



Dom-sub Lifestyle

MARCH/APRIL 2001

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March/April 2001

Life Under the Three Moons



Life Under the Three Moons

INSIGHT INTO THE GOREAN CULTURE

by Michael

Thanks to the search feature on Yahoo Messenger, I found the kajira that I would come to own and name Mika. Only days before my finding her in January of 1999 had she added the word kajira to her profile. I would occasionally search for kajira in the southwest and found them a rare commodity. Many discussions have been conducted concerning the differences between kajira and slaves and submissives so I will not address it here. I will only say that I seek kajira. At the time of our initial online meeting she was collared to a master of the Pow Wow virtual tavern The Silver Sirik. She loved him deeply and was looking forward to meeting him in real life just seven months later during a Gorean gathering in Denver the following July. She was very knowledgeable in the ways of Gorean D/s. Having been taught the positions and serves while serving as a red silk on line. When we first began chatting on Yahoo and on ICQ our conversations were very polite and consisted of very generic topics ranging from the weather to discussions of the Gor books. As the days passed we learned more about each other and I came to believe that I had finally found the kajira that I had sought for three years. People that knew me began to hear of my plans to win the heart of this girl and place my collar around her beautiful neck. During our on line chats I became more bold and discussed how a girl could be captured and taken away by a passing Tarnsman if she was to walk the high walls of the city. I even sent her a cyber skeleton key to open the cyber collar she wore. Her cyber –master was becoming more aloof on line and would not come see her in the tavern for days at a time. In March she went to Denver for a family wedding and learned that the reason for his disappearance is that he was recently married and had a child on the way. She was crushed. She sensed that something was wrong but she loved him and wanted him to feel the same way.

When I learned of her master's deceit I was very upset for her and at the same time elated because fate had opened a door that until now had been all but locked. She is kajira however and waited for her master to remove his cyber collar from her neck. She remained loyal to her cyber collar even though he would not respond to her on ICQ and seldom came to the tavern. We began to discuss meeting real life. At first of course it was to be a public meeting. And because of various problems that arose I was delayed until June 15, 1999. That is the day we finally met real life. We had grown very close both on line and on the phone. So our first meeting was at her home 120 miles away. She set up all of the appropriate safeguards. She arranged for a friend to know all of my information and that friend would call to insure that everything was going all right. She was expecting to hear Mika say a certain phrase that that would not be said in normal conversation. If this phrase was not said the friend knew to call the police and have them come by for a safety check. Below is Mika's rendition of the events leading up to our first meeting. I felt it might be of interest to the readers to see the same events from the two different perspectives.

My name is Mika, because that is what Master has chosen for it to be. He has directed me to give my perspective of the events that led to our meeting.

I stumbled on BDSM chat quite by accident. I often frequented the 'vanilla' chat sites in Yahoo, and

the July meeting. I called him to make plans and flew to Denver without ever hearing from him. I discovered during this trip that my Master had deceived me, lied to me and led me on for quite a bit of time. He had gotten married after he collared me, and was expecting a child. My whole world came crashing down. I could not believe he would deceive me in such a manner. I was devastated. I wanted the whole world to just stop and let me off.

I continued to talk with the Master on ICQ. I told him that he had been right and I was a fool. I pulled away from everyone for a time. I had to let reality sink in. I stayed in the tavern and served, waiting for my Master to show up. Time became my enemy. He seldom came to the tavern. Days, sometimes a week would go by before he showed. Though I belonged to him, I was wilting, dying, losing the 'slave belly'. The fire was dying.

Master Michael and I continued to talk via ICQ. He saw me fading. Saw my burn begin to fade. He was so understanding that I was hurting. He said he did not want to see a kajira flame extinguished. I remember that during this time I received a file from the Master on ICQ, I accepted it and opened it to find a picture of a skeleton key. It was around this time that we began to discuss the ending of "Captive of Gor". And how girls who stroll the high walls that encircle a city often are snatched up by low a flying Tarnsman.

Eventually we began discussing meeting face to face. I kind of scoffed. Thinking yeah right! He pushed and finally I gave in. I had never had a D/s experience RT and was scared to death. I did everything in my power to convince him he did not want to meet with me. I sent a few pictures of myself making sure he knew what he was in for. I tried hard to convince him he did not want to meet with this girl. Not me.

The date was set and we were to meet in a park, with one of my children present. (My safety net so to speak.) One thing after another happened and things got postponed and delayed and finally we set another date. One month after the initial meeting was supposed to happen. By this time we had become more comfortable with each other, more familiar and there was a different level of trust between us. I asked him if we could just meet at my house.

I called my girlfriend of 15 years and told her I was going to meet with a Master. She had been in the lifestyle for several years and was concerned for my safety. She and I talked of many 'signs' that things aren't right. After the follow your gut, listen to that little voice talk, she agreed to be my safe call. She was to call me at a specified time and I was to say a particular phrase that I would never ever say to her during a normal conversation. If I failed to make that statement she would lead me into it to remind me in case I was really ok and just kind of floating at the time. If I did not answer the phone, or did not say our agreed upon phrase she would call the police for a well-being check. And get in her car and drive to the house. She had all the information she needed to get into my computer (passwords, location of files etc.) which had Master Michael's picture, phone number, place of employment (I knew both of these were correct as I had called him several times prior to agreeing to meet) and anything that might identify him should there be any trouble.

June 15, 1999 arrived and I was a shaking mess. I was putting my life in the hands of someone I had never met. I was about to meet a Gorean Master. I was about to meet the man I had been chatting on line with and talking on the phone with for so many months. I was about to experience D/s first hand, RT for the first time in my life. I had already failed one Gorean Master, what made me think I could please this one? All I could do was be myself and hope that was enough.

In my next column I will write about the details of June 15,1999. With the directions I was given I was lucky to have found the house and with a neighbor that visited just as I closed my collar it is an interesting story for sure. In future columns you will learn of the collars she wears and of my brand upon her leg with pictures that will show the healing process. If anyone would like to discuss the Gorean lifestyle please feel free to contact me at Michael@desertvista.com.



Do you have comments about this article? Please feel free to post them on the [TPE Forum](#) or write the author directly!

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March/April 2001

A View from the Top



Switch Bigot by Master Douglas

I belong to a few egroups, including the one for Dom-sub Lifestyle. I enjoy the banter, the discussion, and the revelation discussion can produce. In one such group I had occasion to address a comment to a switch and tacked on the old joke "Do switches Dom themselves?". I am not proud of it as the cleverest thing I had ever written, but it was late. The switch took offense to this joke and shot back something to the effect "What the hell do you mean?".

Normally I would ignore this, but another Dom in the list said something like "Sits back and waits to see what Doug does". This is the type of thing flaming carnage is made of. A switch calling a Dom out and another Dom was egging on the fight. Never one to pass a gauntlet freely thrown from another Dom, I tossed off a piece of sarcasm titled:

"Outing Myself"

**** "Hello, I am Doug and I am a switch bigot. There, I've said it. Nothing confounds me or upsets me more than someone with a power deviance. Sex is just sex, but power is life. I have never met a switch who I didn't consider a submissive.*

Oh, I have tried to do the politically correct thing, tried to figure out and "respect" whatever "head space" I was dealing with that day, that instant. But how can someone who cannot make a decision on their power stance make decisions as a dominant? Sure, I know many submissives who Top as an act of pleasing their partners, but these aren't switches. I know several Doms who enjoy pain and find these submissive Tops to serve them, they aren't really switches.

I am not to be hated but pitied. My anti-switch bias must be genetic, my father always hated people who were inconsistent in their power choices too. I do suffer a mild case of the condition [which for the life of me I cannot remember the name of] which makes reading social clues of those around me difficult. A switch demands way too much of my attention to figure out what is going on.

I feel better, now that I am out. Thank-you all.

Doug

*(tongue firmly in cheek)" ****

The ending, tongue firmly in cheek, was an attempt at a smiley face, I'm kidding, this is a joke sort of thing. The switches were not amused.

In the theme of today's sorry culture titled "My Group the [insert name here]'s are Victims", switches starting whining about their plight. How the lifestyle community discriminates against them. The flame war was on, developing 400+ posts on this and the related topics within 4 days. Several people even believed my satire and found agreement with the idea that identifying the orientation of a switch, at any point in time, was difficult.

The elegant solution:

Since so much of lifestyle is about protocols and ways of dealing with difficult social interactions in a respectful and civilized way I suggest the following rule.

Switches should always be color-coded. A Switch in Dominate headspace shall wear Black or Primary colors only. A switch in submissive headspace shall wear pastels, pinks and sky blues preferred, designating male or female submissive headspace. If they are liable to change orientation midday or mid scene, spare T-shirts could be worn, layered.

What do you think fellow lifestylers???

Master Douglas

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Ask the Mistresse



Or "that's My Advise and I'm stickin' to it"

by Lotus Song

Greetings,

I have been asked by Sweets to participate in this E-zine with an "Ask the Mistresse" type of column.

I'm a very "black and white" thinker. That's the position I speak from. I'm very "defined" in my notions about D/s stemming from seeing a heck of a lot of people buying a WHOLE lot of BS and getting hurt.

I do try to temper it with explaining my feelings on the topic and I do present things in such a way that makes people think.. and thinking sometimes isn't the popular in the lifestyle, it seems. I don't want to irritate anyone.. just make them THINK.

Certain topics I am very passionate about and I will not address them mainly because I can't be open minded about them. A good Domme knows her limits. I allow people their own fantasies and they don't need my comments on them.

But if I see you in a situation that is potentially mentally/emotionally as well as physically devastating. I'll give you a heads up then you "can do as you will".

A "journey" can be a roller coaster ride.. or a plummet to your demise.

Mistress Steele wrote: "Do not let your desires be your damnation".

I also like Sgt. Esterhouse "...Let's be careful out there".

Send us your questions.. I'll do my best. And please, write in NON subby/dom text. it's H/hard T/to R/read and P/proves N/nothing. I'll know it's you talking to me. (give me some credit here!!! LOL)

Sincerely,
Lotus

Do you have comments about this article? Please feel free to post them on the [TPE Forum](#) or write the author directly!

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Transgressions

by Miss Ayme



I am not an unattractive woman. Not being conceited, I just am. I take great care in presenting a compellingly feminine image. I take pride in my presentation and have honed my own sense of style. As a transsexual woman, I have to try harder as a matter of form. A lot of men appreciate the extra effort, and find a polished and feminine woman desirable. And from a male's point of view, I would say that I am worthy of notice and present a striking figure. But as many of you women out there well know, one's own beauty can be a double-edged sword. Sure you attract attention, but probably a lot of it is unwanted. One's own beauty can also serve as a deterrent to those too shy to approach you.

As a transsexual, it's doubly so. I attract a LOT of unwanted attention from men who view me only as an object of curiosity mixed with lust. Most of them make my flesh crawl. One or two of these might be worth playing with once, maybe twice - only to drift away when their fantasy wears thin after colliding with my reality. And I've caught the eye of many a man only to have them turn away, as if I was to be avoided. And those that do at least say "hi" quickly learn that I'm TS (because I try to tell them so early on. I do so hate misunderstandings). I'm pretty enough to garner their attention, but when revealed as a "woman with something extra," 99 times out of a 100 it's "thanks, but no thanks." That's a lot of rejection. ::shrugs:: At least I try to keep my Teflon hide soft and supple with lots of moisturizers.

But there are those who greet me with love and grant me their respect - but I just suddenly realized that I have no straight friends! None of them are strictly heterosexual. I've got nothing against heterosexuals mind you. Hell I used to be one. But be honest, if you identify as straight and you think of "transsexual," what's the first thing that comes to mind? I would bet good money it's something sensational, lewd, or pitifully comic. It's something you imagine, but it's nowhere near reality.

So if you'll forgive the tawdry cliché, just what is it about a Chick with a Dick that causes either your dander to rise, or your drawers to drop? I'm viewed as either as an abomination or a sexual curio. There seems to be no middle ground, whereas I am caught firmly between the two extremes. The best of both worlds indeed...Hmph! As a Tgrrl, I also know that (in my experience) it's the rare heterosexual who's willing to move beyond tolerance into acceptance. Rarer still the heterosexual who will come know me and to call me friend. And I have a better shot at winning the Lottery than I do at finding a Dominant heterosexual who doesn't immediately view me with suspicion.

I attended an exclusive, private play party in San Francisco this past February, hosted by an organization that takes great pride in planning parties of the utmost quality and requiring a strict dress code. No one allowed in unless properly attired in fetish wear. Made for some very sweet eye candy, I can assure you. But while billed as a pansexual event, both my GG (T-slang for Genetic Girl) girlfriend and I had the same thought later that it felt very "hetero" in there. To me, "pansexual" is all encompassing, all welcoming, neither yin nor yang, neither prick nor pussy. We just are. While we felt perfectly within our right to be there, we both felt this lingering discomfort later. I didn't feel acceptance, only tolerance at best. I decided to see if this was just a fluke - most recurring parties I attend have different levels of energy from one night to the next, a lot of it fun and exciting, so it could've been just about anything. But I found it disturbing none the less.

So I took another girlfriend (also a GG) to a different party a week later, also billed as a pansexual event. Again, different energy, different space - but we both got that same feeling. Afterwards we could only define it as "hetero" energy. And I say that from the perspective of a true sexual outlaw, one who has lived outside social acceptability for ten years, and one who has learned that gender is fluid, like Mercury. In order to give it shape, you need something to contain it in. Society has made an attempt at this by using containers called labels: Gay, Lesbian, Bi, Trans - and yes, Hetero or Straight, to help define our *orientation*, but how do you define *gender* other than using the labels Male or Female? Did you just now realize that you can be either a boy or a girl and be any or all of those labels during your lifetime, sometimes even all at once?! And for those of us trapped between genders, how do you think WE feel?

Anyway, at this same play party, I said hello to a nice looking man, handsomely dressed in black, kind face, clear eyes. We watched the dungeon activities for a moment, and we got to talking. I was friendly, flirty. He was responsive, flattering. A lovely little dance ensued - a raised eyebrow at a double entendre, a gentle mix of intimate gestures, a charming smile or a batted eye. After a spell we both confessed interest in doing a short scene together. It felt cozy. "This might be good," I thought.

But something was bothering him. I could see the hesitation in his eyes and I knew it was coming. It was then he asked me, "are you a TS?" He honestly didn't know. But to me I find the question itself, particularly in the context of pansexual space, an irritating one. I mean...does it really matter? The attraction is there - it's real - it feels good, is there a problem with that? I nodded yes anyway, and apologized to him for assuming he knew. I truly felt we were beginning to make that important connection between new play partners - my transsexuality didn't seem to be an issue.

But it was. I wasn't surprised then (but disappointed none the less) that he politely apologized - he was sorry, but he didn't want to play with a transsexual. And that was that. I gave him a quick peck on the cheek and told him he was sweet, and left to go smoke a cigarette. Sure everyone has a right to walk away, no hard feelings, I respect your kink it's just not my kink. And that's cool. But the rejection still stings.

Makes me wonder why organizations host these so-called pansexual events. Are they just trying to spice things up by inviting the fringe element? A little offbeat flavor just to tout how inclusive they are? Granted, one gets out of a play party what one puts into it. But my friends (both GG's and other TS's) and I are acutely aware of the subtle and insidious invisible walls that go up every time we enter pansexual space dominated primarily by heteros.

I realize it's not their fault. No blame needs to be laid here. I'd just like you to consider more carefully what it means to you when you next attend a pansexual party. Learn to leave preconceived prejudices at home. You may know how to think outside the box, but do you really know how to *live* outside it? If you talk the Talk, then walk the Walk. The Labels we use help provide a common ground, a reference point so we can begin relating to one another. But they also divide us and keep us apart. And it's no fun playing alone.

Do you have comments about this article? Please feel free to post them on the [TPE Forum](#) or write the author directly!

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Trubled Times



for those times when you're having troubles

by Celeste aka Bitatruble

I would like to train to become a Domme first and than a sub. My boyfriend and I have agreed that he will dominate me and others as well. He's not interested in being submissive.

I'd like to offer the suggestion that since you are interested in both sides, that you reverse the order of your training. Since you have a partner that is willing to Top and unwilling to bottom, it would probably make things a lot easier on both of you. I would suggest that you both make a list of what you "both" want/need and desire from each side of the relationship and from each other. What do you hope to gain.. I.E. technique, mindset, a lifelong commitment to a BDSM lifestyle etc. Keep the lines of communication open and start exploring together. Joining a local support group can help you in learning how to keep each other safe and do as much reading as you can on your own. I have long felt that "newbie" does not equal child. You are both adults and by respecting each others views, allowing for the inevitable mistakes and striving for self acceptance in which ever side you feel most comfortable.. (or both sides!) you will go far in finding a lifestyle that is satisfying to both of you and brings you joy.

Good luck!

Celeste

~*~*~*~*~*~

Dear Bitat,

We were just wondering what would be the safest places to cut..how deep, using what.....etc. if you know of any links to send me to in the meantime, that would be nice.

very eager student

Thanks for writing Eager,

About 80% of the body is OK for sharpie play. The outside of the arms are OK, but not the inside. Never cut on the neck or face, but the back, buttocks and breasts are safe. Avoid the area behind the knees but the bottom of the

feet and hands are both fine. Down both sides of the line of the body are fine as well. Basic superficial cutting is fairly safe and before you get into the more intense play, do that a few times, see how you heal and take it from there. In any event, your own tolerance is going to tell you how deep a cut you can take. You don't want to go much past the fatty dermal layers of the skin because you are getting into the meat of your body which takes longer to heal and if you are not careful, you'll require stitches. Baby steps are best. Long thin strokes are better to avoid scarring (unless that's something you want). Keep aloe on hand for after care and use it liberally during the healing process. Michael and I play with exacto knives, needles and bowie knives. All three have their own unique sharp sensation. Avoid serrated edges, any knife with a flaw that may catch on the skin, any knife that is dull and never reuse needles. Make sure to re-sterilize the knives after play. For beginners, I would say start with the exacto knife. It's fairly small and hard to go to deep with it. A smaller blade is going to give more control in the beginning ... just something to keep in mind.

For your first session, (and I'm assuming you are playing with people or persons who have no concerns regarding HIV, etc.), you'll want to do a cleansing wash of the area. Iodine works well if you are not allergic to it, but there are a number of antiseptics on the market that will work just as well. A "wash" is two passes over the area you are cutting lasting 15-20 seconds each. This is for YOUR safety so do it! Sterilize the instrument that you will use for the cutting. If a knife, make sure it is VERY, VERY sharp and you can sterilize it by boiling it in water for no less than 15 minutes. Be aware that as soon as the air hits any surface, it is no longer considered sterile, but be careful not to touch the knife to any surface before your skin and it should be OK. There is risk in everything we do so as long as you are aware of it, you can make an informed decision on whether or not it's something you want to do.

Start with a very superficial cut. It hurts a lot more than you would think. Depending on if you want to draw a lot of blood or not do a warm up. If you do want a lot of blood a nice flogging on the back and ass will help bring the blood to the surface and you will bleed more. If you don't then flog a body part that you are not going to cut and there will be less blood. Even very thin, superficial cutting will leave enough of a mark that you can write words or do designs and get a nice picture. Keep in mind that the more fatty tissue you have over an area, the less it will hurt and the less it will bleed. The ass and breasts will hurt less than the back. The insides of the thighs are fairly sensitive but will not bleed as much because of the extra layers of fat there. If you have the opportunity, I highly recommend you go to an actual demo or take a class in the art. It is one of the more intense scenarios, but also one of the more dangerous. If you find that you are NOT enjoying it by all means call your safeword and stop. Not everyone likes everything and there is nothing wrong with finding you have a new limit. Michael and I both found one the other day while we were watching Jerry Springer. Roman Showers are a limit! More power to the people that play.

