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# Fox & Spice

## Episode 2 - Trish, The Waitress (Part 1)

"Alright, this is your ears!"

"My... ears?"

Trish looked at the two big fox ears mounted on top of a headband handed to her by Nyssa, one of the owners of the Fox & Spice club. That was unexpected. When she showed up this morning for her interview, she didn't know it would end up like this.

"Do you have an issue wearing fox ears?"

"... No... No... I just didn't expect it. That's all. I never wore ears before."

"Hehe. It's all good. Put them on and follow me. I want to see what you can do behind a bar. I didn't expect to interview someone so friendly today, so I'm going to ask you to make me a few drinks, and if I'm happy with the result, I'll hire you on the spot."

Nyssa was such a charismatic woman. Her aura emanated success and power, and it was inspiring... but also a bit scary. Alone in the office with Nyssa, Trish knew who was in control, and it was not her.

As they walked toward the club where the bar was, Trish observed Nyssa's clothes. It was not a business attire nor something casual as people usually wore on a Sunday Morning. No, this was much closer to a dominatrix attire.

"May... May I ask you something?"

"Sure, Trish! Anything you want... It's an interview, but it goes both ways, right?"

"Yes... But... I was just wondering... about your dress."

"Ah... Yes, sorry about that... I was with a client just before you arrived. I'm the owner, but I'm also playing Mistress part-time with the people I like the most."

"I see... It's extra revenue."

"Yes and no. I do it more for myself than for the money. Let's call it a hobby. I really like helping people realize their fantasy and helping them in general. It is very gratifying, I find. Are you into BDSM as well, Trish?"

"Me? Oh, no! I mean... I hope it's not a problem."

"Well, we are a fetish club, but as long as you are a good barmaid or waitress and respect what our clients like, I don't give a rat's ass if you are into it personally."

At the end of the narrow hallway, Nyssa pushed a door open that led directly to the Fox & Spice club. It was too early, and there were no patrons around; only two guys working on the lighting rail above the dance floor. The owner lady actually went to see them.

"Hey, Eric! How is it going with the new lasers?"

"Hey, Nyssa! Not too good... one of the two has missing hardware."

"Missing hardware? You got the lamp, no? What else would you need?"

"Well, there was supposed to be a bracket to which the safety chain would attach. If the c-clamp fails and there is no safety chain, this thing can kill one of your clients..."

"Oh... That wouldn't be good. Okay, do your best and let me know if you need me to do anything. By the way, do you guys want a drink? Come to the bar when you are done. Trish, here, is going to show us her bartender skills. Try to act like crazy clients so we can see how she reacts."

"Haha, okay... give us ten minutes."

Trish, standing right next to Nyssa, knew she was going to go through a good test, but she wasn't too nervous about it. She was very good at handling drunk clients, and she knew how to run a bar well. If the restaurant where she was previously working had not closed down, she would certainly still have a job.

Applying for a position in this fetish club was a suggestion made by an ex-coworker. Trish heard that there was a potential for decent money in such a place, and money was a big deal in this city.

Trish lived in a small crappy apartment at the other end of the town, where all the poorest people lived. She would have loved to move closer to downtown and potentially her new workplace, but her boyfriend wasn't doing well financially either, and she often had to support him one way or another.

Nyssa made her probable hire walk around the bar while she sat on one of the stools.

"Alright, Trish girl... I would like... mmm... a Manhattan? Do you know how to make one?"

"Of course, I see the vermouth over there... and the whiskey..."

It didn't take long for Trish to find the liquors she needed to concoct the drink. Nyssa only had to help her find some ingredients but didn't have to show her the recipe, which was a positive thing.

Next thing Nyssa ordered was an Old Fashioned, and Trish nailed that one as well. Through the drink-making process, Nyssa bombarded her with random questions about beers, whiskey, gin, bourbon... Trish's knowledge was definitely above par, and the only questions she didn't have an answer to were very niche things.

A different challenge began when Tom and Eric showed up at the bar, clearly wanting to have fun after Nyssa asked them to behave like crazy clients. Eric acted as if he was wasted. He wrapped his arm around Nyssa's neck and talked loudly to her.

"N... Nyyyyyyss! ... The ... The fucking bracket was at the bottom of the box! You... you now have your stupid lasers installed!"

