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Fox & Spice

Episode 2 - Trish, The Waitress (Part 2)

"AAAAAH!"

"Heeey! Shhhh... Shhh! It's alright... Calm down, Trish... You're safe here."

"W... where... I am...?"

"It's alright... remember? Nyssa sent you to our place..."

"M... Michael..."

"He is not here... He is not in your life anymore... Don't worry. You're safe here."

Cold sweat covered Trish's forehead after she woke up from another bad dream. Tom's wife, Haley, decided to keep a close eye on her by sleeping in the same bed since the freshly rescued girl didn't seem too emotional about what had happened to her a couple of days ago. It was evident that the trauma was bound to resurface one way or another, and it took the form of nightmares.

Trish didn't know anything about that girl who had wrapped arms around her trembling body, but it felt good and reassuring. For the past two days, Tom and Haley, two strangers, took care of her without judgment.

Even though Trish kept repeating that leaving Michael, her violent partner, meant that she was now homeless, Tom's answer never changed; they wouldn't abandon her until she got back on her feet. But Trish had a hard time believing it... Why would this couple take on themselves to care for her... She was nobody. Nothing more than a burden with a failed life.

"H... Haley?"

"Yes."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?"

"Slee... Sleeping in my bed? Taking care of me?"

"Because it is the right thing to do? We are here for you."

"But... You don't know me... "

"I know. But Nyssa said you were a good person... That's enough for us. She is a smart woman. She knows what she is doing. And frankly, from what she witnessed at your place... We want to help you even more."

Trish was confused beyond belief. She had never experienced this before, being cared for as if she were still a child. Affection and compassion were not part of her life anymore, and she had almost given up on it.

Sure, she had nice friends before, like the other waitresses and barmaids at her previous job, but when they questioned her about her personal life, the awkward and evasive answers Trish provided to hide the reality was enough to dissuade those people from digging further. Perhaps they suspected something was wrong and simply didn't want to get involved. They all slowly walked away.

But this was different.

"Trish, it's 3 am. Try to sleep a bit more."

"Why... why are you doing this?"

"Hehe. That question again? Nobody ever cared about you before?"

"... No... I mean... Michael..."

"Look, do you feel better in my arms or his arms?"

"... Y... Yours."

"Correct. So try to get some more sleep now."

"But... Aren't you supposed to sleep with Tom?"

"Tom is working hard and is sleeping harder. Don't worry about us. We've been together for ten years. Tonight, I'm sleeping next to you. Come on... Close your eyes now. Nyssa said she would like to talk to you tomorrow. It's going to change your life for the better, I'm sure."

It was not the first time Tom and Haley told her that Nyssa would change her life. What was this about? They seemed to somehow revere the black-haired dominatrix-owner from the Spice & Wolf club. Sure, Tom worked for her, doing the club's maintenance, but it wasn't enough to explain why they seemed to think she was a half-Goddess.

Trish pushed her back against Haley, selfishly trying to get more of this soothing and protective presence. She didn't want to close her eyes as Haley asked, or else the flood of images about Michael and what happened would quickly come back to haunt her.

"Trish, Nyssa said she would like you to come to the club with me this morning. She would like to see you."

"... Okay."

Tom chewed on his toasts and casually informed Trish of the text message he just received from his boss. Trish's short answer wasn't unexpected; for the past two days, the girl just complied with everything Tom and Haley were telling her to do, forfeiting her right to manage her life.

From Trish's perspective, avoiding everything that could even so slightly inconvenience her hosts was the right thing to do. They generously offered her the guest bedroom, and if she were to do anything wrong, she ran the risk of being kicked out and ending up being homeless. At the moment, she didn't have the means to survive on her own. Yes, keeping her head low and trying to be invisible was the only thing to do.

"Trish? You know you can say no, right? We are not your parents. You went through a lot. So, if you feel you need to rest some more, there is no problem at all. Nyssa can wait."

"No... It's okay. I will go..."

"Alright then, but let us know if you don't feel good."

"I... I just don't know what to expect. When Nyssa showed up at my place, she was so..."

"... intimidating?"

"Yes..."

Indeed, Nyssa had not been acting like a delicate princess during her encounter with Michael. When she forced herself inside Trish's home escorted by the two strong doormen, there was not a gram of fear in her eyes. Then when they pinned Michael down to the floor, and she calmly threatened to break his arms, there was no room for misinterpretation; she meant it.