Celeste

**Do you have questions you'd like to ask Celeste or comments about her column?
Please feel free to write the author directly!**

Name:

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March/April 2001

Coming Out

Author Unknown

Remember those swashbuckling pirate movies of your youth? The ones that had the hero (or villain, for that matter) bound, spread-eagled, to the rigging, being whipped to within an inch of his life. At the time, it didn't seem like a very wholesome way to take a tropical cruise. But it was mystifyingly exciting. We always liked to see the hero win in the end; but the images of those bodies being abused (some tanned and/or muscular; others helpless and desperately in need of being saved) would stay with us for a long time.

Fast forward to your first sexual awareness. Those teen years when you went through the motions of being a good boy or girl, dating as you were supposed to, but sneaking into the drugstore to find magazines with pictures of men and women that seemed to mean a lot more than just a nice set of muscles. At the time, some of us were inexplicably, drawn towards bikers on their Harleys. Was it the bikes? Was it the leather? Or just the idea of being down and dirty?

Others among us liked ritual and ceremony. Perhaps we never even associated them with something a bit ...no, a lot deeper.

The evolution from admiring and getting that unexplained feeling from the sights in films or magazines to actually touching those bodies takes many years for some of us. Others are fortunate enough to pass through the phase in a matter of weeks or months. It takes one through quite a bit of mental trauma. "Should I, shouldn't I? I want to so much...."

Some people had intense feelings of shame and guilt that they had a form of unnatural perversion. This led some of them to bury their SM feelings, and hide the ones they did acknowledge. There was a kind of puritan feeling that we should not enjoy ourselves too much, particularly with such "perverted" activities. At this stage of our coming out into SM, we were not yet sufficiently confident of our sexuality. It is a stage similar to that of homosexual men and women who know their sexual orientation, but are not yet ready to accept it fully; not yet ready to equate "kinky" with a healthy sex life.

The descriptions above and below summarize the experiences of a typical gay man into SM and leather, as described by David Stein in *Leatherfolk* (adapted with permission). Lesbians and bisexual and heterosexual men and women who like SM were also out there looking for that special something; and having many similar feelings.

In society at large, there is a great deal of pressure to conform, or at least to be seen to conform. Often, this causes those coming out into SM to hide their sexuality, which further damages their self-confidence and self-esteem. Our city of Toronto has been rated by at least one UNESCO survey to be the most culturally diverse city in the world. We speak over 140 languages here. Yet it is outwardly a very conservative city, and is only slowly accepting all aspects of its diversity. For example, it took more than eight weeks of wrangling with editors for one reporter to get a positive piece about SM into one of the three major newspapers.

The pressure to conform leads some people to our local institute for psychiatry, in the search for a "cure." For many of the applicants, the physicians find that, in the same way that those who want to be "cured" of homosexuality, there is really no illness, only a harmless, healthy deviation from the norm.

The phrase "coming out" is used by homosexual women and men to describe the process of accepting their homosexuality. The process of accepting that one enjoys SM follows similar patterns of fear, guilt, experimentation, and acceptance, so we use "coming out" to describe acceptance of SM feelings. Also, please note that leather does not necessarily mean SM, nor does SM necessarily mean leather. There is, however, a significant overlap.

Some homosexual men and women "came out" during the golden years of gay history, the early seventies, after Stonewall and before AIDS. It was an era of free sex and abandon for the homosexually active. Anything that could be done, was done. (A decade earlier, a similar liberation occurred for the heterosexual community.) In

those days, when men went to gay bars and discos, they always went dressed in the hot look of the day: plaid shirt (or no shirt), or perhaps construction boots and hard hat. They were all construction workers (clones, as they were known). The New York pop group The Village People reflected the homosexual culture of the day. All of its members represented popular fantasy images that could be seen any night in the bars. All the fantasies could be put together without too great an expense.

In the heterosexual community, fantasies tended to be generally less well explored or expressed. (Maybe because the heterosexual men and women had not gone through a "coming out" process, thereby forced to face some very uncomfortable realities about their sexuality.) There were not many places where sexual fantasies could be freely engaged in. Images of the fantasies could readily be seen in movies, skin magazines, and even on the street. They were, however, still compelling.

Back then, fantasy played a large role in our lives. But there was something missing from the reality. That is, until we walked into a real leather or SM bar. Totally intimidated and very frightened, we summoned up the courage to fake a stumble into some hot number so that we could run our hands over one part or another of that body. We earned ourselves a scowl, thought we'd be punched or thrown out of the bar, and left. Never quite the same, we wanted to be one of those people, to fit easily and seamlessly into such an establishment.

This is when we started our "fashion awareness" phase. It was easy to become a leatherwoman or leatherman. All we had to do was buy a leather vest, maybe a pair of chaps, and act cocky. We knew we'd fit in.

And fit in we did. Many in the bars were in "leather," too; others were in lace or latex; still others in little more than chains. We would go out to the bars, get well turned on by each other, and then go home to have what has since become known as "vanilla sex." This was just what we had been doing during all those years of boredom and frustration.

But something was still missing, despite the kinky clothing. We didn't fail to notice that, although porn was hot, it was always better when someone was in bondage or being controlled in some other fashion.

If anything was going to happen, it looked like we'd have to hang around in the "serious" leather bars. Those ones that we had been so scared to go into a while back. The people there seemed to take their leather much more seriously than the leather-clad "disco queens" (to use a gay phrase). There were few leather bars, even in a big town. Finding them was perhaps easier in the homosexual community; at least they advertised themselves. Once in the bar, we could easily have been the ones who coined the phrase: S and M means Stand and Model. We were terrified of rejection and/or ridicule. We started to go to leather oriented competitions, such as the International Mr. or Ms. Leather, or leather conventions such as Living In Leather. At these events, we had wonderful, if sexless, times surrounded by some of the hottest leather people we'd ever seen. It was Stand and Model all over again. We were so afraid of being brutalized or injured if we met someone who might really give us what we thought we wanted. The trouble was that we still didn't know what we really liked or disliked. Lots was going on, but you still had to be invited to the party.

As is the case in other parts of our lives, the invitations seemed to go first to the young, the beautiful, and the reckless. You couldn't talk your way in, because bar etiquette (at the time) required that you should not ask naive questions. To do so was to admit your inexperience. This, it seemed, was a sure way to ensure that you did not get the experience you sought. So, if you didn't know the score already, you'd better be prepared to fake it, or you'd never get a chance to play.

Where were our role models and mentors to assure us that SM was OK, to show us that it could be done safely, positively, and not self-destructively? There we were, leathermen and women, full of inner inhibitions and turmoil.

Until, that is, we met our first warm, gentle, and skilled player. He or she was willing to share knowledge unconditionally, to take us gently as far as we could towards where we wanted to go. After playing once or more with this mentor, and possibly with others, we knew that a new world of eroticism, sensuality, sexuality, and fantasy had opened up for us. We would never look back.

The above could be the story of many a homosexual man into SM. The feelings experienced during the coming out process are shared by most people, but the actual process of coming out is different for lesbians and heterosexual men and women. The homosexual male community is based upon its sexuality, and, therefore, its expression tends to be more obvious in their clubs and bars.

For women, particularly homosexual women and those who are Bottoms, the potential for and reality of abuse looms large during the coming out process. And from two directions. There is the abuse itself and the prejudice of others who feel that any woman as a Bottom is being abused and/or violated, whether or not she enjoyed the play. During their coming out into SM, many women try to convince their partners to experiment by taking the role of the Top (with varying degrees of success and safety). Many of those women found that all they got was abuse or a disinterested beating. It is rare to find anyone who understands the emotional content of SM, or those feelings and yearnings that were described above.

Generally, heterosexual bars are not based specifically around their clients' sexuality. This means that finding partners in bars is nigh impossible. Feelers have to be put out until the right people (or perhaps the right sex toy stores) are found. These lead to other people and information about SM, and reassurance that SM can be practised safely and with due consideration for all parties involved.

At the beginning of our "coming out" into the SM world, we all wondered if we'd be able to experience those exceptional times that would encourage us to continue our exploration of SM, or whether we'd be put off by the whole experience. At some point, we all get at least a taste of how much pleasure we can derive from SM. Besides, that compulsion to look at fantasy in movies, that compulsion that first drove us into the bars where we could express our SM tendencies, would likely have continued to drive us until we did experience what we were searching for.

The search will be much easier if you have some play that works so well during your "coming out" into SM that you continue the search for what you want. Having the courage to ask someone, or being lucky enough to find a mentor will ensure that you finally get there.

Come with me.

I will take you places you have never been before.

I will show you things you have never seen before.

I will teach you things you have never known before.

Having tasted the glass of wine, we wanted the whole bottle.... We knew that this was what we wanted, but it raised a lot of questions:

- What role do I play? Top or Bottom? How do I use it to have a fantastic time? Can I be Top one night and Bottom the next?
- What techniques do I use to ensure that the play is safe? What do I avoid?
- What are the other fetishes and activities that might turn me on, but that I've never even dreamed of?
- How do I find and use, and safely at that, all that fascinating equipment I've seen in catalogues?
- Is it OK to be into bondage, but not pain? Can I like mild pain but not heavy pain?
- Is it OK to be turned on by electricity but not by flogging?
- If I just want a little tit play and a bit of spanking, will I be thought too much of a novice?
- Etc., etc., etc.....

During the process of coming out, the feelings of being alone, of being the only one with a need for this alternate sexuality, were abating. We still had to be careful with our friends who were not into the SM world, however. We "knew" that if we opened up to them about our desires, that they wouldn't understand. So we had to deal with the feelings of being ashamed of our fantasies and pleasures.

If one were to define a novice as someone whose SM life consisted largely of fantasy or who is still feeling some form of .about SM, then, at this point, we were novices. More and more, though, we met people who were into the same things as us; many even more so. We saw what great people they were in their own right, outside the arena of SM play. This gave us confidence that, not only were we not alone, but also that it was OK for us to come out into SM.

March/April 2001

Consistency

by kharma{DeS}

Consistency is not a word I have heard often mentioned in the D/s communities, and that is a true oddity in my mind. In searching through my heart and soul, I have found consistency to be an essential part of much of what is taught about a successful D/s or BDSM relationship. It is a foundation to much of what we hold to be the building blocks of a good relationship.

We hear alot about trust. communication, loyalty, honesty, and others.. so how does consistency apply to these? One need only look at the situation that must exist for these to function properly, to see its major impact.

Communication

What purpose does communication serve, unless there is a consistent pattern to be learned from it? A submissive may ask her Master about something which is crucial to her learning what pleases him. If the answer changes on a daily basis.. learning anything becomes very difficult. Inconsistency breeds confusion.

Honesty

If answers to the same questions changes, a persons honesty becomes an issue in the mind of the person asking. If your submissive is told one thing, and bases her action upon it, only to find out that what she did was wrong, based on a different answer to the question which comes later, who is to blame? The submissive will often blame herself.. feeling that she misunderstood. She may tear her own head apart, looking for the answer to how she failed, changing things based on what she feels was her own failure. Those changes could easily harm the relationship.. the Dominant may not realize why those changes are taking place. Other submissives may blame their Dominant, for being untruthful in their response. Either way, someone is hurt.

Trust

How can you trust someone, who is incapable of telling you their true feelings? Inconsistency in a persons feelings, makes it very difficult for you to trust that you will not get hurt by this person. Inconsistency in discipline or teachings, makes it impossible.

Loyalty

Inconsistent loyalty, is no loyalty at all.

While I have written this from the submissives point of view, these same concepts apply equally to the Dominants feelings for the submissive. An inconsistent submissive, who cannot communicate her needs and feelings to her Dominant in a consistent manner, whose actions towards her Dominant are inconsistent, may find these other areas are damaged as well.

I am not saying that our moods and feelings shouldn't change, but radical swings, and contradictory answers should be explained. Otherwise, you could leave your submissive, or Dominant, confused and angry.

March/April 2001

Hedonism vs. Actualization

by FineArt

hedonism: the doctrine that pleasure or happiness is the sole or chief good in life.

actualization: the process of becoming actual, existing in fact or reality; the realization of potential. In a word, growth.

Those who know me, both in the D/s lifestyle and in other realms, know the emphasis I place on learning and growth. For me, this is the essence of all deep personal relationships, whether with a spouse or s/o, our children, or partners in a deep D/s relationship. One of the foremost responsibilities of a Dominant, one of the things that can make Him a Master in fact, is the ability to foster growth in himself and those who bless him with their gift. Most on-going serious D/s relationships include an element (for me, an emphasis) on growth, but far too often, it is subordinated to the relentless pursuit of pleasure... hedonism.

We often see those who proclaim "Follow your heart" or "If it feels good, do it". From a Dominant's perspective, there is nothing wrong per se with this, so long as responsibilities for the well being of the submissive are given proper importance. But altogether too often, we see those who have "Followed their hearts" blindly into relationships, savoring the moment, seeking and sharing short term pleasures, then, a short time later, their "hearts" lead them down another path, leaving pain and distrust behind. (Frankly, for altogether too many male "dominants", the heart is not the part of the anatomy followed!) This is not a criticism of short term BDSM topping/bottoming arrangements, but it becomes a very serious issue when the goal is a committed, long term D/s relationship.

Growth and Limits

We talk a great deal of a Dominant's responsibility to "push limits". Of course, this is important, but clearly not the only, perhaps not even the major responsibility. We need look first to growth instead of pleasure as the goal of the relationship. Limits tend to define what one will not do. They have their basis in many things. Some bound the capacity to actualize, to grow to full potential. Equally, some protect the individuality of the submissive, allow the submissive to maintain core values, satisfy deep-seated needs. Limits should continually be assessed (for the Dominant as well, or maybe even more so... we just do not think of them in the same way).

But there is another, more expansive view of growth... not related to our common view of limits. It is potential... those things not considered or realized. This is the fertile ground for the Dominant. This is the place where control can be exercised with tremendous returns and minimal risk. That is not to say risk is bad, it certainly is not... pushing the envelope nearly always involves risk. But growth need not involve stripping away the soul of the submissive... personally, I would view that as a tragedy.. a failure on my part as a Dominant with the responsibilities of protecting and caring for my submissive.

Viewed in this way, growth can be as simple as exploration of things not before attempted. Attending the opera, tent camping. Other examples include encouragement to try new things in one's career, returning for an education, altering diet or getting exercise, speaking in front of a group. Often it is directive support. Nothing snazzy here, but all too frequently, this opportunity is simply overlooked. But oh how this approach, given conscious thought and planning, can strengthen an on-going relationship. The possibilities are endless!

I have nothing against pleasures and happiness. Quite the opposite! Both are highly desirable and wonderful in on-going relationships, in fact, they are essential! I revel in my pleasurable time with the one who honors me. But over the long haul, it is growth, becoming more than we were yesterday, striving to be all that we are capable of being that is most important and allows us to enjoy even greater pleasure with the ones we love. As Dominants, we need give this serious thought. How do we contribute to the care and well being of those who honor us? What are our responsibilities? How do we foster ...

GROWTH!!!

March/April 2001

Hurt vs. Harm

Author Unknown

Jay Wiseman recently published a definition of hurt vs. harm that has been kicking around local BDSM circles for many years. I agree with it wholeheartedly. It has been shared with medical doctors and mental health professionals, who recognize and have helped refine the definitions and distinctions between healthy, consensual BDSM play and abuse.

To hurt someone means to cause them temporary pain which goes away after a reasonably short duration without any outside intervention. In other words, the bruise or redness fades, the bleeding stops, the tears dry up, the marks and effects of the hurt go away and the person returns to their former state of physical and emotional health, whatever that state might be, with the help of no more than perhaps a Band-Aid.

To harm someone means to cause them damage that seriously needs the intervention of an outside professional to heal, i.e., you need more than a Band-Aid to fix it. A doctor needs to tend your injury, or an outside counselor is needed to put your head back together. Psychological "damage" can be harder to quantify, but it can certainly be inflicted in the boundaries of a relationship - whether that relationship is SM or not.

Some borderline activities between hurt and harm include permanent marks, scars, tattoos, brands, etc, which are of long term duration and which do not go away. Generally, if the person who has been permanently marked actively consented to the mark, it isn't considered harm. If the person wasn't expecting to be permanently marked or scarred and it's done to them anyways, it's generally considered to be harm.

IE, it's rude to carve your initials in people's butt cheeks at play parties without a bit more negotiation and consent first - that would be causing harm. On the other hand, you are free to visit a piercing studio or a tattoo parlor and seek out modifications to your own body if you wish; nobody should accuse the professional piercer or tattoo artist of doing you "harm".

Many more sports injuries (i.e., real harm) happen on the football field than have ever occurred in anybody's dungeon, even if you adjust statistically for the greater number of football players to BDSM players.

While BDSM play, like any other enjoyable but strenuous physical activity, might result in bruises, scrapes or welts needing a Band-Aid, it does not directly result in sprains, dislocations or broken bones. There are always a few instances where someone might have fallen down the stairs and tripped over a flogger, or injured their arm because they whipped someone too vigorously, or slipped and taken a fall during a scene, but this sort of mishap is equally likely to happen to the top or the bottom. Experienced BDSM players take very careful precautions to avoid any such accidents during their scenes, and as a consequence, such accidents are relatively rare.

The safety factor in BDSM as a sport is considerably higher than football. If you followed through with the logic that no one should play BDSM because sometimes people get bruised or hurt, the much more dangerous sport of football should logically be targeted long before BDSM.

People can enjoy playing football, even though it is a physically strenuous sport in which you are very likely to get at least somewhat bruised or scraped up when you participate. An attempt at legislating against football because "people get hurt" would result in howls across the nation about how we damn well have the right to take those risks if we want to. Unfortunately, legislation against consensual BDSM play, because it involves the taboo subject of sex and sensual enjoyment, is quite another story, and fewer people are likely to protest even though the issues are very similar.

In consensual BDSM play, "hurt" and "pain" is often simply defined as "strong sensation" by the players involved. While stubbing your toe outside the bedroom or dungeon is cause for yelping and cursing, a similarly hard, swift smack in a safe place by your lover during lovemaking is simply a strong sensation which can be interpreted as

pleasurable.

Part of the attraction of BDSM play for many is the ability to explore the outer limits of your body and your sensations in a safe way with your partner. You know that while you may choose to experience strong sensations, i.e., what would normally be pain in a nonerotic context, there will be no real harm done. IE you won't need a doctor when you're done, or have any long lasting effects beyond a sense of "gee, that sure was intense and exciting!"

Others seek out BDSM play for reasons which are almost more spiritual or exploratory than sexual, and cite an ecstatic, altered state of consciousness as their primary motivation for seeking strong sensations in the context of SM play.

Historically, almost every culture has provided to its members some acceptable outlet for these apparently universal desires to seek an altered or "shamanic" state of consciousness. Our culture, which is based on a monotheistic religion which anthropologists classify as Apollonian, i.e., non-ecstatic, has no such outlet for ecstatic ritual practices and the resultant achievement of the SSC (shamanic state of consciousness). Thus, BDSM may possibly be seen in this context by knowledgeable anthropologists as the current and inevitable outlet for ecstatic ritual practices in this culture. See the works of Mircea Eliade, Joseph Campbell and more recently Michael Harner for some solid historical documentation and further explanations in this field.