"Hahahaha! That's good news! I guess you deserve your drink, fake drunk man!"

"Ya! It's... It's 10 am... But that's fine! YOU, THERE! Give me a beer!"

Seeing her employee acts like an idiot made Nyssa cry of laughter. Eric was far from being credible. Trish also had trouble not laughing at this funny guy, even when he spat an order to her. But she tried to play the game.

"Aaah, look at you, boy. I think you drank too much already."

"Ah! Come on! Fox slut! Just another one for the road... don't pretend you know what's good for us!"

Trish was a bit taken aback by the fake client calling her fox slut, but instead of feeling insulted, it motivated her to show how she would handle such a situation.

"Hey! Watch your tone. I know you are a nice guy, and you didn't mean that. Here, I'll give you a free pop so you can sober up a bit... Can you do that for me? The last thing I want is the security staff around my bar. You know... It scares the clients away, and I get less tip. I'll keep you company too, so you can tell me what's on your mind, okay?"

"... I... no ... seriously now ... I would love a beer. Hehe"

"Hahaha! Give him his beer Trish... He deserves it after this horrible performance."

It must have been the funniest interview Trish ever did. Nyssa was amazing, and she had a blast chatting with Eric and Tom. Good chemistry between Trish and the Fox & Spice was installing itself already. So much that Nyssa even hired her on the spot.

After her interview, Trish got on the train, with a big smile on her face. This surge of happiness was rare and more than welcome.

But as the train was getting close from her home, her joy was gradually replaced by much darker feelings... She had done something prohibited, and she knew it. From this point on, she would have to hide her secret job and keep a low profile... and more than likely lie on a daily basis.

At her destination, she got off the noisy train and walked the fifteen minutes separating the station from her apartment building. When she reached it, she used her slightly twisted key to get in and proceeded to climb four flights of dirty stairs to reach her unit. There were some

broken windows, the paint peeled off the walls, and there were graffitis here and there. This time she didn't see any syringes.

Trish paused in front of her cracked wooden door, knowing what would happen inside. She still hoped that this time, it would be different... That it wouldn't turn into a nightmare again. It didn't have to be like that... Maybe if he were less angry... Maybe if she found a way not to provoke him.

Trish pushed the door open and stepped in. The TV was on, so she knew he was at home. She would have preferred if he hadn't been... at least just for a little bit. The man was asleep, though, and it was a good thing. When his eyes were closed, Trish felt as if she was in a relationship with a good man; one that was calm and gentle with her. But it was only a dream that never lasted. As soon as he would wake up, his demons would take over and make things more difficult.

Quietly going to the kitchen, she opened the cabinet to grab a glass to address her thirst. As she was about to pour some tap water in it, something moved at the bottom... A small roach crawled out of the glass and ran on the back of her hand, making Trish scream.

"AAAAAH!"

Terrified, she dropped the glass, which shattered on the stained vinyl floor. She stepped back to the corner of the room, and her first reflex was to listen for what was coming next.

"WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?"

"M...Michael... It's just me... sorry... I broke a glass... It's okay..."

The shirtless man got out of the bedroom and placed his foot right on a chunk of broken glass... just to make things way worse.

"Aaah! WHAT THE HELL, TRISH!"

"I'm... I'm so sorry... Don't move ... I'll clean everything!"

"What is your problem? Is that how you are trying to convince me to buy new stuff? By breaking what we have? What is wrong with you!?"

He angrily placed his ankle on his knee and began pulling the glass out of his heel while Trish rushed to get the broom.

Trish had hoped for a quiet day, but as usual, her wish was out of reach. She wanted things to get better... She wanted him to change and be less angry... But every time something good happened in her life, destiny got in the way and turned things in a way to make her even more miserable.

She quickly cleaned the floor, unassisted, making sure to get rid of all the broken glass. Michael was already in the fridge, grabbing a beer.

"And where did you go this morning? Shopping? Don't you have better things to do? Like getting a job?"

"I'm looking... I'll find something soon... I... I might have found something."

"Ah, yeah? Whoring yourself out?"

"Michael! Stop! I might have found a barmaid job."

"Where?"

Trish didn't want to tell him. She knew what would happen if she did. There was no way she would get support from him because of the Fox & Spice's nature. Michael would twist the reality and make her feel guilty to have applied there.

"..."

"Trish! Don't fuck around with me... I swear!"

