



Dom-sub Lifestyle

MARCH/APRIL 2002

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Life Under the Three Moons



by Michael

Tal all,

My previous two articles have told the story of the branding of my kajira from the master's perspective. What I felt and what I thought can never be fully understood by Mika anymore then the emotions of a kajira can be fully understood by her master. So here we are almost two years later and neither have any regrets but what we came away from the experience with was completely different. I have shared with you my perspective and now Mika will share her's. I have given her permission to put into words her feelings without fear of retribution. I hope that both Master and slave will enjoy her tale.

I awoke on June 15, 2000, my master wrapped his arms around me, pulled me close and whispered "Good morning kajira, happy anniversary." A strange mix of emotions ran through me in record time. The pride that I had been pleasing to this master for a year. Pleasing enough that he chose to keep me in collar and then the fear set in. This was our 12th anniversary, that meant it was time to be branded. For months, Master had been telling me I would be branded on our 12th month and just a few days before, I had gone and signed the papers giving the brander the approval to do this. The brander had to be protected by society's laws and rule, but I signed the paper per the instructions of my owner. Having the detail of legalities out of the way before the actual branding, permitted us to follow more closely to the branding tradition, and the effect of being property "submitting" to rather than a free person "permitting" the act.

Like any other morning, I arose and got the kids ready for school. They were in a year-round school and thus, going this morning. I kissed them each and sent them on their way. I began to tremble. I was frightened. I had already been told that it hurt, very much in fact, and knew from my own cooking burns and such that I did not like the feeling of burning. With the kids out of sight, the reality that I was merely owned property began to set in. "Oh my God," kept running through my brain. I was permitted to dress in a light soft dress (afterall it is hot as heck in Arizona in June) and slip on sandals. Ankle and wrist cuffs were placed on me. The leather familiar and comforting and into the car we went.

We drove across Tucson to pick up my once chain sister. Her bubbly personality was up lifting and her touch comforting. We giggled as sisters do and she, bless her heart, tried to keep me thinking of fun things, happy times, and things that made me laugh. To some degree, it worked, I was a bit more relaxed on the two hour drive to Phoenix, but that little voice kept trying to bully its way into my brain.

We finally met with Master's best friend and the panic set in. I was really going to do this, Master was really going to have me marked kajira. Me, the one who had been so proud that she had not marred her body in any way prior to meeting Master. No tattoos, no marks, only a belly scar from child birth and those of a tomboy playing hard when she was younger. Me, the one who could not understand placing dyes into ones body was about to intentionally be scared, burned had I lost my mind??? No, just my 'freedom'. Master Bleu gave me a hug, told me he was proud of me and into the dark big vehicle we went. Okay, so it was not a silver ship swooping me away to Gor, but it could not have been closer.

I was placed, still in ankle and wrist cuffs in the back seat of the SUV with my sister my hands. linked together by the D rings and we started down the freeway. Could my heart actually be pounding as loudly as my ears were hearing? Master spoke, my mind racing I barely made out the command. My sister helped pull my dress over my head and I was speeding down the freeway, naked except cuffs and collar. I was shivering. It was not cold, in fact over one hundred degrees, but I trembled, Master was really going to do this. It was completely in his hands now. NO turning back, not that I would have, but as the books of Gor find the girls so often saying "Master had left me no choice."

I can not even begin to say how long the ride really was, only that it seemed I could have traveled all the way to California in the time it took in my mind. Minutes felt like hours. I had always questioned the sanity of someone jumping out of a perfectly good aircraft and now found myself questioning the sanity of one who would deliberately inflict such a tremendous amount of pain on

themselves intentionally. But that crazy person was me this day.

We arrived at the Brander's home. Steve Haworth and his lovely girl were the most wonderful people, allowing me to become a bit relaxed. I had to wonder if they could see the trembling as I stepped into their home. Bekki, whom I would like to mention, is not only a beautiful person outside, but inside as well, smiled and sat with us a few moments. She had taken the time when we met to sign all the legal mumbo jumbo to show me her brands. To tell me the truth when I asked her if it was going to hurt. She explained how the muscles involuntarily twitch and contract during the procedure. She smiles now. Friendly, and understanding. Warm in just her persona. I will never forget how warm and inviting they both were.

Master removed my collar. Any girl who has ever worn the collar of the man that truly owns her, her heart, her body and her mind, knows that empty feeling that remains in your very soul when your neck is bared by your Master. I was frightened, I was uncollared, and I was empty. God, please let me be pleasing to him today, please God, don't let me shame Him.....

Master and Steve left the room. Master Bleu must have seen the fear, he gave me a reassuring squeeze and I was off to put on my silks. My sister looked at me in the mirror, watched my hands tremble as I tried to tie the silks, and put on makeup??? Well let's just say, there have been better days for that! Silks on, heart pounding, fear calling out to me, trying to push me from the very thing my Master wanted. A marked girl.

I entered the living room and waited, it seemed like forever. I can not even begin to tell the thousands of thoughts that ran through my head all at once, a jumble of self-doubt, pride, fear, excitement, fear, joy and did I mention fear?

Master reentered the room. I don't think I had ever seen him look so stern. His face was hard, His gait determined. There would be no begging my way out of this. I could see it in his magnificent blue eyes. My heart skipped beats, my breath caught in my throat and then my scalp stung. I was being lead through the house (to this day, I could not find my way to that room alone) I did not know where, I did not even know which way I was being led. Then the sterile smell of the room hit me, it was a bit cooler than the rest of the house, or was it just my imagination? I was stood upright, and no one spoke to me, nobody said a word, I trembled again. I was nothing, no one, this had nothing to do with me. I was just property, Steve was just a metal worker paid to perform his art. I was alone. Though there were people in the room, I was alone.

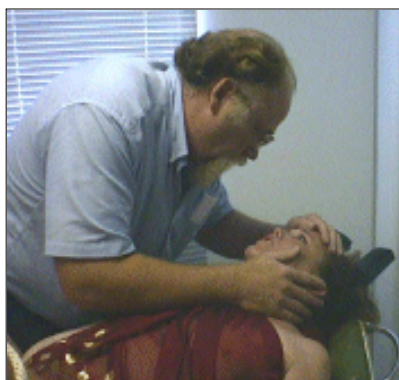
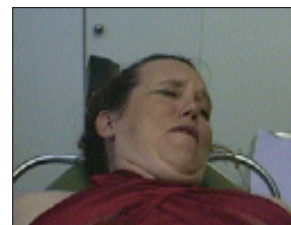
Steve placed the outline of the brand Master had chosen on my leg, it was cold, and not quite high enough, it was removed, again cold, and now right where Master wanted it. High upon my left thigh, just below the hip. 'oh my God, am I really going to do this?

I was led to a very sturdy table. I knew it was old and would later learn it's actual age. It felt like I was about to go through my yearly exam again, my feet placed in stirrups, yet I had never trembled so at the doctors office. As Master secured me in place, I of course, tested the amount of "play" I would have in the binds. Again fear washed over me when I came to realize there was none. Not even a tiny bit. I began trying to talk to myself, to remember the pain of childbirth, sure that this could not possibly be any worse. Trying to "go to my happy place", to relax. Mind over matter and all HA!!



"Girl you will now be branded." Those words echoed and echoed and then I was pulled away from my relaxation by a searing pain shooting from my leg directly to my brain. I grasped the ropes held my breath, gritted my teeth, breathed rapidly, everything I could think of until finally the pain just took over and I screamed. I mean I really screamed. Not only was I in more pain than I had ever felt in my life, I was terrified, I begged, screamed "Please Master Please, Please make him stop Master please." I don't know how many times I begged, how many times I pleaded all I know is this Man who said he loved me was trying to kill me. I just knew I would never survive this pain. God, please just make it stop, please just let me pass out, God please please please. I went from absolutely adoring this

man, loving him with every fiber of my being to hating him. I despised Him for hurting me so much, for the pain he was forcing on me. He had always been sure to stop the pain just before I couldn't take it anymore and now...now he was abandoning me. He was letting this stranger torture me... Why? How could he?.....I hate you. I hate all of You. MAKE IT STOP!



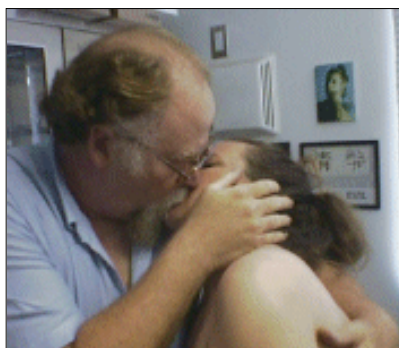
And then, just before I was going to receive the mercy of passing out, the most wonderful, blue eyes were looking into mine. The most wonderful, strong eyes were willing me to make it. The eyes I had so often looked to for guidance, were leading me through this, they were willing me strength. Willing the terror of my mind to feel control. Willing me to endure surrender ... submit ... trust.

Finally it was over. And the most beautiful words to a kajira's ears were whispered so softly so warmly, so reassuringly "I am proud of you". Yes, even more beautiful than I love you, my Master was proud. I had done well. Even though I was screaming and yelling and crying I had made my Master proud. That sent my heart soaring. Oh I had made Him proud. Proud in front of his best friend, proud in front of these people that tortured me....proud....but yet I was still not complete...

I don't know how long I was permitted to rest, moments? perhaps. Master pulled me from



the table and led me determinedly to the fur and to my knees before Him. Oh thank heavens I had done well, I was to be collared, I had pleased this Master. "Assume the position of female submission" YES! I was to be collared. My heart soared again, my leg did not hurt anymore. It was amazing. Once the brand was done, there was no pain. The electricity no longer vaporizing the flesh from my body the pain subsided. "In all things, yours to do with as you will." I hoped beyond hope that I had not moved, that I had not caused damage to the kef upon my thigh. I hoped that the brand was perfect. Just as Master had imagined it. "Whatever Master wishes it to be. Yes Master, I am mika.