Also, when Nyssa demanded Trish to follow her, it was clearly not a suggestion. Even though what she had asked Trish to do was very heavy of consequences, it didn't even cross the poor girl's mind to disobey; it was an instant acceptance that Nyssa was deciding her life path... at least for the time being.

Tom smiled, walked from the island to the table where Trish was sitting. He gently patted her head.

"Trish, I know what you mean... But Nyssa is a GOOD person. You don't have to, but seriously, if you trust her, your life will be better. And no... She is not a cult leader. She will just help you get back on your feet because that is what she does best. I promise."

Before Trish could even answer, Haley scolded Tom.

"TOM! You are putting strawberry jam in Trish's hair! Finish your breakfast and go to work! You'll be late."

"Alright, alright! So bossy!"

Shortly after, Tom and Trish arrived at the Fox & Spice club and headed right to Nyssa's office, where Tom rattled his knuckles on the door before opening it.

"Hey, Nyssa... Did you order a small troubled human?"

"Ah! Trish! Come in! Tom, we had to reset the moving lights again last night. I want you to call the vendor and figure this out. It makes us look bad every time it happens. We can't afford to look like a disco dance floor from the 80s. This issue needs to get resolved."

"Again? Darn! Okay, okay. I'm on it."

Straight to business, apparently. Based on Nyssa's tone, she seemed to care a lot about her club's image and wouldn't tolerate anything impeding it. Trish had not seen the club in action yet, but by the amount of fancy equipment she noticed all around the place, she was pretty sure it would look incredible at night.

As Tom walked away to start his workday, Trish was about to sit down on the chair in front of Nyssa's desk but was denied.

"Ah, no! You, little girl, you follow me. We need to have a good chat about what happened to you two days ago. Oh, and I need to get you some work clothes as well. You are on duty tonight."

"Am... Am I?"

"Yes. I hired you, remember?"

"But..."

"No buts. I know what is on your mind, and it is inconsequential. You are still my employee. Follow me. I'll show you where your locker is."

Nyssa walked out of the office, and Trish followed her without resistance.

There was something about Nyssa that commanded obedience even though her tone was gentle and non-threatening. The part-time dominatrix was charisma-loaded, and the clothes she wore emanated self-confidence. A pair of black vinyl pants clung tightly around her legs, and a matching jacket covered her red tank top; what was there not to admire. The stiletto heels were also not a common sight in workplaces.

When they arrived in the women's locker room, Nyssa opened one of the lockers and pulled out a bundle of strange black fabric from it, along with, of course, a pair of fox ears, which seemed to be more than mandatory.

"Here, put those on... It's your uniform. I chose it myself..."

"Is this... latex?"

"The tank top is, but not the skirt... I also added a pair of cute underwear because I know you didn't have much stuff... Make sure you take them home. We will get you more clothes over time."

"I... I never..."

"... wore latex before? It's fine. You'll like it. You'll feel good wearing it. Go, put it on. I can't wait to see how it looks on you."

It was so natural for Nyssa, but not so much for Trish. It took her a few seconds to get going, but she finally went behind the folding screen to swap her street clothes for this new uniform. The skirt was a formality, but the latex tank top was definitely a unique experience. When she stretched it over her torso, it was cold at first, but quickly became warmer. It took some effort to get her boobs to sit properly in it without tugging or pinching; the new waitress was not too convinced this was a good selection.

When Trish walked out from her hiding place, Nyssa immediately started rubbing a small pad with a polishing product on it.

"I knew it! It looks amazing on you. Let's give it a little shine... and put those ears on too. What are you waiting for?"

"But... The club is not open yet."

"Not before a few more hours no. But I want you to wear them now."

"... But... Why?"

"Because I like them. I like seeing my waitresses wearing fox ears... I'm the one that named this Club after all... Fox & Spice... I love foxes. Just do it for me, please."

Her answer had the merit of being honest; wearing fox ears was just because Nyssa thought it was cute. As her shine level increased, Trish was more and more confused about what was going on. Yes, it was customary for an employer to show the locker room and provide the required uniform to a new employee. Yes, a cute skirt and a latex tank top were probably a fitting attire to work in a fetish club. Yes, having someone else help make the material look perfect was not a bad thing either... But yet... It all felt so strange... as if good people were trying to manipulate her.

