



# Dom-sub Lifestyle

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## According to Cléo



by Cléo Dubois

### Roots to Rituals

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I was raised a good catholic schoolgirl, attended a private school run by nuns wearing full habits. In my late teens I had had enough! This was in the late sixties and I started my journey to another side of world and to another side of the coin. My path led me from France to San Francisco and the exploration of S/M. It was in this lifestyle that I found my way back to a very different form of spirituality.

In the 1970's sex was wild and I certainly enjoyed my share of it. Aids had not struck yet. But by the end of that decade I was getting a bit tired of just fucking around. Saturday nights orgies, as they were called, had their charm. So did the Sutro Baths, the only mixed bathhouse in the City, where I could pick up any stud I wanted. The women who ventured in that huge sex palace were few and brave. The picking was easy and quite empowering for a short brunette who did not fit the tall skinny blond American standard of beauty. And yet I was getting bored. Something was missing. At the hand of an accomplished Master, surrendering control in erotic bliss, I found the missing piece one unforgettable night. It was the missing link that connected my sexuality with my spirituality. His name was Jay Magus. He showed me how to connect all the dots: mind, heart space, sexuality and spirit. I was told to not forget the lesson. I didn't! It became my life work.

Eventually I became a self defined Sadomasochistic Dominant Bisexual Switch. So to this day, my work in the BDSM world as a Dominant and educator remains fueled by my passion for clean S/M and ritual play that began back then -- might it be in the privacy of my dungeon, facilitating a large ritual at a Leather Conference or making authentic play videos.

But back to my roots. In these days one did not Top unless one had experience on the other side of the equation by first bottoming. Earning your leather so to speak. My initial experience with erotic submission was truly magical. Jay, the Master who guided me through the doors of S/M sexuality was not only an excellent player but also a student of the human awareness movement based at the Esalen Institute in California. He was passionate about kinky sexual explorations, Earth/Goddess spirituality, energy play, Tarot and Tantra. In fact he saw that it all fit together. What a lucky girl I was to be initiated by this wise and true Master!

I met Jay, his wife Amber and their slavegirl kaye at the Society of Janus, the second oldest SM educational group in the U.S. I became friend with both women. That early leather triad was part of the burgeoning San Francisco mixed scene. He was mysterious, kind, quietly powerful and inspired great trust. I found that combination irresistible and very sexy. I was invited to their home for an initiation scene that was truly genuine and transformative.

The initiation took place one unforgettable night in 1981. I was, of course, nervous and excited. There were preparations I had agreed to follow. I was told exactly how to dress and ordered not to wear panties under my skirt. I was to redden my nipples with rouge and wear a bra with a hole cut out to leave my nipples bare under my light blouse. I was led into the dark room lit only by candles. There He stood, soft spoken and calm. He picked up a black and white Tarot deck, shuffled the cards and handed them to me. I was to pick a card. I drew The Queen of Sword. He then had me undress and kneel before him at the playroom altar in front of a large mirror. His Lady Amber came up and dressed me in a simple shoulderless piece of lingerie that very much resembled the image on the card. He positioned me in front of the mirror to duplicate the Queen and placed two long, heavy, beautiful swords in my hands. Bathed in warm candle light, I was to hold them above my head like the archetypal figure on the card, above my head for as long as I could and look at myself in the mirror. Eventually I had to put the swords down. The pain had become unbearable. When I let go of the blades I was ready to submit to him: J'avais laissé tomber les armes. The french expression that literally means "I am surrendering". I was in a trance, ready to enter the unknown. He was strict, gentle, and attentive. His Dominance was also part of his spiritual path and in service to the Lady - the Goddess Archetype. The flogging that followed was exquisite. My tears flowed and the sex that concluded the ritual was extremely orgasmic, intimate and sacred. With that very ritual I started to recognize my needs for big pleasure that connects me to what I perceive as Divine. That pleasure (or should I call it pain/pleasure/surrender) I find over and over in the erotic rituals we call SM Play. Intense sensations experienced in trust and respect have the power to open the door to our inner landscape and let our spirit soar.

That year we also shared intense play at the early mixed parties held at the legendary San Francisco Catacombs. The parties were not called pansexual yet. It was the beginning period of a burgeoning San Francisco Leather Community. Gay leathermen were leading the way. And the women who dared come out of the "leather closet" were fierce lesbians or bisexuals, In those times and

According to Cléo

those spaces I felt I was in awesome company.

My roots are based in a community that played together, released big emotions and had orgasms witnessed by others who shared and valued their experiences. I came out as a S/M player nurtured by queer folks and queer friendly folks. SM spirituality knows no ethnic, gender or sexual preference boundaries.

Of the men and women I admired, the ones who survived the early devastating years of the Aids plague, became pillars of our community. Some became gifted writers and gave us many of the titles that make up a classic S/M library. If you have not yet, you may want to read Mark Thompson's *Leatherfolk* and Geoff Mains' *Urban Aboriginals*. Mark's *Leatherfolk* is a beautiful collection of interviews and written accounts of the pioneer years of our rich and now diverse leather community. *Leatherfolk* got reprinted in 2002. *Urban Aboriginals* is also being reprinted in 2003; it deals with the ecstatic states and the natural opiates generated in SM and radical sex play. Of course I must also mention Pat Califia's (now Patrick Califia) *Sensuous Magic* and *Macho Sluts* that explain or demonstrate what we do from a very different perspective. And of course this is just the top of my list.

Many of us kinky folks have done, and continue doing, our passionate work, to make the SM lifestyle more understood. I make videos when I have the funds, give seminars, lead rituals and guide couples in their explorations. The most challenging for me is sharing with words. I only hope that some of my story inspires you.

I came out as a S/M player nurtured by queer folks and queer friendly folks. Our kind of body-based spirituality knows no ethnic, gender or sexual preference boundaries. As the whip Mistress, I love dancing in Fire for Kali, the great Mother Archetype. The roles we embrace in BDSM allow us to get to know what energies we resonate with in the sacred space of consensual play.

As fluid or rigid as a BDSM or DS exchange is, there is a path of connection not only to those we dominate or submit to but also to our core and spirit. Does that resonates with you?

May this New Year bring you prosperity and fulfilling erotic explorations. May peace prevail!

In Leather Pride, Cleo

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# SCENEprofiles Interviews



by Sensuous Sadie

## SCENEprofiles Interview with Lady Bleu, Editor of Dom-sub Lifestyle

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**Sadie: With so many websites catering to BDSM interests, what motivated you to start Dom-sub Lifestyle? What are your goals for the next few years for DSL?**

Lady Bleu: "So many websites I came across preached 'this is the only one and true way of doing things.' My desire was to offer many different perspectives that would cause the reader to think and make decisions for themselves. I admit I don't always agree with what the various authors write, and what they say may not be for me, but that doesn't mean it might not work for someone else."

"In the future, I do hope to make Dom-sub Lifestyle a monthly issue and to continue to add various features. I'd also like to expand the toy store to include more affordable items for the average person."

**Sadie: Your website offers a real variety of articles and amusements. What are your favorites? How often do you update the content?**

Lady Bleu: "Favorites? I really can't think of any that I enjoy more than others. And it just wouldn't be fair to choose now would it?"

"The features I add from time to time occur because I want to keep things fresh and fun. Currently, the e-zine updates bi-monthly, i.e., Jan-Feb, Mar-Apr, May-June, etc. On occasion special things are added mid-issue simply because I can't wait to share them!"

**Sadie: What are some of the writing or content problems you see with material that's submitted? Any pet peeves?**

Lady Bleu: "Deadlines....Deadlines....Deadlines!"

**Sadie: You refer to your work editing DSL as being "a work of love." What about it moves you so?**

Lady Bleu: "Quite honestly, it was visits to chat rooms. I was astounded by the fact that there was so much 'garbage' being strewn about. I was amazed that girls online thought they had to do whatever they were told by whoever told them to do it. I was amazed by the fact they thought they had to be doormats without any thoughts or desires of their own. So, it began with the desire to pass on some reality and continues to be just that."

**Sadie: Your website has won a number of awards for design and content. What do you think are the things that most draw readers to you?**

Lady Bleu: "The awards are all fine and good, but it is word of mouth that draws new readers. We maintain a mailing list of near 1,000 people for notification of new issues, as well as carte blanche to post information on a number of listservs. This resulted in total hits of over 1,000,000 just fourteen months after launch. Readership continues to grow and we're obviously quite pleased by that fact."

**Sadie: You recently moved to Arizona to be with your Dominant, Bleu Sadist. What are some of the special things that the Arizona scene offers?**

Lady Bleu: "I live in the Phoenix area where there is a fairly large community, both public and private. Phoenix is the home of APEX (<http://www.arizonapowerexchange.org>), one of the largest private dungeons in the nation. The thing that appeals to me most is the varying assortment of classes and seminars that are provided within the organization. And the fact that there is no snow in Phoenix had NOTHING to do with the fact that I wanted to live here. (All things being equal I will take palm trees and sunshine any day)."

**Sadie: You recently moved into a new home with a dungeon area. Can you tell me about it?**

Lady Bleu: "Ahhhhh... the dungeon! I have a space 25' x 16' that has a beautiful brick fireplace. This room affords me the capability of having several pieces of dungeon equipment including a GYN table, a Super Post, a Spanking Bench and a modified torture chair. I also have a couple of new pieces coming in the next few months. I have a dear friend who builds the most incredible furniture (his furniture <http://www.dsfun.com> fills one of the dungeons at Black Rose) so I have a bit of an inside track."

**Sadie: You write about Dominant Care. What are the issues around this? Do you find that submissives often don't have nurturing skills, or perhaps they are what's called "do me" subs?**

Lady Bleu: "The Dominant Care article was due to a question asked on a listserv on how might one keep their relationship fresh and fun. We brainstormed on several things one might do to make her dominant's life a bit easier and to always let him know how proud she is to be with him.

"Of course there are the 'do me' subs, but I don't feel they are submissive in nature (more like manipulative). We also have to realize that there are bottoms, submissive types and slaves... varying degrees of involvement in WIITWD, just as there are Masters, dominant types and tops."

**Sadie: You have an interest in corsetry and waist training. You write that, "I've almost never seen a woman in one for a play, historical reconstruction, or a wedding, who didn't like it, and who wasn't in fact surprised by how much she liked it." What is your response to people who feel that restricting a person's breathing and body this seriously is not being cognizant of our body's need to breath deeply?**

Lady Bleu: "I find corsets to be extremely feminine and amazingly comfortable to wear, provided you haven't eaten anything that causes you to bloat! ~Laughs~ I don't find it causing any major restriction in breathing if worn only for the appearance. I don't myself have an interest in waist training, but only the aesthetic appeal of wearing a beautifully crafted corset. I do think it important that anyone interested in waist training realize what risks there can be and take the time and learn to do it correctly."

**Sadie: One of the things that you recommend that submissives do is to take care of themselves emotionally, and don't "flake out over every little thing." I think there's a bit of a stereotype about submissives not being well grounded with a high self-esteem. What's your experience around this?**

Lady Bleu: "It isn't the stereotype typical of submissives, but of some women in general. I refer to them as 'drama queens.' Something is always wrong and they need constant reassurance. I personally think it's a manipulative behavior, not necessarily one of low self-esteem. I do however believe that a submissive shouldn't expect a dominant to 'fix' their lives, but should take responsibility for themselves."

**Sadie: In your article on self esteem, you write, "If a submissive has low self-esteem, it will hinder a D/s relationship. If a submissive does not find a "healthy and real" Dominant, she/he will not be fulfilled and actually be very miserable in her/his submission and existence. However, with the right Dominant, she/he will flourish and grow and become the woman/man she/he always wanted to become." What would be the "right Dominant" for a submissive who has a low self-esteem?**

Lady Bleu: "What I believe to be the 'right dominant' for just about anyone would be someone who was supportive yet not coddling, one who will not accept the 'poor me' attitude but give those gentle pushes to improve. One who will not be manipulated into being a co-dependant.

"Self-esteem is one of those fundamental issues that affect us in every part of our lives, and especially in our D/s relationships."

**Sadie: What ways do you think that this issue is particularly problematic for people in the lifestyle? What are some ways that we can increase our self-esteem within the D/s construct?**

Lady Bleu: "I don't feel that it is problematic over-all. I simply feel that the idea that someone will 'fix' what is wrong attracts some who can't/won't take responsibility for whatever problems they might have."

**Sadie: Is there anything else you'd like to share with our readers?**

Lady Bleu: "Yes, we would like to thank all of our readers not only for their readership but for their constructive input and stimulating questions. Dom-sub Lifestyle is truly a community effort for the community!

**Sadie: Thank you very much!**

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Sensuous Sadie is a BDSM columnist and edits SCENEsubmissions, a free e-newsletter for the New England area and beyond. She is the founder and leader (1999 - 2001) of Rose & Thorn, Vermont's first BDSM group. Comments, compliments and complaints, as well as requests for reprinting can be addressed to her at SensuousSadie@aol.com or visit her website at [www.sensuoussadie.com](http://www.sensuoussadie.com). Sadie believes that the universe is abundant, and that sharing information freely is part of this abundance, so she allows reprints of her writing in most venues.

# Life Under the Three Moons



## Life Under the Three Moons Insight into the Gorean Culture

by Michael

Tal all,

The holidays are done and a new year is upon us. Unlike Earth years, Gorean years are usually from one vernal equinox to the next. This is a celebration of the world's rebirth when the Central Fire warms the ground and the plants sprout through the melting snow.

This year come vernal equinox there will also be a rebirth of my house.

**Even a remote hut, far from the paved avenues of a town or city, may have a Home Stone, and therein, in the place of his Home Stone, is the meanest beggar or the poorest peasant a Ubar.**

**Magicians of Gor - Pages 485 486**



I will be receiving a new addition that I expect will bring happiness and harmony to the House of Michael. This addition is a long sought after second girl. A chain-sister to Mika. This girl has been known to me for three and a half years and has been close friends and sister to Mika for even longer.

**When more than one slave girl stands in a relationship of slave girls, as when they serve in the same shop or house, or adorn the same rich man's pleasure gardens, it is common for the master, or masters, to appoint a "first girl." Her authority is then to the other girls as is that of the master. This tends to reduce squabbling. The first girl is usually, though not always, the favorite of the master. There is usually much competition to be first girl.**

**First girls can be cruel and petty but commonly, they attempt to govern with intelligence and justice. They know that another girl, at the master's whim, may become first girl, and that they themselves may then be under her almost absolute power.**

**Explorers of Gor - Page 77**

Since initially starting the search for a girl that may fill this position there have been questions about why would a girl wish to come to a house and be second girl. Especially when the house is busy with many children to care for. Because this column was designed to help non-Goreans understand the Gorean ways better, I asked my new girl the following questions and have added her original responses without changing text.

Questions:

**Why would a girl from the great white north, pack up her children and move 1900 miles to a Gorean house in the desert? What does she feel will be there for her? What is different about this house then others she knows?**



For a very long time I didn't feel I belonged anywhere. I felt like I was in someone else's body. I was yearning and striving for something and I didn't know what. I was always with weak men and it always seemed to sicken me, I was feeling unsatisfied in life. Then I found Gor and knew deep down what my answers in life were, I was going to be whole again. To keep this short, I pursued the lifestyle, but only seemed to find the gamers and abusers of the lifestyle. After a while I started questioning myself about my slavery.

I found online Gor and then came to meet Mika. We grew close very fast and she turned out to be my very best friend, my confidant, my angel, and best of all, my savior. We were soon known as the matching bookends, she was the evil bookend and I was the rotten bookend. She filled a missing void in me and I believe I did for her as well. I was so happy when she met Master Michael, she was so utterly happy, more than I have ever seen her. She seemed for once in her entire life, whole. That told me right there, that Master Michael was a very special man. To be able to do that for Mika, knowing what she has had to endure in her past, one would have to be VERY special.

I then met a man that I grew to love very much, that I would drop to me knees for. He also turned out to be a gamer, in a very evil way. He put me in financial ruin and crushed me badly. I didn't think I was anyone anymore. I lost everything and not just in a material sense, I lost all of me or so I felt. He had in the meantime cut me off from the outside world. I was not allowed to stay in touch with Mika or anyone else. This was before I found out he was a gamer, so I listened. It is evident now why he felt he had to isolate me. The reason is that Mika would have woken me up from that nightmare and he didn't want that.

Then, he was gone, I was in ruin and had no one. I picked myself up and decided to straighten myself out. Browsing the net one-day I checked a forum I used to read and post on. I saw a message on there from Mika saying she would like to get in touch with those she had lost touch with. I posted a message right away telling her I was here basically. I checked back all the time but no reply. Then I was searching online and came across a webzine. I was reading it and saw on the front page, Master Michael's picture! I was in shock, so I read the article. Found out about the 3 moons group and went there. I posted a message to Mika and she replied!!!!!! Oh my gawddddd, I didn't think I would ever find her. I was beside myself.

We talked after that and she knew I wasn't feeling my slavery anymore. I didn't think any man could ever make me tremble or shake on my knees. UNTIL Master Michael spoke to me, I trembled and damn I knew. I knew it was still there. And Mika wouldn't let me forget it either (laughing about it even now).

I found out Master Michael was seeking a second girl and I thought about it but said nothing. In the meantime, it seems, Master Michael and Mika were discussing it. Mika brought it up to me and we talked about it, all three of us. I knew deep down in my heart, that is where I wanted to be. Of course being as stone skinned as I was at that time, I tried to find arguments inside of me that just didn't exist as to why I shouldn't go. Mika and I are so close, we are the strength for each other's weaknesses, we compliment each other well in all we do. Much like the ying to my yang phenomenon. We would be perfect on a chain together, and be quite a handful to the Master. So, I agreed to go. We have started making plans. I have had to undergo some medical treatments, and after I get the go ahead, I will be off.

I guess I could address the children as well. I have two boys, almost teens. I truly believe they should have a strong male influence in their lives. In believing that men should be strong, I wish for them to have a Gorean influence in their lives.

If Master Michael could do that for someone as hurt and gun-shy as Mika, I just knew he was a real Master, a real Gorean man. A Gorean man that I would be proud to kneel before and serve. He re-ignited my slavery and that's what makes me want to be a part of his house. I know that's where I belong. My slavery, my life is there. Realism and truth thrive there, which seem to be an oddity anymore.

Hmmmm, as to what is different from Master Michael's house to others I have seen. As I said before, Master Michael's house is built on realism and truth, a rarity anymore. It's not only built on realism and truth, it's built on love, honesty, patience, and understanding. No cruelty, no games, no lies. I think anyone offering all of that runs a real Gorean house.

I guess all I can say, is this. I am going there to be whole again, to serve in a chain right beside my wonderful sister, to give myself wholly to Master Michael. My life will be there waiting for me, in a real Gorean house, beside a real Gorean kajira, and before a real Gorean Master to whom I have utmost respect for.