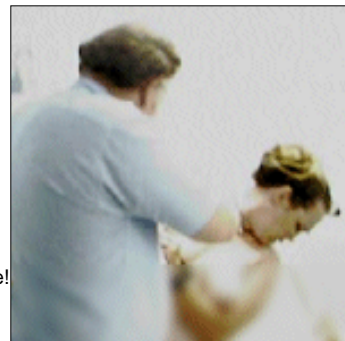


and I love you

So there you have the story of a kajira's branding as told from her perspective. Branding is not something to be taken lightly. While John Normans description of the five ehn single strike brand that heals in a couple of days may be true on Gor, here on Earth it takes weeks to heal and requires months of care. I would highly recommend Steve Haworth because I have seen his work on my girl and on others and I know it is done cleanly and professionally. Check the credentials of the "Metal Worker" you select. See their work.

Once branded, like your sisters on Gor, you will always remain so marked. Personal brands such as a masters name will remain long after he has gone. Remember, on Gor the brand labels a girl kajira, the collar identifies the master.

For questions or comments regarding this topic or others, write me at Michael@desertvista.com or for further questions to mika, write mika@desertvista.com



HEY! Look what you did to me!

Be well,


Michael
miKa

March/April 2002

From a Dom's Perspective

by Dennis Burns



Hi, I'm Dennis Burns a.k.a. DragonDiver or Dragon~Lord.

I am a Dominant male striving for Mastery; I am not the one who determines if I have reached that stage, only those whom I interact with can gift that honorific title to me. I am traveling upon a shamanic journey for in this life style of whips, chains, floggers and clips, all are but tools for bringing together the body and the spirit into a state of cooperative synergy. In bringing together the mind and the soul, the body and the spirit, I always quest to as the Boy Scouts do: Leave the site in better condition than I found it. I am very pleased to be able to speak on my soapbox to any and all that will listen. All that I say is only that of my own worldview and never is it a mandate to say it is the only path to follow, it is just mine and those who are under my care. Well I guess I should give a bit of that bio thing so you may know me a bit better.

I am the Dungeon Master and DM trainer for APEX (Arizona Power Exchange). I have been the Dungeon Master, from 1998-2001. I have served as a board member from 1999-2000 and served as a Co-President for APEX for 2000. I have been the host of the Men's night, a male only monthly party during 1999-2000, I am the founder and currently co-facilitator of the Dom Roundtable, a group for dominants only, to discuss issues that deal with our life.

I was born on the 23rd of February, on March A.F.B. Riverside, California in 1954. I resided in Lincolnshire England as a child, then returned to my hometown of San Diego, Ca. I have lived most of my life in and out of the lifestyle, from tying up the neighbor girls playing cowgirls and Indians, to finding in my teenage years that I would for some reason always be drawn into an aspect of the life; spanking role playing to most of my relationships being some form of consensual polyandry. As I grew up (figure of speech for I have never bought into that growing old thing) I found that I was often approached to teach things I always took for granted. So I became a private Dom (due to the nature of my military duties). I taught swinging couples aspects of D/s and BDSM as far I as I had understood it and had learned to that date. Of course the more you learn the more you find that you have barely scratched the surface.

I served 23 years in the Navy (sub/switch/Top school), most of that was at sea or in jungle paradises like Vietnam, Cambodia oops Kampuchea, nope it's back to being Cambodia. Plus other great places that would cost lots of money to visit now! I spent two years in Sasebo, Japan, two years in the Philippines and three years in Hawaii. Most of my life though has been in my native California.

I am Choctaw, Chickasaw, Scottish, and my family is exploring that there may be another group called "Melungeon" in our family tree. (My family tree is definitely not a telephone pole in shape, though it does show fast and slow relatives who played a lot of catch me and you keep me games.) I am "outed" to my family and the world. I outed myself to the world with the help of some friends in the SDL San Diego Lifestylers group and Threshold.

I am a widower with two fine grown sons who are still in San Diego, my oldest Justin is married, but Nathaniel who just turned 23 is not, he does though wish to continue as the second generation of lifestyle, WEG. I am now living in Arizona just north of Phoenix. I am still a member of APEX (Arizona Power Exchange) where I'm known as the twisted evil little f***.

I also am the proud lucky Master to my collared bonnie "Dragon's~heart" to whom I am betrothed to, the wedding is to be held 1:30 on March 23rd, 2002, at the Arizona Renaissance Festival, in full regalia, so if you are in the area you have an open invitation, garb is not required.

Be well and blessed be.

Adieu
Dennis

**"What colour is a Dragon, my son?"
"Crimson, my Master, Bloody crimson, no matter what the eye doth say!"**

Trubled Times



for those times when you're having troubles

by Celeste aka Bitatrouble

Dear Bitatrouble,

I need some advice. I've recently become involved with a man that is willing to explore his Dom-side BDSM with me. At the same time, I've discovered that I'm attracted to a good friend, a woman. She's a bisexual switch and has told me that she doesn't want to jeopardize our friendship by becoming involved either sexually or with BDSM. My new man does not have a problem with me wanting to explore bisexuality with her and in fact has encouraged me to do so. How can I get her to experiment with me?

Sincerely,

Wants it all in MN

+++++++
Dear Wants,

Your friend has already given you her answer. You have to accept it. If you are truly interested in exploring your bisexuality, then find someone else. You can't change her mind and should respect her decision.

Bitatrouble

~~~~~

Dear Bitatrouble,

My Dom is married, but very unhappy. He says he loves me but doesn't want to hurt his wife by leaving her. She doesn't know about his life with me. What should I do?

Sad sub in FL

+++++++

Dear Sad,

You are in a classical triangle and one which rarely works out for the 'other' woman. Your Dom is more concerned about his wife than about you or even himself. That may change in time and if you are willing to wait, perhaps forever, more power to you. Personally, I don't have that much patience and I'd probably look for a new Dom. You can't make someone else happy and if he doesn't want to 'hurt' his wife today, he's probably not going to want to hurt her 'tomorrow' either.

Good luck,

Bitatrouble

~~~~~

Hey bitatrouble,

My new submissive is not really into pain and I'm wondering how I can get her to toughen up so I can really beat her ass?

Boss Man

+++++++

Hey boss man,

Start slow and light perhaps with some doe skin floggers, continue building with some lighter leathers and then move on till you are really wailing on her with the buffalo hide. Conditioning will help a lot. The more you play, the tougher she will get. Be careful of

Trubled Times

'leatherbutt'. That comes from repeatedly hitting the ass with a paddle or other impact tool. Don't be surprised if your new submissive bruises. Do find out how she feels about it first though.