Still others liken playing BDSM to the "safe thrill" of visiting the Haunted House at Disneyland, riding a roller coaster or watching a scary or exciting movie. You get all the vicarious enjoyment of living out the fantasy scenario - perhaps you are a kidnap victim, or a slave, or conversely a rapist or a kidnapper - but you also know that it's only a fantasy, and that it's being played out safely and consensually so that nobody will really suffer any harm or damage.

For some players, BDSM is not really that much unlike a visit to an amusement park or enjoying an exciting movie or play, except that you're much more directly involved and in control of the action, and of course you can stop it at any time. You have the thrill of excitement and "danger", much as you do on a roller coaster ride, but you also know that the danger is mostly illusory, and you can feel safe enough to enjoy yourself.

Part of the definition of consensual BDSM play is that to the best of the ability of the players involved, nobody gets harmed. Experience strong sensations of their own free will, yes. Go beyond their stated limits of exploration, or have real harm or damage done to their minds and bodies, no.

The argument that "BDSM is bad for you and nobody should do it" is rather similar in my mind to the argument that tattoo parlors or scary movies or sexy books are bad - it attempts to limit what people have the power to do with their own bodies and minds for their own exploration and enjoyment. I don't think that this kind of censorship is a good idea.

If I choose to explore, safely and consensually, the outer limits of strong sensation and fantasy play with my partner, who gives anybody else the right to say we mustn't? Alternatively, if my spirituality is such that I choose to use pain or abnegation to alter my level of consciousness to achieve a religious or spiritual end, I have the weight of considerable historical affirmation behind me.

The bottom line is that I have the right to make healthy personal choices as to what I want to do with my body, what I want to read, what I want to view and what thoughts and fantasies I want to have. And nobody except me, with the possible exceptions of professionals in the health field, can really effectively judge my motivations or my degree of health.

Still, most arguments which are sweeping generalities tend to have their flaws, and the argument that BDSM play is 100% good and healthy for everybody who does it is no exception.

We, the BDSM community, are not immune to mental illness, dysfunction, neurosis, co-dependence and other emotional problems that can and do afflict people from all walks of life and all sexual orientations. There certainly do

exist dysfunctional individuals who have internalized guilt and shame and who are using BDSM play in a harmful or damaging way against themselves or their partners.

Where are they? Some of them see pro dommes as clients. Others stay more completely hidden and never "come out" to anybody. Very, very few of this type become actively involved in the BDSM community and merrily go to play parties and socialize with other BDSM players. And if they do, they don't tend to last long - they either heal and come to accept themselves, or they cannot come to terms with the openness and focus on health and safety in the community, and they leave.

If an individual is doing things that cause himself or other individuals real harm, most BDSM community members would choose to disown him and suggest that what he is doing has nothing to do with safe-sane-consensual BDSM play at all - it's simply abuse or self destructiveness, and we don't want to watch or participate.

The question that keeps being asked is "how do you tell the difference?" That's actually a good question. Knowing the distinction between hurt and harm is a very good start. Certainly there are blatant examples of people who are doing harm as opposed to SM - rapists, muggers, kidnappers, spousal abusers, child molesters, etc. What are the differences?

For starters, there's the obvious one - consent. Negotiation also goes hand in hand with this, so that expectations of what will happen during a fantasy scene being played out between two (or more) partners are consistent, sometimes down to a virtually exact script of who will do what and to whom when and with what, where.

Informed and competent consent is also a biggie; we don't want to do BDSM with somebody who is not capable of giving meaningful consent - i.e., somebody who is drunk, drugged, too young or too mentally impaired to have a full understanding of what it is they are consenting to.

My personal yardstick for consent goes like this. Does this person strike me as a rational, functional, responsible adult? Do they fully understand what BDSM play involves, and are they actively seeking it out because the idea is fun and exciting to them? Are they old enough in their culture of origin to drink, drive, vote and have sex? (OK, that one's arbitrary, but I did say this was a personal yardstick.) If so, I consider them capable of giving meaningful and informed consent to BDSM play with their own bodies.

Consent can be withdrawn at any time via a safeword, a pre-arranged signal that stops the BDSM play for real. A player who does not honor a safeword and continues without consent is considered to have committed an act of criminal violence, and would be shunned by the BDSM community as a whole, if not outright turned in to the police. There is a very great perceived difference in the BDSM community between playing out a consensual fantasy scene and doing something to someone without their consent, i.e., after they have safeworded. The former is OK and the latter is most definitely not.

Another big difference between consensual BDSM play and abuse is openness and a concern for safety. You can do safe-sane-consensual BDSM play at a public party, and people will cheer you on. You cannot commit an act of violence or abuse at a public event, or do something unsafe (see the definition of "harm") without people blowing the whistle on you. Scenes that look unsafe or nonconsensual are stopped by dungeon monitors and the participants questioned closely. Abuse flourishes in silence; fun and mutually exciting BDSM exploration can be done and talked about freely in front of your friends, and often is.

The BDSM player generally strives to be constantly aware, moment to moment, of his or her partner's feelings and reactions. How the submissive or bottom partner is feeling is very important to the dominant or top in BDSM play.

Many tops even feel as if they are catering to the bottom's desire for specific sensations, and this is a well known issue in the BDSM community. Many players "top from the bottom" and ask that specific sensations be given to them during a play session, i.e., "Whip me a little harder on the left butt cheek....now use that thuddy flogger on my back, would you? Oh, now I'd like a few more nice stingy cane cuts on my thighs....yeah, that feels nice. Wow, that got the endorphin rush going....Ok, now go harder.... faster...." Long time BDSM players will chuckle

as they recognize this very common sort of dialogue from a "do-me queen" bottom.

This is not a criteria that applies to abusers, obviously. It sounds more like what it is, a person getting catered to with what is essentially a complicated back massage that involves much stronger sensations than most people enjoy.

Another element of BDSM play that most of the BDSM community strongly feels should be present is something called aftercare. This is generally where hugs are exchanged between top and bottom, and emotional reassurance is given from both sides as well as a physical assessment of the condition of both partners. Food or drink or a warm blanket might be offered if needed, and Band-Aids and Betadine put on scrapes or welts. The specifics of aftercare might vary as much as the specifics of BDSM play itself, but many people in the BDSM community feel very strongly that some sort of aftercare is very much a necessity for scenes that go beyond a certain level of intensity.

To reiterate, the factors which typically distinguish safe-sane-consensual BDSM play from abuse or self-destructive behavior are: consent and the ability to withdraw consent at any time, clear negotiation and matching expectations, openness (lack of secrecy), a deep concern for safety and health, a focus on the sensations and feelings of the bottom or submissive, and emotional reassurances exchanged after the play is over.

While experienced players might get by in long-term, established relationships without a few of these things, these factors have been 100% present in all public BDSM play which I have observed and in the private play of most BDSM community members I know.

People can choose to believe what they want to believe about how BDSM play must be "sick", even in the face of convincing testimony from medical and mental health professionals, sociologists and researchers that strongly suggests otherwise. But if you examine the objective data - and take a close look at the people who are actually doing BDSM - you will see a radically different picture than what is presented in either the popular media or by the "Moral Majority".

March/April 2001

Respect

by Master Bleu & Mistress Daemone

Respect is the foundation upon which all else in this lifestyle is built and without it any relationship that you build will surely crumble in time.

Let me relate a story to you in an effort demonstrate the different levels of respect that I have seen within the bounds of this lifestyle. While attending a recent event I listened intently as one submissive told her friend that she would never call anyone Master other than the man that she submitted to. When her friend questioned her on this she stated that in her mind, the term, Master, was to be used exclusively in referring to her Master and no others. I could see that her friend did not agree with her on this subject but seemed too reserved or too unwilling to discuss it with a fairly new lifestyle member. I was asked what my opinion was and this is what I told both of those submissives.

Picture yourself standing at the foot of your Master's bed in a hospital room. He is about to undergo some very serious surgery and you are very worried. His doctor walks into the room, checks your Master's charts and asks both of you if you have any questions before they wheel him out. Naturally your first question would be something along the lines of "Doctor, will everything be okay?" Just as the doctor begins to speak one of his colleagues enters the room and you are introduced to him. "This is Doctor Grey," says your doctor. "Hello Doctor" would be the normal response from just about anyone in that situation.

While Doctor Grey is not your doctor, you still referred to him as Doctor. You did so out of respect for his title not his position, as he was not your doctor. I contend that within the bounds of the lifestyle it must be made clear that the term Master is not unlike the term Doctor. Granted, this submissive was not going to submit to any Master but her own nor should she be expected to submit to anyone else. I would submit to you that calling another man Master is a term of respect for his title and calling your Master, "Master" is a term of respect for his position. Both are terms of respect.

Over the past year I have had quite a few people approach me and very respectfully ask if I were Master Bleu? This question came from submissives, Doms and Masters and Mistresses alike. Why was I getting this level of respect from people that I did not know and who did not know me personally? It all goes back to building a relationship on the firm foundation of respect. It seems that all of these people know my submissive and they see how she conducts herself in both public and private. Respect radiates from this submissive in all that she does and says within the bounds of this lifestyle. She shows respect to everyone that she comes into contact with and that respect then becomes a shining reflection of herself and of her Master. She very clearly understands the difference between title and position.

Mistress Daemone is a pleasure to watch when she is with one of her subs. It is very apparent to anyone watching that she has the full respect of the sub that is with her but also and just as important, that she returns that respect. Should you have the opportunity to attend any local or national lifestyle functions, please make it a point to watch the couples there and how they interact with each other. I think that you will find it very interesting and might gain a new perspective on the different levels of respect.

Master Bleu

R E S P E C T . . .

Yes, this is a line from one of Aretha Franklin's hits of the 1960's.

But it is also the foundation for most successful relationships, whether "vanilla" or our Lifestyle. As a Mistress, I demand respect from my submissives because I am a Mistress. They have come to me looking for someone who will take over their body and mind. Someone to Dominate their whole existence. Someone that will guide them through the unique, intense pleasure which comes from the freedom of giving completely and utterly to

another. I have a synopsis I expect them to follow without falter and when they do blunder and stumble, whether consciously or from neglect on their part, they expect punishment and discipline. If I do not bestow this teaching upon them, they would not respect me as a Mistress. They expect it... they want it... they need it... And I will give it to them because I respect their needs.

But what is respect? How do we acquire it? Where does it come from? Webster's dictionary says "To feel or show deferential regard for; willingness to show consideration or appreciation; polite expressions of consideration of deference.

Now I'm really confused.

Let me try and convey what I perceive RESPECT to represent. (The soft side of me) I have the sweetest little gray haired grandmother. Whenever I go visit her, her face lights up and she gives me a warm, tender hug. She may be having a very bad attack of pain from her arthritis, but she asks how I'm doing. Are things OK? How's my job? She makes me feel as though I am the most important person in her life. I look into her face and I see pride, dignity, and self-respect. She emits a strength that could conquer any man or any situation. I admire her for all these traits, and RESPECT her for her unselfish temperament and I love her for how she makes me feel about myself.

These are the same interactions that occur between a Mistress/Master and their submissives. When you RESPECT others, you value their privacy, boundaries, independence, the right to dignity, their needs and wants and their feelings. You don't force people to respect you. You earn their respect. RESPECT yourself and their admiration, respect and love will be a natural occurrence.

Credit to Lord Colm for the following verse:

"Each time you kneel at My feet My respect for you deepens. For in your bended knee a lifetime of struggle, doubt, and fear are overcome. Each time you speak the word, "Mistress" My respect for you is strengthened. That single utterance conveying the boundless, unselfish love that only a submissive heart can know. Each time you surrender to Me, your will, your body, your heart, you temper the links that bind us. Not iron or steel, but something far more durable. RESPECT."

Mistress Daemone

March/April 2001

Sorry Manners: Civility and Incivility in the Scene

by Chris M (Black Rose) and Lady Medora (NOPE)

Overview

One of the most grave and inexplicable problems facing our community in general is the continued presence of downright rudeness. It takes many forms: gossip, arrogance, slander, ingratitude, interpersonal cruelty, rumor mongering, the propensity to snub, shun or belittle, a refined sensitivity to slight paired with strident disregard for how one's actions and words effect others. It is astonishing, and terribly sad, how poorly we get along from the viewpoint of interpersonal relationships. Why a community like ours, whose members strive for a mature outlook on power, consent and tolerance should feud with such violence and monotonous regularity is a true mystery. In our community we see behavior one would never dream grown adults could stoop to.

We have seen SM groups who ought to get along fine, bicker endlessly and mindlessly. We have seen "leaders" whose mission appears to be the personal demolition of others whose contributions to the community might challenge their own. We know good people who have left the scene because of the cattiness, clique-mentality, and deliberate non-consensual meanness. This propensity, often called "Tops disease", is by no means limited to dominants. It is nationwide in scope affecting virtually every group we have visited in our travels.

It isn't hard to imagine a universe where this kind of behavior never occurred at all. Aggression, power, and consent, to say nothing of etiquette, are concepts SM folk deal with all the time. The BDSM community has made great strides in developing and documenting a wide variety of safe SM practices, protocols, and standards for negotiation and play. Yet strangely, the bickering, bitchiness and back-stabbing goes on unabated. The last Black Rose election cycle produced a virtual demolition derby of friendships over seemingly trivial issues. TES went through a similar bloodbath several years ago, in the wake of their 25th anniversary celebration. And many small groups have closed, not because of legal persecution, fiscal mismanagement or lack of membership, but due to jealousy, power struggles, and malicious gossip.

The wounds inflicted by incivility exceed any damage perfumed in consensual dungeon play. And the emotional scarring that uncivil behavior leaves on its victims last longer than any bruise. You might guess that the worst of this behavior comes from scene novices but you would be wrong. Beginners, usually eager to fit in and make friends, typically deport themselves well. The worst of this behavior comes from people who have been in the scene for years. People with experience, with play partners, with contacts, are often the most judgmental, least generous, most easily offended, readiest to slander others. It is strange, but over and over we have seen seemingly friendly newcomers arrive in the scene, become avid pupils of our craft, grow into competent players, then unexpectedly mutate into arrogance, self-importance, and interpersonal ruthlessness. Many leave the community in bitterness, anger or disgrace.

The civility question may play a role in the scene's disproportionate absence of people of color, who understand discrimination and hostility when they see it, may feel unwelcome, and stay away. It hurts our leather brethren, demolishes friendships, breaks the spirit of our volunteers, cripples social groups, invites retaliation, and weakens our claim that SM is practiced by emotionally healthy, well adjusted people. Why are we doing this? What can we do to stop it?

The Scope of the Problem

What is Incivility?

We will go straight to examples. By no means exhaustive, here are some categories of incivility we encounter in the scene.

The Empathy Gap: This is subtle, but actually lies behind much uncivil behavior. Not so much the presence of hatred or dislike, but an absence of empathy and kindness towards other members of our SM community. In a

better world, we would all actively welcome strangers, extend cordiality, start up conversations, feel a little compassion towards others like ourselves. But more often than not, people feel nothing in particular towards people they meet in the scene. This "inner nothingness" sets the stage for much of the uncivil behavior we find in the scene.

Gossip: We all do it, and yes it can be loads of fun catching up on all the latest dirt. Plus, gossip serves a valuable purpose when finding out about someone you may be interested in playing with. By scene standards, it is not uncivil to conduct good faith peer review by inquiring about someone's lay style, experience, and reputation. But gossip conducted with the intent to harm, or passing along dubious or inflammatory rumors, is behavior that hurts the scene. In gossip, as with other things, there must be some sense of proportion. Gossip can also violate the confidentiality of individuals, possibly subjecting them to dangerous and unnecessary risk. Both truth and privacy are cardinal principals in the scene, and reckless gossip damages both.

Clique Politics: To have a circle of friends is a good thing, but not when the goal is circling the wagons to shut out people who don't "fit in". In the same way that benign sharing of information can be amplified into vicious, destructive gossip, maintaining cliques whose purpose it is to weaken, and ostracize others, hurts the community as well as the individuals excluded. Ultimately clique players make so many enemies that they themselves are resented or unwelcome.

Sweet and Sour: A clique politics tactic: Some people make extravagant show of how close and loving they are to their circle of friends, hugs, smiles, introductions, glowing compliments, in part to maximize the sting inflicted against perceived outsiders, who are refused even the time of day. A stock move among catty sorority girls during rush week (the Amish call it "shunning"), it's embarrassing to see how many grown men and women use "sweet and sour" to isolate and hurt individuals whose feelings and esteem they regard as unimportant. This truly nasty habit creates "us and them" fissures, that fragment the community, hurt feelings and invite retaliation.

Chicken Hawk Syndrome: With a constant influx of SM beginners, some attempt to acquire play partners under the guise of "mentoring". Chicken hawk syndrome includes strong come-on, boastful presentation of one's own experience and skill, sometimes in trashing other people, sometimes attempting to isolate new people from the presence or influence of others, all in the name of "education", or at least active attempts to recruit them into their clique of preference. While there is nothing wrong with expressing interest in someone (new to the community or not), it is dishonest to couch your interest in terms of education. For new people, we advise you to take your time in choosing exclusive mentors if you feel the need to do that at all, and ideally to form relationships with a circle of friends and not to rely on just one point of view.

SM Psychodrama: High volume yelling matches, absurd conspiracy mongering, unbridled venom towards community peers... does any of this sound familiar? Here's a test: If such behavior would get you fired from a professional workplace, please leave it at home.

Failure to Separate Role from Reality: We are an imaginative bunch (witness the number of science fiction fans, and Ren-fair enthusiasts in our midst) and this is both good and bad. Some take the view that the scene is a place their fantasy becomes reality, raising the specter of unrealistic expectations which can infringe on safety, consent, even sanity. Someone who prides herself on being an unreasonable, demanding bitch in scene, should always watch to draw a line between what is appropriate in scene, and into daily life, even if they consider themselves "lifestyle".

The Dom = Dickhead syndrome: While some dominants are true artists cultivating a gourmet's appreciation of pleasure, pain and power, others are mere peevish control queens, itchy for a chance to criticize, get belligerent, boss others around. Still others, new to the community (but not to Gor novels) make the classic error of equating their sexual dominance with an overbearing, overreaching manner dominated by virtue of their presence at an SM event. Regardless of how dominant you are within your consenting relationships (and more power to ya!), you can no more "assume" consent in your interactions with others, than you can in an SM scene. Dominants who assume its okay to boss others around, and demand subservient treatment demanded rudely are making the classic newbie error of assuming its okay to touch or grab others bodies without out asking.

The Realness Police: In which everyone assumes that your SM should closely resemble theirs. Scoffing at scenes for being too mild, too heavy or too whatever. One particularly odious habit is the loudly proclaimed belief

in those great SM unicorns the "true dom" (true doms never bottom... being a true dom means never having to say you're sorry, etc.) or "true submissive" (If you were a TRUE submissive you would do X for me, let me do Y to you, take it in stride while I waltz off and do Z.)