**"I will give you a new name." She nodded, miserably. Her old name, her old identity, had been taken from her forever..... When asked who she was, it was with that name that she would answer. That was who she was. Then that name was taken from her. She was only an animal in bondage. Her name might be changed, or altered, as often as a Master wished. Indeed, he need not even give her a name. Changing a girl's name, or taking it away, are common modes of**

**Gorean slave discipline."  
Hunters of Gor - Page 225**

To Mika, I asked a different set of questions. Because after all, she was not the one that would be moving and coming to a home that was new to her and her children (this time). Mika would be the one upon which this interloper would encroach. Below are the questions placed to her to provide you the reader some insight to the mind and heart of a kajira.

**What on earth would possess an intelligent woman to "permit" a man to have another woman when she could have him all to herself? Why on earth would a strong woman accept, in fact welcome another female into her home, to share her life, her love, her man, her home? Why would a strong relationship seek "outside" of their happy home for a different partner?**

As many of you who read this article know, Master and I just celebrated forty-two months of me in his collar. With the exception a very short time when my chain sister was in collar, I have been exclusive with Master. And now, there will be another woman in his life. Am I crazy? No. Am I worried? Yes. Will it change our lives? Absolutely. But I welcome the changes it will bring.

Six years ago, I stumbled into this place called PowWow. And within that chat realm I came across this "tavern" called Ko-ro-ba. It was there that I begin learning about Gor, about me, and realizing that I was not the only woman in the whole world who thought that men should be the head of the household, the dominant, strong force in a woman's life. I found there many women who felt that subservience had made them whole. Never had they felt more free, than in the chains of men. There too, I found Jynx. Oh my heavens she was something. Such a handful such a mouth and I loved her instantly. It wasn't long until she and I were spending hours talking about things of all kinds, yes virtual tavern stuff, but more than that, what was going on in our lives, in our real lives outside of the tavern. I found out she had two boys and she rubbed off on me something terrible as I did her. Eh jynx? And before too long we spent hours on the phone, crying and laughing and just being silly. I had made an attachment to a person I have never laid eyes on, never saw face to face. Yet, I knew then as I know now, she is a very real part of me. She is the other half that makes bookends work.

We became so inseparable, that everyone knew if one was around so was the other or the one certainly knew where the other was an when she would return. We became a side show of sorts, people were amazed that 1900 miles could separate people who were as close as she and I. Heck, some even thought we were really sisters, flesh and blood. We were very serious kajira, yet always had each other and everyone around us in stitches. We had a good time, we played off each other, fed off of each other.

But, because we were so close, we could say to each other, things no one else would dare, or could get away with. We could open the eyes of the darkest denial in each other. And were always there for each other to pick up the little chipped pieces of life, left strewn around by an act or spiteful word or unkind gestures of another.

This glue, bound us in ways, even people that share DNA do not feel, despite the miles that separated us. There was a closeness no time-zones, international borders or closing chat sites could separate. Until.....

She disappeared. I had not clue why, other than to know in my heart that the man who came to live with her was behind it. It was intimidated by the closeness we shared. I had always had terrible "vibes" about him and he knew this. I had helped my sister to discover some things about him he had long tried to hide. Perhaps he knew, as he began to play his games on her, that if anyone would make her look behind the curtain, it was me. I was hurt when she just vanished. Part of me had been ripped away. My confidant, my friend, my sister who knew me so well.....gone. And to this day I will never forgive the man who forced her to be gone.

Meantime, I moved, I changed phone numbers, jobs, addresses, everything about me changed except...I was still mika the kajira of Michael. Thank heavens that was true or we might not have found each other again.

Master and I had been talking to another girl about the possibility of her becoming the second girl in his house. She and I hit it off well. Ahhhhhh the amazing ties that bind around Dairy Queen and Peanut Buster Parfaits. And we had started planning for a visit after the first of the year. It became clear, that this was not going to work through some different chain of events. One night Master had decided that we would have to have some serious reconsideration. The very next morning I woke up to see a post on the Life Under the 3 Moons group.

It said mika, it is me kascia (etc) I looked at it a long time. I doubted, I told Master it was a sick joke someone wanted to hurt me. It could not be my sister. She had been gone too long. Master went to work, I opened my mail and there was a message from this person. It was my sister, she knew I would doubt her words, so she sent to me a message only she could know....It was her!! I was angry! Gawd I was angry. Why the hell had she just disappeared. You don't do that to someone you love, you care about, you share all kinds of things with. Dammit! Why had she gone.

My anger quickly turned to thankfulness that she hunted and searched and found me. That night, I was on the phone with my sister again. Yea we caught up, but it felt like we never lost touch. We picked up right where we left off, laughing, joking and teasing about the same old stuff, new stuff.....and there she was.....my other missing part of the bookends. Oh yea, I told her she had one coming from me for making me miss her so much! But, there she was, my friend, my sister.

Was it coincidence that she had found me the day she did? Was it coincidence that she just "happened" upon Dom-sub Lifestyle E-zine the same day Master and I had decided to rethink the second girl thing? Was it coincidence?



I am a strong believe in the fates, of things happen when they happen for a reason....And there she was, right there again. This time, I was determined that I would not losing her again. I begged Master to consider, and He was telling me he had been thinking....of her as second girl. It is amazing how we have grown to think much alike. Master knows how much I have missed the little imp and how much she kept me sane in a time when I could have easily lost it all. And how much I hated that idiot she lived with for making me lose her. Master knows better than any, how lost I was when she just vanished. How much easier it would be for him to put two girls who already adored each other on the same chain, in the same house, under the same roof? (Or at least that is what he thinks! He has not had the two of us together yet!)

She told me of something going on in her life that needed to be handled, dealt with and fixed. She is working on that now. We are here for her, even 1900 miles away. Every day I am here for her. Every early morning, and evening Master is here for her as well. We "speak" every day, we talk on the phone, email, messenger....and she will be here soon! Her boys get on the messenger to keep me posted that she is doing ok, every hour on the hour.....She wakes up to look at her messenger to find me cuddling her, while she sleeps, through the pain the treatments cause if only in my thoughts. She knows that no matter how sick she is from her treatments....we are here to advise, to help, to push her to the next treatment, to just give her an ear....she knows...

Am I crazy? I have been monogamous with Master for three and a half years and I am just going to let some woman move into my house? Sleep with my Master? Take part of him from me? No, not at all.

I am crazy for not insisting two years ago that she leave that idiot and look deeper and coming to live with me. Wait a minute I think I did that! (laughing)

Let some woman move into my house? Well, see, this is not my house, it is Master's house but it is my home. And my home, is where I am safe, secure and loved. And the only thing that will change about that, is there will be more to love me, and more for me to love. And as far as my safety, heaven help one who would try to harm me or her, cause all that Master would have left to do is shovel up the mess.

Sleep with my Master? Absolutely! After the years of patience and guidance he has given me, I want my sister to experience it. I want her to feel the love that can be in a D/s relationship, not just the abuse. That there is a healthy relationship that can and should be had in this lifestyle, not just the ones that want to take you for everything and send you down the road when you get sick, or have run out of whatever it is they were after. Master is a strong man, an excellent guide and I want her to know the wonderful, beautiful, freeing side a Master can bring to a slave. Not to mention I have been assured that I will still "get mine".

Take part of him from me? That cannot be. What Master sees in me, he will always see in me. What Master gets from me, he will always get from me. Where I am a little weak, my sister is strong, and what I hate, she does not mind, what I love she hates so we should do a wonderful balance and check for each other. Will Master ever stop loving me? Not because a new girl moves into his home. Will I lose part of him? I don't think so, I think I will be gaining a part of him I have never been able to see, and will be too gaining my sister, at my side near where I can love her, take care of her and knock some sense into her every now and then!

So what is in it for me? I get to have my closest friend who currently lives the furthest away from me, right at my side. I get to watch her grow and discover that burn deep within all over again. I have someone right here to do the 'girl stuff' with that Master just hates. I have another woman to share with, I mean sometimes there are "girl things" that maybe a man just does not understand (like cramps) not only do you maybe not want to burden a Master with it, but it is easier for a sister to say "oh yea I feel like that try this, it works for me." And those times, where you just don't feel like.....hopefully she will and when she does not feel like (insert whatever here) hopefully I will. And yes, I will be gaining help with raising the children, and shopping, and running errands, and....but she will too. We will all three be there for each other to lend a hand, support and encourage each other through all of the things we do together and she currently does alone.

And I will gain the most treasured thing of all. Peace of mind that she is well, being treated well, and not with some idiot who is just going to take. I will have a happy Master (even if we are more than he can stand to handle sometimes). And I will have three more people close to me, to love.

Jealousy? Yes I am sure there will be some. I am human, she is human but with the common goal of a happy and trusting environment for Master and our children we will work though it. How? One word- C O M M U N I C A T I O N!!!! I am sure that there will be days when Master says here is money girls get the hell out go to a movie anything just goooooooooooooooooooooo! And then we will have each other to do that with. Poor Master, he will indeed have his hands full! I have asked Master if he is sure he knows what he is getting into.....There is after all, a reason we are called the rotten and evil bookends. And he is about to find out first hand.

Over the past three years, I have written articles like this one to inform the non-gorean and Gorean alike how I bring Gor to my home. How I and my kajira, touch a little bit of the so called fictional planet each and every day. How we manage to live a lifestyle so controversial without harm, deception or degradation to our family unit. In our lifestyle we do not load up our "bag" once a week and head off to the local dungeon. In fact it is very rare that we attend public forums of that nature at all. Choosing instead to stay in with a couple of close friends or at home on the whole. I have shared with you many personal things. How I met mika, and the

details of that meeting. As well as, the various monthly anniversaries of that meeting.

**A slave girl is a delight to a man; she is extremely prized and precious; that the day of her acquisition should be celebrated each month with special ceremonies and rites is not surprising. These numerous anniversaries are deliciously celebrated, as they may be with a girl who is only a slave, and seldom forgotten; should such an anniversary be forgotten, should it be such that it is commonly celebrated, the girl redoubles her efforts to please, fearing she is to be soon sold.**  
**Slave Girl of Gor - Page 66**

I shared an almost religious day that being the day she was branded and reconfirmed as my kajira.



**The customary brand site, incidentally, is high on the left thigh. That is the site almost invariably utilized in marking Gorean kajirae.**  
**Fighting Slave of Gor - Page 349**

**I felt her left thigh. Most girls are branded on the left thigh. Perhaps this is because most Masters are right-handed. The brand, then, as one controls the slave, may be easily caressed.**  
**Fighting Slave of Gor - Page 312**

I have shared gatherings in my home where we celebrated in a Gorean manner.

**"To share the kettle of a friend," I said, "is to dine with a Ubar."**  
**Blood Brothers of Gor - Page 349**



And now with this article I am sharing another milestone of a personal nature, that being the addition of a second girl to my house. During the past three years, my intent has not been to tell you how things should be, but rather how things are in my home. I have never intended to stand upon a soap box and preach the "Gorean way or no way". I hope for some these articles have been informative, entertaining and enlightening. I know for some, they have been a source of ridicule, belittlement and finger pointing. These things I know from the various emails I have received, as well as the posts that can be found on various groups pertaining to my articles.

**Do not ask the stones or the trees how to live, they can not tell you; they do not have tongues, do not ask the wise man how to live for, if he knows, he will know he cannot tell you; if you would learn how to live, do not ask the question, its answer is not in the question but in the answer, which is not in words; do not ask how to live, but, instead, proceed to do so.**  
**Marauders of Gor - Page 9**

**Let those who can climb mountains climb them; let those who cannot climb them console themselves with denying their existence.**  
**Rogue of Gor - Page 19**

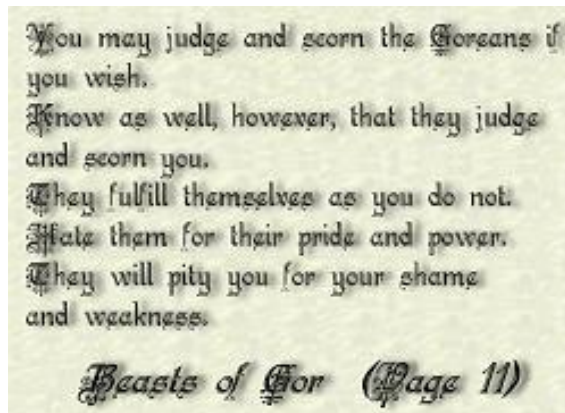
With the addition of a second girl to my house and the obvious changes and modifications that will be required, I regret to inform all of the readers of this column that this is the last one I will be submitting. My attention will need to be focused on the healing, and discovery of my newest girl while keeping my current kajira, happy, and well at the same time.

The Yahoo group [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Life\\_under\\_the\\_3\\_Moons/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Life_under_the_3_Moons/) will remain alive and well and I believe a great source for real time lifestyle Gorean Information. The chat discussions we have through that group, will remain, increase in frequency and be available to the members of the Yahoo group. I will be happy to answer any questions pertaining to lifestyle Gor that are pertinent to the exploration and discovery of the Gorean way of life, but will continue to ignore or disregard any emails that wish only to enflame.

As always I can be reached at [Michael@desertvista.com](mailto:Michael@desertvista.com) .

Be well;  
Ta-Sardar-Gor,  
Michael

Mika  
(and my second girl who's name I have not yet revealed to her, but have chosen



~winks~ still keeping her in suspense.)



## From a Dom's Perspective

by Dennis Burns



**"Looking in the mirror,  
I see the way that things are,  
But if I stop and ponder,  
What the reflection truly offers me.  
I begin to see with a tinge of fear,  
That what I thought I knew were far  
From the truth I believed without wonder,  
An image skewed from the perspective I see.  
I look at the little one who lies before me,  
Bound to me beyond the clothing of ropes,  
Eyes wide, filled with liquid wonderment,  
All a quiver with dynamic tension;  
I strive to hold time in suspension.  
I consider with contemplative assessment,  
Are they truly fulfilling all their hopes,  
And muse about what images in the mirror they see.  
I wish them to heal or travel afar,  
They say they wish the same not just a kinky bent,  
But is that look within their eyes,  
The look of a destination arrived?  
Or am I sending them someplace contrived?  
But is their vision the same as I surmise?  
Are we traveling with the same intent?  
Or are our reflective perceptions slight ajar?  
"Introspective Intent" - Dennis Burns**

Intent (1): (In-tent'). N. 1. The act or fact of intending as to do something: criminal intent. Etc...

Intent (2): (In-tent'). Adj. 1. Firmly or steadfastly fixed or directed, as the eyes, mind, etc. 2. Having the attention sharply focused or fixed on something. 3. Determined; having the mind or willing fixed on some purpose or goal. 4. Earnest; Intense.

Greetings, I am still riding a wave of intense euphoria and introspection as of late. My clan and myself just completed a Buchmann's APEX Academy weekend recently that dealt with Master/Slave issues, BDSM and many points in between. I went into this very well organized and finely presented seminar as almost anyone does when they enter into an arena of what they feel is known territory, with a bag of salt and hopefully an open mind that will see what tidbits one can find. I will not spoil it for those who have never been to one of Master Steve's seminars and for those who have I need not say more. I meet some very wonderful people who I had thought I had known before, before I realized that I had been looking through a mirror of my own making (my term to describe and come to grips with my own epiphany).

But I will share with you one of the bigger awakenings within my worldview and of myself, and that is in my understanding of the word and meaning of INTENT. In the beginning of this piece I gave you the shortened version of the word as a noun, which is where I had lodged it in my own mind, I find that we in the life use a lot of words as nouns that are really adjectives: submissive, dominant, even Master, Slave, Bottom and even Head-space.

When we sit down and negotiate, be it a long drawn out formal process or just "you ready, good, grab the bag, race you to the cross!" style, or even the 'grab the back of the hair and move them where they will be' style. We all come to that table with some form of intent. For some it is the intent to play, to fly, to be foreplay, for sex, for healing, for catharsis, for exploring the inner self, for connecting to each other on deeper levels, etc. what ever the reason we do what we do we have expectations and intent. Now

expectations some like to say don't have any, what will be will be, I am of that bent at times, for too great an expectation leads to imagined ivory towers that may never appear.

Expectations can lead to bitter disappointments, (unless they are used in terror play... then they have a powerful use!) But one cannot realistically expect (note this word) another to have no expectations. One can though limit the amount of expectations by focusing more on what the Intent of the scene is to be. Just use the second meaning of the word as an adjective and not as a noun.

As a Top, Dom, Master (noun of your choice, though it is really the adjective of your actions.) you need to find what is the true intent of your partner, not always will it be what you thought it was. If it is just to please you, then by golly you better be able to understand and be able to convey to them what pleases you. (Sometimes a difficult question for some to ask of themselves.)

As the Bottom, Sub, Slave it is incumbent on you also to be able to express what is your intent in the scene, if it is to relieve the stress of the day, journey into the cosmos, or to provide pleasure for your controller. Suppress the shyness if you have it, open up to this person whom you must have some strong sense of trust in and tell them what your intent is. Depending on your units' dynamics they may or may not act on your intent but at least they will know it. (The universe will provide. Hint: most controllers will find a way to incorporate your intent with theirs, just don't tell them I said so... ok?)

Words and thoughts have great power, if we say we will do something, most of the time we will, if we say we may do something, most of the time we will not. If one enters a scene with the first meaning of the word intent as a noun (a person, place or thing) it does not have the same impact as the second meaning as an adjectival word, your focus is there, your steadfastly fixed on the goal, not just intending to, you are doing not just thinking about it.

The other thing about intent is making sure it is clear and focused, coherent like a laser beam versus a soft white bulb's light. But in order for this to occur one must make sure that the focus is not distorted by one's own mirror of what is to occur. You may have the strongest intent to make your little one fly away in the throes of multiple orgasmic pleasure, yet they may have the intent to reach a cathartic breakthrough against a wall that has been preventing them to reach new levels with you, or worse yet to be able to reach a point that they can release enough to have that jelly fish flopping of multiple orgasmic pleasure.

You may be of the intent to bring them to a breaking point of total submission and surrender, when in fact they have reached that point and just wish to please you sadistic pleasures, oops that could loop and get ugly or not... grin!

Just make sure that when you are ready to play (work) on your partner that you both have a clear and focused intent, even if it is the intent to see where the universe is willing to take you, in other words the intent to not seek a specific goal but to just be in the moment. (A more difficult challenge then one might suspect but I have found very few things that are precious in this life that were not a challenge, and the greater the challenge usually the greater the reward, karma has a way of working that way.)

Be well and blessed be!  
Dennis

Sans peur et sans reproche  
(At least I try to be)

"Credendo Vides"  
(In Believing, one sees)

**“What colour is a Dragon my son?”**  
**“Crimson, Master, Bloody crimson, no matter what doth the eyes say”**

## The Sadist With A Mean Streak

by John Gault



### Bondage Scope

From conversations I've had with regards to bondage it seems there are two primary views. One view is that bondage is exotic fun and the other view is bondage is boring if not a total waste of time. For me bondage is a method with a purpose. It can be used for some twisted sex; damsel in distress being forced to participate unwillingly and so on and so forth, but at the root there is a purpose behind bondage. Not everyone can put themselves in a mental frame to be tied up. The thought of being held captive with total loss of mobility can also be frightening for some. For the sadistic person the fear of bondage in the participants is motivational as well as for a masochist who fears bondage. For the majority of people bondage must have limits which provide the bottom - submissive - whatever you refer to it as, with the ability to escape and/or call a safe word or two to slow down or stop the play. I suppose it always boils down to what you want to gain from the bondage experience.