Good luck to you,

Bitá

~~~~~

Dear Bitá,

I've been reading a lot about asphyxiation play and that it's a taboo in the BDSM culture. Is that true?

Ever Curious

+++++

Dear Curious,

It's not taboo but it's damn dangerous. You might want to consider having 911 as a speed dial on your phone if you're going to partake in that kind of play. A large number of the people that die during asphyxiation play are alone and are found with rope around their necks or a plastic bag over their heads. Recognize what oxygen deprivation does to brain cells (it kills them) and if you are willing to take the risk, have someone right by your side so they can call the morgue for you in case it goes to far.

Bitá

# Transgressions

by Miss Ayme



## Crossing The Line...

I find myself in an interesting situation these days. Having recently spent a couple years developing my Domme Role, I now sit down to write this column in my new role as slave to a Mistress local to me here in California. I got to experience a taste of the Lifestyle from the other side, but now have returned to viewing things from the submissive perspective.

Many years ago, when I first began delving into the reasons why I liked BDSM, it seemed a reasonable extension of my transsexuality. I figured if I could be honest about my gender identity, then I could just as well be honest about what turned me on.

At the time, I was very much focused on affirming my femininity. I was naturally attracted to the submissive or bottom side of things (and have since learned the differences between the two). And having all that attention furnished me by Dominants was very appealing, very seductive. Many transsexuals I know who have interests in the Lifestyle are almost exclusively submissive. Very rarely will you encounter a Dominant-identified one. I also learned that a dominant male-to-female transsexual, particularly one who doesn't look half-bad in black leather, can be extremely popular and sought-after. Heady stuff for even the most grounded of souls, let alone those of us who struggle daily with the hormonal and emotional swings between yin and yang.

So it's a little weird - switching back like this. Wasn't really sure if my forays into Top Space were going to lead me anywhere in particular. It felt healthy allowing my "residual male programming" to express itself in that fashion. It's just that, dammit, I learned that I liked being in charge! And it's hard for me to give that up now. Surrendering all control and decision-making takes a real, conscious effort and I struggle with it - but letting go is intensely liberating.

I've mentioned in this column before how I believe that being a Dominant is far and above a more difficult and demanding role. And I still think that way. It's a lot of hard work. But I'm not giving it up because I'm afraid to work hard. It's because, while I enjoyed being in control, sometimes having a submissive perform a service for me, I found myself becoming cynical and hard, demanding and impatient. My heart just wasn't in it. I was discouraged at the overwhelming number of fawning males who passed themselves off as submissive, knowing their desire to serve was motivated only by their horniness. The resulting bitterness began to cause subtle shifts in my personality, which I noticed and didn't like. Ultimately, being a Domme or a Top was unfulfilling for me. It was fun most of the time, but it didn't really float my boat.

Assertive behavior isn't a welcome quality in a slave, so I've had to go back and relearn some fundamentals. Like asking permission instead of declaring my intentions. Like being careful what I wish for because I just might get it. Like seeing to my Mistress' needs first before my own. Like really listening to what I say and how I say it, for sometimes I think and do things like a man (when the opposite objective is still, after more than ten years, foremost in my mind). I struggle daily with the tug of war between the male and female inside. My Mistress enjoys the contrasts, and while that's all well and good, it does drive me crazy sometimes.

When you're used to living an independent life, answering to no one but yourself, it's very difficult to enter into a state of dependency upon your Owner. I got so conditioned to taking care of myself and facing the consequences of my actions, that it became second nature. When this behavior manifests itself during the course of my interactions with my Mistress, I'm lucky in that she will be benevolent in the application of her correction without shredding my ass.

For there are many times when, if our roles were reversed, I wouldn't hesitate to give a slave like me a good whupping. I can be such an impertinent, insensitive, inconsiderate and obstinate cuss at times. And those are the moments when the first 30 years of my life growing up as a man really manifest themselves and get in the way of where we both want me to be. A lot of old conditioning and learned behavior emerges, often when I'm least aware of it. And the differences between responding as a woman and reacting like a man become glaring inadequacies. Men get angry, women get hysterical. Men are aggressive, women are pushy. Men speak their piece once, women want to repeat it over and over again. Men are from Mars, Women from Venus...yeah yeah yeah.

What's interesting to me is that when identifying as submissive, I thought that my potential Dominant would be a man. After all, it's natural for a transsexual woman to want to re-enforce her femininity by assuming that role in what, to her mind at least, is a



male/female relationship - granted, with a twist. Males are generally considered the stronger of the species, particularly physically. So it was understandable that I sought Dominance from one who was bigger, stronger, more masculine than I. And while I gave serious consideration to a female Dominant, the general consensus among my friends was that I wouldn't be satisfied with a Domme. There wasn't a woman on the planet strong enough to subdue me. We all thought that what I needed was a powerful, male Dominant - one who could (if you'll pardon the expression) "manhandle" me, and subjugate my feisty, independent nature.

So it was a huge surprise to meet and click with a woman who eventually ended up being my Owner in a 24/7 D/s relationship. And I couldn't be more pleased. If we had met, say five years ago, she ordinarily wouldn't have been a woman I'd be attracted to. But I've learned since then not to judge a book by its cover. In spending some time with her, I fell in love with her mind, and who she is inside. And being twelve years my senior (in conjunction with the type of work she does), I have an opportunity to learn much from her.

My Mistress is everything I've wanted in a Dominant - she's kind and compassionate, sensitive and knowledgeable. And she knows how to get me to face my fears in a progressive and proactive way. She values my honesty and trust above all else. And that's probably the most difficult thing for me to deal with - coming clean, true confessions, swallowing crow. "Use your words," she'll say. God it's hard sometimes. But she cherishes the diverse, complicated and exotic creature that I am today, and tells me so. And she reaffirms her delight in receiving the gifts I give her with love and tenderness. She makes me feel loved and wanted and valued.

And it dawns on me that, had it not been for meeting her, I'd still be out there wistfully searching for these qualities in a man. And continuing to be disappointed. As a woman, she sets the standard by which I've been valiantly trying to live up to. She understands the conflicting emotions I undergo and is willing to help me achieve my goals. Now that I've seen the light she shines for me as I explore the dark side, I am challenged at every turn. And I feel profound satisfaction at taking yet another leap of faith across a line drawn in the sands of my soul.

## What's a slave for?



from a male submissive's point of view  
by semanticus

### Femdom Relationships (How to get one, have one, or screw one up)

"Relationship." What a trite word, especially for the BDSM Lifestyle. But yet we do have relationships, don't we? Even if it is only with our computer--which reminds me of a Louie Anderson type comic who said, "Of course, I like porn more than real girls. I can get porn!"

My point is we have relationships on many levels of--here's another hackneyed word--"commitment."

Let me caution you that this may seem boring, not germane, and what the hell does it have to do with Femdom? Well, if you have the perfect Femdom relationship, you should be writing this, not me. If there is a flaw here and there, maybe this will work for you. It did for me. Although i and W/we are still not perfect. Actually Mistress and i are going through quite a tough time right now. Anyone identify with that? Or maybe you are not in a Femdom relationship at the moment, but surely would like to be. Anyone like that out there?

I'm going to write this in general, that is, vanilla, terms, then bring Femdom into it. And there is a real point to doing it this way, as I think you will see.

Forging fearlessly ahead, at the least complicated level of relationship we have just an acquaintance relationship. Like the bank teller or service station attendant we see once a week. "Hi, how are you today. Me? I'm fine. Well, see you next week." No real concern, just platitudes and pleasantries and instantly forgotten.

Then we might have a relationship on the level of a friend who we get together to do something with, and we would do that thing in any event, but not necessarily with that friend. Maybe we go bowling or to the movies together, but don't interact otherwise. Still not too deep a relationship.

Or we might have another friend who we just get together with and do something more to be together as friends. Maybe we go to a concert, or the beach. The activity is not as important as being together, where in the previous relationship type the particular activity was more important, and the person was someone who we did that particular thing with. That is the person was interchangeable, and the activity was important, but here the person is the object of getting together, and the activity is interchangeable.

We still have not gotten into any real commitments with these first three levels of relationship. But in the next level of relationship, there is a commitment to each other, and it is mutual. I'll do this, and you agree to do that, and it seems fair enough, so we have a committed relationship, but one that is not really heavy duty. We have agree--perhaps tacitly (not recommended)--what each person's involvement, rights, duties, and expectations are going to be, and each ideally should be able to pretty much depend on faithful adherence to these agreements.

Note two points. First the agreements can change by mutual agreement, and the new element of allowed and accepted expectations. Agreements are necessary to have a commitment, and expectations are proper because of the agreements and commitments per the agreements.

As to changes in the agreements, that is probably healthy, that is, it is in the best interests of each other that there be enough flexibility for growth, mistakes in duties or expectations, and all sorts of adjustments. Unless these two people have a crystal ball, they will not be able to predict in the beginning how this relationship will function, progress, grow, or wither into the future. So some allowances for adjustments are in order.

As to expectations, that is always what carries the potential for the most emotional pain. Unfulfilled expectations is just a general way to denote hurt, jealousy, envy, anger, anxiety, fear, loneliness, suffocation or enmeshment, and whatever painful part of a relationship you might name. But we do have to have some expectations, and we have a right to them at this level, else there is no commitment, no committed relationship.

Notice we have not mentioned how close these two people are, that is, we have made no mention of intimacy, Intimacy is not possible without trust, which is not possible without honesty and openness. So far we could have a somewhat intimate relationship

What's a slave for?

that is a committed one, but not fully intimate and therefore (unless one or both are crazy) not fully committed. That is, these folks are committed and intimate up to a point or in some areas but not beyond that point or in the other areas. In such a case there is only limited intimacy possible, because there is only limited trust (the relationship does not go into certain aspects of the individuals' lives, and mutual trust is not an issue in those areas--any needed trust is obtained separately by keeping that aspect of one's life separate, private, even hidden.

The absent any of the "holding back" needs or wants of the relationship partners results in what we usually first think of when we hear the word "relationship," that is, an intimate, committed and loving relationship. Why it has to be loving is real simple. It is hard, and nothing but a great deal of love can make it work, at least for complete, emotionally healthy, proactive, assertive, people with healthy high self esteem and all those other good things.

The rules are completely distorted for unhealthy relationships. Any amount of unbalance in any of the key elements of friendship, commitment, trust, honesty, intimacy, openness, and so on are possible for unhealthy relationships. And we have all probably been a part of one of these unbalanced or unhealthy relationships, and we certainly hear of them all the time. In real life and on line.