"Alright... Done. Aww... Love the ears! Come with me now, so that we can have our well-needed chat."

"Yes. I would like to talk about what happened..."

As she said that, Trish felt a wave of sadness rush up to her throat, and an involuntary tear ran down her cheek, which Nyssa intercepted with the back of her finger.

"You are in a lot of pain, little fox... I know. I'm going to try to take some of it away. Follow me."

"..."

Once more, it was a nice offer, but it just sounded very strange and intimidating as if it was a set up for a trap. Nonetheless, Trish followed Nyssa, adjusting her fox ears on the way.

Along the way, Nyssa explained Trish different things about the club and clarified her role as a waitress. It was surprisingly generic outside the fact that the staff was a bit more part of the ambiance than usual. But the rules were the same as any other bars; no touching, no

disrespect. Nyssa also pointed at the different sections of the club, such as the lounge, where she would have to interact with the customers quite a bit.

Then the duo arrived at a section behind the dance floor, the play area. It was a series of smaller rooms with curtains acting as doors. Nyssa entered one of them and slid the curtain behind Trish to make it more private. The small room had red brick walls, neat draperies in the corners running from the ceiling to the floor, and the dimmed wall-lights created an intimate ambiance.

But the poor girl froze on the spot when she noticed the small leather-covered table in front of her.

"Hehe, calm down. Nothing bad is going to happen. Let's call this place my second office. Please, lie down on the table... I'll get you a squishy pillow."

"... Lie down?"

"Yes. I know what it may look like to you, but don't worry. You are safe here. I'm not going to spank you or tie you up."

Hesitantly, Trish executed herself and slowly laid flat on her back on the comfy examination table. Before her head reached the mattress, Nyssa slid a PVC pillow behind her neck; it was indeed squishy.

Nyssa grabbed one of the chairs and placed it at the end of the table. After sitting down, she gently pressed her hands on Trish's cheeks and started murmuring.

"Here we are... I couldn't wait to have this discussion with you. Let me just explain to you a little bit about what we are going to do. It's just going to make things easier. Are you comfortable?"

"Y... yes."

"Good. So, I want you to play along with me, okay? Pretend I'm Mistress Nyssa from now on as if it was just a game. And because I'm your Mistress, you have to do everything I say. You don't have a choice but to obey. Can you do that for me?"

"I... I think so."

"Great. Now pretend that this is going to be your first BDSM session ever. It doesn't matter if it's true or not. Just pretend. And because it's your first time, I will put you in a very trusting mindset, because BDSM is all about trust. There will be pleasant and unpleasant things, but I'm going to walk you through them..."

"But... Nyssa... What does this..."

"Shhhh. No questions for now. I promise you can ask whatever you want to ask later. Okay? Just relax in silence for a few minutes. Inhale by the nose and breath out by the mouth... try to breathe from your belly. Try to notice how tense your body is right now, but don't try to do anything about it. Just be conscious of it."

Trish followed her little instructions. It was simple enough, but a tornado of thoughts in her head prevented her from focusing. What was she doing here? What was Nyssa trying to achieve? Why was she no longer with Michael? Would she see him again? Where will she live now that she has no more roof? Why were those people trying to help her?

For the next few minutes, her attempts to calm down were not very successful, but the gentle temple massage that Mistress Nyssa performed on her worked just enough to notice that she was unwell; Trish's body was tingling, burning, twitching, tensing. She was hot and cold simultaneously, and her breakfast was still sitting inside her stomach, undigested.

... and her eyes started to well up again.

"Do you sense how out of whack your body is?"

"Y... yes... I'm so sad... I feel bad... for him too!"

"I know you do... But Michael can't touch you anymore."

"But... But... He was not... a bad person. And I abandoned him."

"I don't know him, Trish. But what he was and what he was doing to you are two separate things. Maybe he had problems and all, but you were living in fear because of his actions. Now you are paying the price with your life. You are in bad shape. It's easy to tell."

"..."

"Listen, I have dealt with countless men and women in my life—more than you can ever imagine. I can easily tell which ones are dangerous. I can see things that others cannot, like the bruise on your wrist when you came for your interview... The one you tried to hide under your bracelets. I can tell it was not an injury from a consensual play. It was from him, isn't it?"