When I was seven years of age my parents sent me to my uncle's ranch for the summer. I suppose it was easier on them to have one less child home during summer vacation, but I won't digress. My uncle had a lucrative horse business in Colorado. There were the horseback hunting trips during the winters, the tourist rides in the summer, and he was also fairly well known in the rodeo circuit and as a horse trainer. I spent the next 6 summers working for him at the ranch. It amazed me to see his horses perform so precisely and exactly on command. The animals obviously had a true fondness for him too. When he would approach the corral or a stable each horse would charge to the fence or gate to gain his attentions. Once the saddle was on it's back the animal was in work mode, responding to every hand command and word he spoke. An experienced rider was more than satisfied with the ease of handling and the novice rider had nothing to fear. Each of the nearly 100 horses had unique personality and manners, but each performed their work exactly on cue. My desire was to learn how to control such a huge and strong animal while at the same time have the animal's admiration.

During one of the summers I spent there I was taken on a trip to the top of the Grand Mesa in Colorado. My uncle had received a permit from the state to capture 10 wild horses from the area. We followed one herd and then another and another as my uncle carefully selected which of the animals he wanted to take. A make shift corral was constructed at one end of a narrow gorge and one by one the ten horses were captured and taken to the corral. They were wild! Horses don't have a killer instinct; in fact I doubt they have any concept of violence. They are fearful, loving creatures. In the wild they have few natural predators, primarily mountain lion and alkaline poisoned water though not a predator. The most vulnerable place on the horse is its large back. The horse knows this and fears, above all else, anything touching its back. It is where a mountain lion attacks and a place the horse cannot protect except to toss its body wildly in effort to throw the predator off. A horse must be trained to loose this their deepest fear.

I asked my uncle if he had ever come across a horse he couldn't train. He told me there had been many he couldn't break. "What happened to them", I asked. He explained how the state had set population controls on horses to keep them from becoming too many and spreading disease. The permit he had received from the state was part of that control. If he captured a horse that proved to be un-trainable he turned the horse over to the state which then killed the horse and used it for science and industry. "Twenty or so years ago we would either let the rogue run free, or shoot it." He concluded.

"The first thing you have to establish is the relationship" he instructed me. The rope around the neck doesn't cause the horse any discomfort except the feel of foreign matter. With the rope tightly around the neck the trainer on the other end of the rope has one purpose. You force the animal to face you straight on. A man can't hope to stop a horse from running free with just a rope in this fashion, but the corral prevents it from running free and controls the range of travel. Staying in front of the horse provides the horse with eye contact. Eye to eye contact has a definite affect on people as well as horses, it provides an eventual assurance of safety. Looking someone in the eye and making them look at you in return provides the most precise communication. The horse will eventually stop its frantic efforts to avoid the trainer and will begin to hold the eye to eye contact. The next step is to approach the animal and touch its head keeping your hand where it can see it. Then slowly work around its head and stroke its throat. Proving to the animal that you are not going to rip its throat open as it fears you, like the lion. Continue running your hands over the shoulders and across the back. Once you get to this point it's time for the hard training: putting the saddle over the back.

A horse analogy: Horses spend their adult life learning to be independent while running with the herd. They must make their own way, find food when hungry, shelter during a storm, and protection from enemies. After a few years the animal depends on nothing except itself and has also learned to fear everything including its own herd. Now that it is captured you must change that independence to dependence. Most animals including humans desire to be taken care of and protected. Thus allowing the animal a chance to live free of worry and fear knowing its provider is there. Breaking that learned behavior and allowing the animal to accept



and then to trust the master is the scope. Bondage is the method. The animal learns freedom from captivity. The mountaintop where it once roamed free will become the new fear. The desire to be in the master's corral and gaining the master's attention are the animal's desire. A beast-of-burden serving in admiration of its master the objective.

Some horses have a stronger will than others do. No amount of eye contact will suffice to allow the first touch. For those animals more restrictive bondage is required. A short rope tied to a post in the center of the corral is a first step toward breaking one of these hard cases. If that won't calm the beast, a hobble tie is used to restrict its front legs from movement. If this only causes the horse to rear up and kick another hobble is used to bind the front and rear legs together. In harder cases yet, a blind fold is used. Eventually the animal surrenders to its captivity. At this point the animal's will is broken. This is a critical stage in training. All that the horse once thrived on is suddenly gone and this can cause depression as the animal loses direction and reason to live. You have caused the animal to face and live through all most all of its phobias (irrational behavior based on perceived fear). It is at this point that the trainer has to begin providing structure. With a horse the structure comes in the method of making the animal run around the corral in the direction the trainer wants it to go. The trainer stands in the center of the corral, the horse with rope around its neck and the other end held by the trainer, runs the outer most edge of the corral. The trainer can use a switch or whip to tap at the rear of the animal encouraging it to run. From time to time the trainer must change the direction of the run. The horse has now begun to learn a new direction in life and a new will to live begins to emerge.

Training must be precise, timed, and consistent. The restrictions of bondage can cause more stress than contact with the trainer can overcome. Once you have the animal responding to your running directions, it will allow you to place and remove the rope from its neck, then it is time to move on to the next phase of training. Reinforcing the animal's new surroundings and discovery of serving a master and protector is accomplished through reward. In the case of a horse as well as humans the basic needs have to be a foundation: food, shelter, and a sense of belonging. Taking a short break to let the animal have some oats and water is a good foundation builder. The trainer must be ever present until the training is complete. Feed the animal from your hand sends a strong message. The horse no longer has to feed watching for its enemies, it no longer has to scavenge for food and water. The master provides all. The message is clear and easily communicated. Bondage has a purpose and must be used in a precise method used by a master with clarity of vision and purpose. In the right hands, the horse doesn't actually lose its independence or its personality. The end result is a horse with more zest for life, less fear and restriction, and a stronger desire to bring service and thereby happiness to its master.

I've seen horses as well as people who have derived a desire for bondage as a result of having their freedom gained from a good training. A horse that brings a rope from the corral over to the master is a begging to be tied as much as a slave who greets you at the door with cuffed hands wearing a ball gag. Where is their fear now? Most of the people who have been forced to suffer through the agonizing realization of bondage phobias through restrictive bondage, or to surrender control to a master advance forward with stronger personality. Free of fear and in control of their mental capability and purpose of life, they are superior to the average animal - person.

What about all those pretty knots and Japanese techniques? Where's the tie her up and fuck her up the ass theme? Sure bondage can be fun and games too. But, how much more rewarding the game when it's real and not just some imaginary or half hearted sexual interlude!?

Until the next issue, try to lose that over concern for safety and go out there and have some fun!

<http://www.gaultsgultch.com/>

# Tribled Times



## for those times when you're having troubles by Celeste aka Bitatrouble

Dear Bitatrouble,

How can someone juggle their vanilla life and their BDSM life so that the vanilla does not invade so much and the BDSM gets pushed into the background? Paying bills, going shopping and all that other stuff seems to take so much of my time.

Signed,  
I'm tired of being vanilla

Dear Vanilla,

So often I've heard people voice their internal struggles with those parts of their lives they consider vanilla. Going to the grocery store, paying bills, taking care of the children, dealing with family and friends are all viewed by the vast majority as 'vanilla' parts of life. I have to wonder how going to the store is 'vanilla'? Vanilla is a term that was coined to describe sexual activities outside of alternative lifestyle, whether that is leather, gay or something else. If one chooses to live an alternative lifestyle, going to the store and buying milk and bread will not make them vanilla. We tend to umbrella a variety of terms and anything that falls outside of that umbrella is 'vanilla.' So we don't consider going to the store as an alternative lifestyle activity, but rather a vanilla activity. Well, it's my opinion that it's time for that to change. I didn't raise my children as a 'vanilla,' I raised them as a parent. I'm a parent who happens to be living an alternative lifestyle to vanilla, but a parent just the same. My day to day living has nothing to do with vanilla. When I pay my phone bill, I pay it as a customer, it's neither vanilla nor BDSM related. My internal clock doesn't change because I'm standing behind someone else who's internal clock marks them as vanilla. We both pay the phone bill or the phone gets shut off. Simple. The phone company, doesn't give a damn if I tie my billy goats together and flog them soundly. The grocery store may 'assume' that I'm making Chinese food with all that ginger I bought, but you know what they say about assumptions. I do not think about BDSM 24 hours a day, seven days a week any more than I think about scrubbing my toilets that much. BDSM is always there, in my heart and mind but it does not take the forefront of my life. It's not all I think about. It's not all I do. The term 'sex on the brain' is rather a misnomer because while there are people that think about sex a lot, life is too complex to devote 100% of time and energy to only a single aspect of living. As great as sex is, as great as BDSM is, it's not the be all, end all of life. That doesn't mean when I'm standing in line at the power company, I'm not thinking of flogging the CEO to within an inch of his life for the high prices, but that's just my sick and twisted little brain functioning. ::chuckles::

Vanilla describes how a person chooses to live out their sexual nature. D/s, S/m et al. the exact same thing. Buying potatoes has nothing to do with either one. Unfortunately, however, your options are rather limited in how to free up more time to spend on BDSM. The main thing is the make it a priority in your life. Don't put it before paying the phone bill or taking the kids to the doctor, but, truly, can't the toilets wait a few hours to be scrubbed out?

Vanilla is a flavor of ice cream.

Bitatrouble

~~~~~

Dear Bitatrouble,

I'm desperate and really need your help. A little background first. I'm a submissive woman, 33, with three children ages 4, 7 and 9. I've been living with my Master for the past three years and they call him Daddy. The youngest is his biological child. We are financially stable, but far from wealthy. I am also pregnant again. Master does not want another child and has told me to get an abortion. We had discussed this issue in the past and I told him that I only wanted the three we have, but now I find that I just can't go through with it. He is adamant that I terminate this pregnancy. I thought this was something I could do but my heart is breaking. I can't stop crying. I don't know what to do. If I don't have the abortion, then I don't feel as though I'm a submissive. I want this child. I want to raise them, love them and teach them how to be a caring and descent human. I want that part of my child that is my Master to look to their father and see the incredible person that brought them into this world. I'm scared.

Please help,  
Torn apart in IN

Dear Torn,

I am sending you a private email, because this will not come out to the Ezine for about a month.

To my readers, the advice that I gave to Torn is below.

Oh, sweetie, my heart is aching for you. The decision to bring a child into the world is the hardest one there is to make. That child deserves two loving parents and all that life has to offer. They deserve to feel the pain and the joy of living and to grow and learn and contribute. They deserve the absolute BEST start in life. All that said, choosing to terminate a pregnancy is a mutual decision and must be agreed upon by BOTH parties involved. I understand that you had agreed to three children, but life has thrown you a bonus. If you can't BOTH agree that the pregnancy should be terminated then DON'T do it. Abortion is not something that you 'get over.' It does not go away and it doesn't 'fix' anything.

The 'state' cannot order a mother to terminate her child, neither can a Master. He has made his feelings known, so have you. You MUST work to find the decision that is right for your family. Unfortunately, this is a situation in which one party cannot compromise so the other must accept the final decision. But base that decision on all the facts and not just the fact that you will only abort because you are a submissive. You will not be a better submissive if you have an abortion because of an order. What you will be is a bitter woman who will not have her child to nurture, raise and love and soon enough, you may even start to resent or hate the man who ordered you to throw that chance away. What life throws at us are sometimes a choice between terrible and horrible, but, as adults, we still have to make that choice. Talk to each other. Make your lists of all the reasons to have or not have this child. And be careful in the future so you don't put yourself through this again. Keep in mind, sweetie, that even trying to make this decision is tearing you apart. How are you going to feel go through with an abortion that you don't want to have? You said yourself that your Master is an incredible person. Trust in that and best of luck to you.

Bit

~~~~~

Dear Bit,

I'm a male sub and I'm having trouble finding a Mistress that will humiliate me and perform CBT on me. I've tried placing ads in the personals and I frequent chat rooms but everyone ignores me or calls me names. What am I doing wrong?

Signed,  
Searching for my Goddess

Dear Searching,

Sounds like you're doing everything wrong. You seem to be only concerned with what someone will do 'to' you and not what you can do 'for' a Mistress. The ratio of Dommies to male subs is not in your favor, so you need to stand out. Shine. Show what you have so that a Domme will pick you over another submissive. If people are ignoring you or calling you names in chat rooms, it's probably because you appear to be trolling for kinks rather than the fact that you are serious in your search for a Mistress. You need to decide what you really want. Some kinky sex? To serve with honor and dignity? If you only show the seedy, smarmy side of yourself, you aren't going to have much luck. Try being a gentleman, be polite, considerate, learn all you can about what it is that you wish to accomplish and maybe your luck will change. You call yourself a submissive, so act like one. Define what that means to you and then LIVE it. Talk is cheap.

Bit

# Inside a Rogue's Mind

by Rogue



## Principles vs. Popularity

**Principle:** a rule or code of conduct (according to Merriam-Webster)

**Popular:** commonly liked or approved (according to Merriam-Webster)

Two interesting little definitions that appear to have nothing to do with one another. Yet they do. They have a lot to do with one another sadly.

How so, you ask? Here are some examples:

Scenario One:

Tim goes to a rally in support of pro-choice for women considering abortion. He strongly believes that women should have that choice. He finds himself face to face with friends of his who are against pro-choice but stands his ground. Later, after the rally is over, when faced with his friends, he laughs off the whole thing and dismisses it. He does not want his friends to dislike or tease him for standing up for something that they do not support.

Scenario Two:

Amy contacts small groups of her friends to gain assistance with a problem a friend of hers is having. Her friend is being discriminated against because of the color of her skin. Amy feels that no one has the right to discriminate against another person and feels righteous in her cause. Later, an organization is created to promote awareness of the same issue and to help people understand it better and she is asked to join. She is afraid of what everyone in her community will think of her if she is that vocal about the issue. She lives in a community that is very discriminatory and is afraid the majority will turn on her.

I see this a lot in our community as well, more so than I would like to admit. I know a lot of people that have forsaken their principles to ensure that they remain popular, online and off. And, in a community where some very bad "norms" have developed, especially online, I find it sad that there are not more people willing to stand up for their principles. I find it sad that being "popular" is more important than doing what they know is right.

Where will this kind of hypocritical behavior leave our community? That is a question I cannot help but ask myself. If our community is too chicken shit to stand up for what they believe in and would rather hide than face the chance that others will not like them ... what will become of us? How can we fight for our rights within the larger society if we are too afraid to stand up to each other?

Is being popular that important? If it is, we will never see past where we are now. We will never get past all the fantasy bullshit and misinformation. We will never be able to look at ourselves in the mirror without any doubts. We will never be able to respect ourselves. We will never be able to live as we say we want ... with honor and integrity. You cannot have honor and integrity without principles.

Being popular is unrewarding and without substance if it is built on the betrayal of our own principles. If it betrays everything we know is right and good, what good is it to us? A shallow feeling of acceptance?

If that is the case, we may all as well pretend plain ole vanilla sex is all we need to satisfy us too.

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This is a prayer I wrote after reading the Slave's Prayer and thinking that it was way too damn mushy and nothing like the Lord's Prayer which it was supposedly inspired by. Also, it is just not me!

**Master, grant me the latitude  
to screw up, make mistakes, and learn my lessons;  
courage to accept my punishment with a minimum of yelling;  
and the wisdom to not manipulate you to get what I want.**

**Like those delicious ass-spankings you give! ;)**

**The Hard House**

# The Pervertable Toybag



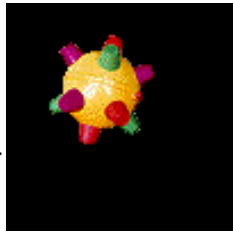
by Kyphi

The cost of scene-related paraphernalia is through the roof. But does one really need all that fancy stuff to have a good time? Whatever happened to using one's imagination, grabbing what's handy and having a kick ass time for little or nothing? Well, weep no more over your credit card, the handy dandy pervertable diva is here to save the day!!!

## Bumble Ball Boogie

Rummage through just about any toy department and you will find a cute little number called a Bumble Ball. When you turn it on the little darlin' starts shaking. Put it on the floor and it starts hopping and bopping and dancing all over the place. (Our kitties love it!)

They come in two sizes. I prefer the smaller size for the usage I am about to describe. The larger one is too heavy. Cost is around \$5. We got ours at Walgreen's three for \$11.98. You will also need a short bungee fastener (6 inches or so), thin wire, cord or long chenille craft stems (which is what I used) and a clamp/hook assembly (ours came from Home Depot).



Take the wire, cord or chenille stem and attach it tightly around the ball's middle. Next take the bungee fastener and slip one hook through the cord. Hold it up by the other hook and let the ball dangle to make sure you have your cord tight enough. For further testing turn the ball on and let it dance. If it stays, then it's a go for the next step.



Take the clamp/hook assembly and attach the clamp to your favorite body part. When we first did this we had to experiment with several types of clamps because of ummm errrrrrrrrr \*blush\* a little dampness in the spot Master chose. This assembly is going to have to take the weight of the dancing ball so it needs to be a strong one.

Attach the other end of the bungee fastener to the hook end of the assembly. Let the ball down slowly to be sure it's going to take the weight of it. (It's SUCH a joy when that clip slips off! YOUCH!!!)

The ball seems to be hanging in there (sorry I couldn't resist), so now it's time to turn that sucker on and watch the Bumble Ball Boogie!!!!

It shakes, it jerks, it bounces around. "Take some nice deep breaths little bottom person, you can do this! Now go to the kitchen and get me a cup of coffee." As the bottom waddles slowly off to the kitchen it's time to get out a few rubber bands for target practice.

Oh, my. The fun just never ends. Just wait until the bottom person hears she has to pick up those rubber bands you just shot at her.

Enjoy!!!!

Got a favorite toybag pervertable idea that you would like to share? Join the fun and contact Kyphi at [kyphi@domsublifestyle.com](mailto:kyphi@domsublifestyle.com).



# depuss's Couch



by depuss

Rating:



## Carrie's Story, An Erotic S/M Novel by Molly Weatherfield

Molly Weatherfield has written a good piece of fiction about Carrie's exploration and discovery of the S/M lifestyle. If you enjoyed such books as O, The Sleeping Beauty Series and The Marketplace Series you will find that Carrie's Story is a good mix of all three.

"Because that's what it was, training. And even though a big porn reader like me should have known exactly what to expect, I was shocked and insulted. Somehow I'd imagined that of course I'd immediately know how to give him everything he wanted...."

And so the odyssey begins as Carrie attempts to figure out and deal with the physical, emotional and psychological life of an S/M slave.

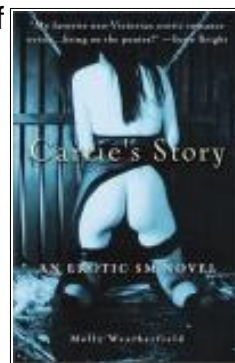
The author's depiction of Pony Training is one of the better ones that I have read. While in other instances I found her descriptions of certain things to be a bit less than I like, here she gets the readers involved so that it is like they are watching as Carrie learns what it means to be a pony.