The Imperial-Imperious Confusion: Some scenefolk, in an effort to appear imperial (kingly, of high standard, worthy of respect) conduct themselves in a manner that is imperious (overbearing, bossy, judgmental). A surprising number of scene-folk begin this confusion after a few years in the community, as they assume leadership positions, or when they decide that it is time they were recognized as authorities, if not superiors. While many feel that imperious behavior demonstrates expertise, importance, and intelligence, in truth it almost never fails to alienate potential friends and play partners, and make the offender look bad. Below is a table highlighting the differences between desirable imperial behavior and the often time reality:

IMPERIAL

Wise, experienced
Kingly (or Queenly), regal
Community-Minded
Just, Impartial, Fair-Minded
Brave, committed to principles
Independent in thought
Modest, friendly to all
Large hearted, generous to others
Open minded
Patient with others' shortcomings
Self Aware, Mature
Social, respectful of peers
Careful with words and speech
Holds self to high standards

IMPERIOUS

Judgmental, dogmatic, scornful of other points of view
Bossy, arrogant, dictatorial, domineering
Clique-Minded, ready to rally others into personal feuds and vendettas
Unjust, Biased, Greedy-Minded
Cowardly, sees threats and conspiracies everywhere
Over-reliance on politics, platitudes and maxims "All doms do this.. A sub that does z cannot be a true sub"
Haughty, self important, Hierarchy-obsessed, belittling, even strangers towards perceived "inferiors"
Greedy, Stingy, Peevish, Self-Involved
Stubborn, Inflexible, threatened by, or hostile to, change or other's contributions new ideas.
Has difficulty sharing the spotlight
Bitchy, unforgiving, grudge-loving
Self-infatuated, Childish, Asocial,
Has difficulty getting along with others
Gossipy, indiscrete, prone to bad-mouthing others
Holds others to higher standards than self

While pecking order tactics like these are fine for beings with the intelligence and spiritual depth of sparrows and chickens, in humans they are shallow, unkind and run counter to the spirit of "safe, sane, and consensual". Furthermore, people will not continue to support and tolerate people who treat them badly. Even so, unwise bystanders occasionally reward this kind of boorishness with attention and respect, making our collective problem worse. New people see this behavior in community leaders and players of high prominence and emulate it, believing it to be proper, accepted or connoting high status.

Expert-itus (a variant of the previous point): the state of confusing one's own expertise with the ability to pick nits, and find faults in other people's play, demeanor, protocol, motives. While sharing scene knowledge is generally a good thing, it can be, and often is, overdone. Go easy on the free advice.

Why Do We Do It?

In fairness, we don't want to suggest that leatherfolk are inherently rude people. The scene, as wonderful as it can be, contains many subtle and seldom discussed "stress factors" that contribute to uncivil behavior. Like water over a stone, these stress factors wear on the nerves year after year, thus setting the stage for impatience, irritation, depression, and the empathy deficit we have already discussed. These are the rudeness-producing actions that prompts retaliatory rudeness in return.

The scene is a small world, and quarters are close, closer than we might like sometimes. Because BDSM is an interest that selects at random, we often find ourselves spending a lot of time with people we might not otherwise choose as friends.

The scene is an intensely intimate place, we express our inner fantasies and fears, sometimes share partners, see each other nude, watch each other come... Is it any wonder people are sensitive about how we are treated by others?

Because these practices are incredibly diverse, we find ourselves in the occasional presence of activities that make us uncomfortable. The scene is a strange place and it takes a while to adjust. And some things you may never get used to.

The pressures of closeting: The pressure of maintaining a secret life, of hiding your leather life from friends, colleagues, and family adds a constant overlay of tension to daily life. Scene folk have to manage the presence of fetish contraband including toys, clothes, literature and erotica whose discovery might be catastrophic. The risk, real or perceived, can encompass loss of employment, of friends, of family, even custody of one's kids.

Jealousy, loneliness, and competition for partners are facts of life. People without play partners may become unhappy or angry. People seen as getting more than their share can trigger insecurity and resentment. Even people with partners may see threats around every corner.

The scene, like any fringe group, attracts its share of eccentrics and outcasts, some fascinating and agreeable, others less so. New people unacquainted to the scene's protocols occasionally touch, grab or conduct themselves in an inappropriate manner. Although individuals typically learn to deport themselves over time, the constant influx of newcomers means newcomer naivete is a constant, grating issue.

The realities of the party circuit: It is a hard fact of scene life is that most parties are private and their invite lists finite. For every guest invited there are twenty left outside. The guest list is dictated by what the hosts can afford, their circle of friendships, the size of their home and many other factors. But it still stings to hear about a party without getting an invite. And it happens all the time.

EMAIL (the medium of choice for many SM participants): Without a friendly face or modulations of human speech, text encounters can be easily misstated/misunderstood. Couple that with the sometimes blunt writing style of emailers everywhere, the added gravity of the written word and the ease of escalating a private remark into public rebuke with a misplaced keystroke, and you've got the makings for an on-line food fight.

Guy Baldwin, keynote speaker at Leather Leadership III, and a prominent leatherman psychiatrist, found that an unusually high percentage of his SM-practicing patients suffered abuse as children. Others - because of their SM interests - have grown up feeling alienated, alone and have led difficult lives. The upshot is that there is a lot of anger and insecurity out there that can manifest as uncivil behavior.

Thoughts on Fixing It

One of the more sobering aspects of the list above, is that there really are no easy solutions to any of these problems. The scene is small, people are sensitive, invite lists are short, and we really do have some truly

eccentric people who will continue to behave eccentrically. But there is room for hope. We do a good job of establishing and enforcing play standards to make SM safe and hot. We are improving all the time as educators of play practices. But interpersonal conduct outside of the SM encounter itself, has not been made a priority and it's probably time it should be. We must recognize civility (defined in part by the examples in this report) as a threat to the health of our community, and commit ourselves as individuals, to improving our own behavior first. We must extend civility, decency, care and concern beyond our personal circle to members of the community at large. This doesn't mean we have to be everyone's bosom bud, but that concern for others is a priority instead of the non-issue it is for many at present. We are not talking about sainthood or communism here. The goal is not to stand around a campfire in a ring, holding hands singing Kumbaya. But if we all improve our behavior, and extend our compassion by ten percent, we will be living in a completely transformed universe.

Secondly, through mentoring and our education programs we must elevate civility as a requirement for our leaders and citizens. While scene etiquette (a subset of civility) is an SM staple, it deals mainly with deportment, protocols and standards of interaction, and doesn't address the deeper issues of cultivating compassion, tolerance and awareness, towards our SM brethren. These are tougher ethics-driven issues often without simple answers. And, though vocal, it is a minority of scene-folk who do the worst of this callous behavior. Most want a scene that is friendly and supportive. Many are willing to work to make it so (hopefully you too if you've read this far). And though the gossips, scolds and assholes among us often succeed in hurting their intended targets (and incidentally, our community), their greatest casualties are ultimately their own reputations.

Remember that we are all brothers and sisters in a community no matter how diverse. If we behave like we care about and support one other, we will all find ourselves, by definition, in an environment that is more caring and supportive. Improved civility should be presented as causal to the following desirable conditions:

Stability of friendships

Respect of peers

Trust of potential play partners (civility means stability)

Strengthens one's personal network of contacts,

Supports the position that SM is practiced by sane, well-adjusted people.

Elevates fairness and justice/ (which are eternal) as the coin of the realm as opposed to popularity, and bureaucratic clout (which are fleeting and can vanish at any moment)

Strengthens the community and makes it healthier

Raises the comfort quotient for newcomers

A Proposed Approach: Extend SSC to Interpersonal Relationships

Strive as individuals and organizations to extend "safe, sane, and consensual" into the arena of interpersonal conduct. So let's turn the laser beam of SSC onto our civility concerns and see what it tells us:

Uncivil behavior is non-consensual: Unless assured otherwise, good manners and general kindness should be the coin of the realm. To do less is to engage someone without their consent. Doms should restrict their dominance to those who have consented to it. Submissives who pester others with unsolicited subservience are likewise in violation. And non-consensual dominance in the name of "mentoring" doesn't wash either. Gossips and scolds should likewise consider their behavior in terms of consent. Subjecting someone to a tongue lashing or a gossip campaign is really no better than drawing out a flogger and hammering away at them without warning.

Uncivil behavior is not safe: Cruel, thoughtless behavior can damage hurt people, deeply, for as long time, and that cannot be called safe. In the same way that humiliation can be more damaging than physical pain, the emotional harm inflicted from incivility may far exceed what you intend. Unsolicited advice can come across as cutting, and judgmental. Incivility also sets a diminished community standard for others to follow, making incivility more acceptable and social environment suffers often scaring mature decent people away, and can in time bring a group to its knees. Small acts of rudeness, or disregard, even if only perceived as such can balloon up into clique wars.

And if the well being of your intended victim means nothing to you, consider this: If you make trouble for people, chances are it will come back to haunt you later on. People have a way of reciprocating behavior. Be nice and

people will be nice back. Be a jackass and that's how others will see AND speak of you. This is a small world and if you screw someone, you are handing them a motive to get you back later. Even if you are queen of the in-clique at present, no one controls the future, and over time the leather gods have a way of evening things out. The community is close, memory is long, and paybacks are a bitch. For this reason alone, uncivil behavior is unsafe. To you.

Uncivil behavior is not even all that sane: For years many of us felt we were solitary freaks before finding this community. To reinforce feelings of rejection in our brothers and sisters by deliberately withholding human decency, or subjecting them to deliberate hardship is just not defensible. People who find themselves helpless to resist clashing with or inflicting imperious behavior on their scene fellows, would do well to begin some serious soul-searching and perhaps seeking out the help they need. A lot of uncivil behavior is retaliatory. Someone does something that hurts or offends you prompting an aggressive response. Unfortunately this may be exactly how it looks to the person you just dissed. If you find that your actions and behavior are building up to a feud, it is a great idea to apologize for your part in the situation and disengage from the conflict. Furthermore the long term gains from uncivil behavior are so meager, and the costs so high that it really does not pay for people who hope to stay in the community for some time. Even if they win a short term victory.

Aphorisms

Taking care of your community. Take care of its members.

Agree to disagree.

You don't have to dis, just because you dislike.

Civility demonstrates stability

Piss off a bigot; be nice to a leather person

Imperious does not mean imperial

SSC is always in effect, whether or not a scene is in progress.

Resist the urge to reward slanderous gossip, with your attention and involvement. It's not consensual, and not safe (for it leaves you open to accusations of being a scold, and gossip). Even its sanity is questionable.

Tithe: (give ten percent more in kindness appreciation gratitude, forgiveness)

Never assume Safety.

Never assume Consent.

SM does not stand for super man. Nobody is perfect and everyone makes mistakes. Be willing to concede the point if you have been uncivil. Being willing to fess up and apologize makes you stronger, not weaker.

Always try to be the voice of sanity and reason.

Incivility is uncivil, whatever the excuse.

Try to maintain perspective.

Maintain a healthy sense of humor.

True wealth is the ability to give kindness.

Never forget your pleasure.

March/April 2001

Trust: The Foundation

by miria hunter

Trust, for some, is such a little thing, merely given lip service and never a second thought. But in the world of D/s trust is the foundation upon which everything else is built. There are many definitions of trust, but Miriam Webster's Dictionary says it well: assured reliance on the character, strength, or truth of someone or something. In order for a submissive to be able to give of themselves to a Dominant, there has to be unconditional trust in all aspects of the relationship. Basic trust is something we tend to give easily to most people. But the trust that goes deeper, the kind that means you would trust your very life (for REAL) to someone, is not a trust that can be built in just days or weeks. This much deeper level of trust can often take years to establish, and honesty is its foundation.

Before you can be honest with others, you must learn how to be honest with yourself. How many times have you done things you did not like, enjoy or even want to do but instead lied to yourself and realized you were acting just to please someone else? Are you being honest with yourself when you respond this way? Are you being honest with your partner? Your first step should be self-discovery. The first person you have to learn to be honest with is you! Once you learn self-honesty, you will find that honesty with others comes easier, like second nature. Self-honesty does not come easy when you first enter this lifestyle. There will be many things that tempt, intrigue, and even scare you. When you first begin, you won't know what you really want, but that will come in time with learning more about yourself. Also take stock in yourself with honesty. What are your good and your bad points? Learn to enhance your attributes but never hide the faults from someone. Some of us have faults that we really can't change, but most can be altered in some way or another.

Suppose you have found that special someone online. You're chatting for hours on-end. You are so sure this one is THE one you have been waiting your whole life for. I have seen more than one submissive build their whole life around someone they have only talked to online and on the phone. Regrettably, most of these relationships have never worked out further than the first or second meeting. Why? Because, one member was not totally honest with the other. Maybe one sent a 10-year-old picture and had since lost all their hair. Or one said, "Yes, I love doing all those things you enjoy." There are so many white lies that people tell! Who hasn't? Looks shouldn't matter, but they can when the picture you hold of someone you love is not who they really are. I had a wonderful friend online who was single and childless. We talked for months, with Master and me helping her through some very difficult times: a car accident ending with her having to have a hysterectomy, an ex-boyfriend who was stalking her, to name only a few. The end result? She remains a bored housewife with 2 young girls. When talking online, little lies can be so easy to say, after all no one can see your face to determine if you are telling the truth or not. It's easy to type in 120 pounds when the reality is at least 170, or that you are unmarried, or any of numerous lies I have heard. So what if you are a waitress or a cashier or a Vice president? All are honorable professions. The hardest part is telling someone else the truth. When you tell the truth, no matter how ugly or hard, you will find your circle of friends to be unique: people who truly know the real you and care about you, even with this knowledge. Around these people, you won't have to worry if you will be found out and lose what you are building. If you don't like something about yourself, change it in real life, and NOT in words only.

It's easy enough to agree to things that you don't want to do in order to please someone else. I am guilty myself of doing this in the past and then hating myself later. That self-loathing was also slowly and unconsciously transferred to the person I was trying to please. This resentment was not fair to them, I agree. But the human mind and heart are not always fair. I still have a habit of saying, "Whatever makes you happy!" I have learned, however, to only say that if all options will work for me as well. Now, when I do have a preference, I clearly state it. Being honest about what you want and need is only the first step in building the foundation of trust you will need if you truly want to live this lifestyle. But this first step truly establishes the foundation for everything else that will follow.

Integrity is an extremely important aspect of establishing trust. The person you are with has to know that your values are true, and not merely something created to match theirs. In return, you will need to know that you can count on them to adhere to their code of values. When you are being tied up is NOT the time to start worrying if

they do or don't have the integrity needed to keep you safe. You need to know beforehand that they won't breach any negotiated limits and will listen to, and abide by your safe words. The same constraints apply to them if you are the one doing the binding. Both Dominants and submissives need to trust in the other, to speak honestly if things are going to fast, to slow, or to intense. Not doing so can literally have life and death consequences, be it yours or someone else's. Are you willing to risk another's or even your own life just to try and impress someone? If you are, you seriously need to consider why you would place yourself in such jeopardy. No justification is ever good enough for endangering someone else. During a scene, integrity is what can mean the difference between safety and blind vulnerability.

In most relationships, the Dom provides a formal structure that the sub must adhere to. If the relationship is long distance, the Dom only has the sub's word that they are adhering to boundaries, and truly performing tasks established by the Dom. The Dom must trust in the sub's word that they are doing as they are directed. Sometimes, it is so tempting to merely say, "Yes, I did or didn't do something," when in reality you are telling a lie to make your life a little easier. The sub also has to trust that the Dom will fulfill their responsibilities to the sub. If the Dom does not fulfill these responsibilities, the sub may slowly start to rebel, often not realizing what they are doing until it is too late. The decisions and choices you make with respect to unsupervised obedience will be your own. Though others may offer opinions or ideas, in the end, it is you who decides the extent and validity of your performance. You are the one responsible for your own actions, and you should accept responsibility by admitting to them. Remember, it's easier to make choices that do not later require apologies and forgiveness. You may offer, or be offered an apology and you might even accept. But in the back of your mind, you will always remember the incident, and the truth you knew that was betrayed. Having this lingering uncertainty can be one of many ways the foundation of trust can start to crumble.

I have seen too many people try to justify dishonesty by stating that it's just better the other person not know, or that they didn't need to know. Keeping secrets and white lies are still dishonest and can rapidly destroy trust. Secrets are very hard to keep hidden from others. Someday, somehow they always have a way of coming to light and you will be found out. The only person you are protecting by lying or hiding things is yourself. What to you may seem a small incident, may to the other party seem to be a big issue, merely because you attempted to hide it. Secrets and hiding makes others ask questions. "If it was so small, why did they hide it? There must be more that I don't know!" We tend to hide those things that cause us embarrassment, skirt things that we find uncomfortable, and generally make terrible choices. Many times, lying seems to be the easiest choice in the beginning of a relationship. But, in the end, honesty always turns out to be best.

Being reliable is also an absolute must. If you say you are going to do something, then by all means, do it. Don't make excuses, or lie. Your Dom/sub counts on you to be reliable as well.

In order to be respected, you must be respectable: in other words, worth another's respect. If you are continuously dishonest, you demonstrate a lack of respect to those around you, as well as for yourself. Respect is something that is earned from others by your actions. Respect can just as easily be lost by your actions as well. Act respectable, be respectable, and you will earn the respect you need in this lifestyle.

Honesty, integrity, respectability, reliability, and responsibility all lead to absolute trust. Remember, the first gift in submission is trust. But trust must be created from honesty and respect. The loss of either of these can do irreversible damage to a relationship. D/s requires absolute trust in all aspects, from all parties participating. When doubt arises, it slowly erodes the foundation of trust. Even if one corrects their ways after a trust is broken, it is very slow to be rebuilt the second time, if at all. The gift of total trust is not to be taken lightly. Please treat it with the care it deserves. After all, once a foundation starts to crumble, the whole structure will soon fall.

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March/April 2001

Wax Play Safety and Hints

by Shakti

For a first foray into the realm of BDSM many lovers choose to use wax. It is a very distinctive and unique sensation. One people usually love or hate. I thought I'd put together a few tips for beginners so they can do this with a maximum amount of safety.

First a word of caution. Wax can burn very badly. If you want to care for you partner in a way conducive to your being able to play again, you need to be careful.

There are many different types of candles available. The degree of heat of the dripping wax varies depending on the materials from which the candle is constructed. Beeswax is the hottest, and something that a beginner should avoid. I would recommend that a person not use it at all, but some experienced players do use this type of candle. It can cause second or third degree burns as there is often honey left in the beeswax which gives the candles their distinctive pleasant smell, but also holds the heat.

Other types of materials also cause the candles to burn hotter. You may see information that says the color of the candle makes a difference, and that is not actually true. Additives do make a difference, but the ones to watch out for are hardeners such as those used in driplless candles. Often the most expensive candles are the ones that burn with the highest degree of heat, for a beginner you will want to start with cheap, paraffin based ones. In my experience whether the candle is white or red or yellow actually makes little difference.

My favorites for someone just starting out are the novena candles available in the Hispanic section of most grocery stores (at least those in larger areas). They come in tall glass containers, and you can buy them without the religious pictures. The wax is very cool compared to most others, so a good choice for a first time. Another possibility are the emergency candles sold for times your electricity goes out. They too are usually very low temperature.

The best way to see how a candle feels is to test it out on yourself. All people do not have the same degree of pain tolerance but it will give you an idea. Light the candle, making sure you have a good place to set it down. If you have the novena candles the container is built in, if you are using a taper candle, make sure you have a holder that the candle fits snugly into, and the base is wide enough to avoid easy tipping. Never forget that you are literally playing with fire, and the few extra cents spent on a good candle holder are little weighed against a fire from a tipped candle.

Oh... I always have something nearby just in case a fire does get started, after all, if you have a bound and helpless person under your care, you will want to do your best honor their trust. A small fire extinguisher is not that expensive. At the very least a container of water and something to use smothering the fire should be nearby.