What does this have to do with BDSM? In my opinion, I think all BDSM relationships in general, and all Femdom relationships in particular, can operate at any of these five levels of relationship. Further they can be balanced or nearly so (healthy) or unbalanced (to the point of unhealthy on down and down into outright abuse, unfaithfulness, mistrust, not-your-friend, fear, anger, and extreme hurt, even to the point of physical abuse. Battering, not to put too fine a point on it.

What does this have to do with Femdom?

Examine, if you will, these five levels of relationship again, Mistresses and subs, as Femdom practitioners or as players (in the part time sense of participation). At level one you may meet other Lifestylers at munches, online, or in other casual situations, but you have no real commitment to them other than common courtesy. Even if your flavor of Femdom is "Old Guard" there may be strict or not so strict protocol to follow, but that protocol is based on courtesy dressed up as submission and control. In any case, you exhibit manners solely because it is proper to do so, proper in a sociality imposed and expected sense, not because you have any special personal feelings toward the other person.

At level two, you may get together, again casually to go together to a munch or play party, just for the comfort or security of being with another like minded person. Note like the vanilla level two, the person is interchangeable, and the activity is the key thing. You may just as soon go to that activity with someone else, that is, the activity you want to do, even if you have to go alone or with another person. Naturally there can be bit of temporary commitment here, and that may be very advisable for safety. Ladies, even if you are the roughest toughest Domme around, don't go to a new place alone until you can be sure of your safety. And for male and especially female subs, this is also true. Don't be alone with a new person until you can be sure of your safety. This is obvious for girl subbies, but for you guys, how do you know this Domme doesn't have a male or even female co-conspirator lurking to join the two of you without your consent. (Sorry, didn't mean to turn you on, guys.<lol>)

Consider this about level two, and this applies to levels three and four if the relationship progresses there. Level two is the time to start checking out the other person to see if they are worthy of your possible commitment, if that is your goal (it may not be). Again, if a committed relationship is your goal, you instinctively (read: unhealthily) start this checking out process at the munch, that is level one. That is OK, but don't propose marriage before the food comes. I would be ROFLOL, but sad to say, that is the way unhealthy relationships start. Unless you have a terminal disease, what's the hurry?

You may have gotten my message by now. Yep, the whole idea of levels of relationship is to slow down, enjoy the ride, and cHeCk OuT tHe OtHeR pErSoN!!!! If the first time you see him or her play, and swapping or blood sports is a big part of his or her agenda and not yours, run, don't walk. If this seems cold hearted, it is. Who is going to protect you, but you? Who knows what you want and need but you? You need to be your own best friend--no one else is qualified.

Continuing on, now that the cat is out of the bag, at level three, you frequently endeavor to get together with a particular person primarily to be with that person, whether in a Femdom setting or not. And one of the attractions of such an arrangement is that the fun of enjoying an event, Femdom or not, is heightened by being with that person. You would even skip your first choice of activity to do another thing to be with that person because he or she wants to do that thing. But still there is not commitment--you have not promised to do a certain type of (Femdom) thing only with that person, and no complete openness or honesty is not required, and only a limited amount of trust is involved. And, if you are smart, you both have agreed what the boundaries of your involvement are, and you can have expectations only in accordance with those limits.

And again, you are still checking this person out. And if he or she is healthy, he or she is checking you out. This is the beginning of the romantic stage, perhaps, and why not? You are both on your best behavior. That's why it is romantic! And even more reason to vigilantly check the other person out!

At level four, you have become committed to do a thing or set of things or range of activities together, and have agreed (committed) on when, how, where, and how exclusive that activity will be with that person, from the partial to the total exclusion of another or others. This applies to Lifetime channel movies or to Steven Segal movies as well as play scenes or to sex. Still you are checking out the other person. You are a fool not to, even now, especially now. The deeper involved you get the easier it is to see the true person the other one is.

Incidentally, sex is not ruled out at any of the five levels. And in the vanilla world, the initiator of sexual activity is no longer the

What's a slave for?

exclusive domain of the male. I'll leave it as an exercise for the student to work out who initiates sex in a Femdom relationship at any of the five levels. The point is, like in the vanilla level, it is not necessarily one gender or the other who initiates sex. And like in the vanilla world, it is no longer just the man who has the classic "one night stand and never thinks about calling later in the week or ever again." Women play that game also, vanilla or Femdom, or any other flavor of BDSM.

But, again discussing level four, the limits or bounds of sex definitely have to be established. If they aren't, like any other Femdom or vanilla relationship, you ain't at level four. And if you are and he or she isn't, whose fault is that? Who did not clearly negotiate, discuss, agree to a mutually acceptable set of limits? If you did, and just though the other person did also, but she or he did not, shame on you. You were not your own best friend, were you? Half of communication is listening and watching. Alternately, if the other guy or gal did agree to this and that, but is not living up to his or her agreement, first, dump 'em, second, shame on them.

Yeah, I said dump him or her. Just like that. Bang. Plop. Splat. Thud. You don't need him (her). There are no end of sick relationships available to you. I personally, have been known to get into more sick, "committed" relationships in a week than nearly anyone else could in a year. Or ten. Just remember. There are lots of sick (emotionally, I mean) potential partners out there. Don't worry about dumping this one. You'll find another one. They are easy to find. At any of the relationship levels. I was told once by a vanilla lady, that, "Men are like parking places. The good ones are all taken." Besides the fact that I thought she was probably right (She was NOT.), I tried not to take the comment personally, thereby showing twice in one sequence of thoughts just how sick I was.

Finally, at level five, you ride off into the sunset and live happily ever after. WRONG! This ain't Hollywood. If you are an emotionally insecure, overweight, rageaholic, passive-aggressive male sub without a Mistress, when you get a Mistress you will be an emotionally insecure, overweight, rageaholic, passive-aggressive male sub WITH a Mistress. That's all. Nothing else will change. And the same goes for you Mistresses. If you are financially insecure, overbearing, catty, jealous and controlling Mistress without a sub, then when you get a sub, you will be a financially insecure, overbearing, catty, jealous and controlling Mistress WITH a sub. Nothing else will change.

How do we avoid that fate? It can be done, and I'll go into that next time. I think I'll call that article "Wannabee's." Please note, I am not saying there is a damn thing wrong with being a wannabee. There is very much wrong with remaining a wannabee. Unless that's your idea of a good time. And you can be a wannabee even in an (supposedly) intimate, (supposedly) trusting, committed relationship. Or any other level. Vanilla or Femdom.

It truly is up to you. Tune in next time, and we'll go over the ropes. Er, I mean the ways to get from here to there.

I would be remiss if I let you think I thought up all this stuff on my own. I have plagiarized a talk by Leo Gorsky on relationships delivered to an ACA convention. It is available on tape, and perhaps CD, from Virgil at:

TLC Tapes  
PO Box 2321  
Chula Vista, CA 91912  
(619)420-0945 (voice)  
(619)426-3456 (fax)

"Nichts halb zu tun."

March/April 2002

## "Being Master" Myths

by Master Timelius Sean

Many of us have encountered those unique individuals that demonstrate that class isn't a prerequisite to our lifestyle. These individuals tend to disregard any and all boundaries, and seem self determined to destroy everyone in their path. Though there is no real distinction of these types of individuals and their roles they choose, I'm going to focus on a particular aspect of character, the Master.

First I must define my definition of Master. I define the difference between a Dominant and Master as one who chooses to collar a slave and the other enjoys the privy to maintaining submissive(s) without a collar. This is based on concepts of my own teachings and not necessarily the definitions chosen by others.

*Myth: Act anyway I want* One major misconception that I see many times is that a Master can be belligerent towards anyone, anytime, whenever he or she chooses. What they fail to realize, or choose not to concede, is that they may Master in their own home, but not of society. Being inconsiderate of others does not demonstrate anything other than bad manners and inappropriate behavior.

*Myth: No consequences to my actions* Another myth is that there are no consequences towards decisions or actions taken by a Master. That is simply a coward escaping responsibility. Taking responsibility is a fundamental aspect to a healthy lifestyle regardless of your nature. Being accountable is another. Throwing off responsibility to another, especially a slave or submissive only demonstrates who has the power within a relationship. I stated power, not necessarily control. Power includes the capability for action or performance and deferring responsibility defers the power to the accused.

*Myth: I am in control* Hmmm, do you abide by a safe-word? If you do then you are not in control. Unless an individual is chained to the wall and unable at any time to leave, you are not in complete control. A slave or submissive may relinquish their will or submit to your wishes, but both legally and spiritually, you do not control.

*Myth: My opinion is the only opinion* That belief only limits ones ability to grow. Your opinion is just that, your opinion. Unless you are from the heavens with some Devine consciousness, your opinion is simply just that...yours. Even I struggle with the ego of recognizing that the world does not revolve around me and that someone may have more knowledge and an understanding that I do not.

*Myth: I always am right OK.* Then don't waste your time always trying to get others to view the same way. It is impossible to have everyone agree to anything. Don't think because you are long-winded and able to debate non-stop that your opinion is becoming the overall census. Actually your not even communicating and have little to no listening skills. If you can't listen, you can't communicate, you only dictate.

*Myth: I must know everything* Another misconception that many new-comers face. There is a false pride that an individual being Dominant or a Master must have all knowledge. If this was the case, there would be absolutely no need for seminars or functions. These classes and events are based solely on the subs. They are to teach new techniques and ideas to the Dominants as well.

*Myth: A Master must break its slave* This one is misconstrued and misunderstood. Simply being sadistic has absolutely nothing to do with roles or titles. The intent behind breaking someone is more important. Are you willing to accept any consequences to the aftermath or are you simply enjoying breaking someone for the thrill? There are definitive reasons and ways to break someone, both caution and compassion must be adhered to. Otherwise, serious mental issues could occur and you may even face legal repercussions.

*Myth: To bottom is to submit* If you never been flogged, or have endured pain for pleasure, then you simply have no claim to state that to have encountered otherwise is being submissive. Being on a cross does not simulate weakness or submission. It simply means that someone is able to take what he or she can give. On the same note, just because you played someone doesn't mean they have submitted to you. Dominance and submission are not necessarily a character trait or a natural trait, but could be a choice.

March/April 2002

## Dealing With Emotions

by miria hunter

The perfect Dominant will keep you safe from harm: both physical and emotional. He will also keep you from any kind of discomfort, be it being too cold or too hot. He will heal all your ills and make your life perfect. All of your needs and wants will be fulfilled, even before you know you need or want something.