"... yes."

"I could see it in your eyes that something was very wrong, and this is why I called you later on that day. It was not because I needed a barmaid that night. I just wanted to check on you. When I heard the fear in your voice through the phone, it confirmed my suspicions and what I saw way too often in my lifetime—domestic violence. I can smell it from miles away, and that is the thing I hate the most. Of course, when Michael called me back to threaten me, I knew you were in immediate danger, and I took action. That's why we showed up at your place to end all of this. You understand now?"

"... Yes."

And just like that, Trish got so many answers to her questions. Tears kept running down her cheeks, and Nyssa kept drying them while talking. The black-haired woman continued her unusual therapy.

"Close your eyes now. How long have you been enduring this for, little fox?"

"... I... I'm not sure... He... he wasn't like that before."

"Yes, he was. You just didn't want to see it... then it got worse. Right?"

"..."

"How long?"

"... Four years... maybe."

"That's a very long time being scared like this, don't you think?"

"Y... yes..."

"So, what did you do to endure it? You pushed the bad away in your mind and tried to focus on the good?"

"I guess. We were poor and..."

"Shhh... I don't need to know the reasons. I just want to understand what you have done to yourself. Let's try a little exercise now. Remember, I'm your Mistress, and you have to do all I say, okay? I want you to keep your eyes closed and let your mind drift to wherever it wants to go... Shortly, you'll start having random thoughts... Just let them come and go... don't try to push them away."

"... I... I don't want to do that."

"Why?"

"It... It will be too painful."

"Remember our game. You have to obey me... I'm your Mistress. Some thoughts will hurt, and some will feel good. But you can trust me. It will be all good in the end. Do as I say, little fox."

"... I... I'll try..."

Nyssa didn't mention it, but Trish was literally trembling between her hands. She wanted to hold her in her arms badly, but breaking the cycle she was stuck in was a more pressing task. Using a slightly more severe tone, Nyssa managed to push Trish to do what she had asked.

All the voices inside Trish's head were deafening. She didn't want to remember all the horrible things she went through, but the two warm and reassuring hands resting on her cheeks made her feel as if she couldn't back out. Nyssa had taken control over her body, and there was nowhere else she could escape to.

So she let the first thoughts roll in...

Her night with Haley... the drive to the club with Tom... Her new uniform and fluffy ears... Then, a barrage of uncontrollable images flooded her mind like the beginning of a rainy season. Trish wasn't choosing what appeared in her mind, and it made her anxious... She knew it was only a matter of time before the arrival of some darker thoughts. What if... Michael... Now it was an image of Michael choking her to the wall... The same one she had tried to avoid for the past two days... she didn't want to remember.

"AAAH! NO!"

"Trish, listen to me... Don't push that thought away... whatever it is... Let it do its thing... Your Mistress is here to keep you safe."

"But it hurts... it hurts so much! Why is it coming back to haunt me! I don't want this."

"It's coming back because you don't let it fade away. Listen to me. Your thoughts are not something you should battle with or try to control. You cannot choose them, and you cannot stop them. The more you push them away, the stronger they will become. If you let them live

inside your head, accept them, you will notice them less and less. Imagine your thoughts as a little background noise, like a TV playing in the living room while you are in the kitchen. You notice it's there, but you ignore it. Try to acknowledge it's there, that it's just a random thought, then just decide to focus on something more useful and pleasant, like my hands on your cheeks and how good they feel against your skin."

A background noise... It sure was a loud one. Trish tried her best to understand what Nyssa explained to her. Her proposed technique was the opposite of what she used to do to feel better. For so long, she had attempted to suppress her most painful thoughts by pushing them back to the farthest corner of her mind. It had been a constant effort that had drained her from all energy and led her to near exhaustion.

Trish always tried her best to see the good in people. In absolute denial, she wanted to believe that Michael was just a good man with problems, so she endured, thinking he would change. But it only got worse and worse.

Here on the table, under Nyssa's supervision and encouragement, Trish let all those almost forgotten memories take their place back in her consciousness. There were so many. She brought one of her hands up to her cheek and gripped Nyssa's for extra safety.

"Good little fox. You are doing so well. See, if you let your thoughts and memories live, it's not nearly as painful. Make some room for them... Let them go wherever they want to go inside your mind and then consciously focus on more useful things. You are starting to take back ownership of your brain by telling it that those thoughts were unhelpful."