"They'd speak to me, I thought, as little as possible while I was, I realized, a "custom pony". "

I won't give away the ending but I will say that you might find it similar to something else that you have read only with Molly's own twist and Carrie's own words.

I don't usually like books or stories written in first person but in this instance it give us the insight of what is going on in Carrie's head as she winds her way through the learning and then accepting of S/M.

One thing, I would not suggest this to be used as a guide for new beginners seeing as Carrie participates in some risky behavior in her first meetings with her Master but other than that I think that you'll enjoy curling up with "Carrie's Story.... an Erotic S/M Novel".



### CARRIE'S STORY, An Erotic S/M Novel

# Life As I See It



by Randy Burns

My name is Randy Burns and I write, interview, and post pictures for my column "Life as I see It." Any subject, or subject matter that I choose to write about on any website--during any period in my life, will be my decision entirely. It will always be that way, or "Life as I see It" will disappear-as will I. To state this now is my reaction to recent occurrences. Under the same name "Life as I see It," I wrote political/anti-government columns weekly for several web-magazines. I was a featured columnist on all publications, as well as being devoted to the 'cause.' I am still devoted to that cause as well as all freedoms and liberal undertakings that make sense. Weekly, you could find my column on The Greenwich Village Gazette, Viewzone, often featured on Millennium Shift, Comrades and fictive in the U.K., and Dreamforge. Dreamforge, and my friend Rick-the editor, is the only one of that group that stuck by be with my new format, direction, and subject matter. I was surprised, not heart-broken, just surprised

I became fed up with politics and our government, when I realized our compassion as a nation would be dealt out and judged by the entire world-from the hands of only one man. Now, I will stop my politics here as I have done elsewhere.

I've been covering sexual lifestyles, fetishes, anything at all that goes on between consenting adults. One week will be a Dominatrix, with pictures, the next week will be (Miss Bondage World), the lovely Ashley Renee. Ashley's second interview with me is about ready and will be up soon. Yes, with plenty of new pictures! T-Girl Tawni Bonds is one of my favorites, you'll be reading and seeing more of her. Miss Hannah, at [www.xmyheart.com](http://www.xmyheart.com) is still consulting and helping closet Tvs, and of course my friend Darla-[www.ADarkWhisper.com](http://www.ADarkWhisper.com). Darla, or Dark Whisper, has been one of my most interesting interviews into the D/s lifestyle of a submissive woman. I learned a bit, indeed I did! Lady Artemisia- [www.LadyArtemisia.com](http://www.LadyArtemisia.com), will be with us again shortly, and The Eurasian Goddess will soon be lighting up this column- [www.EurasianGoddess.com](http://www.EurasianGoddess.com). (She is the elegant Goddess smoking). Melanie, at [Melanies-tv-zone.com](http://Melanies-tv-zone.com), will be making herself quite visible again in the future, and everything will be coming to you without crap or boring mediocrity. That I promise you.

All of my interviews/articles on alternative lifestyles in the New millennium, I've enjoyed immensely. I find everything about it fascinating--and a learning experience for me.

I will leave you now with this one warning. Beware of single minded, tunnel-visioned sheep in liberal's clothing. It seems their form of liberalism extends only to the subjects important to them.

However, I welcome EVERYONE to "Life as I see It," and I wish you all a most enjoyable experience!

Until next issue, goodnight lovers. ~  
Randy Burns.

# 2+2=????

by Justin Medlin

Simple isn't it? You would think so, but four is not necessarily the answer in the BDM Community today. You are much more likely instead to find that the answer is "whatever you want it to be" I suppose that's a convenient answer, but is that what we need, convenient stock answers that are self affirming rather than educational?

Its complicatedly simple, if there is no definitive answer to a question, then how do people learn anything? Why should they even try? If there is no correct answer to the way we approach things in the BDSM/Leather/Fetish/Kink (we can't even come up with one name, although BDSM is a pretty good umbrella term) community, then to what level of responsibility can anyone be held accountable?

If we continue to let the majority of people get their "education" off of the `Net, and they have no clue as to what to compare it to, no definitive answers to their questions, can we really be surprised that people are somewhat clueless when they leave the `Net and get into real time activities? Which is of greater concern to you, that the guy you have been talking to does not turn out to be the Fabio of your dreams or that the single tail in his hand arrived via UPS yesterday? But hey.... he has years of cyber experience on it and he does proclaim himself to be SSC.

Would we like our public school systems to teach our elementary kids strictly through the `Net with no one monitoring their progress? How about if we decided that "A", "E", "I", "O" and "U" were vowels only if each person wanted to use them as such? Would our ability to communicate be better, or just politically correct? Maybe we should teach people that driving on either side of the road is fine depending on what their mood is at that moment. I guess we would keep the traffic lights.....of course what "red" meant might vary depending on the driver.

Whether we made a deliberate decision to do so or not, by accepting that each individual person is able to define and proclaim their definitions as "credible" we have lowered the bar to the point that if we are lucky we occasionally skin our shins on it. What's more interesting to me, is that we seem happy about it.

We seem to be pretty much okay with the likes of a " slavemaster" being able to kill people and stick them in barrels, over the course of several years. Yes, I know, these are extreme and silly examples right? OK then, define submissive for me. Now for 10 extra bonus points define slave. Dominant? Top? Bottom? Safe? Sane? Thank God we are together on consensual. By the way, is oral sex really sex? Wait, we can disregard that one, as our former president took it upon himself to answer it for us with a resounding "NO". Funny ain't it that there states in which oral sex is illegal? Oh wait, that's right, its not sex, but its still illegal. So that would make anal sex Ok, right? After all its enjoyed by more wholesome heterosexual couples than would ever dare admit it. Ooops! I almost forgot that homosexuals do it too and we have a state supreme court justice in Alabama calling for the execution of gays and lesbians to "protect" the children.

What the hell is a Protocol anyway? Define "pan sexual" for me please. Now tell me how many groups, events, yadayadayada yadayada are truly pan sexual? Why do you think so? Where do switches fit in? Before you answer that, define "switch". For a Ph.D. mailed to the address of your choice please recount the history of the Old Guard and list 10 of the definitive Old Guard Protocols. Please make sure that you apply your definition of "protocol" from above. Where did the term "SSC" come from? Who coined the phrase and in what year? Is it important that we at least know the history of our Golden Rule, or just that we follow it? Apply the universal definition of "SSC" to the following: Needle play, cuttings, water sports, vampirism. Which leads me to ask, please, define "edge play". Maybe we should ask our mentors about this sort of thing, Define "mentor" please. Ooops. It's not always easy when everyone is right and everyone else is wrong.

It makes me wonder if a large part of our problem is the fact that we are not willing to stand for what we believe, to do so might require some work. So we don't believe in anything and if we do, its certainly not worth standing for in a voting booth, or sending an email, or God forbid, a letter or phone call to our congressional representatives to let them know how we feel Which brings me to one final question: Do we even care?

Now that I have your attention feel free to [email me](#). I may or may not respond to the emails, but I promise to read all of them.

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# Care of Toys

## by Lady Bleu

Most of us in the BDSM or D/s lifestyle love our toys. Since toys were designed to bring pleasure and not disease or discomfort, we all should be aware of some basics in the care and cleaning of them. Following some simple guidelines can keep them safe and extend their life expectancy. It just might extend your life expectancy as well.

### Why worry about cleaning toys?

The main reason for keeping sex toys clean is to prevent diseases and infections. Sexual contact, whether with a toy or another person, is the way STD's (Sexually Transmitted Disease) are spread. If disease producing organisms are present on the toy and used during sex play, the organisms could easily be introduced into the body and spread the disease. Careful cleaning and disinfecting can keep this from happening. Proper cleaning will also extend the life of your toys and make them much more appealing to the eye.

### How do I clean them?

Even the most deadly microbes are pretty easy to kill when they are not inside the human body. Plain old soap and water, accompanied with the scrubbing action of a soft brush, will effectively destroy most microbes. However, with the onset of so many deadly infectious diseases, I recommend using Safe-T-Kleen sold by **devious Sensuality's**. It kills HIV, Hepatitis and a number of other deadly bacteria! The most important factor is removing ALL body fluids and lubrications from the surface of the toy. This can be a relatively simple process for vinyl, rubber, silicone (jelly-rubber) or plastic toys but may be much more difficult for leather, wooden and electric toys.

### Vinyl, rubber, silicone and plastic:

Wash the toy with a damp cloth and an anti-bacterial soap as soon after use as possible. This will prevent body secretions and lubricants from drying on the surface and making them much harder to remove later.

Once playtime is over, a more careful cleaning should be done. Thoroughly wash the toy in warm water and an anti-bacterial soap. (There are many on the market and most do a very good job.) Use a soft brush and gently wash the surface, paying close attention to all the nooks and crannies. Use special care on silicone or jelly-rubber toys so that you do not nick the surface with your nails or too vigorous of a scrubbing. (Nicks cause these types of toys to tear and you might end up with your favorite toy in pieces. These nicks and cracks also provide microbes with a place to hide and grow.)

Carefully dry the toy when cleaning is completed. Most bacteria need a moist place to live and grow and cannot survive on a clean, dry surface. Exposure to the air and light is recommended when possible.

Most vinyl toys and attachments, without metal parts, can safely be washed in the top shelf of your dishwasher. This method is one of the best ways to sanitize these types of toys.

### Leather:

Special care should be taken with items made of leather. The leather will lose it's suppleness quickly and dry and crack if subjected to long periods of exposure to soap and water. Even small amounts of water may discolor some leather finishes.

Wiping the surface of the leather with a cloth damped with anti-bacterial soap and water will remove most traces of blood or body fluids, but not all. It's nearly impossible to clean soft, unfinished leather such as suede or chamois so special care should be used to prevent them from being soiled with any body fluids.

Air dry leather toys for as long as possible. Exposure to the air will help destroy many harmful microbes. Exposing them to sunlight is also beneficial but be careful not to overdo this and cause the leather to become "weathered". Using a disinfectant spray, such as Lysol Spray, may be beneficial also, but again, this could cause the leather to stain or discolor.

It is my own personal opinion that leather toys should not be shared. They are much too difficult to clean and disinfect so reserving that expensive flogger for that one special "bottom" is the best option.

### Electrical toys:

Remember electricity and water do not mix well, so never submerge any electrical toy in water. This can ruin the motor by causing corrosion and also be dangerous the next time you want to use it.

Once the toy is unplugged, wash it's surface with a cloth damped with water and a good anti-bacterial soap. Pay close attention to those nooks and crannies. (Removable parts can be cleaned according to the instructions above.)

## Care of Toys

Carefully dry the surface of the toy and allow it to continue to air dry for as long as possible.

Battery operated toys should never be cleaned or stored with the batteries in them. Clean and store them separately.

### **Wood (Paddles, canes, etc.)**

Wooden toys should be treated much the same as leather ones, unless they have a sealed finish.

If the finish is sealed (lacquered, painted, varnished) it should be washed thoroughly with water and an anti-bacterial soap. Do not soak them in water. This could damage the finish and cause the item to warp.

Dry with a soft cloth and air dry for as long as possible.

Soft buffing will restore the finish and be sure to examine the item for splinters and other damage.

### **Horse hair:**

Horse hair can easily break the surface of the skin so careful cleaning is a must. Use a mild soap or shampoo to wash it thoroughly.

Allow the hair to air dry and expose to sunlight when possible.

### **Metal toys:**

Wash metal items like clamps, clips and studs in warm soapy water.

After washing, they may be soaked in alcohol for 20 minutes and then removed and allowed to air dry. Alcohol will kill almost any known microbe within 10 minutes so this should be a very effective way to sanitize most metal toys.

How should I store clean toys?

There are a few things to keep in mind when storing your clean toys. Maintaining their cleanliness is the primary concern and it's not a difficult thing to do. I doubt that most of us will be too concerned with "long term" storage.

Make sure the toys are completely dry. Storing damp toys in a closed container, such as Tupperware®, is somewhat like making an incubator for bacteria.

Wrap silicone (jelly type rubber) toys in a piece of soft cloth, like terry cloth, to prevent it from being nicked by other toys.

Make sure all batteries are removed from battery operated toys. Do not store the batteries in the same place as the toys. A leaking battery can do a lot of damage to the toys and to tender flesh if it's not detected before use.

Any covered container or "bag" that keeps them dust-free will do. A container that breathes is the better choice than an airtight one and a nice leather bag or wooden chest can be an attractive method of storage. (If you have children or frequent visitors, you might consider using one that can be locked.)

Wrap floggers and horse hair whips in a soft clean cloth to prevent tangling and protect the fibers.

Small metal toys, like clamps, can be stored in a small cloth pouch to protect them from damage or loss.

### **Lubes:**

Never use an oil based lubricant on any toy that contains latex. Oil eats latex (a natural rubber product) and will destroy things like condoms, gloves, dams, cots and diaphragms. Most toys will hold up much better with a water based lubricant.

Never use an oil/petroleum based lubricant on anything that will be inserted into the vagina. This can cause yeast infections and other bacterial problems.

Oil/petroleum based lubricants include, Vaseline, hand creams, lotions, body oils, baby oil and many creams. Check the list of ingredients on the label for any mention of oil or petroleum products.

The use of Nonoxynol-9, a spermicide common used to lubricate condoms, can possibly reduce your chances of contracting some sexually transmitted diseases. However this has never been proven and should not be depended upon to prevent disease or pregnancy. Some people are sensitive to this product and develop an irritation from Nonoxynol-9. If this should occur, stop using the product immediately.

### **Anal sex:**

A toy that has been used anally should never be inserted into the vagina. The bacteria that is normal and healthy in the anus is not healthy for the vagina.

Sharing toys between these two areas can cause PID (Pelvic Inflammatory Disease). This is a dangerous and sometimes deadly disease.

Any toy that has been used anally must be washed and disinfected before it can be used vaginally.

A condom can be used on a toy that is going to be used both anally and vaginally or shared with another partner. Change it when

changing areas or partners.

**Play safe!**

These simple tips can keep you and your partner safe and healthy. If you must share your toys, be aware of the risks and use good hygiene. Play safe and make sure the only thing your toys give are pleasure and not a disease.



# Dominant Space

## by Unknown

Space...the beckoning edge of the mind. It defies ready description, challenges us with its illusive presence yet exists in the same undefinable way that all intangible things exist.

Within this realm 'space' is an important and acknowledged component. We tend to equate this space with sub-space and the explorative experiences to the submissives. However, space is not exclusively the domain of the submissive.

The Dominant and the submissive tend to mirror, reflect and balance each other in almost ALL aspects of the life experience. This is also true with 'space'.

When a Dominant is in normal space there is often a sensation of being in neutral or coasting. The person will function, deal with issues, handle problems and go about the mundanities of their daily life. This 'space' appears to be identical to the same 'top space' experienced by the submissive.

If something occurs to 'trigger' the Dominant then the Dominant will alter or shift. This is a transition from 'top space' to ON. At this stage the Dominant will become more alert and anything which is not 'involved' in what has triggered their attention will be set aside or discarded. If nothing further occurs the Dominant will often revert to their 'normal or top space' and resume whatever tasks they were engaged in. The sensations of being ON will vanish with the same speed that they erupted with. This space can be easily equated with a submissives marginally 'down' space with the distinction being a shift upward into clarity instead of downward into 'deeper space'.

If a Dominant is triggered ON and the stimuli continues for a period of time then that Dominant will progress past the sort of early 'watchful' stage to one of FULLY ON or UP. In this stage a Dominant will often feel an upswing of energy. They are actively prepared to react or respond quite literally to anything. They may find themselves almost hyper-active from this sudden energy boost and at times they will scramble mentally to adjust to what feels like a presence settling over and through them. They will note that their perceptions alter, vision acuity will often tighten, hearing will intensify, adrenaline will fly through them offering a rush of sudden strength. There is a sensation of increased awareness. Detail will often magnify.

If a scene has been initiated then the Dominant will often note a sensation of alert mental detachment. This is a separation of their normal emotional responses to everything that is around them. Some Dominants will also note a sensation of energy flow, this appears or sometimes feels like it is emanating from the submissive they are scening - with some Dominants there will be the distinct feeling that they are INSIDE of the submissive. A part of the Dominant will experience the scene from within the submissive perspective. Some Dominants will report 'hearing' the mind of their submissive. There is often a sensation of accelerating excitement, these sensations may be so intense as to produce a physical quiver in the body. A differing set of responses will often seem to replace those they would consider to be normal. These responses are often keyed directly TO the person or scene they are involved in. The emotional detachment and altered responses allow the Dominant to take actions or 'play' with their submissive in ways they would have difficulty with in 'normal space'. It is important to note here that scening excites a Dominant, that excitement and the attached levels of danger pump chemistries into the Dominant's blood stream.

January/February 2003

# In Good Times or Bad: A Dominant's Responsibilities

by FineArt

When a Master is blessed with the gift of another through a collar he assumes some great responsibilities, responsibilities that are often much greater than in the traditional "vanilla" relationship. This is particularly true when the relationship encompasses all aspects of the lives of those involved in the relationship rather than focusing or centering on only the sensual pleasures... hedonism.

The establishment of specific responsibilities begins with the communication that those involved in the relationship undertake in getting to know one another... their various (mutual) interests, desires, concerns... those things that bring them together and establish the basis for a meaningful relationship. In a healthy, long term relationship and with the placement of a collar, the Dominant assumes the responsibility for the care, well being and growth of the submissive. These may take the form of a contract between those involved, or, as I personally much prefer, deep understanding of one another that forms the basis of commitments each makes to the other. These commitments establish specific responsibilities of the Dominant... and can cover things ranging from the honoring of limits or whether the relationship will be exclusive to the expected amount of time to be spent together. Such things are unique to each relationship.

## In good times and bad...

When the Dominant places the collar on the submissive, he assumes responsibilities for not only her care and well being, but also major responsibilities for the relationship itself. (This does not absolve the submissive from her responsibilities as well.) Of course, as is often emphasized, the Dominant holds the primary responsibility for guiding and building the relationship through his actions and decisions... keeping the relationship alive, growing, thriving! Based on understanding of the needs, desires, even fears of his submissive, the Dominant explores boundaries, pushes limits. It is through the directive decisions and actions of the Dominant that the relationship grows. It is the submissive's responsibility to continually (although not constantly) communicate her needs and desires, what pleases her, what does not... those things necessary for the Dominant to monitor progress and have a sound basis for his decisions. Be wary of the Dominant who does not seek this input from the submissive... none of us are that all knowing or good! I personally would question both the motivation and competence of any so-called Dominant who felt he did not need this sort of submissive input. It is through this process of communication that the relationship grows richer, the personal growth and increasing pleasures for both parties continues through time. As they say in New Orleans... let the good time roll!

Of course, it is everyone's desire that all aspects of the relationship be positive, that it all be good. But there are times in any relationship that this is not the case. The Dominant's responsibilities, however, are not only to grow the relationship through the good times but also to sustain and grow it through times of trouble. The bad times can come in many forms... situations in the lives of the parties that impede the growth of the relationship, addressing very difficult boundaries or limits, or behaviors of the submissive that are undesirable among other things. The Dominant must also recognize that his situation or actions may as easily lead to difficult times as those of his submissive. It is during these times that the lines of communication take on a different face. And here, again, the Dominant who has given a collar continues to have major responsibilities.