Sounds ideal, doesn't it? Well in theory, it is. However, Dominants are people too. Like anyone else, they will make mistakes, upset you, and sometimes even disappoint you. What do you do when that pedestal they are on gets a little lower to the ground? How do you express what you are feeling? What do you do? The answer is as simple as understanding human emotions.

Every emotion has a different way to be expressed. Love is one of the easiest emotions that can be expressed to our Dominants. We all seem to know how to do that instinctively. As we get to know Them, we learn Their likes and dislikes and learn to enhance on what They enjoy. In doing this, we also learn how to express ourselves and become aware of when such emotion is appropriate and when it is not. No matter who we are though, we expect certain things in return from the Dominant. When our needs are not met, we tend to become angry or hurt.

Ok: you're angry with your Dominant - what do you say, and how do you say it and still maintain your proper place? One of the first things that should have been established in the beginning of your relationship is a way to communicate as equals, with no fear of retribution. Master and I call these "time outs." Once I ask Him if we can speak freely, I can say whatever is on my mind. That does not mean I can explode and say anything I want. I still have to maintain respect. When considering what to say, first decide what is truly important and what is merely being said out of anger. If it is possible, take time to seriously consider this aspect before you agree to enter into a conversation. Talking when you are calmer will keep you from saying things you may regret later. Words said in anger sometimes can never be forgiven or taken back. It is also very important that you have the Dominant's full attention when you talk. If I feel it is important enough to bring up to my Master, I feel I deserve His full attention. If He is not totally focused on what I am saying, my anger builds, and this is where trouble usually starts. Dominants please note: if it is important enough for your submissive or slave to talk to You about something, listen to what they have to say. Do not placate them or minimize their feelings no matter how trivial You may think they are. Something has upset Your sub and by listening and acting on this, You will gain more respect and be less likely to repeat the action which brought about the conflict.

What if it is not anger but fear you are feeling? Perhaps your Dominant said He wants to do something specific in the next scene. The action is not a hard limit, but the idea terrifies you. Inform your Dominant beforehand of what you are feeling. Over time, and if done slowly, fear can and will usually evaporate. I am very claustrophobic. The first time my Master mentioned total bondage, I was terrified; afraid I would freak out and embarrass us both. Even in my sleep, if my legs feel trapped by anything, I will wake up hitting and kicking to get them free. I talked with Master about these issues, and we took things very slow. When this issue arises now, He constantly talks to and touches me. As a result of His care, I feel very safe, and my fears evaporate. That is not to say that I do not still feel some fear if He moves away for a second. I still do, but I know He will return shortly. Your Dominant is the one person you should trust above all others to help you overcome your fears. After all, we want our Dominants not fear to rule our lives. Unless you talk with your Dominant and let Him know your fears, He will not know how to take corrective measures to minimize them. If left for you only to deal with, your fear will turn to anxiety, and the anxiety to anger directed at your Dominant for having put you into that position.

In short, to be human is to experience emotions. Your emotions are a very real and telling side of yourself. Unless you share these feelings with your Dominant, you are only giving a part of you away. How can you then expect Him to totally care for you, when you have held back such an important part of yourself? In the end, honest and open communication is the key to any relationship. Be it Vanilla, D/s, or any other type of relationship.

Rick's miria

August Iron Rose Society





March/April 2002

## Emergence

### by Unknown

Emergence is a term sometimes used to describe the process that many people experience when they 'find' either themselves or the lifestyle of BDSM. In many cases this begins when the individual is in their late 20's (for some women), mid 30's (for most men and women), to late 40's (for virtually everyone else). Often people become exposed to D/s after the break-up of a long term relationship, a divorce or during a 'mid-life crisis'. The internet has become one of the largest sources of D/s initiation in it's very short lifetime. Regardless of the actual trigger some things seem to remain fairly consistent in a majority of the newcomer's experiences.

Emergence is the emerging from vanilla into the BDSM lifestyle, something like emerging from a cocoon. This is a process that takes YEARS. It has been my experience that there are several phases that seem to be consistent during this emerging process. At the onset many people are uncertain 'where' they might fall in this new world and they may have conflicting fantasies which in essence tell them merely that 'things' in this lifestyle seem to address images, fantasies, thoughts, hopes and dreams which have lingered just below the surface of the individual's life sometimes for many, many years. Often if they have discovered this lifestyle through the online rooms they find themselves 'pressed' to CHOOSE an orientation. Too often the individual jumps at what they THINK they might be. Choosing this role helps them fit it. They find they can learn the lingo, talk the talk fairly quickly and be accepted.

There are several problems with an introduction into the BDSM world in this way. One of the most significant is the case of the new telling the new what to do. This is the blind leading the blind. The cyber BDSM world online is composed of several different types of people. There are those who are cyber only - and find the internet a way to have a safe quasi-BDSM experience interactively, with total anonymity and safety. There are those who are not BDSM at all but what the community call vanilla kink, these tend to be people looking for quick, easy, cheap sexual contacts and affairs with that 'edge' of kinky that they cannot find in their vanilla life. There are those seeking to prey upon the new and innocent by promoting themselves as something they are not. These can be sociopaths who enjoy injuring and even killing people, they are beginning to use the internet successfully as a hunting ground. Then we have people who are real life BDSM who ALSO enjoy making friends and contacts on the internet for it is TRULY an excellent resource and way to connect. For an emergent or newcomer D/s person this becomes a very dangerous and tangled web.

Sorting out what is real from what is false can require experiences that are painful, ugly and even dangerous. People have raced to stick 'labels' on people in order to classify them. This is just as flawed as the newcomer leaping to 'become' something before they have any REAL comprehension of what that is. An emergent Dominant may go through a phase of desiring to submit. This is a completely honest and real feeling that can cause that potential Dominant to mis-label themselves as a submissive or switch. An emergent submissive may find themselves with serious combative feelings after the commencement of a relationship with a Dominant. These combative actions can appear very Dominant and lead that submissive into emotions of confusion and distress. Expectations that the individual (regardless of their orientation) can quickly 'become' Dominant or submissive are flawed.

The individual should consider the process one of evolution and change. It is impossible to fully embrace EITHER side without tasting the other side to at least some degree. In addition since many newcomers are just emerging from marriages they tend to have a need or desire to AVOID settling into another relationship quickly. In a new Dominant they may see this panorama of opportunity. Willing submissives everywhere. For many new Dominant's there is a stage in the first 2 years of emergence where they go through a feeding frenzy. Often taking on several submissives at once and actively resisting efforts to commit to any one person. Some try to create stables or houses of 'servers'. For those who translate this into a real life arena they often discover that 'managing' many people is quite difficult. Not only are their skills only marginally developed but often the people they select are newcomers as well who have not 'embraced' themselves fully. In addition a vast percentage of new Dominant's fail to take active steps to educate themselves in the real life BDSM world PRIOR to assuming a Dominant role and engaging the attentions of one or more submissives in the cyber community.

The same can be said for many submissives though in general I find that more submissives actively educate themselves than Dominants. At least in the beginning. Many people will make a contact and engage in a cyber relationship which fairly quickly progresses into a real life meeting. For a new Dominant this is a terrifying thing, they have no experience in what is really safe or not safe, how to act, behave or respond. Some attempt to bluff their way through by selecting a submissive who is just as much of a BDSM virgin as they are. Again this is the blind leading the blind. This new Dominant if they have NOT become active in the local community may adopt or pattern their behavior upon what they have noted in the online cyber community rooms. This can be absolutely disastrous as many of the role playing rituals so common online simply DO NOT WORK in real life.

A new submissive may make the same mistake. I have had several submissives tell me they are TRAINED - then I discover that this training was EXCLUSIVELY on-line, not in real life. Please note that you can become educated online, you can engage in private scenes that can be meaningful and challenging for you but you CANNOT experience tactile reality without being physically WITH another person.

It becomes especially dangerous when the submissive creates fabrications of safety based on 'how wonderful' this online Dominant is. Many feel it is unseemly to question someone too closely and can even feel that such questioning may appear to be a lack of trust. Many newcomer submissives are afraid to attend local events alone, fearing they will be pounced upon by lurking Dominants. Because of this they may develop a skewed understanding of the real life community. There are numerous safe ways to attend events and demonstrations that do NOT require for either a new Dominant OR submissive to be attached. Many real life BDSM people will voluntarily and willingly HOST newcomers and invite them to attend events as part of a 'group' of people so that they will feel more comfortable. Investigating these options is something a new Dominant and submissive should actively do as soon as possible when they recognize D/s traits inside of themselves. They should also consider joining one of the older WELL established BDSM organizations and read the literature provided BY that organization.

In the 3-5 years after initial emergence the Dominant will generally slow down from their initial frenzied state. Previous habits will often begin to be dropped. Many of these are long term vanilla habits of inter-relating. This takes time and hard work. It requires accepting difficult aspects of the inner self and an acknowledgement of the levels of personal responsibility that are necessary in actively living in a BDSM relationship. Many people in this stage will form longer term consistent relationships though seldom will they successfully transition to a full time relationship at this point. This IS where many Dominant's learn how to be honest, often for the first time in their life. They tend to learn that honesty is no longer OPTIONAL but necessary. They also may begin to become intolerant of deceit, machinations, and all kinds of underhanded antics. In the later stages of this phase the Dominant will often begin to consider seeking out one special person to share their life with. Some will seek two, though the success of poly relationships are statistically much worse than mono relationships.

A submissive will endure some of the same experiences in the 3-5 year range. Often they will become quite discriminating on whom they will interact with. Many become locally active in community organizations and volunteer to help other newer submissives in their learning processes. A large percentage of submissives will spend a portion of these years exploring their Dominant side fully, either as a switch, a Top or as a full out Dominant. They will learn to become more honest and truthful in expressing their needs both to themselves and to others. Often they will seek to become more centered and healthy. In the later stages of the 5-7 year period the experienced submissive will often reach a stage of peaceful acceptance of themselves. Their desire to be combative will have faded during the processes of removing the habits they had developed from childhood. It is at this point that they find they can reach out perhaps for the first time to offer themselves fully and without fear as a true submissive.