Okay, that said back to testing. Light the candle and set it aside to burn for a few moments. This will allow a small pool of wax to build up around the burning wick. Once you see a pool there hold your forearm out and holding the candle about a foot from your arm, tip it until one or two drops fall onto your arm. Use the sensitive skin on your wrist or elbow to get a feel for how hot this candle is.

I find the pain from wax to be a unique feeling. Very intense, but concentrated in a very small area. It happens to be one of my favorite kinds of pain play.

Once you know what kind of candle you are going to use (and you might choose a couple, a cooler one to begin with, graduating to a hotter one) you will be ready to experiment with your partner.

Many people find that being tied and blindfolded during wax play heightens the sensations, not knowing where the next drop will fall, and being unable to move away from it can add a great deal to the erotic sensations.

Where to begin dropping the wax is mostly a matter of preference. But I would recommend, especially in the beginning, starting on the belly or back. Drop a few drops and carefully note your partner's reaction. You can

vary the heat of the drops by holding the candle lower or higher. Again, make sure you have a good idea of just how hot this is. Burns, especially on sensitive tissue are not usually much fun.

I have found in my experience that some of the most sensitive areas on both sexes are the inner thighs, the area of the belly that joins the hip, the nipples, and the genitals. I begin in a less sensitive area, moving to an occasionally drop on a highly sensitive one.

Remember that if you drop wax on top of wax, it will hold the heat in and possibly cause burns, so be careful when you layer.

Peeling bits of wax off, is almost as much fun as dropping it. As it pulls away from the skin, the sensation is again intense, and running a feather or fingernails or even a tongue over this sensitized skin is a very sexy way to prolong the 'waxing' session.

Wax cleanup is a pain, and I always put down a shower curtain that I cover with an old sheet, and have my partner lay on that. I do not want to ruin my sheets and wax is not washable, so I use an old one I can just toss after awhile.

Some people advocate oiling the skin before you drop the wax, this makes cleanup especially areas with hair, as in pubic areas or the chests of some males. This will make the cleanup much easier, as the wax does not adhere, but you must remember the oil will make the wax seem a bit hotter, and you cannot do the trick with the pulling away of the wax.

I have seen people use vampire gloves or those pet brushes sometimes used for sensation play, as an easier way to take the wax off, they work well, and do add another twist to your session.

Remember, wax has the potential to damage your partner... play safe.

March/April 2001

The Not Perfect Yellow Rose

by Colleen

On every visit my Mistress always requires me to bring her one Perfect Yellow Rose. Whilst I have no problem at all in wanting to carry out my Mistress's request, the logistics of producing one can be very difficult indeed. It turns out that for some reason Yellow Roses are the least lasting of Roses and therefore flower shops are reluctant to keep supplies unless there is a real demand. I have had to scour Phoenix from end to end to find even one shop that had a rose. Then there are the logistics of keeping the rose perfect from purchase to arrival. As you may guess in mid summer in Phoenix you cannot leave it in your car for several hours after purchase. I had been successful every time to date in delivering a suitable rose to my Mistress and on this particular day I had again managed to find a shop on my way to her house which said they had yellow roses. So I stopped by and requested a Perfect Yellow Rose. A suitably beautiful one was duly wrapped and I departed. It was however a very hot day and even with the air conditioning full on it was hot in my car. However I drove straight to Mistress's house where I arrived the necessary 10 minutes early. I then circled her neighborhood so that I could arrive at her door at exactly the time stated. My heart as ever was pounding, my head intoxicated with the thought that in moments I would be in the presence of my dear Mistress. I gathered my requested items and the Yellow Rose and entered her front door at exactly the time required. My instructions were to enter, place my items and the rose ready for Mistress, undress, put on a blindfold and take up the required position ready for Mistress's entrance. By now I was in the nearest state to nirvana I know, and happy that I had carried out everything requested of me.

The exact details of the next few moments are lost in what followed, but I am sure that Mistress probably warmed her hand up on my bottom before examining what I had brought. Suddenly Mistress exclaimed and told me to look at her. She was standing holding my Yellow Rose, which she had started unwrapping. To my horror the outer petals of the rose had turned brown in just the short time since I left the shop. At once I knew I was in trouble. I am never one to do something wrong in order to get punished and I knew that this would indeed create a severe punishment. Mistress did nothing right away except throw the rose down in anger. I have to admit I love my Mistress so much when she is angry with me because nothing makes me happier than totally admitting that I am at fault for her and receiving her anger. Even when it was not me that caused her anger, I want to be there so that she can work her anger out on me. When she is angry she looks even more beautiful than ever and it is always easy to accept right away that I am wrong. In this case I did of course apologize, but continued to wait to hear my fate. All I hoped for was that it would not be dismissal, that is the worst possible punishment and anything else beside that is willingly received.

Later I was still kneeling on the floor, naked and blindfolded, when suddenly I felt the most sharp stinging sensation between my cheeks. Mistress was beating me on the bottom with the not Perfect Yellow Rose. She continued to beat my bottom, aiming especially between the two cheeks until the rose was no more. The pain of the thorns tearing into my backside was excruciating and yet I was in heaven. Never was a punishment so enjoyed, I had unwittingly failed my Mistress, she had punished me appropriately. I was in heaven. I then had to pick up every tiny scrap of the rose, and never again have I failed to produce for my Mistress a Perfect Yellow Rose. As I left that day I was abjectly sorry, extremely sore and in the most heavenly mental state I have ever reached with my Mistress to date.

March/April 2001

An excerpt from a novel... pt.2

by anonymous

In flogging an individual, one should select a soft material at first, such as chamois or deer suede. These are both wildly sensuous, thuddy, buttery even, but may cause the one being flogged to turn around halfway and ask if you have started yet. Harder materials such as cowhide or rubber can be worked up to slowly over time. Most submissives will take to them over a period of gentle introduction.

It is a good idea to stick to the safest areas first. These are the backs of the thighs, the buttocks, the shoulder blades. In all these areas there is ample flesh over strong bone and no internal organs to worry over.

One should avoid the spine and the area over the kidneys.

In flogging it is best to avoid striking the same flesh twice. A good flogging will result in an all-over reddening of skin and the least amount of bruising, bruising being the result of being struck repeatedly in the same place.

She never strikes the same place twice, my Mistress. We never turn back, either. Each time she takes me it is with a little more testing, a little more pain and work on my part.

If one night it is fear of shame the next it is fear of a different shame. Each time I am with her, I am following by a slender and unseen thread.

I like it that way. It requires the fundamental faith that she has my best interest at heart always. To love like this is hard, it denies the fallibility of the loved, to a certain extent, but not entirely. I do acknowledge that she may hurt me, unknowing. I do risk disappointment, but what lover does not?

I have said "I am yours." I have taken my chances. I have never given up on control before, and this time I have relinquished it as much as I can. Her fate is my fate.

I go shopping with her on long midwinter afternoons, wrapping her in her coat and holding her against me for warmth while waiting for buses and cabs and trains.

I hold her things. I give my honest pinion when she steps from the dressing rooms of the best stores....always the best. She will slip me a fifty once every so often and tell me to get myself something. I am always touched by it. It is nice to let go of feeling ashamed of my status. Here is one more way in which she holds power. I pick out a shirt that goes with the darkness of my eyes and my skin, a celery green of the finest wale corduroy, soft as velvet. She is always, always in awe of my taste.

"Wear that tonight," she whispers in my ear, hand brushing one buttock as I stand at the register. "Wear that, the charcoal sports jacket, the black jeans and black Docs. Wear all that for me."

I am always lightheaded when it is like this, her voice so close, so buried in my ear that I can hardly tell if she is speaking to me or if the voice is one of my own imagining.

She pulls me to her and kisses me, long and ardent in the middle of the store. Her lips paint mine purple and I don't want to rub away the stain.

We eat in varied restaurants. Always there is a task of some kind for me, some kind of compromising thing to endure.

One night I must piss in my beer glass and drink that. Another night I must masturbate for her in the bathroom, lick up my ejaculate and show it to her, opening my mouth before swallowing it.

I have come to welcome these tasks, odd as that may sound. Her innovation always delights me, and her ability to bail me out of the strangest situations. I am in love with her mind. It moves so quickly, dancing all the way.

I dress as she wishes to see me, the celadon shirt, the gray wool jacket, the black jeans and black boots that cover my ankles. My underwear having been left up to me I wear a white undershirt and boxers, as generic as can be.

I drink a cup of Dunkin Donuts coffee on the way. I give a homeless guy the change, something I never do. I guess tonight I feel generous and innocent.

I arrive after her. I am never supposed to get there first, as she is to pick out the table. Tonight we are sitting at the window so I know that we are not going to do anything too outrageous.

There's a little sitting ritual I have to do, where I must bow at the waist and then sit. I have gotten very good at pulling it off so that it appears elegant and not insane.

We sit opposite one another. She is pulling her cloth napkin through her fingers, making a circle of forefinger and thumb on one hand and plucking the white napkin through with her other, over and over. She concentrates on the task as she speaks to me.

"There is a place that I belong to, Sol."

"I'm not following, Mistress."

We speak in hushed voices so that I may use her titular. It's New York anyway. If anyone notices they won't care.

"Do you remember the play party I met you at?"

"Yes, Madame, it's not an event I am likely to forget."

"A lot of that crowd goes here," She was saying, nonchalantly, digging through her purse. It was a silk bag, the color the lightest and iciest silver of pale purples. Her lipstick nearly matched it.

At last she drew out a business card and held it out to me, framed in the grasp of two burgundy-painted nails.

I took it from her, lifting my glasses off my nose to peruse the fine print, reading aloud in a quiet voice.

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci - exclusive, private, unusual fetishes, 40, 000 square feet. " There was a phone number beginning with 212.

"40,000 square feet? Are you sure that isn't a misprint, Ma'am?"

She laughed.

"Ah, Sol. An artist. Always the first concern is space, dimension and real estate. It's a building in Chelsea, sort of. A warehouse, crusty on the outside, you'd never guess what the inside is like. It's kind of in the middle of nothing, untouched by development. Although who knows how long that will last."

She was swirling the ice in her water glass with one finger.

I glanced at the card again, smiling.

"Some acronym. La BDSM. Whose poem is that again anyway, La Belle Dame Sans Merci?"

"I don't know, pet. Remember, I am a hedgehog and not a fox. Hedgehogs know everything about one or two things, and foxes know a little of everything. That's us. If anything I am a brown-skinned canary for a few

months out of the year. For the rest....”

She scrunched up her nose, thinking.

”Queen Bitch of the World. Here: “

She handed me a large ice cube before I even had a chance to laugh at her wit.

”Go to the men’s room and put this up your ass. Hold it till any sharp edges are melted. Move, before it all melts.”

I looked at it, sitting in my palm, just for the briefest moment. It was glassy, about the size of a large green olive. I closed my hand over it and rose without a word, going to the mens’ room and closing a stall door behind me.

Under the command, always I hear this.

”Do it if you love me.”

I love her. I love her and I am willing to follow that to its extent.

I drop my pants, my thighs wide across the toilet seat, reaching down and taking a deep breath.

It’s slippery. I almost lose it at first. My ass refuses it from its coldness and then it’s gone with a gut wrenching pop.

In a second I have decided this is the most awful sensation I have ever been subjected to.

I pull up my pants and bolt from the stall.

In the mirror I have a madman’s eyes. They are wide and fearful. My mouth strained, lips trembling. I know I have to hurry back.

This thing burns. Sears, freezing cold, making my head split, my ass hurt. There is no word beyond hurt, no descriptor for the frozen biting sting of it, which I cannot lose, even though I try to press it back out. There is nothing to do but let it melt, let my frozen hole return to normal.

I walk very shakily to my seat. I look pale, clammy, like someone having a heart attack. I am hoping no one notices, tugging on my lapels to try to distract.

I take my seat, letting my head fall to my hands.

She is smiling a very cruel smile and leans back.

When we leave I know there is a tiny wet spot on my pants. I am happy they are black and glad for my jacket.

It seems I am to be part of her life in a way I had not been. I have been to some leather functions, but rarely ones that have led to a lot of constructive play. A sweaty bear bar called Abyss. A bunch of parties. And, to be perfectly truthful, rarely have I played in public. It intimidates me. I have trouble thinking about the Top more than the watchers. My friends have told me it’s because I’ve never found a Top good enough for me to be playing with, but I truly doubt that too.

For her I will do it though, without a question I will.

She takes me home with her. It’s a good night for me. She fondles my hair and sings to me, all the little Baroque necessitvos I don’t know from Purcell and Scarlatti.

She kisses my mouth for what seems like days. I look to her finally, a prayerful neediness in my eyes. My cock pulses on the floodgates verge. My lips are dry though she kisses still.

She smiles and touches my chest.

"Sol. Come to bed."

I follow her. It is not the first time, but it is not common. She knows better than to let me expect it, or anything, for that matter.

Her room is lush and soft and soft-lit. It has to me the feeling of the most cloistered of spaces. Holy and still. The bed is high and old and white covered and inspires me in its grandness to sink to my knees.

I sink to my knees and she lets her robe fall. I sink to my knees and she steps free of her slippers.

There will never be a day of my life I think, where you do not bring me to my knees.

I hold the dropped heap of her robe to my lips. I kiss it.

"I'd have a picture of you right now. You have the look of a saint Sol. How much, dear boy? How much pain?"

"As much as there is love, Madame."

In the morning the sun hits my bent hip, as I lie on my side, spooned round her body, so much smaller than mine. My pager is going off.

Leaking sinks and a call from my dealer. The mundane and the dreamt of both at once.

Brooklyn can be a wonderful place if you know what to look for. I think the best of everything hides out here, off the convenient grid of the visitor's New York. All the best pants I buy at dollar-a-pound, the ones that look good with my chain wallet hanging off my right hip.

You can bike here without getting killed by cars.

I always see the best things biking around. The way that colors come together as you move past them. The way that you catch the smallest fragments of conversation I love the way a red truck in an empty lot looks when you bike past it. Everything turns into a kind of film, a long tracking shot. I like to go slowly.

I bike around a number of empty lots as a matter of habit. They are safe enough, as they are deserted. I consider desertion a merit in these times of development and rehab and real estate maggots. Desertedness becomes somehow ethical and pure. Space no longer exists in a way that it can be experienced by one person alone. There is always someone coming at you in the opposite direction.

My New York is the one I walk in by myself. Only on the rarest occasions can I find it. It has made me a kind of morning insomniac. I keep the hours of about four to ten with a mid day nap whenever possible.

That is when I do the grand tour of the deserted lots. Or I revive the lost art of hitting tar beach. The roof is secluded and I keep a few tomato plants up there in the summer. You can't buy decent tomatoes.

In my drawings I will start making a chart of my favorite things. Red trucks, how many occurring each day on the way to the place I buy my smokes? How many attractive people each week on the train? How many kids on each floor of my building? How many non-pigeon birds can I spot between 5 and 7 one Saturday morning?

Yes. I will make a chart, keep a graph, a log. My people have a mathematician's matrix for a poet's dreaming inner life. Ask Einstein. Ask the Hasids.

Ask the Hasidim about ecstasy. Ask the Jews about pain.

Sol, says the voice of self critique in my mind, my Father's voice, always, its accent.

Sol, this is not all about armbands and goose stepping? An Irish goyisher to pull the trigger as you kneel in a lot, empty, like some Bergen-Belsen?

Everyone with him is reduced to a slur. A potential closed off.

Even me. A good son. A nice Jewish boy. The rest is not possible.

I bike faster, till all is a blur as I pass. I would chart that too, If I could keep up with it.

I know these arguments. I learned them well in school In theory classes, with serious and lean rich Marxists to tell me I was decadent and frivolous in my politics. Decadent, read: gay. Frivolous, read: leather.

I was told, well you have a privileged relationship to pain.

This by a middle class WASP woman.

There is, I wanted to say, the matter of my mother's backhand and her shoes.
There is the matter of her cigarette ash.

Why has it always mattered, then, what was thought of me? So? I piss off my Father. I piss off the Marxists. I piss off the plaque-polishers of holocaust history.

I chew on that thought as I brake my bike, and carry it up the three flights of stairs home.

My instructions for going with her to her Dungeon, which arrive via e-mail. Ah the wonders of technology, the delight of being a blue collar bohemian with a laptop:

My solomon:

Tomorrow night you will meet Me at My apartment. W/we will go together. Bring a good overcoat, a long one that will cover you well, as I will not allow you to be seen in street clothing. once W/we arrive. Once there I will order you to the center of the room and you will doff this coat, kneel and kiss My feet at My approach. I want no awkwardness as My property is thus unveiled.

your Mistress.

The syntax, the capitalization, dating back, supposedly, to a time when the information would have arrived on good thick paper with a wax imprimatur, borne by the hand of another servant, perhaps.

The formal correspondence of an Owner and the owned.

i for my I. Me for her me.

The contemporary touch, the one used all the time in email correspondences, being the W/we. It always makes me smile. If I were the one writing it would simply be We. The royal We, in which the existence of the slave is implied without necessarily being acknowledged.

The days go by in sweet tired countdown. I am not permitted to touch my cock during them. I sleep with my hands under the pillow and wake up hard. I eat small breakfasts, paint the stairwell and read Rilke. Slow and meditative Rilke, tender and generous of scope. I enter a kind of spiritual seclusion, overblown as it seems to speak of one. Like when I touched her robe to my lips.

I am painting the fifth floor landing now and I am almost done on the day I have waited for.

I wash carefully and arrive at her house dressed and clean.

She is in a suit. Lavender with lavender high heeled shoes. Suede as soft as an apricot's fuzz. Suede like shaven balls. I know, I rub my cheek over it instead of a kiss, lest I ruin them. Purple leather gloves. The leash is around my neck before I realize.

"Undress, whore."

I do, without hesitation. I am now naked on the end of the lead kneeling at her beautiful feet.

She hands me a box.

These are its contents:

Heavy opaque hose. Black buckled shoes with heels. Burgundy velvet pants that reach my knees. They are tight especially in the crotch. My cock is streamlined by the fabric and not hidden in any way.

They open at the back with laces, for easy access. A white shirt of soft Egyptian cotton. Tons of lace at both throat and

cuffs, old elaborate, yellowing lace.

Burgundy velvet vest with gold buttons and toggles. Burgundy velvet waistcoat. Embroidered with the most stunning beadwork I have ever seen. But subtly, quietly.

I look up at her. My eyes are wide and my breath wont turn easily into words. Before I can thank her she growls.

"Put it on."

I do, loving every minute, every minute inflection of fabric over skin, and richness and care. Her care. Her consideration.

"Look at yourself." She hands me a thick black ribbon for my hair.

My gut swells the vest, impressively. My cock swells the pants. My calves swell the hose. It is.....beautiful.

I smile and smile back at myself in the mirror. I straighten my glasses on my nose.

"I'm not one to mix business and pleasure usually, but I have become very fond of the costumed footmen I sing with."

Her smile was arch and crooked. In the mirror she was touching her lips thoughtfully and looking right at my cock.

I tied the ribbon in my hair and with a toss of overcoat a jerk on the leash and a ride in an indifferent taxi, we were there.

.....until next time

March/April 2001

Healing

by tanza

Samantha stepped out of the taxi and drew in a deep, cleansing breath. The fresh mountain air felt so sweet, soothing her city-parched throat. Coming up here had to be the best decision she had made in years. Of course, caring for an ill father for the last five years hadn't left her much choice as to how she would spend her time. His passing gave her both the opportunity and the finances to do what she had always dreamt of. Writing. She tightened her arms around the brand new laptop she was clutching. A light breeze lifted soft bits of snow in a swirling waltz. Sam turned in a slow circle, staring in wonder. Rich green trees stood tall and proud, covered in a dusting of snow. Several paths led into the forest, presumably to the cabins. She stopped, staring in awe at the main building. The lodge must have been pulled straight out of the Black Forest. With its peaked roof and delicate carvings, it was both welcoming and majestic.