It is incumbent on the Dominant to assess these situations and take the actions necessary to overcome the difficulties, whatever they may be. It may seem that the easy actions would be to punish the submissive, or, in extreme cases to simply walk away, dissolve the relationship. As discussed in the Fourth Scroll, Understanding Punishment, punishments should be administered only after a careful assessment of what causes the situation, and the particular punishments should be administered to achieve goals... to resolve whatever brings problems into the relationship. Before administering punishment, the Dominant must also assess his own role and behavior... and see if he needs change himself to bring the relationship back on course.

The most dramatic action that can be taken is to remove the collar, dissolve the relationship. Far too often, this is simply the easy way out. (Look at how often even "vanilla" relationships end simply because the parties involved are unwilling to invest the effort to overcome difficulties... or even something as simple as boredom!) And it is, in many cases, simply an abdication of the responsibilities the Dominant accepted with the granting of the submissive's gift.

As the submissive serves to please the Dominant, the Dominant returns his guidance and caring for the growth, well being and the pleasure of the submissive. To punish without careful consideration of that is to be achieved, or to abandon the submissive without making every effort to address or resolve the underlying causes of problems simply ignores the role of a worthy Dominant. Any Dominant who would abandon those responsibilities without making every effort to see to the well being and growth of his submissive would be unworthy of the title Master.

## The Myth of Unbounded Dominant Power...

We often hear in our community that the power of the Dominant is absolute, that he can do whatever he desires simply because someone has granted her gift to him. Beware the Dominant who makes such claims!

First, and most obvious, the Dominant's power is bounded by the limits established in the relationship. Some limits are to be pushed, others simply understood and respected. This is the topic of the Ninth Scroll, Limits... What Limits?

Less obvious, the power of the Dominant has to be defined and exercised within ethical standards and with integrity and honor. Beware the Dominant whose ethical standards are "situational" or who does not place the very highest value on his own integrity and honor!

Finally, the power of the Dominant is bounded by the commitments made in establishing the collared relationship. The impact of honoring limits is obvious. However, the power of the Dominant is also bound by the responsibilities assumed in exchange for the submissive's gift. The submissive is not simply an object to be used for the Dominant's pleasure, but a living person who has placed great trust in her Dominant. The worthy Master will strive always to cherish all that he has been given and take no actions that will result in harming her.

January/February 2003

## Is everyone either a top or a bottom? What's a "switch"?

### Johnson Grey

One perception that some people can have, looking into the scene from outside, is that people are either tops or bottoms. Either you like to dominate, or you like to be dominated. And sometimes novices become confused, because they're excited by both possibilities.

The facts are, everyone is different, and everyone has their own preferences. I personally greatly enjoy topping my girlfriend, and also greatly enjoy submitting to her. Some people are tops in every play situation, just as some are bottoms in every play situation--but I know people who top men but bottom to women, people who sometimes switch roles multiple times within one date, and every other spectrum of possibility!

People who top are called "tops", people who bottom are called "bottoms", and people who switch back and forth between topping and bottoming are called "switches". A switch can be a top in one scene and a bottom in another. Some people switch back and forth often; others switch only between scenes, but retain one role throughout any individual scene; others switch only very seldom with people that they trust very deeply; and still others never switch at all.

If you do switch, and you're not sure which role you want, you can play with that question in itself. Whole scenes can revolve around the "who's on top?" question. Maybe you can have a wrestling match, and the person who gets pinned first will wind up being tied up. Maybe you can set a timer, and when the timer dings, it's time to switch positions! There are as many possibilities as your imagination can dream of!

Then again, maybe only one side of the balance holds any appeal for you, and in that case, you'll want to play with folks who have little desire for your side... it takes all kinds, and all kinds are out there.

It is also the case that there is no necessary relation between whether someone is dominant or submissive in everyday life and whether they are a top or a bottom. Some of the most domineering executives secretly love being abased and abused... it's a chance for them to lose control, to give up responsibility. And some of the most quiet, meek, shy-looking people you've ever seen turn into demonic geniuses of pain and pleasure when given someone to play with.

It's not at all unheard of for someone who's done only one thing (for example, bottoming) to one day start feeling the urge to top, or vice versa. People change, preferences change, it's nothing unusual. This, though, leads into the next question....

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January/February 2003

# Orgasms on Command or Counting Down to Ecstasy

by Lord Wolf

You may have heard someone talking about it, or you may have even tried it. Perhaps without result. Or you may have even faked it. Orgasms, On command, Is it possible? well the answer is for most is yes. It depends greatly on particular factors.

The first and greatest is of course a willingness to HAVE it happen. If you or Your subject is dead set against this possibility there is NO way you will ever get there, Like any "Hypnotic" or conditioned effect it depends greatly on the willingness of the subject to immerse themselves in the idea. The second Factor is patience, Your not going to teach or learn this in a few hours. Or even in a few weeks unless you are very very susceptible to suggestion. The easiest way to explain what this entails is to talk about Pavlov's experiments, otherwise known as the Pavlovian effect. For those who don't know what I am speaking of Pavlov experimented in learned response. This is essentially what we are striving for, a learned response. With Pavlov it was simple, each time he called the subject, a dog, to eat , he rang a bell, eventually just by ringing the bell caused the dog to salivate in preparation for dinner.

We do the same thing with orgasms, Beginning with conventional sex we know will cause an orgasmic response. Be that intercourse or perhaps working with a favorite toy. We are working with a count, from ten to one with the permission to release at zero, or if wished followed By a phrase such as "Cum Now," or "Cum for me," etc. In case you are wondering I have had this work with both males and females.

The first step is of course sexual excitement, start with a lot of foreplay, and use what you know gets a person hot. No pressure. But be sure the person knows ahead of time they cannot orgasm without permission to do so. That no matter what they must wait until you say they can cum. What follows is a step by step count down with dialogue, you can change the dialog as you wish ... but its best to keep to the principals.

As you feel you subject is approaching orgasm start the countdown. Whisper in their ear with a sensual voice, Make sure you have their attention.

"Are you ready to Cum Now? Can you feel it? don't cum until I tell you too, Are you ready?"

10

"Can you feel it building? That spot of heat in your belly?"

9

"Hold that heat, feel it build but hold it in a tight ball right at the pit of your belly"

8

"You feel it get hotter Now, spreading through your center"

7

"let the ball of fire build hotter, but hold it tightly"

6

"feel the ball start to grow tendrils, feel them reach out through your chest and arms to your fingers"

5

"feel your fingers and toes start to tingle, feel the heat start to be pulled into your center"

4

"concentrate on all this heat of your body drawn into your center, draw it back in and hold it tightly"

3

"growing hotter, hold the fire tightly, until I tell you to cum < My Love, My sweet>

2

"Unbearable now, but hold it for me.. feel it ready to burst "

1

"When I say < Add your phrase or use 0> Cum for me I want you to feel that heat that fire run through your body and out your fingers and toes, are you ready? are you ready to cum for me? Say please"

<At this point pay attention to their movements, you may have to draw it out a bit, by counting slowly, or quickening up the pace if you feel they can hold the orgasm no longer.>

0

"Now, Cum Now! < My love et> cum for me feel that ball of heat explode through you, feel it run out your through your body"

Be sure to keep your voice quiet and melodious, Not sharp, if your not sure how to do this rent a hypnosis tape and listen to the way they speak ... It should be husky and sensual, your breath in their ear, Quiet so that they feel that it is all for them, that you two are the only ones there, private, safe, comfortable....

Each time you have sex, or play with a favorite toy, Keep the same count, with the same script ... with few if any variations. Have them hold their orgasm until the last moment and focus on their pleasure at that time. There will be time for you later. This will do a few things, it will make them feel special, it will give you a sense of accomplishment and it will begin to add a suggestion to their Mind to associate your words and the count down with orgasm.

Eventually, after the first few initial experiences slowly start to get rid of the Speaking portions, first every third sentence, then every other one and so on until you are down only to the count down from ten. This should take a few months or more until eventually the idea is down to knowing when they are ready to orgasm and that they should hold orgasm until you say zero, O, or your phrase.

After a period of time, that differs for most people, Just the count will be deeply associated with the orgasmic response. Once the mind is trained, for most, all it takes is a Bit of excitement, or a mild turned on feeling to have the count instigate the orgasmic response. For those who are more suggestible the response can be brought on "Cold," even in public, Like in a restaurant or on a plane, ect. ect.

This does not work for every one of course, But it is possible with a large portion of the population. An interesting effect is that once a subject has an orgasm the effect is usually very easy to immediately duplicate. My record at this time is 34 orgasms in a 4 hour period, each more powerful than the last.

Finally the very act of with holding orgasm until given permission to do so often causes stronger and longer lasting orgasms even in male subjects. I do not make any promises here . I only give you the tools it takes work on both sides to accomplish these ends. but it does work

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January/February 2003

# Sadie's Prime Directives for Snagging The Domme (Or Dom) of Your Dreams

by Sensuous Sadie

Every few days I get an e-mail from some submissive guy asking me to be his Dominant. More times than not, I know little or nothing about him, and he knows nothing about me. Maybe it's because my signature says "Mistress when it's convenient," but maybe not. I never know quite how to respond to requests like this, they seem so off the wall that there isn't really any reasonable response. Then again, maybe there is. Here are some tips to help you identify if the Dominant you are talking to would be a good match for you. I wrote this from a Dominant perspective, but these things are just as relevant if you are a gal looking for a male Dominant, or some other permutation. Of course, disclaimer here, these things are not carved in stone. These comments come from my experiences, and those of the female Dominants I know.

## Is She Available?

Find out if the Dominant of your dreams is looking for a submissive. You'd be surprised at the number of people who proposition me without even checking if I'm otherwise involved. Some people have open relationships with their partners. Some don't. Some have totally committed 24/7 relationships. Some only do casual play, or public play. Some are looking for love and "dating." There are so many more flavors of relationships in the BDSM scene, so it's twice as important to find out this person's availability status.

If she is involved with someone, approach her as the Dominant partner first, while keeping the submissive partner in the loop. If they both switch, approach them together. The key thing is to keep all communication honest and above board. Ask if the couple plays with other people. Many of the D/s couples I know do. However, couples who have only been together a short time often haven't yet negotiated whether and how they will play with other people. Be careful in approaching couples. Jealousy and other issues come up just as often with D/s couples as they do with vanilla couples, maybe more often because of the "ownership" issues common in D/s relationships. If things look like they aren't completely above board, or are getting messy, get out of the situation. Getting involved with one person who is part of a couple having problems is an invitation for drama.

## No Laundry Lists

Don't give her a big long list of what you want her to do for you. Just as in life, she may be thinking "What's in it for me?" Your real question should be "What do you have to offer her?" If you don't have anything to offer, it's unlikely she'll accept your proposition. Because women are in a minority in the BDSM community, we usually have many more choices than the typical guy. So if you are male, you will want to make a special effort to impress the lady of your desires. This being said, if you have good social skills, and an engaging personality you will not have trouble finding friends in the community. Some Dominants I know are not particularly good looking or successful in traditional terms, but have had great success because of their willingness to get to know a variety of women, not just a narrow subsection of one race, size, or other specialty.

## Act With Respect

If you aren't respectful now, she knows darn well you won't be later. For example, a submissive I was seeing stood me up on our first date. If he had called, apologized profusely, and made a big effort to make it up to me, I would have forgiven him. Unfortunately (for him), his apology was half-assed, and I didn't bother with him again.

## Know Thyself

There are a hundred styles of Dominants and submissives. If you don't know what flavor you are and what you want, you'll end up with something that's not a good fit, also known as: "if you don't know where you are going, you won't know when you get there.") Before you approach this person, you will want to have a good idea of who you are and what you want. This doesn't mean you have to have it all figured out, only that you have spent some time in reflection about yourself. Once you know what you want, speak freely with the person you are interested in.

One good way to learn about what makes you tick is to write down your fantasies. Choose ones which express your interests and approach your limits. My friend Brandon, a Dominant, said "Many novices have thanked me for asking them to write, even if they don't actually click with me. It's all about communication, self knowledge, and growth."

Another good thing to do is to complete a BDSM interests questionnaire. You can find a variety of these in various scene books as well as on the Internet. They include just about every BDSM topic on the planet, and will help you identify your "No" list as well as what you are looking for.

Another good point a friend made to me was that even though there were less women in the scene, there are loosely equal numbers of heterosexual men and women who are looking for a committed relationship. There are more men around, but many of those men are only looking to play. If it is only experience you are looking for, then I'd encourage you to try a "professional"

Dominant in the meantime. For those of you unfamiliar with professional Dominants, they usually offer a variety of BDSM activities but no sex or exchange of fluids (which would be prostitution, and illegal of course).

### **How To Choose A Dominant**

Many male submissives tell me they are so desperate that they will take any Dominant who will have them. This attitude, while understandable, is not attractive to a Dominant, not to mention it can be foolish in terms of getting involved with people who are not a good match for you. Most people want to be wanted for their special gifts, not just because they are female, are a Dominant, and have a heartbeat. Just like relationships in the vanilla world, D/s relationships are complex, and require interaction on both superficial and deep levels. You will want to find out about her interests and orientation, and make sure her goals are in alignment with yours. What is her basic philosophy and attitudes about D/s? You will have a more fulfilling relationship with someone who is stable, centered, and developed in their styles. This doesn't mean Dominants don't also grow and develop, but a firm foundation of core philosophies is an indication of a Dominant who has experienced enough to have a handle on who they are. Any Dominant who can't say, "I believe D/s is.... (fill in the blank)" is a Dominant who doesn't know much about themselves.

One of the big issues is whether or not your Dominant likes to teach; some do and some don't. (I'm of the latter type). If you are a novice submissive and you don't know what you like, finding one who enjoys teaching is a good way to discover yourself. Many Dominants are not concerned about the experience level of their submissives, and in fact enjoy opening them up to new experiences. So your ability and openness to trying new things is paramount.

What kind of submission is she interested in? Some Dominants want to be serviced, including sexual fulfillment; some get their pleasure from reducing a submissive to a quivering state of erotic sensation, and some do both or something else entirely. How does she see the D/s relationship developing? What are her expectations for the submissive? This last question is particularly helpful, and will reveal a lot about what kind of Dominant she is.

### **And Lastly, Be Yourself**

Be honest about what you want and what you are looking for. If all communications are up front and in the open, you will have a better chance of succeeding in your next relationship. Good luck.

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Sensuous Sadie is a BDSM columnist and edits SCENEsubmissions, a free e-newsletter for the New England area and beyond. She is the founder and leader (1999 - 2001) of Rose & Thorn, Vermont's first BDSM group. Comments, compliments and complaints, as well as requests for reprinting can be addressed to her at [SensuousSadie@aol.com](mailto:SensuousSadie@aol.com) or visit her website at [www.sensuoussadie.com](http://www.sensuoussadie.com). Sadie believes the universe is abundant, and that sharing information freely is part of this abundance, so she allows reprints of her writing in most venues.  
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# To Earn

by nora

\*\*\*\*\*TO EARN\*\*\*\*\*

In the local scene over the past several years, it felt like a lot of Dominant's wanted you to earn their dominance, earn their collar, earn \*their\* trust. Contrary to what I've heard of other places, Minneapolis/St. Paul has a plethora of female submissives and decent male Dominants are few and far between.

Being the type of person that struggles with esteem issues and intense desire to please, this set me up for failure and a lot of bad feelings. I'd work and serve and submit, then wonder what a horrible person, what a horrible submissive that I must be to not be able to "earn" any of what I craved so much.

Oh, how it had its reflections in my childhood, when nothing I ever did was "good enough." Ever. Four A's and a B? Why'd I get the B? I made second chair in clarinet? Why not first? I must not be practicing enough. I cleaned my room without being told? Well, the bathroom is still a mess. You get the idea.

Then came Master.

\*\*\*\*\*MASTER\*\*\*\*\*

He never asked or told me to call him Master. One day it just naturally came to my lips.

And he smiled.

\*\*\*\*\*D/s\*\*\*\*\*

Dominance and submission naturally flows from our relationship. It's never a play-act or contrived thing. He looks at me or speaks to me in a certain way and my shoulders relax, my breathing slows, my gaze lowers - all very naturally. I perform an act of loving service or show my submission to him in other ways and his eyes get very intense, his hands move roughly over me, his voice lowers - becoming both more growl-like and firm.

We feed on each other until we are lost in that wonderful dance - like eagles that mate on the wing, spiraling high.

\*\*\*\*\*ACCEPTANCE\*\*\*\*\*

I've never had to "earn" his Dominance. Ever.

Before he claimed me, before I called him Master, he believed that I was a wonderful person. He didn't give a rat's ass what I thought of myself. \*HE\* knew I was wonderful and good and thoughtful and bright and all sorts of other fantastic things. Not only does he believe these things - he's getting me to believe them too.

"No matter what I look like to others, I am beautiful in his eyes, and because of that I hold my head high...for who can tell me that my Master is wrong in seeing the beauty in me?"

Including myself.

\*\*\*\*\*DOMINANCE\*\*\*\*\*

My Master isn't what I expected. There's an exceptional article in the previous Dom-sub Lifestyle journal on "Dominating vs. Domineering" by Chrystal. It seems I was looking at the "wrong" type of Dominant for me. My attention would go to the ones that were the center of attention. A bit loud, demanding, aggressive. Even the ones that claimed to be the "soft-spoken" type, they would enter a room and be the center of attention with little submissive birds hovering and chirping about waiting for a crumb.

Just the type that because there was such a competition for them - I couldn't sing perfectly enough, my flight not smooth enough.

Little did I know that I would find my Master in the quiet one sitting along the wall. Not because he was too shy or unsure to join in the mayhem. But because he simply found no need.

"He is composed and unperturbed yet quietly and keenly alert."

\*\*\*\*\*SEEING\*\*\*\*\*

Oh BOY is he "keenly alert."

To Earn

After the first time we met - he spent a long weekend with my husband and myself - we were speaking on the phone about "signals." He told me he had no need for me to tell him my "signals" - he already knew them. He proceeded to rattle off a dozen "tell-tales" of mine - much to my surprise... and pleasure.

We both have a "special signal" when we are both deep into what it is that we do, though neither of us notice it ourselves. He tells me my eyes get a very very deep blue. When he is deep into dominance, his legs "get involved" - whether it's to twine around my legs or to wrap around my neck or shoulders.

(\*blinks\* Heh, just got lost in a little daydream about him holding me down by my hair with foot or knee.\*cough\* Anyway...)

Last time he was here, we were in the middle of a rather lovely erotic beating when the crop smacked across the bottom of first one foot, then the other. Now, I know this isn't something that many people like - but this sent me orbital. I was past sub-space, past white space - I have no idea where I was, but damn it felt good. When I was about to figure out how to talk again, we spoke of it. It seems he had remembered me mentioning in passing that I liked the bottom of my feet struck - about SIX months prior.

Yes... keen indeed.