It has been my experience that for a vast majority of people the first contact with the BDSM community to the point of peacefully embracing their inner self is a process that takes about 7 years. For some this is much shorter and for some this never fully occurs. Many people DO find that they have lived with D/s in its vanilla form for the majority of their lives and the transition for them can occur much faster! There are no rights and wrongs to the process itself although education WILL help reduce the risks and bad experiences. There is no rush to 'be' anything and no right or wrong to either orientation. In the end you will find that you will continue to change and grow long beyond the initial stages. What is natural will eventually be the strongest and in that you will find your true self. Try NOT to obsess on the lifestyle, keep other interests and hobbies open and active. Being well rounded is mentally healthy and allows you to make better choices.

March/April 2002

## Integrity

by Kuma

The Internet has been both blessing and curse to the lifestyle. On the one hand, it brings instantaneous contact with our wondrous world of BDSM, and everyone involved in it. Never before has such an immense wealth of knowledge and sharing of experience been possible. We are connected in ways we never thought possible and the possibilities in the future are limitless. That's the good news. On the other hand however, we have a situation which impacts us even more greatly than the positive. That same wealth of information and experience makes it possible for virtually anyone to click their way into a fairly convincing masquerade. These folks go by a number of names: predators, posers, players, wanna-be's, HNG's (horny net geeks), the list is almost endless. The names I have for them are neither polite nor printable; suffice to say that I have some VERY strong feelings against those that are not legitimate members of our community.

The horror stories surrounding these people are legendary. New and willing submissives have been beaten in a very violent and non-consensual manner, raped, severely injured, and in some cases even killed. This happened because they believed every word that they had been told by an individual who had just enough knowledge to be convincing, but had not ounce one of integrity. I wish I could tell you all that everyone you meet is legitimate, and that you may trust and depend on them to behave in an honest manner filled with integrity, but sadly that is just not the case.

When first encountering anyone who is in the lifestyle, there are a few signs that you can watch for along the way that may help, and may signal trouble. Someone you may want to be around will share personal information that is actual and factual. Does the phone number they provide always work, is available at any time, and is always answered by the person that has provided it? Someone you may want to be around will proceed in a non-threatening and sane pace. Do they go from Email, to telephone, to face to face, or do they demand that the relationship proceed directly into conditions and actions without negotiations? Someone you may want to be around will be always be considerate of your feelings and condition. Are they always concerned for your well being, or do they insist it is "MY way or the highway"? Someone you may want to be around will be watchful for the possible changes and improvements in your relationship. Are they willing to re-negotiate and change the relationship for both your benefits, or is it again "MY way or the highway"? Someone you may want to be around is consistent, honest, loving and caring. Are all of these factors present, or do you find yourself with nagging questions ?

When people first enter the lifestyle, they tend to enter what I like to call the "honeymoon phase". It's all wonderful, and bright, and full of promise, and so very, very exciting. New places, new people, and how in the world will you deal with all those new experiences ?

For the first time in your life, you feel alive, and healthy, and whole, and you want to have as much of it as you can as fast as you can because you know that this is the life you have always wanted to lead. But whom to share it with? It is at this heady time in your experience that you want it all, but it is also the time that you can be hurt the worst, both emotionally and physically, by the predators. The lifestyle isn't going anywhere, and the partner that's right (or even right now) isn't leaving either. Take the time to take the steps so that all of you is safe and treated sanely. Legitimate members of the community will take the time to get to know you, and to let you know them. Legitimate members of the community will negotiate, and honor the decisions of those negotiations. Legitimate members of the community will re-negotiate whenever necessary. Legitimate members of the community act honorably, and always respect themselves and others. Legitimate members of the community care for those that in are in their lives, and show that care by both word and deed. Legitimate members of the community will accept an honest "no" without negative feeling or action. If it feels wrong, or you have questions, then you need to re-assess.

Finally, I am going to touch on a subject which brings a lot of controversy within the community, but it is one that I personally believe in, and feel very strongly about.

SSC (or Safe, Sane, and Consensual) is a set of guidelines and a way of behaving within the community that

brings a lot of sense and reality to everything we do. Some folks believe it to be too restrictive, and that it interferes with their personal freedoms.

Remember folks that SSC is a set of guidelines, not rules. No one insists that everyone abide by them. They are, like most everything in the lifestyle, a choice and I do not discriminate against those that use them and those that don't. If you are not familiar with it and are interested, I urge you to look into it. Along with SSC, I also believe in the practice of safecalling. There are a couple of formal safecalling organizations in place, or you can arrange one on your own very easily.

Kuma, Life's Master to shani\*

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March/April 2002

## What do B&D, S&M, D&S, "top", "bottom" mean?

by Johnson Grey

The easy part first: B&D = "bondage & dominance" or "bondage & discipline." S&M = "sadism & masochism." D&S = "dominance & submission."

People who read s.s.b-b are generally interested in ways to have sex that are outside the mainstream. One of the recurrent threads on s.s.b-b is the question of "what to call ourselves", since there is no one set of sexual practices we all enjoy or are interested in, yet there is a lot in common among all the things we talk about.

Some people enjoy submitting to another person, placing themselves under the power of another, in a sexual context. It can be a very hot thing for someone to say to you, "I'm yours. Use my body for your pleasure." This is D&S; one person is dominating, the other submitting. Slave/master, harem girl/sultan, boy/daddy, student/schoolmistress. D&S is an erotic power game, where both people are getting off--one on the thrill of controlling, the other on the thrill of being controlled. This is also where the terms "top" and "bottom" come in; the top is, roughly, the dominant; the bottom is, roughly, the submissive.

What do tops and bottoms do with each other? Well, one good possibility is they have lots of hot sex. Another possibility is the top ties the bottom up in some manner, which directly and physically puts the bottom at the top's mercy, and then the top plays with the bottom, teasing, seducing, frustrating, and hopefully finally satisfying. This is a bondage & dominance sort of game. Some people enjoy playing with punishment--"You've been bad and now I have to tie you up and spank you!" That's bondage & discipline for you.

Then there's the sort of game described by S&M--"sadism and masochism". Whips, canes, nipple clamps, all the wonderful things that are designed to cause, in greater or lesser degree, pain. It can be a powerful thing to submit to someone else who wants to hurt you; it's a fantastic gesture of trust. And as will be discussed later, pain is not really pain anymore in an S&M game; it becomes overwhelmingly intense stimulation, which when administered by a skilled top can bring a bottom to entirely new heights of ecstasy.

Sometimes the D&S aspect becomes secondary to the sensual trip; you don't have to enjoy obeying another's commands to enjoy being tied up and whipped! And of course, pain (whether light or heavy) is only one sort of sensation; there are many others, and all of them can be lots of fun to play with.

This sort of trip, merging pain and pleasure to create an amazingly powerful experience for the bottom, is sometimes known as SM: Sex Magick. The precise definitions of B&D, S&M, whatever, don't matter so much as do the experiences they point towards. All these areas, as you can see, overlap and intermingle in many many ways, but for me they all meet in the single concept of Sex Magick: taking a fantasy and turning it into reality, creating a magical space in which your desire can come to thrilling life!

While we're sorta on the subject of abbreviations, here are some more: motos = Member Of The Opposite Sex; motss = Member Of The Same Sex; IMHO = In My Humble Opinion; BTW = By The Way; SO = Significant Other (i.e. lover); SMBDLMNOP = SM and BD and whatever else it is that we're always talking about here on s.s.b-b; "Munch" refers to "any social gathering of local people who read s.s.b-b" (it's short for "Burgermunch", a tradition started in Palo Alto); "plonk"--WIITWD = What It Is That We Do (a newer term than SMBDLMNOP); YMMV = Your Mileage May Vary (i.e. this is my experience, yours may be different); ObBDSM = "Obligatory BDSM"--if a post here contains little BDSM content, the poster will put "ObBDSM: <some hot BDSM item>" at the end of the post; YKINOK = "Your Kink Is Not OK"--see question 17... and of course FAQ = Frequently Asked Questions. Oh, and the reason I refer to SM behavior as "play" here is because, well, it ain't work! Play means nothing other than activities done for recreation and for pleasure, and hence "play" is a fine word for many BDSM behaviors. Many of my friends use "play" similarly. (Though let me begin the many YMMV's by stating that many other people who do BDSM consider it to be a very real, and deep, part of their sexual orientation; these people find that the term "play" doesn't adequately express how important and fundamental these behaviors and relationships are to them. I am increasingly finding myself to be one of these people. And for still other people, some BDSM is play and some isn't. Confused yet?)



What do B&D, S&M, D&S, "top", "bottom" mean?

Just so it is totally clear at the outset, **NONE OF THIS MATERIAL ADVOCATES ANY KIND OF NONCONSENSUAL BEHAVIOR.** What I am describing here is a variety of ways for lovers to enjoy one another, if and only if they both want to, and both give their consent. Anyone who claims that this information is in some way advocating nonconsensual, criminal acts is hereby charged with having failed to read and understand what I am saying. When I use the term "SM" in this FAQ, I refer specifically to consensual behavior.

Finally, you've probably already noticed that we talk about more here than just sex and bondage. If that bothers you, please, post something yourself about either or both topics! Complaining "where are all the sex and bondage posts?" is unproductive; if you want to see more of something, put it out there yourself. Everyone on s.s.b-b is posting for their own reasons, which don't often include titillating strangers.

But then again, this whole group is about titillation--about conscious eroticism, about getting what you want, and the first step is often admitting it. Read on, and enjoy! Who knows, you might be a different person by the time you finish this FAQ... it's happened to others before you :-)

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March/April 2002

## Pan Sexual...The One True Way?

by Justin Medlin

Recently there has been some discussion about the fact that some feel that all things public in the "scene" should be pansexual. As this idea has rolled around in my head, I've discovered mixed emotions rolling around elsewhere. I wonder if everyone knows what pan sexual means, or if they even care. It would seem to me that before it gets bandied about that everything should be pan sexual, perhaps everyone who may be affected should have an idea of what it means. This of course, is my definition, it's all subject to interpretation, everything in the "scene" today has become subjective.

2+2=4 is not a for sure thing anymore, its only four if its four to you and you feel it should be four. I digress. Pan sexual: The inclusion, and act of welcoming all people regardless of sexual orientation or gender. That's my definition. Now, if we accept my definition (and we will in this article since I'm writing it), what would be wrong with every club, group, play space and event being pan sexual? Would that not be what we desire in this oppressively politically correct time that we live in? Would that not be a victory for everyone in the "scene" today? My answer to that is brief. Here it is: No.