The cab driver dropped her bags behind her, drawing Sam out of her reverie. She looked over her shoulder to find him glowering at her. He held out his hand without speaking a word. Samantha bit back a grin and pressed several bills into his hand. She watched as he climbed back into the car and went skidding down the steep road. The driver nearly lost control twice before disappearing from view. Sam lifted her bags, and turned toward the lodge, laughter bubbling up. Lord, it had been too long since that sound had left her lips. Once she started, she couldn't seem to stop. It was several minutes before she calmed enough to go check in. As she neared the beautiful building, she heard the sound of wood cracking. In a small clearing, a man was swinging an axe, chopping firewood. He was clad only in faded jeans and work boots, long black hair tied at the nape of his neck. The cold air didn't seem to be bothering him, his bare chest covered in a fine sheen of sweat. Sam stood entranced. Now this was a figure drawn from many a fantasy. Powerful arms flexed as the sharp blade cut through the wood. Clean cuts down the middle, each half of the log falling to the side. This was a man in full control of each motion. Sam dragged her tongue over suddenly too-dry lips. At that moment, he looked up, startling blue eyes glaring at her. She took one step backward, the anger in his face too intimidating to meet. He turned away, dismissing her. The air felt much cooler as she hurried to the lodge. He may have been incredible to look at, but his manners were certainly less than attractive.

Heat struck her cheeks as she opened the heavy wood door. Samantha gasped in delight, taking in the main room. The ceiling must have been fifteen feet high. Chandeliers hung from large wooden beams. At one time, they must have held candles the size of her arm. But now, good old electricity bathed the room in a warm light. Comfortable, overstuffed chairs were placed around low tables and a massive fireplace. Nearly every bit of wood was carved with woodland scenes. She could spend hours at the hearth alone, pouring over each curve. And over the fire hung an impressive tapestry depicting a hunt. Men on horses chased down a stag of mythic proportions. The colours were deep and rich, the artist obviously a master. The entire room was larger than life and welcoming in the same breath. She heard someone softly clear their throat and turned to the main desk.

A tiny woman stood behind the guest book, smiling gently. "You must be Samantha, dear."

Sam stepped forward quickly. "Yes. Yes, I am. But?"

The smile widened, eyes that must have once charmed many a man twinkling. "Why, you're the only one scheduled to arrive today, dear. Now, you asked for the cabin furthest out. That's quite a walk. We do have others, still. Are you sure that's what you want?"

"Oh yes," Sam nodded eagerly. "I could do with a bit of solitude."

"Alright, dear. Feel free to come down here anytime you like. I'm Abigail. Now, here is some information you might find useful while you are here. There's the meal schedule. Never anything fancy, but it will keep your insides warm. Every cabin has a phone, and there's a list of numbers. But, after a heavy storm, the lines tend to fail, so there is also a short wave radio and detailed directions on how to use it. Here is a map of the grounds and another of trails. Do you ski?"

The question came as a surprise after the barrage of instructions. "Uhm... ski? No, not in many years. I think I could manage in a pinch."

"That's fine, then. We won't have to worry about sending out search parties." Sam hoped she was joking as Abigail handed over a small brass key. On one of the maps, she drew a winding line from the lodge to a tiny square. "It's the first path on the left of the lodge. Just follow it to the end. Call as soon as you get there, so I know you found it. I'll send Daniel down with more firewood when he's done chopping it."

Daniel... so that was his name. Samantha started to ask about him, and thought better of it. She didn't want to appear to show interest. He made fabulous eye-candy, but she was in no mood for more attitude. Instead, she took the key and folder of info with a warm smile. "Thank you, Abigail."

She lifted her bags again, throwing one over her shoulder and stepped out into the chill air again. Keeping her chin up, shoulders back, and eyes forward, she strode down the path past Mr. Wonderful. There was a pause in the sound of wood cracking, but she refused to look. Screw him. She wasn't here for human companionship. She'd had enough of that, thank you very much. Solitude. That's what she told Abigail, and she meant it. Between her father needing her so and her friends comforting her after his death, she'd had enough to last a lifetime.

Before long, Sam had her wish. She stopped and turned in a slow circle. She was surrounded by snow-dusted trees and still, quiet air. It was perfect. She inhaled deeply, letting a grin of pure joy curl her lips. It just didn't get any better than this.

The cabin appeared around a curve. Nestled snug in the forest, Sam didn't think she had ever seen a more welcoming visage. She eagerly opened the door and peered inside. It was nearly a miniature version of the lodge, with one large area encompassing the living room and bedroom. An overstuffed couch and chair snuggled before a brick fireplace. The massive four-poster bed took up most of one side, silk scarves dangling from each post. It looked like a gentle beast, languishing under the picture window. Sam set her bags on the chest at the foot of the bed and threw herself onto the mattress. Rolling onto her belly, she dropped her face into a pillow and kicked her legs, giddy with freedom.

Recovering, she sat up, peeling off her coat. Time to explore a little. The other side of the room held a tiny kitchen. It was stocked with the basics and had a working stove and microwave. Sam opened a door on the back wall of the cabin, and yelped with delight. The tiny room was mostly glass. A hot tub/bath graced the center, promising to soak away whatever worries still lingered. Sam guessed that the closet off to the side held a toilet. At least she hoped it did. She didn't relish the notion of middle-of-the-night jaunts to an outhouse.

Easing the door closed again, Sam went about unpacking and settling in. She had paid for three weeks here, with the option of extending her visit. Back home, it was probably raging hot with nothing but stress as far as the eye could see. But here, a winter paradise. And she wasn't leaving til she was good and ready.

After a light lunch of soup and crackers, Sam sat down at the small table where she had set up her laptop. Her fingers itching, she began typing out a tale of high fantasy and wild romance. It was silly, she knew. But she didn't care. You had to start somewhere. Three hours later, she sat back and stretched, back and shoulders groaning in protest. Sam looked at the closed back door, the warmth of the tub a siren's call. She snapped the laptop shut and grabbed up a light cotton robe.

When she finally emerged from the hot tub, chestnut curls piled on top of her head, there was a pounding on the door. She froze for a moment, before recalling that Abigail was going to send more firewood. Maybe Daniel would be so kind as to start the fire for her. Yeah, right. She opened the door and stepped back to let him pass. He had put on a deep blue shirt, but still wore no coat. Dropping the wood onto the floor before the hearth, he began piling it neatly. Sam stood behind the couch, watching him. Gods, but he was beautiful. Soft lamplight gentled his features, making him seem almost kind. Then he did the unimaginable. He set several logs in the fireplace and within moments, there was a crackling fire within. When he rose and turned to her, she ventured a

small, friendly smile.

She missed the tightening of his lips and the warning flashing in his eyes. She didn't see his hand lift until it was too late. The back of his fist struck her across the cheek, knocking her to the floor. She landed on her side and pushed up onto one hand. She was stunned, unable to react. When she lifted her head to look at him, her eyes were wide with fear and bewilderment.

"You will keep your eyes on the floor," he snarled.

Defiance flared hot. Sam threw her head back and straightened her shoulders. Exactly who did he think he was? Did he seriously expect her to follow his commands? To allow him the chance to abuse, maybe violate her? Her throbbing cheek beat out a plaintive tempo, begging her to remain still. She ignored the pain, shifting to her knees and raising her eyes to his face. He was smiling.

There was not a shred of warmth in the curve of his lips. Rather, they were twisted in a cruel parody of pleasure. His eyes held more ice than the winter wonderland outside. Sam realized her mistake as cold metal touched the bottom of her chin. She should have watched his damned hands. He turned the blade, its sharp edge gently caressing her skin, holding her still.

"You're a haughty little slut, aren't you?" His voice was deep, beautiful, and deadly, "I'm going to enjoy breaking you."

She began to tremble as his free hand unbuckled his belt. Oh no no no. He was going to rape her. Reality slipped into the surreal as he unsnapped his jeans and slid the zipper down. She could hear the wind howling outside, could picture the cozy cabin wrapped in a cloud of snow, the trail buried. Even if she made it to the door, she'd never get back to the lodge.

Oh, you just had to have the most isolated cabin, didn't you, Sammy-girl? Where no one will hear you scream. Grand.

The mocking voice was silenced by disbelief as he pulled himself free and nudged her lips with the tip of his manhood. Sweet heaven, he was huge! She leaned back a little, then froze as the knife slid from her chin to her neck.

"Suck it, you stupid cunt," the blade pressed closer, "Suck it or I'll slit your throat open and throw you to the wolves."

She would later think back and recall how odd it was that the cry of a lone wolf would break through the wind at just that moment. But, for now, he seemed to control nature itself and that terrified her. When he tapped at her lips again, she parted them reluctantly. Her breath caught as he slipped his shaft into the warmth of her mouth. Her lips stretched to accommodate him, her cheek once more jumping with now dulled pain. Her mind was racing, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Oh god oh god, please, I don't want to die.

Idiot, you're not going to die. The mocking voice was back, but gentled.

I can't do this, I can't!

You can. Shhh... calm down. Breathe. It doesn't have to be rape. How long since a man has touched you? A man, not a fumbling boy. He wants you! Give in and enjoy.

Its not about sex, its about power.

So? Make it about sex... give in... give in...

Sam felt the knife shift and made her choice. If there was no way out of this, she was not going to be a victim. She tentatively moved her tongue, dragging it along the bottom of his shaft. He tensed, and she opened her eyes

to see a spasm of lust cross his face. She had only done this once before, in high school. The boy had been so excited, he came as soon as her lips touched him. He had jerked back and shot all over her face. That was the end of their relationship.

But this. This was far different. He was hard, to be sure. But, the skin was so soft. Almost velvety. She gently explored each ridge and curve, delighting in the rush of his blood pulsing on her tongue. She inhaled deeply, his scent surrounding her.

She nearly choked when he grabbed the back of her head and thrust down her throat. He dropped the knife, gripping her hair with both hands. "Are you deaf? Do not force me to repeat myself. Suck my cock, don't fucking play around."

He thrust again, filling her mouth and throat with hard, throbbing flesh. Sam gagged, trying to breath. As he pulled back, she clamped her lips tightly around him. He paused, waiting. She could feel his eyes on her. Slowly, then with increasing speed, she slid her mouth up and down the length of him, tugging, dancing the tip of her tongue around his cock. A low groan whispered in her ear and his fingers clenched her hair tighter. She heard him mutter, "Oh fuck, yes." Hot, thick liquid shot down her throat, filled her mouth. She swallowed convulsively and he moaned again. She suckled and licked until his shuddering ceased. He stepped away from her, zipping his pants.

Sam sat back on her heels. She struggled to keep a satisfied grin off her face. The salty sweet taste of him lingered in her mouth. Heady with imagined triumph, she raised her eyes and looked at him, a small smile curling her lips.

One dark elegant brow arched. He slowly unbuttoned his shirt as she drank in the sight of him. She watched his fingers glide down the material. Her teeth bit into her bottom lip, swallowing a whimper. Raw hunger clawed at her. She wanted those hands on her. Those hands that only moments ago she was cursing. He peeled the shirt off his broad shoulders, the firelight playing over every muscle. With a flick of his wrist, the shirt landed on the overstuffed chair, neatly draped across the arm. Hands on his slim hips, he looked down at her and smiled. Sam let herself relax. He was stunning and he was hers for the night, at least. "So," the sound was husky, amused, "Do you like what you see?"

She nodded, tongue darting out to moisten dry lips. She didn't try to speak, doubting she could. She was trembling as he reached out to her. But, instead of a gentle caress, he hauled her to her feet by her hair. Holding her with one hand, he tore the robe from her body.

Sam tried to cover herself, but he slapped her hands. He growled in her ear, "You were told to keep your eyes on the floor. You disobeyed. What a shame."

He dragged her to the bed. She dug in her heels and struggled, batting at him. He shook her head as if she were a rag doll. By the time they crossed the room, stopping at the foot of the bed, she was dizzy and crying.

"I... I... I'm sorry. Please, I'm sorry."

There was no response. He released her hair and wrapped her hands around the bedposts. After tying the silk scarves snugly to her wrists, he gathered her hair off her shoulders and tamed it into one long braid. Then he stepped back. Standing behind her, Sam couldn't see the heated expression cross his face as he looked her over. His smile was possessive, his hands curling into fists as he fought to urge to simply take her. Regaining control, he pulled the belt from his pants, all but laughing as she flinched. So, she had heard that sound before. Well, the spankings from childhood were nothing compared to what this night would bring. He paced, back and forth, watching her body grow more and more tense. He let her wonder, worry. Seconds ticked by, each an eternity.

Then, he swung. At the first strike of leather to skin, Sam gripped the bedposts to keep from falling. Her back arched, pain streaking through her. His words came back to taunt her... "I'm going to enjoy breaking you." She had thought he would rape her. She had thought to turn it around. She had thought wrong, and she knew that no amount of begging would sway him.

He struck again. And again. He moved with precision, each blow inflicting searing pain, but never damaging the skin. She would have red welts for a few days, but not a drop of blood was spilt. He fell into an easy rhythm, criss-crossing her back. Occasionally, he would lay the belt across her thighs or her sweetly curved backside.

She cried, she screamed, she begged, and she cursed. Her body was on fire, blow after blow stoking the flames higher. Never had she known such physical agony. She hung weakly from the bed, helpless tears staining the quilt. Her screams dwindled to whimpers, then silence. And still the assault continued.

Her world began to shrink. Her awareness narrowed to the width of the leather strap. Her existence became stinging pain. She pulled into herself... and went back...

She knelt before him, his cock deep in her throat. She opened the door to let him in. She packed her bags. She watched the casket being lowered.

Further... go further...

She held his hand, as her father lay dying. She read to him, fed him, clothed him, loved him.

No, please... Yes! You must go further...

She spent hours searching the streets for him. She watched the intelligence fade from his eyes... watched the recognition die...

There! That's it... that's when you went numb, when you stopped feeling.

He heard the change in her cries. The pain of her flesh paled beneath the agony within. Her head came up as fresh sobs wracked her form. Anguish and bitter loss filled the room. He did not stop, did not pause. He could not until she fought her way through this.

Please stop. Leave me be. No! Let it hurt, let it burn and cleanse. Feel! Remember what it is to feel...

And burn it did. The memories crashed over her in waves, unrelenting. Her mother, gone before she knew her. Her father, ravaged by cancer and Alzheimer's until he could no longer function. Her life, given to his care and now at loose ends. Each one blazing white hot until it was gone. The pain was suddenly bearable, as if years of burden had been sliced away, leaving strength behind.

Then it happened. The strap curled around her ribs, its touch a sharp kiss on her bare breast. Pain transformed to intense pleasure. She gasped as the belt lashed her chest again. One pain traded for another. Agony smoothing into wicked pleasure. He kicked her legs apart and brought the strap snapping up.

She sobbed softly, the sound muffled. He stepped forward, whispering in her ear, "Ahhh... you like that, don't you? Do you need your cunt spanked, little slut?" He was rubbing the leather over her, taunting.

She nodded, and he jerked on her hair. "Speak! You will answer me properly," silky smooth, but no less dangerous. There was no going back. He had led her down an unknown path, and a deep need insisted that she move forward.

"Yes, Sir. Please."

"Please what... slut."

Sam hesitated. Such words had never left her lips before. But, she craved more of the sweet pleasure rather than the pain. And so, she gave him what he wanted. "Please spank my cunt, Sir." Her voice was tremulous, unsteady.

“Good, good. So I will. But first, show me what a hot little whore you are. Grind that pussy on my belt.”

Humiliation flooded her cheeks. He pressed the strap snugly against her, waiting. Slowly she began rocking her hips back and forth. Her lips parted, a low moan rising from her throat. Riding the gentle waves of pleasure, she moved faster and faster still. He was speaking softly, urging her on. She knew she was pleasing him, and that gave her the freedom to let go. It was so easy, once she stopped fighting him. Desire rose hard and swift. Muscles tightened and tension gripped her abdomen as the waves crested higher. He snapped the belt again, stinging swollen flesh, sending her tumbling toward the edge of ecstasy.

“No!” His sharp command tore her back, trembling from release denied. “Not yet.”

Frustration rolled off her. He pulled the leather away and held it up to her face, just under her nose. Sweet musk drifted to her senses.

“Smell yourself,” he brushed the belt, slick with her passion over her lips, “taste... such a hot, beautiful woman.”

She shook her head, his words opening old wounds. The strap left her sight and cracked across her backside. She jumped and turned her head toward him. The belt struck again and she cast her eyes back to the quilt.

“You will never argue with me. And before long, Samantha, you will believe me.” The use of her name, so unexpected, sent shivers down her spine. He tossed the belt aside. “I don’t think you need to be spanked. I think you need your cunt fucked.”

He unzipped his pants again and stepped against her. “Hard. Savage. Raw.” With each word, he rubbed the head of his cock over her clit. Sam groaned and pushed her hips back, silently begging. He stroked her faster, prodding her toward the ledge again. Just as she felt the tension build, he slapped his hand across her ass.

“Not until I tell you. Now, what do you want, harlot?” He sounded different. She suspected his iron will was slipping a bit. If he could push, so could she. She turned her head, barely enough so that he could see her face, but keeping her eyes averted. His lips, bruised and puffy from crying and being chewed, curled into a sensuous smile. When she spoke, her voice was soft and sultry.

“This slut wants you to fuck her, Sir.”

The last word came out in a hiss as he snapped his hips, burying himself in her. His fingers dug into her waist. She was no virgin, but it had been so long that she may as well have been. She gripped him in a silken vice. He held still for a moment, breathing deeply. Sam held the bedposts with white-knuckled fingers. She felt as if she were tearing in two. She would have sworn he was larger than before. She was burning, stretching. And it was wonderful.

He began to rock slowly, long steady strokes. She whimpered, a primal hungry animal clawing for more. She didn’t want this tenderness. Wanton lust took hold of her tongue, “Please!”

“Please, what?” There was laughter in his voice. She knew he was manipulating her, and she didn’t care.

“Harder! Please, fuck me harder.”

“Why?”

The question stunned her. What the hell did he mean, why? The beast within twisted, writhing with greed. “Because... because I need it.”

“Need what?”

“Oh, god... I need your cock, harder, please!” She was near desperate as he continued his slow caress.

“And will you suffer without it?”

“Yes!”

“Good.”

He pulled back, barely touching her. Sam chewed on her lip. She would beg no more. She would not need to. He slammed into her, fingers moving to her hips. There was no rhythm, no finesse as he pounded her relentlessly. Punishment and reward mingled. She held on to the bedposts as the beast inside cried out with joy, twisting wildly. She had never felt so alive! He showed no mercy, driving into her flesh with a seemingly unending thirst.

Once more reality slithered away. Her senses sharpened. She felt his nails biting into her skin, heard his breathing grow laboured. He was hard, pulsing within her. So strong, so intense, building to a frantic pace. The beast coiled, ready to spring. She fought it down, waiting for his word. Coppery warmth tickled her tongue, her teeth sinking into her lip. The tension was incredible. Heat blazed in her veins.

“Now! Cum with me, baby.” He surged against her, growling his pleasure. Liquid fire filled her, spilling out between them. Her head fell back as the beast leapt free, screaming, blending into the raging storm outside.

Her soul shattered.