\*\*\*\*\*TO GROW\*\*\*\*\*

Master "helps his submissive to grow." I'm not sure why so many people freaked out over that phrase. He \*does\* help me grow. Physically, he helps grow in health. Mentally, he helps me define goals and steps to get to those goals. Emotionally, because of him, I have become softer, more accepting, surrendering not only to him, but to the vagaries of life. My self-esteem has grown by leaps and bounds.

I'm not some door-mat or "loser" that needed to be "fixed." Rather, part of the pleasure of being my Master for him, is being my "coach." And I freely admit to \*not\* being self-motivated. I am "other-motivated." As he once put it, 'You'd feel free to break a promise to yourself, but you'd do everything you can to keep a promise to another person, even if it hurts you to do so.'

We talk about my goals, what steps I'd like to take, what I feel comfortable doing, what makes me nervous. After all that's that, then it's no longer "we." From that point, I surrender, I submit. And he takes control with a fine and firm hand. He tells me what to do, I obey. He pushes my limits - gently, but continuously.

And under this hand, I blossom and grow. Ain't it grand?

\*\*\*\*\*OWNED\*\*\*\*\*

There's another great article in the Dom-sub Lifestyle previous journal called, "The Submissive Slave" by dark whisper.

That's what I am - a "submissive slave." I am owned. Utterly and totally. No, we don't live together. Yes, I'm married. Yes, my husband knows. No, we don't even live in the same state.

How can I claim to be owned then?

Because Master says so, that's why.

But beyond that, there are other reasons. I don't know if I can even verbalize them. I just \*know\*. He just "knows." When he hisses in my ear, "Mine!" every fiber in my being replies 'Yes!' He has my complete and utter emotional surrender. Oh, once in a rare while I have some resistance. I am human after all. But it tends to be tissue paper thin. He rarely has to punish me. First, he doesn't punish for mistakes, just disobedience. Add that to my strong desire to please, and I rarely disobey.

The undercurrent of my day is, "Would Master find this pleasing? What would Master think of this? What can I do to bring some pleasure to my Master? Does this fit into the goals Master has for me?"

One of Master's absolute favorite things is orgasm control. (Okay, it's his favorite thing.) I will come when he tells me to, how many times he tells me to, where he tells me to and how he tells me to. Being able to come on command and being multi-orgasmic sometimes makes this a rather sadistic pleasure of his. Sometimes he doesn't even need to verbally give the command, but rather he locks eyes with me. Staring at me. I imagine I have the doe in the headlights look - wide-eyed and still. Then he gives me an almost imperceptible nod. And there I go...

There are times when mentally I am just NOT in the mood to come several times then five minutes later come many more times then five minutes later come just a couple times more. Yet... yet...My body gives me no choice. He gives the command, my body responds. I rather feel like Pavlov's dog, with a puddle of moisture on my chair rather than a chin full of drool. Even just writing about it, I find myself getting aroused. That helplessness to obey. It thrills and scares me.

I am his.

\*\*\*\*\*TRUST\*\*\*\*\*

We've know each other a year. He's been my Master for five months. I trust him. Totally. Completely. I believe he wants only the

To Earn

best for me. I believe that he would never purposefully hurt or betray me. Perhaps I shouldn't trust him so much. I've learned over the years that people tend to not be trustworthy - rightly or wrongly.

But I do. He is Master. I surrender to him, all that I am. And I feel totally safe doing so.

If he told me to jump off a cliff, physically or emotionally, I would do so. Oh, there would be a moment of hesitation where I would look into his face and we would speak without a word...

"Are you sure this is what you want me to do, Master?" "Yes, my nora." "I'm frightened, Master." "I know. Trust me." "Yes, Master."

And I would turn and step off that cliff \*knowing\* that either there is a net to catch me below or he will take my hand as I make that final step and we will fly...

# Wannabe or Dominant?

by RebelGent

## You are a Wannabe if . . .

- \* You demand to be addressed as "Sir" as a supposed sign of "respect" by any submissive, before even investing a modicum of time in getting to know the submissive. As a Dominant, you have no rights over submissives in general, "just because" you are a Dom.. If you feel the need to have to demand an exhibition of respect from all who approach you, you may want to review the source of your own self-esteem and self-confidence.
- \* If you feel it is imperative that a potential submissive receive information from no one but you regarding the varieties and aspects of this spectrum, you may want to focus on the reasons for not feeling that you are equal to outside comparisons.
- \* If you feel that you have no responsibility for expressing your needs, wants, and desires as honestly, clearly, and directly as possible to a potential submissive, could it be that you have not put in the necessary time required to know yourself and your own needs well enough?
- \* If you "insist" on hearing what a potential submissive's needs and desires are first with a view of adjusting your needs and desires to match hers, you may require a re-thinking of the essence of Dominance and the measure of your own need.
- \* If you feel a need to "rush" into a relationship, and get an immediate commitment of any sort from a submissive whom you have barely gotten to know as a person, it would be advisable for you to determine why you require an immediate commitment. Keep in mind, it is just as important for the submissive to know you both as a man and as a Dominant as it is for you to know her both as a woman and as a submissive before making a commitment to you.
- \* Insisting that the submissive travel to you at the time of your initial meeting as "proof" of her commitment to you may sound great in your fantasies, but in the realities of this life it may well exhibit a measure of disregard for the emotional comfort and physical well-being of your potential submissive. Is she not worth the effort of your going to her, meeting her on her own home turf, and maintaining a comfortable and familiar atmosphere in which you and she can come to know each other better?
- \* If you, as the Dominant, exhibit jealousy or feel "hurt" by inconsequential actions of your submissive, for example, her speaking with other Dominants or even "flirting" with other Dominants, you are allowing insecurities in both yourself and in your potential relationship. Keep in mind those insecurities may prove quite as detrimental to a budding relationship as they would be to an established relationship.
- \* If you feel that a submissive, any submissive, must obey your every "command", then you lack a fundamental understanding of Dominance. No submissive owes you immediate obedience just because she is submissive. Nor, for that matter, is blind, immediate "obedience" to all and sundry an indicator of a "level" submission, i.e., whether the submissive is "submissive enough".
- \* Your view of a "Dominant" character may include maintaining an aspect of stoicism ... trying to be the "strong, silent type". This characteristic may seem on the surface as indicating solidity and strength, but if carried too far, it may become a very real barrier in establishing the free and easy flow of communication that is essential to this type of relationship. If it requires an immense, constant effort on your potential submissive's part to "drag" information from you about yourself, your past, your requirements and needs, you may be in the process of establishing future blocks to communication. If your submissive feels that it will be a production to get any type of answer from you, will she be able to establish towards you the level of trust and openness you will require? Keep in mind, always, the fundamentals of this type of relationship must be a two way street.
- \* One of the most common misconceptions of new Dominants is the thinking that a submissive does not "have the right" to question a potential Master. Communication and trust are the most important building blocks that will uphold your relationship. Prohibiting even a potential submissive from questioning you as a man and as Dominant will only establish strong barriers to possible trust. Questions from each side of the developing partnership are the only concrete manner for both potential partners to get to know each other as people. Exhibiting a desire for "secrecy", even under the vanilla guise of maintaining that so-called "mystery" does not apply in the process of establishing a potential relationship.

## Or . . . Are You a Dominant?

In contrast to the possibly "negative" view of a potential new Dominant above, I offer the following as what I consider to be fundamental characteristics of a Dominant. It is important to remember that the characteristics of the Dominant are based in, and created by the characteristics of the man.

- \* A Dominant is one who has the understanding that he is not perfect (nope, sorry fellas, we're not). A Dominant has taken the time

to accept his flaws as an individual, has come to terms with them, and determined how best to control and deal with them effectively.

- \* A Dominant has come to realize that "proof" of his Dominance does not come from the person who calls him "Master", but rather from within himself, by evidence of his personality, his ethics, standards, and values, combined with his particular needs within this spectrum.
- \* A Dominant has realized that he has the responsibility to himself to inform himself as thoroughly as possible regarding the wide ranging aspects of the BDSM spectrum. He will have taken the time to consider for himself what his own needs are within each aspect and will be fully capable of clearly articulating those needs to a potential submissive.
- \* Life experience will have taught him the importance of trust and respect in any relationship, and he will have come to recognize that a woman will only be able to submit to a man with character, making him worthy of her trust and respect.
- \* A Dominant man will understand and accept that before expecting a submissive to give over control of herself and her life, he must first have complete control over himself, and his life.
- \* Even though it is somewhat a given in some circles of the BDSM spectrum that a Master is free to have a multiplicity of sub/slaves, understand that most women wish for an exclusive relationship where she is exclusive to her Master, as he is to her. If the original commitment with your sub/slave calls for exclusivity from you both, you have the responsibility as a Dominant to be up front, direct, and honest should you decide to include others in your relationship on any level. Realize that taking responsibility for honesty in your needs makes you stronger as a Dominant, not weaker.
- \* Understand the value of character in the most "old-fashioned" sense, if you will. Understand, and take responsibility for the fact that you must have within your character and your actions the "proof" of your worthiness of the submissive's trust and respect.
- \* Understand that the value of your submissive will not only be based in the level of her submissiveness to you, but also in herself, as an individual: the whole person. She will be intelligent, have a mind of her own and will be eager to use all her abilities to your mutual advantage, if the environment is conducive to such.
- \* As a Dominant Man, you understand that being Dominant is merely who and what you are. Your Dominance is such that it need not be constantly and actively "demonstrated", but because it comes from within, your Dominance will be readily apparent through your self-control and your responsible actions.
- \* A Dominant will understand that words such as integrity, character, honesty, fairness and consistency represent concepts that are apparent throughout all areas of a Dominant's life. They are not mere words to be used and applied selectively when they may be to your advantage. Not only are those words representative of the character of a Dom, they are hallmarks of the character of a dominant, and imperative in one who would be called a Master.



January/February 2003

## A New Voyeur (Donna & George, Part Four)

by dark whisper

"Donna, I'm a little put out about you stealing George from me." Lisa tried to look menacing, but her eyes betrayed her amusement. Donna blushed and immediately started apologizing to her roommate and friend.

"Um, Lisa...I wasn't...er...what I mean is I didn't intend to..." Donna's face was drawn into a frown of misery as she faced Lisa. "Oh hell. I'm sorry Lisa, but he said you and he had a very casual relationship, and since I'd never heard you talk about him, I assumed he wasn't your boyfriend." This last part came out rushed, and Lisa allowed her amusement to show on her pretty face.

"Oh hon, I was just playing with you. George is a great guy, and you know you're my best friend. George and I are just good friends that decided to play. I'm glad you two seem to hit it off so well. And frankly, I'm not sure I'm looking for anything MORE than friends right now if you know what I mean." Donna studied Lisa's face for a few moments before letting the relief flood over her. The two women exchanged a quick hug, then pulled back a bit awkwardly. Donna was still embarrassed about the night the three of them spent together - three bodies pleasuring each other with an intensity she never knew was possible. Lisa stepped back for a moment, then reached forward and softly kissed Donna's lips.

Donna was surprised at the wave of heat she felt travel down her belly to settle between her thighs. Her lips opened, and she felt the warm tip of Lisa's tongue slip between her teeth to brush softly against her tongue. She stood there for a moment, enjoying the experience, then gently broke the contact. She smiled a shaky little smile toward Lisa, and moved over to the couch to bring her warring emotions back under control. God, she had NEVER been this horny before she met George. He seemed to bring out her sexuality - which had been locked away beneath layers and layers of self-discipline. She crossed her legs, hoping to alleviate some of the pressure building in her crotch, but it seemed to only make matters worse. Her whole body throbbed with sexual awareness.

Donna looked up to see a knowing look on Lisa's face, and what she was sure was desire swimming in the other girl's eyes. To cover her confusion, she started prattling about bills, and the awkward moment passed.

The rest of the day passed in a blur. The two women set about their Saturday chores of laundry and cleaning the apartment. Donna had to work that night, and she worked to get her housekeeping things done before settling down to complete some homework that she had been putting off. She became absorbed in a Visual Basic program, and the time slipped away from her. The next thing she knew, Lisa came up and told her softly that dinner was ready if she wanted any. Donna felt a momentary twinge of guilt that she'd left all the work to Lisa, but reasoned that they often did little things for each other, and Lisa most likely didn't mind.

As they ate their dinner - Lisa was a pretty good cook, and Donna enjoyed every bite of the sinful Tortellini with Pesto sauce - they gradually got to the subject of their threesome with George. Donna always had trouble talking about sex. She wasn't a prude by any stretch of the imagination, but it seemed so intimate to be talking about sexual acts at the dinner table. Lisa pushed back her plate when Donna began, and listened intently.

"Um, Lisa...you know this really has been confusing for me. It doesn't seem to bother you that we had...er...well, had sex. Have you ever been with a woman before me?" Donna tried to maintain her equilibrium while talking about such a private act.

Lisa blushed slightly, but responded nonetheless. "Yes Donna, I have. During college, my freshman roommate and I experimented for most of the school year. It was a lot of fun, but neither one of us thought that we were gay, just that we enjoyed sex. Even when we had boyfriends, Connie and I indulged every now and then." Donna nodded slightly, but said nothing. Lisa elaborated "I felt the same way as you do after the first time, kind of unsure about what was happening to me. I did discover though, that enjoying sex with another woman in no way diminished what I felt when I was with a man. It actually made it better." She shook her head, trying to come up with the right words to express what she meant. "It enhanced sex with my boyfriends...I think because it allowed me to fully explore something I'd only had fleeting fantasies about. Does this make sense?" Lisa looked at Donna, and was relieved to see that Donna was thinking about what she said, and seemed to understand her half-articulated thoughts.

"You know, it does. Thank you Lisa, I wasn't sure what this meant about me...but maybe I can just accept this as something special that I had with you." She covered Lisa's hand with her own and smiled into the other girl's eyes. "Okay, now that's settled, and I can get ready for work." Donna helped Lisa clean up, then went to take a shower and think about their discussion.

Donna turned on the shower to a needle spray and stood directly beneath the nozzle, letting the water sluice over her body, the hard spray sending tingles over her body when the water hit her nipples. She poured a generous amount of soap onto the nylon mesh sponge and worked it into a rich, thick lather. She started at her neck, and drew the slightly rough sponge slowly down her chest to her full breasts. She concentrated on the nipples, brushing the sponge slowly back and forth. Her nipples rose and hardened under the water and bubbles. She felt her pussy respond to the stimulation, sending a warmth to her belly. She continued her circular motions, moving down an inch at a time until she reached the wet mat of curls nestled between her thighs. She spread her legs and slipped the soapy mesh between them. She moaned slightly as it brushed her already swollen clit, and she felt that

flash of fire spike up through her belly and radiate out to her arms and legs. She swirled the sponge in small circles around her clit, pressing it hard against the swollen skin every now and again. She felt her legs tremble with excitement as she concentrated on her soapy pussy.

She slipped two fingers down to her slit and slid them back and forth in the creamy lather, finding the hollow of her entrance. She slid the fingers into the wet, warm, slippery hole and sighed with contentment. Donna felt her knees grow weak as she pumped her fingers in and out, fucking herself in the cascade of water from the shower. She leaned against the tiled wall of the shower and raised her right leg to the lip of the tub - giving herself more room to maneuver her fingers and the sponge. She pulled her bottom lip between her teeth and bit at the soft skin while her busy little fingers slid back and forth, in and out. She felt the build-up began. All of her nerve endings were on fire as her hand dropped the sponge and began rubbing furiously on her rigid clit. Donna couldn't control the shriek that escaped as she started to orgasm. Great wrenching shudders took over her body, and she sank to the bottom of the tub, the water a sheet of steamy rain falling over her head and shoulders. Two fingers gripped tight in her cunt while the finger rubbing her clit slowly ceased it's frantic movements. She was gasping with pleasure, her lips were parted and she sucked water with every breath.

"What is the matter with me..." she whispered, her voice lost in the thunder of the shower. "I can't get enough sex." She reached out an unsteady hand and reached for the hand held attachment of the shower head, sluicing the water over her soapy skin, watching the lather swirl down the drain. When she reached the hair between her legs, she gasped once again. The water was lashing across her swollen, oh-so-sensitive clit, and her knees buckled, dropping her back onto the bottom of the tub. She couldn't have removed the water pressure if she tried, it just felt too damn good to stop. She played the spray back and forth over her pussy - feeling the needle spray brush against her clit time and time again. The fingers of her left hand spread open the lips of her pussy, exposing the tender clit to more of the piercing spray. She was whimpering with a pleasure so intense it was almost painful. She adjusted the spray to a pulsating jet, and clenched her eyes as she directed it to her clit once more. "Oh my GOD!!!" she shrieked, unwilling and unable to keep her voice from rising above the noise of the shower. She flicked the head back and forth over her pussy, hitting her clit with the punishing geyser of water. Her hips were up in the air, trying to force the water to hit her harder as she squirmed in the bottom of the tub. She put her feet up against the tile, and used the leverage to arch her back up high, somehow increasing the pleasure.

She felt the orgasms begin, barely ending with one, before the next bore her away on wave after wave of incredible pleasure. She was sobbing with pleasure - lost in a sea of eroticism as she succumbed to her animal lust. Finally, out of sheer self-preservation, she remove the jet from her pussy. Shuddering and gasping for air. She spun the faucets and turned off the water. Shakily, she got slowly to her feet and reached out to open the shower curtain. The curtain was open about four inches, and as she pulled it all the way open, she saw Lisa squirming on the floor, a vibrator grasped tightly in her hand, pumping in and out of her dark pink pussy. Lisa was moaning, and Donna could see she was right on the edge of orgasm. Donna watched with half-closed eyes as Lisa slammed the vibrator deep inside of her own pussy. Lisa's eyes were open and fastened on Donna's dripping body.

Donna bent down and removed Lisa's hand from the vibe, taking it in her own and picking up the rhythm. Lisa pulled her pussy lips apart with the fingers of one hand while the other began to savagely squeeze her medium sized breasts. Her nails were biting into the soft skin, and her nipples were standing straight up. Donna plunged the vibrator deep into Lisa's pussy, hearing her roommate's wetness in the now quiet bathroom. She pulled it out and jammed it back in, making Lisa scream with pleasure. Lisa was so wet she was foamy around the outer lips of her pussy. With every downstroke, Lisa moaned and whimpered. Donna was so turned on by Lisa's sensual writhing, that she reached her head down and began to lap at the girl's clit. This was enough to drive Lisa over the edge and her hand became tangled in Donna's hair as Donna sucked, licked, nibbled and flicked her clit. Donna's hand was a blur as she fucked her friend with the dildo. Her tongue lashed against Lisa's clit as Lisa gushed cum out of her pussy and down the crack of her ass. "Oh yes...oh yes, oh yes, oh YES!" Lisa moaned and pumped her hips up and down as she orgasmed. Slowly - very slowly - Lisa's hips ceased their thrusting and she caught hold of her rampaging hormones.

"Oh God Donna, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to come in here and..." she gestured to the bathroom floor and her clothes strewn over the bright white tile. "I just heard your moans and knew what you were doing, and I couldn't help myself. God, you sounded so fucking sexy in here, cumming over and over." Lisa finished very quietly, still turned on, but slightly ashamed of invading Donna's privacy.