"... In a restaurant downtown! It's far, but it will pay well... We need the money."

"What restaurant?"

"The... The Tratoria..."

"Never heard of it... Are you lying to me?"

"Michael, leave me alone... I'll tell you later if it works."

Trish pushed him aside and headed to the bathroom... But a strong hand grabbed her wrist, way too hard.

"Aaah! Michael! Stop! You're hurting me!"

"Stop whining... You better bring some good money home, else I'll kick you out!"

"Ah, yeah? Then what will you do? It's not like you can keep a steady job either!"

Michael pushed Trish into the wall, making the dishes rattle in the cabinets.

"Fuck you, Trish!"

The violent argument was sliced in half by a ringtone. It was Trish's phone. She pulled it out of her pocket, and the call display showed "Fox & Spice." She needed to take this... She couldn't afford not answering.

"H... Hello?"

"Hey, Trish... It's Nyssa..."

"H... HI..."

"Uh? Is this a good time?"

"Yes..."

Michael was staring at Trish, trying to understand what this call was about. One wrong word and he could explode again for no reason, so Trish attempted to keep the conversation to a minimum.

"Well, I know I said you would start next week, but would you mind starting tonight? One of my girls is sick... I know you just went back home, so don't feel like you have to say yes, okay?"

"S... Sure... I can do it."

"Great... Take your time and get here whenever you can... But are you sure you are okay? You sound different?"

"I'm... I'm good... It was just a long train ride... I will see you soon."

"Alright, then. See you soon!"

She barely had time to hang up before Michael grabbed her wrist again and roughly ripped the phone out of her fingers before she could lock it!

"MICHAEL! Give me my phone back!"

"Shut up, airhead! I want to find out who that was!"

"It's none of your business! Give it back!"

There was nothing Trish could do. She was too small... too weak. A feeling of guilt coursed through her veins. Was it normal to hide things from him? Was it her acting like this that made him angry all the time?

As Michael accessed her call log, his face changed and not in a good way.

"You... little bitch! FOX & SPICE? The fucking sex club downtown? ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME, TRISH?"

"M... Michael... Calm down! Please!"

"Calm down? CALM DOWN? ARE YOU DATING ME OR ARE YOU DATING THE REST OF THE CITY, TRISH?"

"NO! It has nothing to do with you... It's just a barmaid job... and it will pay well... The owner is very nice and..."

"SHUT... UP! That owner is going to hear from me right now... You are NOT working there!"

"NO! DON'T! PLEASE!"

The angry man pressed the dial button to call back the person who talked to Trish a moment ago. Trish, crying and panicking, tried to stop him, but he slammed her back to the wall. This sad scene was almost a daily occurrence, unfortunately—crisis after crisis and no room to breathe.

"Yeah? Are you the one who just called Trish? Well, listen to me, bitch! TRISH IS NOT GOING TO FUCKING WORK FOR YOU! IS THAT CLEAR? FIND A DIFFERENT WHORE TO DO YOUR JOB! You try to call her again, and I will burn down your fucking club!"

Without hanging up, Michael threw Trish's phone to the wall, making it explode in a thousand pieces, shattering her hopes for a better life. But it was not over!

His powerful hand grabbed her by the throat, and he pinned her to the wall, cutting her air intake.

"Try something like that again, and we will see what happens. JUST TRY! I'll fucking kill you, stupid bitch! Think twice next time you want to work in a sex club!"

He slammed her into the wall one last time and let his grip go. Trish fell to the floor, curled into a ball and cried for many long minutes.

After her shower, she stayed in the corner of her dirty apartment, trying to avoid Michael as much as possible. It would take days before she could open her mouth again. With her phone gone, she didn't have any means of escape anymore... She was stuck... She had no family and no friends... She didn't know what to do outside crying and living in fear just to keep a roof above her head.

Suddenly, someone knocked at the door, which was enough to ignite Michael again. Trish didn't dare to move.

"See what you did, Trish. I bet another fucking neighbor complained again because of the noise! If that's the landlord, I'm going to fucking punch him in the face!"

Michael opened the door, and in front of him was a beautiful woman dressed in classy business attire.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Oooh... Is that how you talk to the ladies... Michael?"

Trish blood froze in her veins... that voice... She turned around to look over the couch and confirmed that the woman at the door was... Nyssa.