Samantha awoke to the sun shining through the curtains and the phone ringing. She was tucked into her bed, soft sheets and blankets snuggled close. Blinking, she sat up and winced. Every muscle ached as she reached for the phone.

“Mmmm... hello?”

Abigail’s friendly voice chattered in her ear, “Good morning, dear. Did I wake you? I’m so sorry. Daniel insisted that I call right away and see if you are well after last night’s storm?”

Memory flooded over her. *Daniel.*

“Dear? Are you there?”

“Hmm? Oh yes, sorry. Please tell him I found the storm... exhilarating.” She fought to keep the purr out of her voice.

Abigail’s relief was clear. “Did you? Wonderful! There’s quite a mess to clean up here. I’ll send him ‘round in a few days with supplies, alright?”

“That would be fine. Thank you.” Sam was smiling as she hung up. She should be sufficiently healed by then.

March/April 2001

The Drink

by FineArt

Gregory was sitting at the bar, in a dark corner, thinking as he sipped his wine. Dressed in a dark suit, crisp white shirt, silk tie, it had been a long day. There was an empty stool at the bar next to him, then another businessman sat nursing a strong drink. He had introduced himself as Philip, said he was visiting from out of town, then quickly become lost in his thoughts. The bar was dimly lit, full of professionally dressed men and women talking quietly to one another.

He watched as a woman entered the bar, alone, looking around for a place to sit. Heads turned as she crossed the floor, toward him. Her hair as long and golden, her legs, extending from the short skirt of her business suit long and shapely. He could see she was wearing a white silk blouse beneath the jacket of her well tailored suit. She was tall, very well formed. Gregory smiled as she approached the bar and asked him if the stool next to him was taken. With a friendly smile and wave of his hand, "It is yours, my dear" and, extending his hand "my name is Gregory. I am pleased to meet you."

"I am Catherine" she responded, taking his hand briefly as she slid up onto the high chair.. her skirt riding just enough to show the top of her black stocking and a garter.

"Philip" said the man on the other side, smiling as his eyes examined her, the hope obvious that his trip would become less boring.

"Hi", said Catherine, coolly, then she turned to the barkeep. "A white zin."

As the wine was being delivered, Gregory asked her about her day, hoping it was a good one... Catherine responded casually, turning slightly away from an obviously disappointed Philip, who was listening and observing, hoping he could resurrect his fantasy, get her attention.

Her wine glass was half empty and she had turned to face the mirror behind the bar, deep in thought when Gregory said to her "Catherine, I want you to do something for me, please." She turned and smiled to him as he continued. "Go to the ladies room and remove your panties. Bring them back to me here."

Catherine blushed a bright red, staring into the mirror, and Philip choked on his drink as her heard this firmly spoken request. And Philip stared, open mouthed, when Catherine replied, softly "Yes, Sir" and slipped off the stool, walking swiftly to the restroom. Philip simply stared, mouth agape at Gregory, who did not even turn to watch her go, but was looking into his wineglass.

It was only a few moments before Catherine returned, standing beside the high barstool, reaching out with her hand, palm up, her panties neatly folded resting in her hand. Gregory smiled when he turned to her, taking the panties and bringing them to his nose, smelling deeply before he slipped them into his inner coat pocket. "Thank you, my dear. That pleases me. Now, please take you seat, arrange your skirt so your bare bottom is on the stool, and you are facing me."

Philip was stunned and started to protest when he saw Catherine raise her skirt just enough to slip onto the stool, the tops of her stockings and the garters becoming more visible as she settled onto the stool, replying to Gregory "Yes, Sir." Her face was a deep red, but she did as his voice commanded.

Philip could not believe what he was seeing. But trying to be discrete, watched what was happening in the mirror. He was mesmerized when he saw Gregory place his hands on Catherine's knees and gently push her legs apart, saw his hand caressing her thighs.. then slowly, carefully slip under the hem of her short skirt. Philip noticed that Gregory's eyes never left Catherine's, and he could easily hear what was being said.

"Catherine, you have dreamed of this, have you not. Of meeting a stranger who captured your attentions. Some mysterious man who would bring you pleasure as he sought his own?"

Philip heard a softly, nervously murmured "Yes, Sir" then a gasp as he noticed Gregory turn his wrist. Philip was certain Gregory was now stroking her slit, playing with her sex. This was confirmed when he saw Catherine spread her legs a bit further, moaning, exposing even more of her thighs and the garters.

"You are shaved, Catherine. Yes, that also pleases me. Do you enjoy this, Catherine? Is my attention to your womanhood pleasing to you?" Gregory was leaning forward more, and Philip was certain, as he watched how the arm moved and the wrist turned that he now had a finger or more inside of Catherine, who was moaning softly and had placed a hand on the bar to steady herself as she replied "Yes, Sir. That is very pleasing to me."

Gregory slowly pulled his hand from under the skirt and, as he raised his hand to his nose, was rubbing the very wet fingers with his thumb. He inhaled deeply, then ran the wet fingers across his lips as his eyes stayed on hers, then her reached to place the fingers on her lips. "Very sweet, my dear. Yes, your sex is very willing. You flower well to the touch. Cleanse my fingers, my dear. Taste of your anticipation and joy of my attentions."

Philip could not move, could hardly breath as he heard her murmur "Yes. Sir" and watched her take Gregory's fingers deep into her mouth, sucking them clean.

As Gregory removed his hand, he said, firmly " Yes, my dear, that is very good. Now, unbutton your jacket for me." Catherine did not speak as her hands moved to very nervously, slowly unbutton her suit jacket. The jacket was form fitting, showing she had full breasts. In the mirror, Philip could see the blouse appearing as she unbuttoned from the bottom to the top. Gregory reached and pushed the jacket away from her front and even in the dim light of the bar, Philip could see that under the sheer silk blouse she was braless, her nipples straining against the fabric. Philip heard her moan as Gregory reached and cupped her breasts, pressing the nipples against the sides of his hands with his thumbs. "Wonderful, my dear. Yes, these are wonderful breasts. You are very pleasing to me, Catherine."

"Thank you, Sir" she whispered.

Gregory spent several minutes playing with her breasts.. the blouse becoming terribly wrinkled. Gregory did not stop when the bartender stopped by, and did not even look at him when he ordered refills for both his and Catherine's wines, Philip's drink. When the wine arrived, he removed his hands from Catherine's breasts and turned to face the bar, sipping his wine slowly. Then he said firmly "Turn to face Philip, Catherine, as you faced me."

Catherine hesitated, started to say something, blushing deeply until Gregory said in a low, but very firm voice "NOW!" Catherine said nothing, her eyes dropping to her lap as her hand reached to the bar, and using the bar for leverage, she rotated the chair slowly so she was facing Philip. Philip could only stare at her. Her breasts were highly visible under the sheer blouse, Her nipples were swollen. As Phillip's eyes moved down, he could see most of her thighs, the tops of the black stockings, the garters. He wondered what was just under the hem of the skirt, where Gregory's fingers had been.

"Is she not a truly beautiful woman, Philip? Such magnificent breasts, a face that makes your heart stop? Do you wonder what is below, Philip? Would you like to touch her?" Catherine bit her lower lip as she heard Gregory talking behind her, his voice so firm, so calm.

His voice shaking, his eyes darting about, Philip replied "Ye...yes. yes, she is beautiful. Very beautiful. I.. I.. I could not ..Catherine.. I can't..."

"It is OK, Philip" Gregory spoke firmly. "Catherine will not protest if you explore her breasts.' Catherine dropped her head, staring into her lap, but she took her hands and opened the jacket a bit further when she heard Gregory speak... and , with a shaking hand, Philip reached and cupped her left breast in his right hand, the nipple pressing into the palm. He was very tentative, not confident or firm as Gregory had been as his fingers kneaded her breast. Catherine tensed at his touch, but did not withdraw.

"You may see how wet she has become, Philip. She will not protest." Philip hesitated, Catherine closed her eyes tightly and turned her head away, but her legs spread apart, inviting Phillips's touch as she bit her lower lip.

Philip hesitated, but eventually his hand moved below the hem of her skirt.. and Catherine shifted so he could stroke her sex. His wet fingers quickly reappeared, and she moved to bring her legs together.

Gregory chuckled, wickedly, as he turned Catherine back to face him. "A lovely woman, is she not, Philip. And so ready, so *laughing* accommodating..." Catherine blushed and put her hands in her lap as Gregory talked to Philip about her, as though she was not there. Philip sat, staring at his fingers, still wet from her arousal, unable to believe what was happening here, and stammered "Yes, err. yes, she is." And

Gregory again chuckled wickedly.

"Catherine, please, remove your jacket" Gregory asked, commanded, his voice still low, but firm.

"Yes, Sir" Catherine responded, moving quickly to slip the jacket off of her shoulders, laying it across her lap. Gregory reached again, to pinch her left nipple, twisting it as she sat on the barstool. Catherine knew that anyone in the place could now easily see what was being done to her, but she was unable to refuse Gregory's attentions. Gregory smiled, slipping off his stool, leaving payment for the drinks, extending a hand to Catherine.

"Philip, have a very good day" Gregory smiled. "I hope you will have fond memories of our fair city." And Gregory roared with laughter, Catherine dropped her head, biting her lower lip as she felt the red of her shame rise across her face.

Uncertain how to respond, Philip swallowed hard, looked at the still wet fingers, and murmured "Thank you, Sir. I... I will certainly remember this night." And Philip looked at the stool where she had been sitting, seeing that the seat was wetted by her arousal.

Gregory took Catherine's jacket, folded it over his arm, and, taking her by the hand, guided her through the crowded bar. Heads turned as they walked across the room toward a closed door. With the lighting in the bar, Catherine's breasts stood out in perfect outline in the sheer blouse. Her swollen nipples pressed against the blouse, and, as Gregory led her through the crowd, several of the gentlemen present nodded in acknowledgment to him. The women were all attendant to the men they were with, but several gave knowing, reassuring smiles to Catherine as they passed.

When they arrived at the door, Gregory opened it and led her inside. The room was dimly lit. Around the sides of the room were a number of large leather chairs paired at small tables. In the middle of the room was a pool table which became flooded with light when Gregory flicked a switch. He led Catherine to one end of the table, pausing to lay her jacket on one of the chairs. Once there, he turned her so she was facing him. He leaned to kiss her softly, then as he talked with her, gazing into her eyes, he slowly unbuttoned her blouse, pulling its tails from inside her skirt. "My dear, you are beautiful. And so responsive. I am very pleased to have met you, Catherine. That you have ventured here this evening." As Gregory cupped her right breast in his left hand.

Catherine moaned and said softly "Sir, I am glad you are pleased with me."

Then, as Gregory suddenly pinched, pulled and twisted her nipple, Catherine let out a sudden yelp and her entire body stiffened. "I am sorry, Sir." she stammered. "I did not expect .." His finger to her lips silenced her. But she stiffened again as he snapped his finger off the end of his thumb, flicking her left nipple this time. "Yes, Catherine, you do please me."

Gregory then moved to position Catherine at the end of the table, facing it. "Bend down, my dear.. and stretch your arms out toward the opposite end of the table. *laughing wickedly* The felt should feel good on those magnificent breasts."

Catherine looked pensively at him for only a moment, then, seeing the seriousness in his eyes, moved to press her hips against the end of the table, her breasts swaying before her as she bent to lay her upper body on the table, her arms stretched toward the opposite end. Gregory moved quickly to her right side.. pulling the portion of the blouse that had tucked under her so that her entire front lay bare on the table. When he reached her right wrist, he took it and, soon, a satin rope was tied to the wrist and it was secured to the far leg of the table. Without hesitation, he secured the left to the opposite leg and Catherine was forced to stand on the balls of her feet, tightening her calves.

Gregory moved behind her, sliding her skirt up around her waist so that her bottom was bared to the cool room. She moaned as he caressed her asscheeks, and her muscles tightened when he ran his fingers along the slit of her sex and again when the tip of his index finger circled her anus. "Very nice, Catherine. Yes, there is much

pleasure to be found here." And chuckling softly as his fingers moved to roll her flowered clit.

Her voice tense, Catherine responded softly "Thank you, Sir. I am glad you find me pleasing."

Gregory's hands explored Catherine's legs as he knelt behind her. She shifted and her calves tightened as his attentions tickled her inner thighs and the backs of her knees. And she shifted when he took first her left ankle, then the right, and moved them toward the legs of the pool table, forcing her to stand on her toes as he bound them to the legs of the table, opening her womanhood to his view.. and his use.

Gregory moved to stand beside her, where, with her cheek on the pool table, he could see her. As he talked with her, his hand slipping inside his coat and came out with a black blindfold. "My dear, I will be leaving you for a while. Do not worry. No harm will come to you while I am gone, although there may be others who enter here. Will you wait quietly while I am gone, Catherine, or need I make assurances that you will behave?" His eyes were deadly serious as he looked down at her, stroking her cheek with the back of his hand. Her eyes were wide with fear, but after a moment, Catherine managed to whisper "Sir, you may leave me. I will not cause problems. But please, Sir, I..." and his fingers to her lips quickly silenced her again. As Gregory slipped the blindfold over her eyes, he spoke again.. "Catherine, no harm will come to you.. Whomever enters here will treat you well." And with that, Gregory leaned, placed a soft kiss on her cheek, and she startled when, as he passed my her, his hand landed a sharp smack to her left asscheek, leaving the imprint of his hand in red. Catherine was fighting back sobs and panic when she heard the door close behind her.

It seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes before the soft click of the door opening was heard again. The room was carpeted, so footsteps could not be heard, but Catherine sensed that were others coming into the room and taking seats in the chairs at the room's edge. She could smell the odor of a cigar, or cigars and thought she could here people settling into some of the leather chairs.

Catherine startled and tensed, gasping loudly when she felt a gloved hand caress her exposed asscheeks. Her buttocks and legs tightened when she felt two gloved hands kneading her, exploring the flesh of her exposed and open bottom. She gasped when the hands began to stroke her sex and moaned when she felt two gloved fingers enter her, pumping in and out slowly. Quickly. Catherine was lost in the wonders of her arousal as the fingers expertly plied her sex. The soft noises around the room were lost to her as her arousal soared and it was not long before she yelled out inrelease, her sex convulsing on the fingers that were playing with her, fucking her. Again and again, she orgasmed as whoever this was played with her... sometimes playing with her clit, sometimes pumping her with the fingers.. or even tickling her anus.

Her breathing was ragged, legs shaking. She shrieked when she felt the gloved hand land smartly in her right asscheek . and her buttocks turned a bright red as the swats landed again and again. Then the room was quiet, silent. Until the distinct sound of a zipper was heard ..

Catherine gasped as she felt something sliding up and down in the crease between her asscheeks. The gloved hand was guiding the head of a fully aroused cock between her buttocks. She could feel the texture of the lubricated condom. Soon, she gasped as the shaft was pressed against her swollen clit, and she tensed, moaned as the as the shaft was slipped to the entrance of her sex, and pressed deep into her. Whoever was taking her did not speak. He pressed his hips against her ass and the gloved hands rested on her hips, pulling her up and back to meet him. Slowly, rhythmically, he began to move back and forth in her, pulling back until he nearly slipped from her, then crashing into her, his hips slapping against her buttocks.

He could feel her arousal and excitement grow, feel the heat of her wet sex as he took her there. He could feel her struggle, bound as she was,. to match his strokes with her own passion. It was not long before he could feel the approach of his climax, the thick juices gathering for their explosive journey through the thick vein of his cock. His legs tightened and his gloved fingers dug into her hips as he pumped into her, faster and faster.. and, as he felt the convulsions of her orgasm begin to grip his swollen manhood, his back arched, and he let out a guttural moan as he released his seed, impaled deep in her sex.. exploding again and again as she spasmed beneath and around him.

When he was fully spent, he rested leaning against her, his breathing ragged, heart pounding. He could feel her heartbeat in her sex, feel it grip him as he rested in her, as his manhood began, reluctantly, to lose its rigidity, to pull from her until, finally, it slipped from her,leaving her open, wet with the juices of her passion, empty...

The gloved hands again caressed her asscheeks, a single finger stroked the slit of her sex. Then he was gone. She again could sense, rather than hear, as the room emptied. The click echoed in the room as the door closed and she was again all alone, the only light in the room the bright one over the pool table, bathing her as she was bound lying on the table, the skirt gathered at her waist, the blouse gathered near her shoulders.. only the garter, stockings and high heeled shoes were properly arranged.

It was several minutes before she heard the sound of the door opening and sensed someone move to stand beside her, jumped as a hand caressed her cheek. "You have done very well, Catherine. I am very pleased with you." Gregory spoke softly as he removed her blindfold. He could see the tears in her eyes as she blinked, adjusting to the light.

"Thank you, Sir. I have tried to do as you required, to be pleasing for you."

Gregory moved to quickly release Catherine's ankles, then her wrists. He helped her to stand, her legs shaking and unsteady from the combination of her orgasms and having been bound as long as she was. He kissed her breasts softly, then pinched her nipples, hearing her moans as the nipples throbbed to his attentions. Gregory slowly buttoned her blouse...the bottom three of the 6 buttons, arranging the blouse so it left deep cleavage open for any to examine. Catherine said nothing, but kept her eyes lowered and bit her lower lip as Gregory arranged her clothing as he wanted.. He pulled her skirt down after he stroked her slit to the point where her legs were again shaking, but stopped before another orgasm. He left her blouse

tails out of her skirt.

Gregory leaned to kiss her, then took her hand and led her from the billiards room, pausing to pick up the jacket. Knowing eyes followed then as they emerged, the men smiling and nodding to Gregory, the women looking sympathetically toward the blushing Catherine.

As they neared the bar, where Philip still sat, mouth agape, eyes glued to to the cleft in Catherine's blouse, watching the movement of her breasts with each step, Gregory reached into his coat. When the hand emerged, it held Catherine's panties. Gregory smiled in pleasure and contentment as he brought the panties to his nose, then handed them to Philip. "A souvenir of your visit to our city, Sir. May your memories be pleasant" Gregory laughed. With a gloved hand, Philip reached to take the panties, speechless, nodding to his unknown benefactor. Catherine gasped as she saw the glove, turning to stare at Gregory, who just cocked his head as he gazed into her eyes. Catherine's mouth began to move, but she was silenced when she felt Gregory's fingers tighten on her arm.

Turning, leading her, they again crossed the bar to the front door, exiting to the cool of the night. The doorman summoned a cab, and as she entered the back seat of the cab, her short skirt slid again up her thighs, exposing the garters, a hint of her shaven sex to the cabbie who was turned, looking to get instructions or directions.

She was reaching to adjust the skirt down as Gregory entered.. and with his eyes, told her to leave the skirt, and, with a nod of his head, to actually pull it up to her waist, exposing her sex to Gregory.... and to the cabbie. Gregory slid in next to her, leaning to kiss her gently, his hand moving to caress her open sex.

Gregory gave directions to the cabbie, who seemed to take the back seat activities in stride, but adjusted the mirror so he could see into Catherine's lap as he pulled from the curb.

Leaning back into the seat, Gregory chuckled, reaching into his coat pocket and removing a leather glove, wafting deeply as he passed it under his nose. "little one" he said with obvious pleasure, "you have served me extremely well this evening. I am very pleased with you." And he leaned to kiss her, rolling her swollen clit in the tips of his fingers as he did so. "But it is time we went home. The kids will be waiting."