Donna chuckled softly under her breath at the guilty look on Lisa's face, took Lisa's chin in her hand and raised her face to meet her eyes. "It's okay Lisa. I think if I heard you pleasuring yourself like I was, I'd have done the same thing. Hell, I almost did do the same thing, didn't I? The night I met George." Lisa looked startled for a moment, then burst out laughing.

"Well yeah, you sure the hell did!"

The two women grinned at each other and then dried themselves off, ready to face the rest of the evening.

# Lady Sarah

## by FineArt

Lady Sarah Arlington was just shy of 24 the day she was put aboard the Golden Swan to be shipped away from her homeland. She had spent years maneuvering to avoid arranged marriages and other challenges that would rob her of her birthright. Her uncle and a supposed half brother had finally succeeded in exiling her from her home, the estates she should have rightfully inherited and ruled following the death of her father. And she would have except for one thing...she was born female.

Sarah was the only child of Lord Oxton Arlington, Earl of Sheldon and his wife. Pampered by her father, taught the ways of the landed gentry by her mother, Sarah knew no hardships until both were taken by a suspicious fire when she was 12. Her uncle, Lord Oxton's brother, became her guardian and overseer of the estates. Bulsford Arlington quickly saw that through deceit of others and manipulation of his ward, he could gain both the wealth and social status that had always evaded him, having gone instead to his elder brother. Outwardly, he continued the education, the grooming of his niece in the ways of the upper upper classes while plotting in the background to cast her aside.

Highly intelligent, a budding beauty, Sarah learned all the social graces. She also became haughty and aloof. She reveled at the elegant balls, the extravagant shopping and the other privileges of wealth and status. And she treated those beneath her as riff raff... mere creatures whose very existence was to serve her every desire, to answer her beck and call. Sarah never showed appreciation for anything, but she was never hesitant to express displeasure over even the tiniest of inconveniences. When suddenly freed from the bonds of her watchful mother, Sarah gave way to whim and impulse. She quickly became accustomed to getting her way at every turn and to creating a tempest whenever even the most minor of things did not please her.

Before she was 15, Sarah began recognizing the ploys of her uncle. Able to analyze situations, she reacted with designs of her own to recover control over her inheritance... with visions of becoming the grand lady of the expansive estates and sending her uncle packing back to the commerce houses in London.

Sensing the potential loss of his newfound status and wealth, Bulsford countered by taking two bold actions. First, to steel his position with the crown, he offered Sarah as bride in an international arranged marriage. She had all the qualities... the youth, lineage, breeding and beauty to help seal some important political or commercial alliance through marriage. Within months, Sarah was bartered to become the bride of an elderly lord of a huge commercially and militarily important fiefdom on the Iberian Peninsula. The old man was seeking his fifth marriage because none of his previous wives had borne him an heir. The marriages had been annulled when each of the wives was declared barren... even though three of them later bore children to other men. One condition of the marriage, to occur in Sarah's 16th year, was that she be an unsoiled maiden. Sarah, of course, wasn't consulted about this arrangement and there were no plans to even tell her until the wedding day was at hand.

Lord Bulsford's second action was even more devastating and devious. In exchange for offering Sarah, like no more than livestock, to be traded away, Bulsford got Sarah's alleged half brother, the supposed bastard child of Lord Oxton, declared to be his legitimate son and heir. Sweet Charlie as he was known, had been the whelp of a woman who had served as no more than a bed warmer and toy to Oxton when he sat in the House of Lords. In exchange for Bulsford's support and Sarah's body, the Ministers and Bishop who made this declaration did not care that Charlie more likely sprang from the seed of some traveling merchant or even a wayward seaman. To avoid confrontation and conflict with his wife, Oxton had provided a comfortable stipend for the woman and her bastard to send her away, keep her quiet. This alone was sufficient evidence to have Charlie declared to be the true and legitimate son of Oxford and, being male, the heir to his estates and title. Charlie was 4 years older than Sarah.

Bulsford had found Sweet Charlie living in one of the seedier sections of London. Outwardly, Charlie worked as a clerk in one of the exchange houses in the financial district. But most of Sweet Charlie's life consisted of serving the perversions of wealthy men who either did not enjoy women, or who sought wicked diversions with pretty boys. Bulsford had not hesitated a moment in bringing Charlie into his plot by first coupling with him, and then manipulating him into thinking he would actually be able to assume the rights and privileges of his new station in life. Sweet Charlie had neither the intellect nor the inclination to engage in more than a life of perverse pleasures. Bulsford had no difficulty in making Charlie his pawn.

Sarah was enraged when she learned of all things dealing with Charlie. Bulsford had her confined to a country estate where he could watch her carefully, control her actions. But ultimately this had backfired when Sarah overheard her uncle discussing her pending marriage and its primary condition that she be delivered a virgin to her intended husband. Uncharacteristically, Sarah went calmly to her chambers to think through things, to plan how she could avoid this unfathomable fate and reclaim what was rightfully hers.

Two days later, Sarah made sure that she was publicly discovered in the loft of the stables... a young, handsome stable hand thrashing between her open legs. She had given her maidenhood in a situation where it would be widely and publically known she was unfit to fulfill the marriage contract. She never gave thought to what would happen to the young man who had staked her in the hay... nor did she care. He had served her purpose. Bulsford banished him to a desolate game preserve where the grizzled gamekeeper preferred the company of goats and boys to the softness of a woman.

For years thereafter, Sarah waged a covert war against Bulsford and his boy toy. Each time Bulsford hatched a plot to be rid of her, Sarah countered effectively using the only tools she had available... her sharp, even cunning mind and a stunning beauty, a supple body that drew the lecherous attention of most men and many women. Sarah decided that if men would so easily trade her body to achieve their ambitions, she would more easily use it to her own profit... and pleasure!

Sarah began by providing her charms to a number of handsome, virile young men... men who would protect her should Bulsford threaten her physical harm. She then began to undermine Bulsford's power base by appealing to the lust of his allies. If she saw potential advantage, she seldom hesitated to lie with a wealthy merchant or banker. She was able to gain the title of Lady Sarah by frequently spreading her legs and wrapping them around one of the ministers representing the crown.

Her grandest conquest was straddling and riding the bishop who had betrayed her. She had seduced him in his own inner sanctum. There, she had drained him of his unholy seed as he lay on his back, wide eyed and gasping for breath... his fingers digging deeply into her full and luscious breasts. His vestments, wrinkled and balled under them as they fucked on his writing table, were stained by the remnants of their coupling. While his breathing and heart labored from their mad tryst, while his staff was still buried deep inside her, Sarah leaned to whisper to the despoiled vicar that she would not hesitate a moment to inform the Arch Bishop, his priests and all of his congregations of his carnal sins if he ever again took any action that displeased her. Then, slipping off him... she took the hand bearing the holy rings of his office, placed it at the vee of her legs, and forced his fingers deep into the still hot and wet tunnel where he had committed mortal sin. With her other hand, she lifted then dropped his shriveled cock and sneered at him, saying that she might again make use of him... take him to her bosom and bed... if only he would do her bidding. Then, as she turned away, over her bare shoulder she hurled the final insult... "If you are man enough to serve me, to please me!" And she left him. A trembling, broken old man sprawled naked and crying in the very seat of his power and influence!

Sarah's influence and power grew tremendously and she was on the very verge of regaining what was rightfully hers. Through her cunning, accumulation of dark secrets, and an unflinching willingness to use them to her advantage, Lady Sarah Arlington was a person to be reckoned with. She was used to having things her way and was willing to squash anyone who dared stand in her path.

Then Bulsford managed to strike a fatal blow. Sarah had become lax in her vigilance as her power grew. Alone at one of the country manors, her bedchamber was invaded in the middle of the night. Two strong men bound and gagged her, tossed her in a farming cart and hauled her to the nearby seaport where she was unceremoniously dumped into a below decks cabin aboard an old ship, the Golden Swan. Just before dawn, when the merchant ship would sail on the outgoing tide, the cabin door was unlocked. Bulsford and his pretty toy, dressed in lace and bright colors, entered to find her bound, draped only in light bedclothes, lying on the rough planked deck.

In the flickering light of a lantern, Bulsford had looked down on her and laughed. "Finally I am done of you, you whorish bitch!" he sneered. "You'll soon enough be in the harem of an Arabic Sultan who seeks only a light skinned beauty who is good for fucking. And when your beauty fades, you will spend the remainder of your days strapped on your back in some dreary seaport doing for any vagrant with a copper penny what you have tried to do to me!" And he laughed as he turned to go, slinging a final stone. "And I am richer one cask of olive oil for being rid of you!"

"Ta ta sweetie" gushed Sweet Charlie as he waved a laced hankie and followed Bulsford out, giggling like a schoolgirl.

Thus Sweet Charlie became Lord Charles Arlington, Earl of Sexton. And Bulsford Arlington became a man of wealth and power without the hindrance of his haughty niece.

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The cabin door was not opened again for over a day, until the ship was well out to sea. Inside was a seasick, bound woman who had soiled herself during the many hours she had been left untended. Powerless and terrified, unable to have her accustomed way through a smile, avarice or cunning, Lady Sarah Arlington, legitimate heir to the wealth and estates of Lord Oxton, was a prisoner. She feared she would never see her homeland again.

However, within days, she became determined that she would again establish herself. No matter what else happened, she would never just take her place as sex toy to some sultan... one among many. And most certainly, she would never become a seaport whore, to be humped on by any grunting, sweaty, drunken man who could afford the small price it would take to have her.

No matter where the winds took her, she would again be Lady Sarah, a woman who had her own way and a force to be reckoned with!

Once free to stand, Sarah soon gained her sealegs and regained her stomach. She quickly beguiled the cabin boy who brought her meager meals and water, emptied her chamber pot. Although he was not yet old enough to even have a peach fuzz beard, the lad had watched in awestruck wonder when Sarah lifted off the tattered nightgown and donned the seaman's blouse and dungarees he had sneaked for her. Sarah intentionally made no effort conceal herself from the boy, knowing he would not be able to keep a still tongue. Surely enough, it was one of the ship's mates who next graced the door of her cabin.

Over the next three weeks, Sarah was able to learn a great deal about the ship and its destinations from the succession of officers and crew who made way into her cabin. All she needed to do was show a smile, an ankle or a bit of shoulder... or significant cleavage in the oversized, billowing seaman's blouse... to have them babbling away, answering her questions. Each was hoping to get a view like the cabin boy's... or more! Although she shamelessly took to bathing in front of the young lad with a rag and a small

pail of water he had brought her, she gave only hope and frustration to all others.

Sarah learned that it would take 4 months to reach the destination where she, along with some of the rest of the ship's cargo, would be offloaded. The entire voyage was to last for nearly 3 years. By listening carefully, and by peeking through a small crack in the wall of her cabin, Sarah learned which of the ship's crew had found shipwives. For most of the crew, there would be no scent or touch of a woman for years. Some of the strongest of the crew selected from among the weaker... or the willing... to relieve themselves of their sexual frustrations. The secluded corner outside her cabin was a favored place to have a shipwife or toy either bend over a beam and spread their asscheeks, or kneel down and offer willing lips. In return for becoming a shipwife... serving the needs of only one man... the weaker were protected from others. They were able to avoid being raped by any stronger man who desired them or went into a sexual rage. Experienced seamen knew to establish these relationships early in the voyage. Even the young cabin boy was not immune. With his tender ass and soft lips, he quickly became the toy of the ship's blacksmith... the one man none of the crew would dare challenge merely for a piece of meat.

In the fourth week of the voyage, Sarah knew her plan was working when the ship's Second Officer entered her cabin. A recent graduate of the Maritime Academy, he was not quite her age. A very polite young man, formal in the way of the professional seaman, he inquired about her health and well being. But he was no match for a woman who had seduced government ministers, church bishops and captains of industry. It seemed no time at all before her simple seaman's dress and his officer's uniform lay mingled on the deck and they were thrashing on the dirty quilts that made up her bed. She was savage as she fucked him, not realizing until he entered her how much she desired this... needed this... that it was no longer simply a part of her plan! She had never gone this long without a man since that long ago day in the stable loft!

But her cunning ways returned as soon as her passion calmed. Like the bishop and many others before, Sarah knew that a word to her lover's superior would ruin his career. She had her ally to escape... or at least she thought she did. But the chink in her cabin wall worked both ways, and within hours, every able-bodied seaman knew what had happened and held the same scythe over the young officer's head that Sarah held. Immediately, ship's discipline was eroded during the officer's watch. It took the ship's captain, a man with decades on the high seas, on his last voyage before retirement, only two days to see what was happening, and determine its cause. His actions were immediate and decisive!

For the first time since being brought aboard, Sarah was taken from her cabin and brought onto the open deck. She, along with the entire crew, watched as the young officer was stripped of his rank, his shirt, bound to the ship's rigging. He was given 50 lashes with a cat o nine by the blacksmith... also the ship's disciplinarian. The young man barely survived, but that was not Sarah's concern. She simply realized she needed a new and better plan. It was not her fault if this man, like most men, was so weak in the flesh, and so foolish or stupid as to put himself in this situation!

The captain recognized other implications. Now, every man aboard would be having visions of lying in that cabin, sharing the savage carnal pleasures that had been the young officer's undoing. A God-fearing man, the captain tolerated the sexual perversions of his seamen only because he knew he could not prevent them. For decades he had simply pretended these things did not happen so long as it did not effect the strict discipline of his ship! But he could not go on with this harlot aboard. He made a slight alteration in course and, two days later, nearing a craggy island, he raised a white flag of truce. Almost immediately, a sleek privateer slipped from the heavily guarded harbor. He nodded in rueful satisfaction when he saw the ship's flag... the silhouette of a falcon in flight. He had come to the right place, at the right time.

It was a small band of brigands that climbed aboard the merchant ship when the two vessels stood side by side. They were all heavily armed, and most wore many scars of battle. It did not take long and the exchange was made. The renegades left quickly with Sarah and a few valuable supplies aboard. The merchant ship sailed on, lucky that it had not been taken and sacked. As the merchant ship sailed on, the captain knelt in his cabin, giving thanks and praying for forgiveness. Even a common street whore deserved a better fate! The captain got little solace from the small purse of silver coins in his pocket. It was his only choice. No matter how worthless and debased that woman had been, he could not have thrown her overboard with the rest of the ship's garbage.

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Sarah felt the extremes of mixed reactions as the small ship sped back to the safety of the harbor. She felt tremendous relief to be off the merchant ship, out from her below decks confinement and free from her journey to become just another ornament for a man's sexual enjoyment.

Sarah had never encountered men like these. First, she could not comprehend their language... it was gibberish, and unlike anything she had ever heard. More amazing were the colors of their skin! Some were copper colored, while others were olive. Two were deeply tanned, but she expected their natural pigmentation to be close to her own. But the ones she feared the most, and that intrigued her the most, were those whose skin was black as midnight! Their eyes and teeth stood out in their fierce, scarred faces, white in stark contrast to their skins. And the palms of their hands, the soles of their bare feet were light like her own... as though they had been bleached. Immediately, Sarah began assessing, trying to see how she could turn this new situation to her advantage.

Other than to gauge her with an appraising eye, none of the men seemed to pay Sarah any attention. She was dressed in the billowy seaman's blouse and dungarees, barefoot. Her hair had not been washed or combed for weeks, and she had lost a good deal of weight since being stolen away from her home. Yet she was amazed that these men seemed to have no more interest in her than the keg of wine or a small cask of nails that had also been put aboard the small vessel along with her.

The harbor was larger than Sarah expected and well protected... not only from the elements, but from invasion as well, The high granite cliffs were well fortified. The harbor itself was busier than any she had ever seen. Many sleek, armed vessels like the one she was aboard were at the wharves, smaller boats sailed or were rowed between them. To one side of the harbor, people in chains, both men and women, totally naked and black as onyx, were being herded like cattle from small craft onto a ship much like the one she had just escaped. This had to be some of the slave traffic she had heard about, but that had never been her concern. What real difference was there, she had asked herself the one time she had given this any thought at all, between the people who were stolen from their homes to be shipped to the different world... and the masses that toiled to serve the needs of the gentry in the world she knew! Besides, she now thought to herself... could beings that looked so different really be human? A shiver ran through her as her gaze fell on the huge ebony man towering near her.

As they sailed across the harbor, Sarah thought the area surrounding the wharves and the city spreading up onto the hillsides looked like a busy anthill... people and materials were being moved everywhere!

The small craft headed directly for the largest and busiest of the shore areas. Above it flew a larger version of the same flag, as was on the ship... the silhouetted falcon. The vessel had not even been secured to the pilings before two of the men grabbed Sarah's arms and forced her off onto the wharf. Totally unused to such treatment, Sarah fought to be released as soon as her feet were on solid planking. The struggle stopped when she was struck to the ground by a backhand across her face from the black man she had been eyeing earlier. The hustle and bustle on the crowded docks stopped to watch as the man glowered down at her and she glared up at him. Reaching down with one hand, grabbing her hair, the man yanked Sarah to her feet, raising her to tiptoe level as he stared, angrily, into her eyes. Slowly he lowered her, still holding onto her hair, pulling it tight in his outstretched left hand, while the right reached for the neckline of billowy seaman's blouse. With a single yank, he tore the blouse away from her torso. Sarah's breasts, shrunken and wan from the time on the merchant ship, swung free and bounced as she flailed at the man, her arms tethered by the remnants of the blouse clinging to her wrists. The crowd roared in approval and began laughing as she swung at him, her arms too short to reach the mountain of a man. Again, he simply raised his outstretched arm, this time lifting Sarah completely off the ground by her hair. She began kicking at him as she reached up to grab his single hand in both of hers, supporting herself. She landed several kicks, but none strong enough to make the man do anything more than smile... a smile more sinister than anything Sarah had ever seen!

With incredible strength, held out by her hair at arm's length, Sarah flapped like a rag doll in a strong wind as the man took her across the wharf and dunked her, unceremoniously, into a tank of cold water. Sarah gasped and sputtered, swallowing a large amount of water as she was pushed under the surface. She felt herself being lifted by her hair again, her head just breaking the surface before being pushed back under again... and again she took a large amount of water. Her struggles turned from those of anger and escape to those of survival as she was held under the water for a few more moments. Sarah coughed out water and fell to the wharf when finally, again by her hair, she was yanked from the tank, scraping her breasts and left side on its edge. The huge man laughed as he towered over the woman, water running from her upper, bare body and streaming from her hair as she struggled to her hands and knees, gasping for air. The crowd pushed in close and roared its approval of the spectacle!

With her mind in a whirl, Sarah felt herself being yanked to her feet. The remnants of the blouse were stripped for her arms and Sarah felt a leather collar being attached around her neck her wrists were attached to a stick which was slipped through a ring in the back of the collar, holding her arms, bent at the elbow, uncomfortably parallel with her shoulders and about 6 inches outside of them. As the crowd roared even louder, Sarah kicked at a man who approached her with a knife. The agile man easily stepped aside, cutting the rope that served as a belt in the process. Freed, the dungarees fell to pool at Sarah's ankles, nearly tripping her as she struggled!