"..."

"You went through hell, uh?"

"... Yes. I was so stupid."

"Not at all... See? That is just another unhelpful thought. You just didn't know how to handle your situation. It has nothing to do with being stupid. It will take some practice, but eventually, you'll feel much better about all of this, and you'll get your life back. Let's continue this for a bit longer, and then we will do something else."

Trish just rested comfortably on the table for the next fifteen minutes and practiced letting her thoughts flow. As Nyssa mentioned, it wouldn't be a quick fix, and it would certainly not be perfect. Some thoughts were much more painful than others, but in the end, it seemed to work. By acknowledging them and letting them effortlessly fade away, it lifted a huge weight off her shoulders and provided her with a spark of hope for a happier future.

After the session, Mistress Nyssa stood up and placed her hand on Trish's belly.

"My little fox is more relaxed now... Good... Thanks for trying what I suggested. I promise it's going to help."

"It's already helping... I can feel it... It's like I woke up from a nightmare."

"I bet... You are here now. No longer stuck inside your head. So, that was the painful part of your first BDSM session. See? It was not so bad. Now, what about the fun part? Do you feel like remembering what real pleasure is?"

"... Real pleasure?"

"Yeah, let's play a little game before going back to work. I want you to do something amusing to end your morning on a good note... but only if you want to. I'm sure you'll like my idea as soon as I tell you what it is."

"Wha... what is it?"

"Well... Tom and Haley were sweet to let you sleep at their place... Sooo..."

Trish and her fox ears walked up to Tom, who was putting away some tools after fixing a lounge's wobbly table. With her cute barmaid uniform and smile, she placed her hands behind her lower back and addressed him.

"Hi, Tom."

"Hey! Tri.... Oh boy... You look good... Must be the ears."

It was definitely not the ears. Trish was a cutie from birth, but the shiny latex tank top just made her look a bit more interesting all of a sudden. Or maybe it was because her aura had changed for the better after her psychological session with Nyssa.

"Aww, thanks. It's good to know. So... Mistress Nyssa would like you to follow me."

"Mistress Ny... Waaaaait a minute... That's a trap!"

"..."

"She knows I'm not into the Mistress thing... that's fishy. What does she want from me?"

"It's a surprise!"

"Ah, crap! I knew it... Forget it... I don't want to be part of her deviant games!"

Trish had been briefed about Tom's possible refusal. She was also instructed about what to do in that case. She brought a finger to her chin, looked sideways at the floor, and adopted a thoughtful expression, tapping in the power of cuteness.

"She did kind of say that if you say no, she is going to call Haley... Not sure what she meant by that."

"Aaah! Damnit! Alright... alright... Lead the way, new fox."

Tom's reaction was entertaining. Clearly, Nyssa knew him well enough and knew what button to push to get him to comply.

They made their way back to the play area together. Tom entered the room where Nyssa was waiting and proceeded with his protest against whatever her unknown plan was.

"Nyssa! What is this about this time?"

"Ah, shush! Sit down on that chair!"

"No!"

"I'll call my cousin! You know she will be on my side."

"If I had known you were Haley's cousin before dating her, I would probably have picked someone else."

"Oh! That's harsh. Sit down now, and try to enjoy yourself. You are ready, Trish?"

"Hehe. Yes."

Nyssa dimmed the lights a bit more and went to her phone to start some languorous jazz music. As he sat down on the lonely chair, Tom's face changed to a more concerned one.

"Nyssa? What are you doing? Are you..."

"Yes, Trish is going to do a little sexy lap dance for you."

"... But... After what she... endured? It seems a bit... inappropriate?"

"See, Trish... That's exactly what I wanted you to witness; the difference between a good guy and a bad guy. Tom truly cares about people. So much that he is willing to refuse a sexy lap dance just to protect you."

Trish couldn't do anything else but giggle because of the tone Mistress Nyssa used when she said that. Of course, Tom got the sarcasm and realized that the ambiance was not as dramatic as he could have expected, so he slid a bit lower on his chair and placed an arm behind the backrest.

"Alright, if that's what you guys want to do, I'll take it. Come on, Trish fox. Show me your moves if you have any!"

To be continued in part 3...

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