WHAT? you scream! Are you a bigot, do you not want to include everyone?

Now we get down to it... I would love for everybody to be comfortable enough to be inclusive and welcoming to everyone else in the "scene" with no thought to their sexual orientation or gender, be it heterosexual, gay, bi, lesbian, transgendered, or purple people eater. HOWEVER, I do think that members of those communities, (or perhaps for the sake of this article, I'll call them "neighborhoods", since in this they are within the larger "COMMUNITY,") deserve to be able to keep separate spaces as well.

Many members of all the above listed groups are still uncomfortable, or simply enjoy being around and with those of the same "kind" sometimes. Should we fight to ban all male, all female and all purple people eater spaces?

This brings us to a brief note about pan sexuality and where it came from. From what I have deciphered, (others tell a different story, I'm sure somewhere in the middle lies what actually happened,) pan sexuality came from heterosexuals who were looking for new (read bi) sexual partners. You know, someone new to fuck, fornicate, slip the willey to. If it brought them more women to serve this purpose, they were happy to proclaim themselves as being welcoming and inclusive of gays and lesbians. Funny thing though, the gays and lesbians (not bi) did not seem to get the welcoming vibe. They were still snubbed, ignored and treated as 31st class citizens, frequently enduring "takeovers", finding that they felt like outsiders in the places they had frequented for years. Here is the real shocker, this continues to this day. Pan sexuality is a great idea in theory, but should it be the only idea? I think not. Wait, let me rephrase, fuck no.

I believe that the gay Leather Men, lesbian Leather Women, and yes, even heterosexual Leather Folk, should be allowed to have their own "space" where they can enjoy each others company without having to wonder if they will be welcome or not based on their sexuality. I am also a huge supporter of pan sexual spaces, groups and clubs.

I may not have mentioned this before, it may have just slipped through the cracks, but I am a heterosexual male who owns a female slave. I am also proudly in service to a gay Leather Man. Do that math and see if  $2 + 2 = 4$ , you will find that some square roots, and maybe even pi will be necessary to do that equation. I have many friends and Leather family members who are gays and lesbians and I love them all.

I also think that they are entitled to their space. I don't see that as being discrimination, I see it as fair. Also, bear in mind that discrimination and discriminating can mean totally different things. Discriminating, according to Webster can mean discerning, which means 'to come to know or recognize mentally' which in simpler terms can be defined simply as wanting to hang out with who you choose to, not what a politically correct community dictates.

Should we only offer the choice of being pan sexual or being private? Do we shove all those who have shared their experiences and their knowledge with the community into a private closet? That is discrimination, look it up yourself. It would also be a shame. But it has already happened to a degree, and the community at large has suffered because of it. Unfortunately, most people have no idea how much... Tell me, how is it not discrimination, for a gay male or lesbian woman who is entering the "scene" and who is most comfortable with other gays or lesbians, to be forced into a pack with everyone, and not given the choice? Should we force people to be where they will be very uncomfortable? Do we take a sink or swim attitude?

I think that for the genuine spirit of pan sexuality to take hold across the board (and I hope that it does) we must first be able to make people coming in feel welcome, allow them to get their feet wet and hopefully progress to the point that they see for themselves what EVERYONE else has to offer, regardless of their sexual orientation. Pan sexuality means that we accept, not that we force. It means that we can, not that we have to. The advertising slogan for Motel 6 best defines pan sexuality for me : "We'll leave the light on for you".

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

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March/April 2002

## Using Safewords

by Lady Bleu

One of the thrills of SM is that it can stretch your limitations. If you enjoy this sort of play, you can naturally find yourself trying more and more new things, accepting greater and greater levels of sensation, doing and feeling more than you've ever done or felt before.

But the process is slow and gradual, and people are not telepathic. It may be that you are the bottom in a whipping scene, and your top is whipping you, and suddenly it doesn't feel good anymore!! and you want them to STOP!!! That is what a safeword is: a word that means "This isn't working! This scene is going wrong somehow! Please stop!"

A safeword needs to be taken seriously. Sometimes you may be playing with a top you don't know that well, and if they do something to you you don't want, it's important that you have a way to let them know, IMMEDIATELY. Especially if you're tied up or otherwise made helpless.

Everyone has their own favorite safeword. Some use "Yellow!" to mean "Something's too intense; I need you to lighten up, but I don't want to stop the scene," and "Red!" to mean "I'm in trouble and I want everything to stop NOW, no more games, scene over, let me outta here!" Some people just have one flavor of safeword, and use "aardvark" or some other weird word they'd never say in the context of a scene. At many parties, the universal safeword is "Safeword!" It's up to you. All it is is a safety valve for when things get out of control. If your top doesn't respect your safeword, it's a safe bet that they won't respect other limits of yours, and you will need to decide whether you want to play with someone who doesn't acknowledge your boundaries.

Using a safeword can be hard to do sometimes. It's important to realize that no one is perfect, and if you as top do something that squicks your bottom (i.e. pushes beyond your bottom's limits--"squick" is a recent bit of s.s.b-b jargon), it doesn't mean you're a bad lover or a bad person. It only means that you ran into a limit you didn't know was there, or you were tired or disconnected and not in tune with your bottom. It happens to everyone from time to time. If you as top feel burned out and want to stop the scene suddenly, or you get a powerful reaction you weren't expecting and aren't sure how to continue, you can use a safeword too; safewords aren't just for bottoms! If you as bottom feel like your top is pushing you, and you don't want to play anymore, it's not fun, that's when you want to use a safeword--your top will be glad you used it to tell them where you were at.

A safeword is just a communication tool, nothing more, nothing less. If you're playing intensely, it may feel hard to stop the scene, to come back from the edge via a safeword... but if you need to, that's what they're for. Some tops deliberately push their bottoms until their bottoms call safeword; this way, the bottom gets the experience of using it. A safeword that's never used can seem unusable, which isn't a good property for a safeword.

Sometimes a top will want to gag you, whether because you're being too noisy or they want to increase your helplessness or you've been being impertinent or whatever. You may still want a safeword to let the top know when a rope is too tight or the nipple clamps are pinching or whatever. Some people put a handkerchief in the bottom's hand; if they let go and the handkerchief falls, they know there's something up.

Before playing with someone, it's a good idea to negotiate, not only what safeword you want to use, but how you'll handle it if you need to use the safeword. When you're just getting into SM, it's almost inevitable that some scenes will end prematurely or abruptly. If you acknowledge this possibility in advance, and talk about what kinds of comforting or remedy you might like, it'll make recovering from a mishap a lot easier and more pleasant. And because a scene goes wrong is no reason to think that you or your partner is fundamentally bad or untrustworthy--mistakes will happen. (If your partner doesn't want to hear your concerns about the mishap, though, or if they belittle or deride your concerns, you may well be unable to avoid future mishaps. If your relationship doesn't learn from painful experience, it may not be ready to handle doing SM. Of course, this kind of processing is a vital part of 'every' healthy relationship, SM or not.)

Not every SM player uses safewords. Some people into SM don't find them useful for the style of play they

prefer; more straightforward communication suffices for them. Some partners find their need for a safeword gradually diminishes as they come to know each other better. Some people do SM in which the bottom doesn't 'want' to have a verbal escape route, for the duration of the scene. (This "no-safeword" play is also sometimes called "edge play.") One thing that you will learn about the BDSM scene is that styles vary wildly, and peoples' experiences are astonishingly diverse. But for many people beginning their explorations (and many who've explored enormously), safewords have proved very helpful.

March/April 2002

## Colleen's Transformation

by Colleen

Colleen had felt terrible as he drove back home with pains all over his body, bright red lips, blond hair, facing the inevitable end of his cozy vanilla home life forever. In fact it didn't take long at all for Colleen to be dispatched, by his soon to be ex wife, to a small one-bedroom apartment in a slightly run down complex in an anonymous Phoenix neighborhood.

Colleen, for that is how Colin now saw himself, sat and took stock a few days later. He/She had a small amount of money on which he/she could possibly exist for six months or so. The worst problem was the red lip outlines and black eye liner that were permanently tattooed on his face, making a professional job impossible and whilst it would not be impossible to find a job in say a night club, it would require a whole new approach to life. Colleen considered other options, would there be someone in APEX who would take him in as a lesbian sub? No, recent experiences were too fresh for that. How had this all started? Of course, he had followed up an ad in The Beat and found Mistress G. Why not try again? Colleen went out and purchased the latest copy of The Beat and returned home with an increasing excitement growing inside him, something he hadn't felt since that dreadful day when his world turned upside down.

At first his experienced eye only saw the hundreds of ads from wannabe slaves looking for a quick thrill and a bit of sex, but then an odd ad caught his eye. "Retired lady, wishing to carry out scientific experiment in cross gender transformation and control, seeking heterosexual male for total live in experience." This seemed something very different to all the other ads and immediately aroused his curiosity. Colleen really liked being a slave and having the opportunity to dress up, so Colleen crafted a suitable reply to the box number, adding a few little bits of information which he felt might help to make his letter stand out and enclosing his photograph, knowing the large numbers of replies such ads created. After about two weeks Colleen had almost forgotten the letter, when a hand addressed letter arrived in the mail with a Paradise Valley address. Excitedly Colleen opened the envelope and read the short note inside. "Be at my gates, on foot at 7pm tonight, wearing only a T shirt, shorts and sandals and ring the bell, you have been selected for interview - Signed Mistress Teresa".

Colleen calculated that it would be possible to walk the distance from his apartment to the gates in about an hour, so he decided to leave his car behind and make the trip on foot, taking nothing more than the key to the apartment and his watch. So dressed as specified, with butterflies in his stomach, Colleen walked up to the property, which was enclosed by a high wall and appeared enormous, and dutifully pressed the bell at the gate at 7 o'clock that evening. A disembodied female voice crackled through the intercom. "When the gate opens, you are to walk to the front door, which will be unlatched, enter the porch, discard everything you are wearing and enter the house. Once inside adopt the presentation position on all fours, with your hands behind your back and your forehead on the floor and await further instructions". The gates opened automatically and Colleen proceeded up a long drive to the front door, which opened at his touch into a large porch. He deposited everything on a small bench and opened the next door into what turned out to be a large hallway, with stairs rising on both sides in front. He adopted the required position and waited. After a short while there was the sound of light footsteps and a most delightful scent wafted into his senses. Not daring to move he felt a blindfold being gently placed over his eyes, but then suddenly there was the unmistakable click and feel of handcuffs encircling his wrists, followed by another pair, connected by a short chain, around his ankles. Then there was a strange sensation, something was being wrapped round his waist, then his penis was grasped and it felt like it was being pushed into something hard before something wrapped round his balls and there was another click. Although he had only seen pictures he was sure that he had been put into a male chastity belt. He probably would have been in more of a panic if the fragrance of the persons perfume had not been so overpoweringly nice to his senses.