Sarah's shoulders slumped and the fight flew from her. Suddenly she realized the futility, the total helplessness of her situation. She felt the humiliation of standing totally naked, bound, disheveled and disfigured from weeks of near starvation in the dank ship's cabin in front of a multitude of gawking, cheering strangers... common laborers and vagrants! Never in her life had Sarah felt so totally defeated and hopeless.

The defeat was only temporary, though! When one of the men stepped toward her, Sarah twisted her shoulders, trying to hit the man with the stick. He deftly evaded her simply by bending back at the waist, reaching to catch her forearm in his hand. Her ankles still tangled in the dungarees, her body twisting, Sarah was kept from falling only by the man's support. Still, she was not ready to surrender. When an ankle was freed, she kicked at the man, catching him harmlessly in his shin. The crowds roared again, it was like watching prizefighters, reacting to each move or blow landed! Except this starved, naked, pale bound woman was no match for any man who lived for close in battle!

The towering onyx man shouted some commands when he grew weary of the circus... and Sarah was again tripped, falling on her chest on the wharf. She felt her ankles being bound and then her back painfully arched, legs bent upward and back at the knees as the end of the rope was tied to the back of the collar. Sarah had seen calves and hogs tied like this... and she realized she was being treated no differently then the goats being herded close by. Except the crowd was enjoying the show! A calm rage set in... these creatures would pay for her humiliation! Her degradation! She was still Lady Sarah Arlington. That would never change.

Sarah felt herself being tossed up into the air, and then landing over the shoulder of the ebony mountain. The crowd turned back to their work as he carried her toward the shoreline. For most, the comedy was over. For Sarah, a new and very different episode of her life was just beginning!

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Lady Sarah

Sarah was carried, like a sack of potatoes, off of the wharf and up the hillside to a large building... a warehouse it appeared. Some of the crowds in the street paused to watch as this pale, naked woman was easily carried by the towering onyx man... but it all seemed to be nothing more than an idle curiosity for them. It was much cooler inside the building, and much darker. Sarah's eyes had not yet adjusted when she was lifted off the man's shoulder and dropped unceremoniously, chest down, on the very dusty floor. The first thing Sarah saw when her eyes adjusted were the sandaled feet of another dark skinned man and the hems of what appeared to be richly colored flowing robes.

Sarah arched her head back to look up at the man... who was staring calmly down at her... his expression serious, his eyes intense. Although she could not see him clearly from this angle, this man did not look fierce like the other... and perhaps not as large or tall... but he looked intense. Sarah recognized him as man in a position of power... leadership. This was the sort of man Sarah had manipulated for years. Even bound and degraded... lying naked on the floor at his feet, Sarah felt her confidence return... felt herself gaining an edge.

After only a few moments, Sarah hissed up to him "Release me you cur!" She did not think that the man standing over her most likely would not be able to understand her.

"Why?" he asked firmly, with no change in his expression or eyes. He seemed disinterested if not amused.

"Who are you?" Sarah demanded.

His voice was cold, almost distracted... with a hint of strange accent when he replied. "I am called The Falcon."

Trying to twist free, still looking uncomfortably up at him, Sarah spat out "I demand to be set free you bastard!"

The corners of his mouth turned up only slightly as he listened, replying calmly, his voice slightly lowered. "You are able to demand nothing."

Again struggling, "Do you know who I am? I am Lady Sarah Arlington and you will release me now!"

At this the man's eyed flicked, his smile became sinister. "Here you are no one, nothing. And I will do with you as I wish."

Sarah felt her rage growing and she spat out "I am Lady Sarah Arlington, a woman of stature!"

Falcon took one half step closer, making himself look even taller and more formidable as he stared down at her. She had to arch her back and neck more to look up at him. In a commanding voice, tinged with anger, Falcon replied "Here you have no history, no future but what I decide. Here you are no one, and you are nothing but what I decide you to be. You get of do nothing but what I allow you to do. Here you are no lady. Here, you are only what I decide you to be!"

Sarah tried to roll to her side to glare up at him, feeling the dust caking against her bare front, from her breasts to her thighs. When she was unable to do even this, Sarah made another try. "I am a Lady, Lady Sarah and you will release me, treat me with the respect I deserve!"

Falcon laughed at her, standing over her, putting a sandaled foot on her shoulder to keep her as he wished. Sarah had to contort herself to look up at him. And he spoke in a deep, firm, commanding voice. "You are what you are to me, all that has any use to me. As a horse is called horse, a sow called sow, you will be called what you are. And you will be called...

Cunt!"

"Every man, even the beggar on the street, even whores on the docks will know you and call you for what you are... a cunt! And any that I allow will use you for what you are... all that you are... the ONLY thing you are... a cunt! And you can expect to be heavily used for what you are."

Sarah's mind reeled at what she was hearing, and she turned to her instincts to begin working her way out of this dire predicament - those things she had done so often and well over the years. Feeling panic underneath, but appearing calm Sarah almost purred "Then use me as you will, Sir Falcon. I choose to be with you."

Falcon laughed, then stared down at her, his voice cutting and cold. Each word slapped at Sarah much harder than the backhand she had received earlier. "You are mine, Cunt. I own you like I own a chicken or an ass. Every breath you take, each minute you exist is mine. And you will be used for what you are... but you are not worthy of being used by me, Cunt." Then The Falcon looked past her, to the man standing behind her, the mountainous man who had brought her here and Falcon spoke to him, in a commanding tone, in the gibberish she had heard earlier.

Immediately Sarah felt herself lifted roughly from the floor and turned so she was facing this man of incredible strength. She could see that he had dropped his pants... and his black cock stood out, gorged... enraged! Even though she was still hog tied, he pushed her down onto his shaft, forcing her legs apart, tearing into her. Sarah was not ready to take a man... she was dry. And this mountain of a man was as enormous in his manhood as he was in his height or strength. She cried out in pain. He was savage, relentless as he lifted and pushed her down ripping and tearing at her, crashing against her as he bucked his hips, hurting her arms where he gripped them tightly. Sarah felt as though her insides were being ripped apart as this huge man raped her, grunting and snorting like a wild bore until finally he exploded in her, filling her. He then pulled her off his cock and literally dropped her, face



Lady Sarah

down back on the floor, driving the wind from her as the dust flew. Sarah nearly lost consciousness, feeling like every bone in her body was broken! When she raised her head to seek help, The Falcon was gone and the mountain of a man was walking away, his naked black buttocks and thighs rippling with every step.

Sarah cried out. The man looked back over his shoulder, a look of utter contempt and, in a heavy accent, mumbled a single word - "CUNT!"

Naked and bound, crying as she never had before, raped and broken, filthy dirty - Lady Sarah Arlington, seductress of powerful men lay on the warehouse floor - alone in the world.

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# First Bondage

by Lady Gail

Nancy and I had been lovers for almost 6 months now. I had been coming over to her house regularly on weekends. We would go shopping for a while, then come back to her house and make love. It usually started with one of us trying on a new blouse or skirt. Then after admiring the new purchase, the other would help her out of it. In doing so, we would start caressing each other gently, and eventually end up on the bed making love to each other.

On this particular Saturday, I had joined Nancy at her home. We were in her kitchen, spreading chocolate icing on a cake she had baked. She had made too much topping, and we had gotten into a food fight with the spatula, flipping chocolate at each other until we had splotches of it all over ourselves. Nancy grabbed my wrists and held them above my head against a wall. She then proceeded to lick a blotch of chocolate off my neck. I was perfectly content not to struggle, and let her have her way. I was being very passive, just enjoying the feel of her soft lips against the side of my neck. She pushed back away from me suddenly and said, "I think we should try something new."

"What is it?" I asked.

"How would you feel about being totally helpless while someone makes love to you?" she said. She was still holding my hands against the wall, and the situation gave me an inkling of the feeling she was describing. I said, "I think I might like that." I was already feeling helpless in this situation, and her licking had aroused me to the point where I wanted someone to make love to me. I wouldn't have to do a thing but enjoy the sensations. "Sure... I'm game." I said.

Nancy said "Good. There's something about me I've wanted to share with you for a long time." I looked at her and wondered what secrets she could have from me. We had been friends ever since college, and I thought I knew everything there was to know about her.

She looked at me and began. "When Clarence was alive, the two of us collected some toys in the basement. We would go down there and play games with each other. You remember how domineering he was. After he died, I decided I would become a little more of a dominant person, and I've started to like it." It was the first time she had expressed these feelings to me, but I had to admit that I had seen a remarkable change in her in the past two years. Since Clarence's death, Nancy had become much more assertive about her desires, and in our lovemaking, she had always been the one who initiated things.

She continued, "Ever since you and I have become lovers, I've wanted to share this with you, but I've always been afraid you might be offended and I would lose you. Now, I think you are ready. Come downstairs with me and let me show you some new ways to make love." I couldn't imagine what she was talking about. I had never been in her basement, but to my knowledge, there was nothing down there but her clothes washer and drier, and perhaps the furnace and some of the plumbing. As she led me to the basement door, I started to feel apprehensive.

We descended the stairs and turned to the left. Nancy led me through a wide steel door. She reached to one side and flipped a switch. Dim light filled the large room, and I could see that the walls were painted a dark shade of pink. Nancy adjusted the dimmer until the area was flooded with just enough light so we could see everything, yet there were dark shadows in the corners. My eyes must have become very wide as I looked around. I had read about these things, but this was the first time I had ever seen such an array of bondage toys in real life.

Hanging on the walls were all kinds of leather straps and harnesses. There were three hooks on one wall, and coiled around them were several Leather whips of various types. Hanging right next to one of the whips was a riding crop, which I recognized because one of my neighbors had horses, and I had seen her use a similar crop while she was training her stallion to jump fences. Along one wall there was a long narrow table that stood about waist high. At each corner of the table, attached by a short piece of chain, were leather cuffs, obviously for the purpose of securing a person by the wrists and ankles. I moved over closer to the table, and I could see that the chain attaching the cuffs at one end went around pulleys and disappeared underneath the table, probably so they could be pulled tight by some mechanism underneath.

Nancy was watching me very closely, and could obviously sense my apprehension. She spoke very softly to me as she led me over toward the center of the room, telling me not to be afraid, there was nothing here that would hurt me if it were used properly. She suggested we try something simple first, and if I felt afraid, we could back off. I looked at her, and could see that she was trying to be very gentle with me. I reluctantly agreed to go on.

She went over to a box next to one wall and opened it. I followed a couple of steps behind her so I could see what she was doing. Inside the box there were quite a few coils of thick nylon rope. She took one of them and uncoiled it, letting it hang down from her hand. It was long enough so each end reached the floor when her arm was hanging by her side. She walked back to me and touched my arm, gently urging me to go back to the center of the room. When we got there, she asked me to hold my hands together in front of me so that my palms were facing each other. She then gently wrapped the rope several times around both of my

wrists until they were loosely bound together. Then she took both ends of the rope and threaded them between my wrists and cinched them around the loops that went around my wrists. After she had taken several wraps between my wrists, the rope became tighter, and my wrists were bound securely together. Finally, she tied the two ends together between my wrists. As she was doing this, I was beginning to feel a chill creep up my spine. I started to tremble, but Nancy re-assured me that nothing would hurt me. She stepped back when she was finished binding my wrists and asked me how it felt. I told her that I was beginning to feel like a prisoner, and that the atmosphere of this place was a bit creepy. Again, her voice was soothing, telling me that I should relax and just let my feelings go and enjoy what was to come.

Nancy kissed me on the lips, then held me in her arms and kissed the side of my neck just below my ear. A warm feeling came over me as she gently touched my body and let her tongue flick across the side of my cheek. Then she broke away from me and went back over to the box of ropes. She took another piece this one about the same length as the first. She picked up a small stool next to the box and carried it back to the center of the room and sat it in front of me. She took one end of the rope and tied it to the rope between my wrists. Holding onto the other end of the rope, she looked at me and said, "Now you are a prisoner in my dungeon, and I can do with you as I please." She said it in such a loving tone that it seemed more like a promise than a threat. Still, I was apprehensive, and she could tell that I was not completely comfortable with the situation. She kissed me again, this time very passionately. I let myself be comforted by the feeling of her warm body pressing against mine. I could feel that she was trying very hard to make me feel comfortable, and I tried to relax and let the loving feeling flow through my body.

She turned me around so that my back was to her. She still had the end of the rope in her hand. She put her other hand on my shoulder to hold her balance as she climbed up on top of the stool. She then threaded the end of the rope through a large ring that was attached to the ceiling. Still holding the end of the rope, she got back down off the stool. The rope was now pulling up my hands, and my wrists were just in front of my face. Nancy came back around in front of me and asked if I were still all right. I nodded yes, even though my fear was beginning to mount. Then she slowly pulled the rope through the ring in the ceiling until my arms were pulled up straight above my head. I began to tremble. I had never been a captive of anyone before, and the feelings were totally unfamiliar to me. The insides of my thighs were getting wet from the erotic sensations, but my whole body was shivering. Nancy wrapped the free end of the rope around the bonds between my wrists and tied it securely. When she had finished, I was standing with my feet together flat on the floor, and my arms were stretched out straight above my head. I wasn't hanging by my arms, but there was enough tension to make them feel like they were being stretched. Nancy kissed me again, running both of her hands up and down my back. I tried to relax and feel the love she was giving me. A feeling of excitement was beginning to make its way through my body.

Nancy stepped back from me and asked me how I felt. I admitted to her that I was scared, but that I was also excited. I must have had a pleading look in my eyes. She asked if the ropes hurt my wrists, and I told her that they were ok. She wanted me to describe how I felt. I said I was afraid, but that the fear made me want to go further.

She walked away from me, off to one side of the room. She slipped her tee shirt off over her head and laid it on the floor next to the rope box. Then she slowly unhooked her bra and laid it down neatly on top of the shirt. She was undressing herself for my enjoyment, and it was getting me excited to watch her, even though I was helpless. She leaned against the wall and took off her sandals one by one. She slowly unbuttoned her jeans and wiggled provocatively out of them. She folded them neatly and laid them with the rest of her clothes. She just stood there for a few seconds with her hands on her hips. She had nothing on but a black lacy thong brief. She had pretty, firm breasts, and a dainty silver bar went through each of her erect brown nipples. The sight of her made the juices flow inside me. I was totally turned on.

Nancy walked slowly up to me. She reached up and ran her finger down my arm. I was wearing a sleeveless blouse that buttoned up the front. She let her hand trail down my arm... across my chest... to the top button of the blouse. She played with it a bit, then gently undid the top button. My heart began to race. I still didn't know whether to feel afraid or aroused, and I think I was feeling both sensations at once.

Nancy unbuttoned the second button, then the third, and fourth, and finally the last one. My blouse separated in the front, revealing my belly button and my bare stomach below my bra. She bent over and kissed my stomach. Her tongue slid down to my belly button and tickled inside it. She kissed her way back up my stomach, and at the same time reached behind me and loosened my bra. She pushed the cups up over my breasts as she kissed her way upward until her tongue was flicking back and forth across the underside of each breast. I began to tremble as she caressed my back with her hands and took each nipple into her mouth and flicked it back and forth with her tongue. Her hands held my blouse open and kept the bra from falling back down in the way. I was enjoying the new sensations, but my heart was racing at a very fast pace.

I felt Nancy's hand at the top button of my shorts. She fumbled only momentarily with it before she got it open. Then her fingers found the zipper and slid it slowly down. Immediately, I felt my shorts begin to slide down a little. Nancy slid the tips of her fingers into each side of the waist, and slowly slid both my shorts and my panties down over my hips. I had to spread my legs a little so they were free between my thighs. As she pulled them down to my feet, I began to tremble with excitement. I was shaking so hard that my knees were knocking against each other, and my lips quivered with each breath I took.

Nancy walked around behind me. She reached around me and cupped a hand over each of my breasts, pulling her own body up against me from behind. I could feel her mound press against one cheek of my butt as she pushed one of her legs between mine. The warmth of her body made me want to press against her harder, but I was helpless to move at all. Nancy rubbed her leg up and down against the crack of my butt, pushing her knee between my legs and forcing them farther apart. When I spread my legs to accommodate her, I had to stand on tiptoes to keep from putting my full weight on my wrists. Nancy had my nipples between her fingertips and was rolling them around and around. As they got harder, she pinched them, ever so gently to cause just enough pain

to be erotic. As she did, I arched my back, trying to push myself against her even harder.

Finally, one of Nancy's hands went slowly down my stomach. She caressed me at the top edge of my pubic hair until I was pushing myself upward toward her hand. She kept teasing me like that for a long time. She would let her fingertips get just to the top of my slit, and then bring them back up onto my belly. All the while she was kissing my neck and pulling on my nipple with her other hand. After a long while, she came back around in front of me. She pushed my loose bra up above my breasts, and pulling my blouse aside, she pressed herself against me. I felt the bars in her nipples press against my own nipples as she hugged me and caressed my body with hers. Her thigh pressed hard against my crotch. I stood on one foot and wrapped the other leg around hers to pull myself into her. The pleasure was coursing through my veins like hot electricity. She swayed slowly back and forth, rubbing herself against me and pushing her thigh hard into my crotch. Slowly, she kissed her way down to one of my nipples, taking it between her teeth and pulling on it. She continued downward, her lips and tongue tracing their way across the bottom of my breast... down my stomach.. to my belly button, where her tongue flicked in and out. Her hands slid down my back and around my waist as she sat down on the small stool. She had her legs wrapped around one of my legs, and her face was right in front of my mound. She slid one of her hands inside my other leg and lifted it up so it was resting on her shoulder. Then she put her hand on my bottom and pulled me toward her. Her tongue touched my clit lightly, and flicked back and forth. I started to shake uncontrollably, as the pleasure became more and more intense. I was on the verge of a huge climax, and Nancy's caressing and licking was keeping me right at the edge. She had one of her hands on my bottom, and the fingers of the other one were probing at the bottom of my very wet pussy. Two of them slid slowly in, and the pleasure became even more intense. Her other hand moved down the crack of my butt and a fingertip made it's way into my bottom. Her tongue began to move faster and faster and with much more fervor. The fingers pumped in and out of me at an ever-increasing tempo. I began to moan, and the shaking of my body went completely out of control.

It came over me with such force I was unable to control any of my muscles. My stomach tightened as the waves of passion rushed through me. My heel dug into Nancy's back as I pushed my pussy into her face. I screamed obscenities as loud as I could as the pleasure built up and burst out of me. "Take my ass! Take my pussy! Yes! Yes! Yes!" I kept yelling as the climax flowed through every inch of my body. Nancy's tongue lashed back and forth across my clit, and her fingers went in and out of my body.

The emotions subsided after a while. Nancy sat motionless on the stool. She had both her arms wrapped around my legs from underneath. One of my thighs was resting on each of her shoulders, and the side of her face rested against my mound. I was hanging there, half my weight resting on her, and the other half being supported by my arms, held above my head by the rope from the ceiling. We stayed that way for what seemed a long while, Nancy just humming a sweet tune, and I just dangling there, completely spent and relaxed. My introduction to bondage had begun, and I knew that normal sex would never be the same again.

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