nebulae symmetrical, until I asked her to please stop.

She did, of course—consent, friends and neighbors, it's all about consent, accept no substitutes—but it was almost a shame. Jezebel got such a look of glee in her eyes when she was hitting me, a child with that perfect new toy. After being such a bottom for so long she was getting a sense of what it was like on the other side, exchange of power and so forth. Alas, I had my limits, they were what they were and that was okay. Robin and Al were aghast at the visible damage on my arm. Maybe that meant we were going too far. I had no idea.

Exchanging power, again: Jezebel and I moved to the couch, me over her, my fingers tink-tink-tinking against her nipple piercings for a trancelike hour, first the left then the right, back and forth, then my mouth covering hers, my hand over her nose, pinching it closed, my inhalations literally taking her breath away and replacing it with nothing in particular because nothing else was getting in or out, I couldn't breathe either but I at least had a lungful's worth of a head start, power, looking into but not seeing her eyes, gauging her body language and increasingly urgent muffled sounds, her body starting to buck, my own vision starting to get blurry as my brain got unhappy about the lack of oxygen, and—

—Jezebel's gasp for air would have been heard on the fourth floor, had there been anyone on the fourth floor to hear it.

Later, Jezebel left on a recon mission to find the Twins. After a while, I began to wonder if I should follow Jezebel. After all, weren't we in this potential seduction together? She shouldn't have to do all the heavy lifting. Besides, I was worried that I spent too much time within the relative safety of The Cage.

I didn't even make it off the couch, since when I looked to the right I saw that Jezebel had only made it as far as The Blue Room, where she was watching a gangbang. It was an oddly structured affair which Al told me happened every few months. A small, loud Asian gentleman recruited a group of willing men and one willing woman. The fellow barked orders to the men ("You! Turn her over! You! Put more oil on her!") as the woman lay on the circular bed, getting prodded in assorted ways, the men occasionally being shifted around by the ringleader. It was a musical gangbang, an orgiastic unbirthday, albeit one with no actual penetration, not so much as a finger. A man walked

up to Jezebel and started groping and propositioning her, but she didn't take him up on whatever he was offering. Damn it, she was trying to enjoy the show.

A beautiful blonde transsexual by the name of Violet entered The Cage. She didn't look like she'd had any facial work done, but I parsed her as a Motherlode Girl, and my radar was pretty accurate about such things. Violet's first words to me were: "You look like Courtney Love." Now *that* was a compliment, at least to the likes of me. She didn't specify, but I decided that she meant Courtney in 1998 circa *Celebrity Skin*, after she toned her abs but before she went overboard with the scary plastic surgery.

I flirted with Violet, though I wasn't sure if she was doing the same. She said she could use a cigarette, so I suggested we bum one outside. Making conversation with Violet as we walked upstairs, I began to feel uncomfortable. I was reminding myself of any of a number of boys that I'd seen glomming onto girls. It had happened to me more than once, and surely would again when Jezebel and I left later that night. That was the problem with being a girl at The Power Exchange who hit on girls: that was what *boys* did.

Every society, no matter how marginalized or underground, has its structure. We got to pick our own gender—some for keeps, like Jezebel and I, or some as the mood struck them, like Robin or the Twins--but there were still prescribed roles. The Power Exchange was like a mirror image of the patriarchal dyke scene, in which genetic females divided up between the two gender roles, with the most power and influence on the masculine side. Here, genetic males divided up between the two gender roles, with the feminine having the power rather than the masculine—but only within these walls. The dyke scene centered around The Lexington Club, which was out in the open and in the

light, venerated. The Power Exchange was hidden, only open on certain nights, and scorned.

The icky feeling remained as Violet and I stood outside. Guy after guy propositioned her, and she took it all in stride, one negotiation after another. I was grateful when the occasional man hit on me, since it put me back on the proper side of the fence—it meant I was being seen as a girl, not a boy.

One fellow came up and told me it's better to smoke speed than to shoot it. Not that I did speed or had any plans to, nor had I even asked, but it crucial information which he needed to share with me.

I went back downstairs around three. Still no sign of Jezebel. I considered doing a walkthrough to see if I could track her down, but why? She was doing her own thing, it was cool, and she could take her time. The gangbang was long since over, but there was still something happening in The Blue Room: a blowjob, judging from the way the girl's long red hair was waving as her head jerked back and forth, and it was so fast, it was a wonder her glasses—

Whaddayaknow. There was Jezebel, getting throatfucked.

I kept my distance until she was finished. The guy walked away, and Jezebel collapsed back on the circular bed. I cautiously approached, not wanting to intrude. Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, jezebels gotta suck dick, and that was the way of things. It was always her mission at The Power Exchange.

She saw me and waved me over to join her. We cuddled and made out, the bed a swamp of wet spots from spooze and lube and sweat and other fluids only a forensics team could identify. Her bustier was unzipped and her glasses were off, and in the blue

light I could see her makeup had smudged and run, cut by multiple streams of jorm. In that hushed yet conspiratorial tone she did so well, she asked: “Isn't that hot?” I groomed her face and paws, licked them clean. Jezebel opined: “You're a dirty kitty, Sherilyn.”

At any given time at least two men would be watching over the low wall, and a third would be in the room with us, sitting on the chair next to the bed. Jezebel told them that she was spent, that she simply couldn't suck any more cocks tonight. I noticed that her cock estimate kept getting higher: she told the first guy that she'd already sucked eleven cocks tonight, the next guy that she'd sucked twelve, then thirteen, fourteen, and so on, capping out around eighteen. I decided that it should be a prime number, and furthermore, that prime number should be forty-seven. This led into a debate about whether or not forty-seven *was* a prime number. We were pretty sure it was¹, but lying on this fluid-drenched bed at three in the morning, our math-brains weren't up for the task.

We asked every man who entered The Blue Room if forty-seven was a prime number, and they all ignored the question, instead trying to talk Jezebel into sucking their dick. Jezebel put her glasses back on, and I kept mine on as a show of solidarity. If we wore braces, it would have been perfect.

Occasionally a man would feel Jezebel up rather than talking to her, groping her around the legs and ass. Her breasts were inaccessible, pressing against mine on the bed. She didn't mind getting groped up her skirt, and as always, that problem solved itself right about when they discovered Little Jezebel.

¹ It is.

The men ignored me, for the most part. They knew that Jezebel was the virtuoso cocksucker and I was not, and what's more, she passed as a girl and I did not. One fellow asked me: "Do you dress that way all the time?"

Ah, that old classic. I replied: "Well, I don't wear a chemise when I go to my office, but otherwise, yeah, I dress like a girl all the time, because I *am* a girl."

His jaw practically hit the floor. "You *are*?"

I say forgive them, Lord, they know not what they've done.

A rather beautiful piece of dark-skinned Eurotrash who kept going on about how cute we were, trying to get us as a package deal. Jezebel told him that he should have been there an hour ago for her marathon, and he said: "Just my luck! I always get here too late." I was tempted to volunteer, to make him my first, but it would have meant detaching myself from Jezebel, and I wasn't ready to do that.

We relocated to the couch in The Cage. It was nearly four in the morning, and we were marking time, dozing and decompressing until the drive back to the Black Light District. Though patches of my arms were still an angry blue and purple from her earlier consensual abuse (which I wasn't sure I'd keep consenting to), I was glad that I could provide her with some warmth and tenderness after the cold dicksucking. And get a little warmth and tenderness for myself, too.



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