March/April 2001

Their Dark Possession -- Part One

by dark whisper

The wind whistled cold and eerie as she stared longingly out the window. Dark. The branches of the pine tree just outside the glass whipped back and forth, as if trying to escape the icy blast moving on rapid currents of air. A pale reflection looked back at her. Eyes almost haunted in the shadowy image as they met her own. A finger, tipped in ruby red rose to trace the contours of the ghostly image - a shiver racing through her hand at the frigid touch.

Where was he? A slow glance to the slim gold watch encircling her right wrist - three a.m. and no headlights pierce the gloom of night. The anxious feeling grew.

Ann rose jerkily to her feet, too restless to remain staring at busy nothingness. Long legs carried her from place to place within the room. A cup rests on the desk, the coffee long cold and filmed slightly at the top. A nervous hand raked through long strands of dark red hair as she paced. Thoughts jumbled together in a madness of fear. What if he was hurt, laying beside the edge of the road as the snow cradled a face devoid of color. Or... what if...he was with someone else?

She muttered under her breath, calling herself all sorts of fool for letting her imagination take over, but the sudden thought not as easily banished as she might wish. A full lower lip found its way between the sharp edge of white teeth as she worried the plump flesh.

"Don't think about it, don't THINK about it."

The words a near mantra as she paced the room. Each step a vivid reminder of the soreness of her back and bottom. She hated the doubts that rose within when something was out of the norm. She knew better than to start thinking about "what-if" but at times, her mind simply refused to let go. She gnawed on the questions like a dog gnaws a bone, refusing to acknowledge there is no meat left to it.

The sound of a key in the lock pulled her from the darkness of her own mind. She turned quickly...forgetting in her relief about the chain draped between nipples and labia. A sharp gasp in the darkness betrayed her presence, and she stepped tentatively forward.

"Master?"

The entryway light cast a soft glow into the darkened study. His form stands in silhouette - one shoulder resting lightly against the jam. Too much shadow obscures his face, but his very posture giving her an indication that he may not have expected to see her awake during the witching hours.

"Ann, why are you still up?" His voice was calm and smooth - controlled.

"I...umm, I couldn't sleep and was watching the wind." The nervous tremor in her voice gave her away.

"I see. And did watching the wind also include watching the driveway for my car?"

There was no change in tone or inflection, but still, she felt an icy finger of something close to fear slide down her spine. She never really feared him, not even when she was bound and blindfolded while his hand wielded flogger or whip, but still she felt the rush of adrenaline that let her know she needed to be very careful of her answer.

"Yes, Sir. I became worried for you. For your safety. It's rare that you arrive home this late." She moved into the slice of light, unaware of the glitter in her eyes or the swollen cast of full lips.

"Come here, Ann." It was not a request.

Dark lashes fell to obscure the flash in her eyes as she stepped closer. The scent of his cologne lingered gently in the air along with the smell of wine and tobacco. Suddenly, she remembered. He had been in a meeting with

the Minister of Finance and the entourage that accompanied him whenever he traveled. Their meetings always included dinner and drinks afterward at a very noisy and jovial place. Her relief was short lived, however as she noticed the set of his lips.

"Yes, Sir?"

His hand lifted, and almost casually flicked at her satin covered nipple. A quick, hot breath as the movement pulled at the chain connecting the pierced rings in nipples and the lips of her sex. She felt the flesh rise and harden. A slow throb began between her thighs as the chain tugged lightly.

"Well my dear, since you are up and obviously quite...alert, I do believe we can make good use of these quiet hours."

The calm, controlled voice continued as long fingers tugged at the satin tie of her robe. The material slithered open to expose full, firm breasts and the slopes of her body. The air seemed to shimmer slightly - surreal and misty in the shifting light. A glint of gold chain flashed dully as Will moved behind her and rested warm hands on her shoulders for a long moment, then pushed the ice blue satin from her form to ripple into a slinky puddle at bare feet.

"Go to the playroom. I will be there in a moment." He turned her toward the playroom door, and the solid crack of his hand reverberated in the room. "Oh, and Ann?" He waited until she stopped and turned back to face him. "I want you wet and ready for me, I desire to use my pet."

He turned away, but not before he caught the sharp inhalation of breath and the quick flush of desire rising to settle upon her face. His lips curled upward, knowing just why Ann was still awake. She was very good about keeping the tiny insecurities from growing, but every once in a while, her possessiveness rose. He rather enjoyed that. He rather enjoyed her, period.

The playroom was as black as pitch...far darker than the night with its soft fall of snow and the reflective moonlight. Two steps in and a half turn to the right. Ah yes. Track lighting came to life with a soft snick as trembling fingers found the switch.

The room had been specially designed and built to Will's exacting specifications. Thick walls were made even thicker by 8 inches of foam rubber behind black drywall. The floor was flagstone. Scatter rugs placed in strategic positions might have given some semblance of normalcy if not for the pieces of furniture placed around the room. A novice would feel as though they had stepped into the twilight zone - she felt entirely at home.

Ann felt another shiver slide slowly up her back as she moved to the free-standing suspension frame standing diagonally in one spacious corner. Her eyes, an odd collection of gold, green and blue moved over the cuffs dangling from strong steel chain. They'd had the frame custom built to accommodate her height, and allow free movement no matter how he positioned her from the chains. This was one of her favorite pieces.

She looked around the room and laughed softly as she considered what he might do to her this early morn. There were so many possibilities. Bare feet made no sound as she moved from one piece of equipment to another - stopping now and again to inhale deeply of the rich scent of leather.

When she lifted the heavy flogger, she realized she was very, very wet. A sharp flare shot through her back and buttocks as the leather seemed to give up its memories of the night before. Ann closed her eyes and allowed soft fingers to explore as the images swelled upward in her mind.

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Ann dressed carefully. Will liked her to be the epitome of a lady when they socialized - at least to a stranger's eye. "Strength, grace, and poise" was his familiar refrain, and her lips twitched lightly as she finished the thought in her mind: "a lady in the boardroom, a whore in the bedroom." Just as she lifted one foot to step into soft champagne colored silk panties, his voice came from the deep shadows of the hallway.

"No panties, pet."

She lifted her gaze, her foot lowering automatically as she nodded. The flash of something sensual and dark flickered in her eyes a moment then was gone.

"Yes, Sir." She straightened and looked to him, "are there any other instructions for me tonight, Master?"

A shake of his head was her only answer as he turned and moved to prepare for the evening.

She finished dressing and stood back to check her reflection in the full length mirror. Black silk stockings caressed creamy thighs and calves beneath the rather conservative navy dress. Silk covered buttons ran from neckline to hem and she purposely left the bottom five undone, leaving a long, open slit to just below the juncture of her thighs. Will liked the way her legs flashed when she walked, but more so, liked the looks of interest and occasional down right lust on the faces of his associates when they caught a glimpse of upper thigh, and an occasional impression of wet sex, when she sat down or crossed her legs.

They pulled up in front of the restaurant, and the parking attendant got a clear view of smoothly shaven sex as she swiveled from the seat to stand. The look was not lost to Will, and a dark, sardonic smile spread over his lips as he reached up and took a thick strand of dark auburn hair and led her to the door.

Once seated, she might as well have been invisible as the talk ranged from everything from high finance to football. She shouldn't have been surprised, yet found herself jolting forward when Will's fingers slipped between the folds of the dress, and probed lightly at smoothly shaven cunt lips. Her eyes flickered to him, and found his own gaze trained on one of his associates droning on about god knew what.

She picked up her wine glass and sipped slowly, easing down further in her chair while opening her thighs to his touch. She caught the flicker of a smile as two fingers slid slowly into her.

Ann watched the group with slightly glazed eyes as Will fingered her deeply, his voice never betraying to the others at the table that he was fucking her slow and deep with strong fingers. She became flushed and tried to cover the soft sounds of pleasure by sipping from the wineglass held in trembling fingers. She was very wet, and wondered if the lewd sounds carried to anyone else at the table.

When his thumb moved up to circle her clit, she could not stop the whimper that rose from ruby red lips. Tom, Will's boss, turned to her for a moment and simply stared at her as she bit her lip and tried to still the reaction of her body to each stroke. Their eyes locked for a long moment, and she knew...that he was aware of just what occurred beneath the snowy white tablecloth.

The sudden plunge of three fingers into her had her setting the wineglass down hard on the table. And when Will leaned to her and whispered "come" it was all she could do not to scream out as her body - trained and ready - simply obeyed.

He withdrew his fingers while she shuddered softly in her chair, each flutter of muscles so subtle no-one save the three of them knew what had just happened. Wet, slick fingers dragged slowly along the heat of her inner thigh and a soft murmur reached only her ears.

"Very good, pet."

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The drive home held that air of sensuality that is impossible to attain outside of a very intense relationship. Each shift of gears had her eyes drifting to his hand, watching the way long fingers curled around the knob, the smooth movements causing her to shift in her seat. A quick glance to his face gave no indication of his thoughts, leaving her to imagine all sorts of things.

Ann's mind began to drift into dark pathways. Their relationship had always been intense, but lately that intensity had moved to deeper planes. She was unaware of the soft sighing moans that slipped past slightly parted lips, but he was not.

A hand, warm and strong, settled upon her inner thigh and tugged gently. She rose quickly from her reverie - legs parting for his touch. The shadows of the car's interior hid the expression in his eyes as he turned slightly to

look at her, but the set of his lips was firm and somehow compelling. His fingers toyed with the outer labia of her cunt, though not a word was spoken as they probed and pinched.

Twice on the drive home, he took her right to the edge of orgasm, but would not allow her the release she so desperately needed.

"Please..." she begged softly as strong fingers pinched the tiny erection of her clit.

"Not yet, love. You are feeling a bit greedy tonight, aren't you? Perhaps I should just...leave you unsatisfied."

Ann groaned in her seat as the fingers shifted position and scraped deeply against puffed labia only to play with the rings embedded through her flesh. The sharp tug brought a gasp...a jerk...and she felt her own juices seep from within to coat his hand.

"Master..." her voice trailed off, the ache inside plainly audible in the huskiness of her voice.

"What, my slut? Do you want to come?" Will's voice was still maddeningly even as he thrust deeply inside of her clinging wetness.

"Ye...yes, Sir." Barely a whisper of sound.

"No." The curl of his lips was almost cruel as once more, he plunged his fingers deeply inside, then removed the glistening digits only to bring them to her lips. She obeyed the unspoken command gratefully...licking and sucking her own juices from the warmth of his fingers.

Ann was half relieved, half frustrated as the car turned into the drive, highlighting the mounds of snow glittering on lawn and roof. The light seemed almost preternatural as they walked up the steps to the front door. His eyes appeared black beneath the shadow of thick eyelashes as he turned her to him.

"Take off your dress, my love." A tender inflection in his voice, yet she knew that he expected to be obeyed instantly.

Her gaze moved nervously down the deserted street, glad that only one house showed signs of possible observance through lighted windows. Ann felt completely exposed as she slid the long leather coat from her shoulders and handed it to him. She shivered lightly as her fingers began undoing the rest of the buttons. Yes, she was cold, but the tremor was far less from temperature than of excited shame at stripping outside in the snow. Soon, the navy dress joined her coat upon his arm as burning eyes moved over her form clad only in bra, garter, and black stockings.

"Beautiful. You are beautiful, you know. Talented, intelligent, and most of all...MINE." His voice started out conversational, and ended in a hiss.

Ann never knew how to respond when he said things like that, usually she simply blushed, but now...in the cold of the winter's night, the words brought tears to her eyes. A deep shudder rippled through her. Nipples growing taut and stiff as a hand lifted to rake through cold, thick hair.

Will reached out casually and twisted a dark, turgid nipple, his hand still warm from the car and her draped clothes. Her nipples were always hard since they had been pierced. Hard and very sensitive. The quick flash of pleasure was almost violent as he pinched the very tip.

"Now, go to the playroom and wait for me against the cross." His tone brooked no argument, and she moved through the open door into the heat of a long foyer and to the door half hidden by a large, lush tropical plant. The playroom.

The rich scent of his cologne reached her first. His steps silent as he moved through the room to the woman stretched upon the cross as though chained to it. Long fingers gripped the tops of the X while spread feet reached for the bottoms. His smile came slow at the vision of long waves of thick hair tumbling down her back and stopping just at the middle of her back. The garter framed womanly curves of lush buttocks and gave her a sensual, exotic aura. She shifted slightly on her feet, but dared not move from position.

His first touch was so very gentle as it moved over her back, and down the soft swell of her ass. Warm...smooth fingers barely fluttering over her flesh. Her sigh came soft and slow as a whisper reached her ears.

"I love you Ann." His voice low, controlled, even as the air seemed to shimmer with sound just before a solid crack reverberated through the room.

She gasped and lunged forward at the sudden fire racing through her ass. A high whimper. A shift of hips forward against the richly varnished wood as she tried to capture her breath. Even as the fire began to fade just slightly, another crack echoed through the room. Blinking back the heat as her back dipped low and her ass rose, creating a tempting target for his strong hand. The strikes continued, hard and sure as she whimpered and bucked forward.

Suddenly, the blows stopped. A soft caress of burning flesh as a dark whisper reached out for her.

"Do you trust me Ann?" The question came against her right ear.

"Yes, Sir. I trust you with my life." Her words soft, yet clear.

His hand settled on her shoulder, firm and warm before it slid up her arm...caressing and tender as he fastened the restraint around first one, then the other wrist.

"And do you love me?" The second question was a mere breath to her left ear, warm and slightly humid.

"You are my world, Master. I love You with all my heart and soul... my every breath... each beat of my heart.." Her words rose in a gentle wave of sound -- knowing that this was part ritual, and part confirmation of her trust and love. Feeling both rising within, almost fierce in their strength.

"So be it." His voice retained that even cadence, yet, his eyes flared for an instant into hers before the black leather blindfold stole her sight and the world became black.

His use of her was complete. The sound of keening shrieks mixed with the muffled thud of flogger striking bare flesh rose and mixed in the soundproofed room. His own grunts of exertion chased behind. Her back and buttocks were stained a deep red as each blow landed with stunning strength. The heat seared her flesh, burned within rushing blood deep within her veins. Stripes, deep red and raised adorned the backs of her thighs, the curve of buttocks, the sweet swell of her cunt.

Ann rode the wings of pleasure and pain, giving up all thoughts of the world, her only thought of pleasing him. She was barely aware of the cessation of the deep fiery strikes, until she felt his hand probing between spread thighs. A low grunt as his hand encountered slick, wet heat. Will's fingers slid slowly through the wetness -- probing, circling, pinching labia and clit while she danced within the restraints. She could see him, in her mind's eye, tall, handsome, incredibly sexy and utterly in control. Something cool touched heated cunt lips, slick, hard. A deep thrust inside -- fucking her with what had to be some sort of toy. Her unspoken question was answered when the vibrations began deep inside.

Her body began that slow dance of rising pleasure, hips circling against his hand as the deep thrusts continued. Low, guttural moans rose as she succumbed to the pleasure.

"That's it, my sweet little slut, fuck the toy. You want it, don't you? Yes, you like being...fucked."

Ann moaned again and swiveled her hips back...trying to push the vibe deeper. The sudden stinging blow of his hand had her jerking forward. A sudden scream rose as nails dug into her ass at the end of the strike. Another blow landed before she could even catch her breath, his hand plunging the toy ever deeper into clenching, clutching cunt.

"Answer me, love. Do you like it? Do you like being used like this? Used by your Master?"

That conversational tone was almost maddening as she lost all control and began fucking her hips backward...impaling herself on the thrusting vibe and pressing into his sharp grasp. Wanting this with every burning breath.

"Y...yes! Master, yes. I like it." The words garbled as she simply rode the currents. "Yes, please...fuck Your slut, please???" Ann was almost screaming the last, her voice raw.

A groan rose from swollen lips as a leather harness slid between her thighs and pressed the vibe deeper into her body. A quick buckle of leather kept the thick, buzzing toy secure as the flogger fell again and again.

"Perfect. That's my pet. You look so beautiful like this. Yes, so beautiful." His words were interspersed by the thick sound of leather swishing through the air, and cracking hard against her stinging, burning flesh.

Her body jerked and bucked beneath the incessant strikes from her Master. The pain swirled through her entire body, yet hips continued rocking into the air, fucking the toy like something alive. Deep growls escaped from her wide open mouth, wrists straining in the leather grasp as she twisted against the cross.

Once more, she felt the slide of leather over burning flesh. Tender, sweet caresses of damp leather as Will stood behind her. Then, the unmistakable softness of rabbit fur over welted, reddened flesh. A soft moan, a shiver, the vibrations seeming to grow stronger at the tender touches ran over every inch of her back and buttocks. A whisper rose.

"Master...god, yes. Thank You, thank You." Ann's voice was barely audible as she began to sway against the sweat slicked wood.

"Yes, my pet? Well then, perhaps you'll like this even better."

A twist of his hand and she felt the buried pinpoints scraping over raw nerve endings and tortured flesh. Her first reaction was to jerk, but the memory of cutting herself when she succumbed to that urge was strong enough to still her completely.

Nothing was spared the soft, yet sharp bite of the bunny gloves. Ann rocked and hissed as it continued. The mix of sensations almost maddening in their intensity. When he reached around to her breasts, she gasped long and low. Nipples rose hard and aching at the sharp caress, her back arching like a cat, pulling from the touch for a moment before thrusting full breasts forward and begging softly.

"Oh god, yes...so good." Her whisper of pleasure brought a grin to Will's face.

Will chuckled low and dark as he closed his fist around the lush swell of breast and...squeezed. Stars exploded behind the blindfold as the pain shot through her body like a burning, stinging shot of acid to her flesh. She simply whimpered as the points pressed like tiny needles all sinking into her flesh at once. When he moved his grasp to include a pointed, hard nipple, her knees went weak and Ann sagged against the cross, her body trembling.

"More, pet?"

Another squeeze to her breast. His voice low and dark.

Ann jerked as the sharp feeling of needles once more shot through her. Her body jerking against the cross...her body hanging from the restraints about her wrists. A long shudder taking hold as he leaned close and whispered.

"Come for me, lover. Come for your Master." His voice was a caress against her ear as he thrust his cock deeply into her ass. Long, deep strokes inside of her dark tunnel bringing her past the point of no return. The combination of deep thrusts, needle sharp grip and the humming vibrator all combined to send her into spirals of deep, ripping orgasm.

Her body thrust against him as he took her ass, using her, fucking her deep and strong. Her hands curled into fists as she lunged backward, trying to take more of his hard cock into the tight tunnel, feeling him fuck her anal cunt with passion. A low keening sound rose into the air as her body clenched tight and the breath squeezed from burning lungs.

"Use meeeeeeeeeee..." her body clutched at him, gripping him inside as she rode the rush of orgasm, her head falling backward as she shuddered in release. "I love you, I love you..."

Will's groan rose to join her shriek, his cock driving deeply within her bowel. She felt him stiffen with one last mighty plunge just before the hot, ropy jets of his seed filled her ass. They shuddered together, Will's body hot and heavy against her burning flesh as both fought for air. His hand dropped from her breast and once more the soft rabbit fur caressed her skin, stroking, easing the tormented flesh.

Ann whimpered as salty tears coursed slowly down a streaked face his hands slid down her body to unfasten the restraints at straining ankles before finally releasing tingling hands. He gathered her close and whispered gently against her ear as he cradled her gently in strong arms as she trembled in his loving arms.

"I love you, my one. Never doubt it, pet, never. You are mine... forever."

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The sound of boot heels striking the stone floor of the playroom brought her right back to the present. She lifted glittering eyes to his and whispered softly...

"How may I serve You, Master?"

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