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Title: DRAFT - Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 2)
Universe: Max, Natalya
Summary: Natalya stories are a series centered on a woman who explores large toy play, latex and fetish attire, and various sexual activities with her partner Max and on her own. Her story of light bondage, body modification, and sex play provides documents many trials and errors as she conquers her body and in a sense all the aspects of her femininity. This story is reflects on how Natalya operates at fetish events. This story contains references to fetish contexts.
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DRAFT - Untold Stories of Natalya (Part 2)

written by Max

Fetish, Rubber

Natalya was sitting at a table and sipping some fruit juice - possibly orange and pineapple juice for just that right blend of sweet and fruity - when the usual suspects rolled up. A lot of these fetish events attract a spawning of men in leather cross strap harnesses and trousers, and as the night gets past the witching hour they seem to form into small hunting packs moving blatantly from woman to woman scoring rejection after rejection.

Natalya, in her rubber cat suit and matching waist cincher, put on a smile and looked through the selection. Two of the men were in the lead of this pack, one buff and the other sleazy. A bad win-win combination of eye candy and smooth talking user that had pulled a blond successfully the prior evening. A third more timid hanger on was puffing up. He was competing with the other two and had been studying their lines all night. Unfortunately he had neither the eye candy nor the smooth factors, but he would do.

Natalya looked over the trio, and focused all her attention on the weak link. Before he could say anything, and cutting off the initial trial balloon from the smooth talker, Natalya looked him in the eye and told him what she wanted.

"You see that guy over there? Tall, medium build, black dress shirt and jacket." The trio all turned to look and the smooth talker moved in closer to Natalya's side out of trained habit. "You," Natalya pointed at the third, "will go get him and ask him to join me here." The third was caught completely

off guard. The other two moved in for the kill.

"I can get him for you, although he doesn't look like much," said the pretty boy. The smooth talker leaned in closer, smell of whiskey and rum on his body, and flexed his biceps in a clear mockery of his well built friend. "Better let me, while they stay here. I work out by picking up books and reading."

Natalya played cute for a moment, putting her hand to her mouth and tittering. Both of the wolves lunged a bit closer, and then her hand dropped and she was icy as stone. "I told him to do what I want - you two I have no use for. Go try to close those girls Max is working," she gestured toward where Max was chatting with two blonds and a redhead who had been dancing with him earlier in the night. "You've a better shot than him anyway - he's a poor closer and prefers a relationship sell."

When the two didn't leave, and the third was having a mild anxiety attack, Natalya added "Your poor performance tonight will be discussed. If you don't make me happy, I guarantee you the next two nights here are going to be full of reasons for you to never come back. There's a sissy boy who would just love for me to select you," gesturing toward beef cake, "to use his wonderful toys on. I'm sure he will stoop to nothing to please me."

With grumbles and some complaining, the two sharks went to bait Natalya with an insult, but she had already tuned them out completely. "You better get moving, my friend," she said to the third. "I'm not going to wait on you, and if that man leaves then you will be 'randomly selected' from the audience tomorrow for play piercing demos. Which I can make sure Rubber Julia makes you into a playful hero over, or makes you look like an utter pussy." She smirked at him. "And those two clowns you were with," who were still only three or four feet away, "cannot get you any action whereas I just have to go into the ladies room with her," gesturing at the last woman they tried to chat up, "and she'll forgive you for having bad company and take you under her wing."

This was the last shot for the wolfpack, and rather than shift into more push and pull, the smooth talker looked over his unexpected lucky rabbit's foot, and made every suggestion that he was consoling an old friend as he told him. "You aren't scared of going up to that guy and telling him to bring us all drinks for the lady, are ya?" with a smack on the ass he sent the kid to his sacrifice, and turned to Natalya for approval.