"What the fuck do you want? How do you know my name?"

"I don't care about your questions. I want to talk to Trish... Right now!"

"Fuck you! Get the fuck out of here."

"Very well... Michael... but if I were you, I would not close this door... It looks rather... flimsy."

Of course, Michael slammed the door in her face, not giving a shit about who she was or what she wanted. Then he turned to Trish, who was beyond terrorized. Talking that way to Micheal would not end well. Nyssa probably didn't know, but she was risking her life with that defiant attitude.

"Who was that bitch, Trish? Was she the sex club girl?"

"..."

Not that Trish was capable of replying while in this distressed state, but she didn't have to. The door literally burst open, sending pieces of rotten wood flying left and right. Michael barely had time to turn around before two much bigger men than him entered the apartment and grabbed his arms.

"WHAT THE FUCK!"

In about five seconds, Michael ended up flat on his stomach, a 250 pounds knee in the middle of his shoulder blades, and his arms pinned to his lower back.

Nyssa then entered the apartment and crouched in front of Michael. She slid her fingers in his hair and caressed his face gently.

"WHO... WHO ARE YOU?"

"Shhh! Shhh! It's okay, Michael... You can relax now... It's over."

"DON'T TOUCH ME! LET ME GO! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME!?"

"Oooh... From you? Not much at all. I just want you to be silent."

"FUCK YOU!"

"Ah, okay. I will ask more nicely then... From this very moment, if you say another word, or make a single noise... My two friends, who are much stronger than you, as you noticed, will break your two arms. Think about it very carefully... Silence ... or broken arms? What will you choose?"

"..."

"Aaah... Good... I'm glad we have an understanding. Thank you, Michael. Your obedience will make things so much easier."

Being immune to fear, Nyssa patted him on the head and stood up. She walked to Trish, who was shaking and in shock, and just smiled at her.

"It's over, Trish. You can forget about this place and this man. You are coming with me, and we will give you a much better life."

"... But... what..."

"Don't worry about anything anymore, Trish. Just trust me, okay? Please gather your personal effects, and we will leave. Take all the time you need. You are no longer in danger."

"But... Michael..."

"Who? Oh, this guy? He doesn't exist anymore as far as you are concerned. He will be nothing but a nightmare that will fade away over time. Trish, you no longer have any problems, and your life will be nothing else than joyful from now on. Go, now... Go get your stuff. You no longer live here."



Trish couldn't think or talk... Someone else had taken control of her existence and decided on everything for her. She grabbed her backpack and went to fill it up with some paperwork, IDs, and a few clothes and personal effects.

Meanwhile, Nyssa crouched down in front of Michael again, who refused to calm down despite his forced silence.

"Hey, Michael... You should relax... Being this tense is not good for the heart. So, listen to me attentively because I won't repeat myself. Trish doesn't exist anymore. You won't even think about her. If you do, we will come back. If we see you nowhere near the club, we will come back. If we learn that you ever try to date another woman, we will come back. From now on, your life will consist of loneliness and porn, and this until you die of old age. Do we have an understanding? Good. It is a real threat, so don't take my words lightly."

After a few more minutes, Trish was ready to go. Nyssa made sure to prevent her from looking at Michael when they walked out the door.

As they were walking down the stairs, Nyssa started chit-chatting with Trish like nothing had happened.

"So, I decided to give you a day off today."

"... Nyssa..."

"You remember Tom? The quiet lighting guy who was working with Eric? You are going to his place tonight. He and his wife will take care of you. He knows what to do."

"Why are you... doing this?"

"Doing what?"

"Helping me... You don't even know me!"

"Are you a murder?"

"... N... No... but..."

"Good... I don't like murderers... They are a nasty bunch."

They reached the bottom of the stairs, and as they exited the building, a black SUV parked in front of them. Nyssa opened the rear door and asked Trish to get in.

"They will take you to Tom's place."

"But... Nyssa... What... What about Michael?"

"You and he have no connections any more. The sooner you forget about him, the faster you will heal. He poisoned you, Trish, and we are the antidote. Get in now. I will see you tomorrow."

"... Nyssa... Thank you."

Trish sat in the car and it drove away from the scene.

As Nyssa waited for her security men to come back, she whispered to herself...

"This Michael guy called me a bitch... How rude!"

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