Natalya looked at him coldly, the measure of his nature very clear to her and not worth her time, and pointed to where Max was at. "His name is Max. Cock block him if you like. Let him know if I'm still bored in 15 minutes then he needs to pack up so we can get some sleep before tomorrow's pool party." Then she grinned like a shark and asked "Will we see you at the hotel pool party?" She'd caught a glimpse of their wristbands, they were night stalkers only, not staying at the hotel nor part of the overall weekend party.

"We could be anywhere for a good time," the smooth one replied as his buddy enthusiastically nodded.

"Your good time is over there," Natalya said pointedly. "Don't fuck up my good time with your nonsense. Go."

The smooth talker wanted to linger, but his buddy took the hint and dragged him off toward the blonds and redhead and "Max."

Halfway across the room, the bumbler was trying to convince the guy that he was serious and he was not in fact just screwing with him for a laugh. Both noticed when Natalya stood, pointed at them both, pointed at the two chairs at her table, and then sat down.

"See, I told you," the bumbler muttered.

"Yeah... who'd have thought..." was all the other managed as they complied meekly with the obvious request.

This is, of course, Natalya at her strongest. It took quite a while for her to both have control of the environment and manage the games men play to bait and lure. Her pre-emptive control had to be learned and practised. Dealing with the fetish party crowd, and the various children it attracts, takes an understanding of people and their tools. Knowing when to pawn off people on Max so he gets annoyed and "decides" to leave early rather than asking him to go.

There was a time, the first Fetish Factory Anniversary party that Natalya attended in Fort Lauderdale, that this was all new and unknown. A sissy in a maid's outfit kept asking Natalya to beat him. She was struggling to figure out how to interject that she loved playing with large toys. A woman about Natalya's age was leading her around introducing her to 'important' people hoping for a threesome. A redhead Max was very interested in was in one hot outfit after another that managed to transcend the rubber materials they were made out of while still suiting the fetish party well. A handful of camera men kept approaching and snapping shots of her. The regular trolling hordes wouldn't leave her alone so she had to find safe havens amongst folks like the sissy maid that would put the packs off their game.

But that was Natalya then. A dozen fetish parties, innumerable house parties, and a few very expensive trips to quality men's clubs in NYC and Las Vegas so she could hear from the pros and cuddle with the pros comfortably made a huge difference in her approach and management.

"So what's your name?" Natalya asked gently when the two men joined her at the table. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Max and the women moving away from the two lonely boys and him noting her having company.

"I'm, uh, Nicolas," said the tall man she'd been watching earlier and wanted to meet. The other guy hesitated and looked at his hands or the table or something.

"And you?" she asked him directly.

He may have blushed a little. "Uh, just John," he muttered.

"John then. You did well, thanks for bringing Nicolas over. Do something more for me, please. My friend Sasha," Natalya pointed to a woman near the bar looking rather frazzled, "is looking for the guy who promised to help her with getting the stage set broken down and cleared for tomorrow. I saw him leave two hours ago with a different woman..."

John nodded like he understood what was going on, but Natalya could tell instantly he didn't.

"No. She doesn't need to know and don't bring it up. However she still needs help. If you go over there and tell her I sent you to help with the stage then she'll be grateful and you two will have a chance to talk. If you work hard and treat her well - and DO NOT mention anything about the missing man - then she'll probably give you complimentary access to the day time events tomorrow as well as a ride home if you need it." She looked him up and down, obviously assessing and taking measure of him. "It's the best chance you have, and it

will keep you from looking like someone roaming around desperate to get laid. Which," she shrugged, "is really unattractive and only works when there is a lot more alcohol being poured than this place has."

John took his cue, excused himself, and timidly walked over to Sasha. As Natalya had judged, Sasha was in the middle of a breakdown and vented at John - who obviously didn't know what to do and was no threat - and then finally put him to work. It was a classic Max maneuver. Natalya felt smug for pulling it off.

Then she turned back to Nicolas and smiled warmly. "I've been hoping you'd come over all night. What took you so long? Tell me what you're hear for..."

brought to you by Max

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