A hand grasped his arm and he was pulled upright and shuffled along as fast as the chains would allow him, guided through doors and along corridors until at last he was pushed down into a hard leather chair. One arm was placed on the substantial armrest of the chair and he felt bands clamp his arm tightly to the chair. Then the handcuffs were removed and the process repeated for his other arm. Finally similar clamps encircled his legs binding them to the sturdy legs of the chair, which apparently was permanently attached to the floor. Suddenly the blindfold was snatched off and in front of him stood the most beautiful woman he could have imagined.



Mistress was incredibly slim and had gorgeous red hair coursing down to her waist. She was simply stunning, she had a deep red lipstick on her slightly thin lips, an incredible figure, fantastic make up, beautiful complexion and she could have been anywhere between 45 and 55. Her clothes were tight and expensive and she wore 4" black patent high heels with fish net stockings, which immediately drove Colleen into ecstasy.

"Well Colleen, I am Mistress Theresa" she said, "Thank you for coming for our interview. Please excuse the restraints, but I am always very careful when interviewing someone new, as I like to establish complete control from the beginning, so that there are no surprises later." Colleen wondered at the time exactly what she meant by no surprises; little did Colleen realize what this really meant, until it was already too late. Mistress then went on to tell Colleen that what she had said in her letter had intrigued her enough to make Colleen the first interviewee out of the 1500 replies she had so far received. Mistress told Colleen that the purpose of the interview was to gauge her suitability as a slave, which Colleen felt very confident Mistress would soon appreciate, once she heard her resume, and also to see whether Colleen was suitable for an experiment in control Mistress wished to carry out. Mistress quickly established that Colleen had all the characteristics that would make her a good 24/7 slave and to facilitate this Mistress was prepared to support Colleen completely so she would have no need to go out to work. Colleen felt ecstatic but then Mistress went on to explain about her planned experiment. Apparently Mistress had always wanted to take a normal heterosexual man and turn him completely into a woman, she had all the money and facilities necessary, and it was just finding the right man. Colleen told Mistress that there was absolutely no way she wanted to become a TS, she was very happy to be a TV for her, but that was as far as she wanted to go. Mistress appeared absolutely delighted with Colleen's refusal of her offer, which puzzled Colleen somewhat, until the words from the ad flashed up in her mind. "Cross gender transformation and Control". Mistress wanted someone who was a very good slave, but who didn't want to be changed physically into a woman, so by succeeding in her experiment, she could reach the point where she had ultimate total control of her slave's body.

Mistress disappeared leaving Colleen to ponder what a predicament she was now in. No one knew she was here; her only chance was if someone found the letter from Mistress, which she had left back at her apartment. After a few minutes Mistress returned, thanked Colleen very much for coming for the interview and informed her that her application had been accepted and that as of now she belonged to Mistress Theresa and was under her total control. Colleen struggled without avail to free herself from her bonds and when she attempted to remonstrate with Mistress a ball gag was thrust into her mouth. Mistress informed her that one of her servants had already been dispatched to her apartment, which would be cleared out and the lease paid off. Her car would be left in the airport long stay car park, where no doubt one day it would be found and the conclusion drawn that Colleen had left Phoenix for good, so no one would think to look for her here. Colleen felt hysterical, but at the same time, the fact that from that moment on she would have absolutely no control over her life was chillingly exciting. She had always wanted to be totally owned, but had never dreamed that it would be irrevocable and that it would include permanent feminization.

Mistress informed Colleen that she had had prepared for her a beautiful studio apartment in the basement, where she would remain during her transformation. It was built with stone walls and had no windows, but was furnished with everything a young lady could want, plus a few extras to ensure that all necessary training could be undertaken en suite. This included a training bench and a St Andrews Cross as well as a very special restraint system. Still unable to totally grasp her predicament, Colleen was handcuffed, blindfolded, freed from the chair and led down more corridors to her studio apartment. When safely inside, Colleen her blindfold and gag were taken off.

Mistress quickly undid the leg and wrist irons and replaced them with four snug fitting cuffs in polished metal. Each one had an eye so that presumably a chain could be attached but initially they were free standing. The puzzling thing was that once snapped shut there was no catch or lock visible to open them. Mistress explained that the four cuffs plus the chastity belt were all electronically controlled from a control room just outside Colleen's studio, which had full view via cameras and mirrors of the whole area. Whenever anyone was in the room with Colleen, the control room would be manned. If Colleen were to in any way attempt to leave or harm anyone or anything in the room, instant punishment would be inflicted. At this, Mistress flicked her fingers and Colleen was jolted by five massive shocks one from each of the electronic devices, which left her writhing on the floor unable to do anything but scream, although the pain in her balls was the worst. Mistress informed Colleen that she intended to use the shock treatment at any time, to condition Colleen for her experiment. Mistress wanted Colleen to become totally programmed to complete obedience under her control, and one of the ways she intended achieving this would be that every time Mistress gave Colleen the shock treatment, day or night,

Colleen was to stand in the presentation position and say "I totally belong to Mistress Teresa, I am her slave, she has total control over me at all times and may do anything to me she desires, especially to make me a woman". Over the next few days Colleen was woken from her sleep at night and given the shock treatment during the day at random times, many times over, until she really began to feel a strange sense of relief at her situation. Although she still had no intention of submitting willingly to Mistress's demands, she knew that she had created what she had always really wanted. She had many times in the past offered herself to a Mistress, only to draw back at the moment of total commitment. Now there was no turning back, but that was how it always needed to be, totally against her will but inevitable.

So with Colleen unable to find any means of escape, Mistress was ready to start the transformation process. Mistress informed Colleen that she had planned the following 10 steps for her:

- Hair electrolysis removal to face and chest
- Scalp hair implants to create a full head of hair
- Nose/throat reshaping and facial skin tightening
- Lip enhancement
- Breast Implants
- Hormone therapy
- Piercings and tattoos
- Teeth replacement
- Ball removal
- Final emasculation and female reshaping.

In addition Colleen would be put on a severe diet to reduce the size of her waist to suitable proportions. Some of these steps would require hospital admittance, but Colleen would be kept carefully drugged and supervised by Mistress's own doctor during that time, so there would be no chance of escape. Mistress also announced that she had had prepared a complete new identity for Colleen, so that from now on she would be Colleen Cowell.

Colleen had expected that the treatment would start with the electrolysis or maybe the implants. She was therefore very surprised when on the first day of treatment Mistress had her strapped down to the training table, laying on her back. Mistress then brought in a middle-aged man who was dressed in a white coat and whom Mistress introduced as her personal doctor. He was accompanied by a young lady in a nurse's uniform, who wheeled in a trolley containing surgical instruments and various cylinders and appliances. To Colleen's horror Mistress informed her that they were there to remove her balls, thus ensuring that there would be no turning back. Colleen from her prone position could just see what was happening. Her ball sacs were sterilized and anaesthetized and then with a simple cut and suture the balls were exposed tied off and removed. The empty sacs were then closed back up and the dreadful deed was done. Next morning when Colleen awoke, she gingerly felt around her CB, only to find two flapping empty sacs and the direness of her position was now confirmed for good. At that moment she felt the now familiar but amazingly, now less painful, electric shocks, as her balls were no longer the focus of the worst pain. She sprang up and recited her lines with just a bit more passion than before, Mistress was starting to take total control of her, but she was beginning to like it.

The following days were indeed taken up with daily visits of technicians employed for removal of Colleen's facial and chest hair by electrolysis and the implantation of new hair on her scalp. In fact Colleen had been pretty hairless from the first day, when Mistress had given her a wax removal treatment on her entire beard and chest, which had been most agonizing especially around the upper lip area and shaved her head. It had however been necessary to allow regrowth for the electrolysis process to start. Colleen had thought of asking the technicians for help but realized that not only were they probably paid by Mistress not to ask questions, but also any attempt to communicate to them would be spotted by the control room and the shock treatment would start. Colleen also wondered why Mistress had not required her to take any female hormones as planned. Then one day Colleen began to feel odd stirrings in her breasts and remarked on them to Mistress. Mistress informed her that she had been receiving full doses of hormone every day since she arrived, added to her food, which was always brought to her on a tray from outside.

In between, Mistress had kept Colleen occupied with sessions on the equipment. Mistress especially liked punishments with rulers and canes, apparently she had once been a teacher, and ran these as a drill session. Colleen, standing naked, except for her chastity belt and cuffs was required to change position as Mistress specified, left turn, squat, rise, about turn, jump etc. with six strokes for every failure, using coin tosses to chose between cane and ruler and bottom or hand. This usually resulted in 20 or 30 failures per session, so Colleen's hands and bottom were always very sore for days afterwards and at each session Mistress got more demanding,

more critical and less tolerant of failure. Mistress also liked playing with all the other treatments, again increasing the intensity session by session, training bench, St Andrew's cross, whipping, Saran Wrap, total leather encasement, nipple torture and C(B)T! As a result Colleen's life began to revolve around pain and pleasure, the pain inflicted by Mistress and the, sometimes, pleasure of being worked on. After a few weeks Colleen's face was feeling really smooth and the marks of the electrolysis around her mouth and chin, which were the first areas treated, were beginning to fade. Also she now had a rather nice head of shiny black shoulder length hair, which had begun to make her look more feminine.

So Colleen was not surprised when one day Mistress informed her that Mistress had planned a beauty treatment for her. The day before the treatment Mistress had had Colleen remove all the remaining hair from her body including all her pubic hair except for a little mound down the center. What was unexpected was that the first technician who arrived was not the beautician. This lady proceeded to give Colleen additional rings in each ear lobe, in each nipple and in her belly button as well as injecting her lips with Collagen. Apparently Mistress also intended to have her branded and details were discussed, but that would be at a special ceremony when all else was complete. The beautician now took over and in just over an hour Colleen was astonished to see a very unfamiliar but beautiful female staring back at her from the mirror. Colleen looked very nice indeed, she had never looked this feminine as a TV before, it must have been the combination of a pale face without beard shadow, the enhanced lips and the effects of the hormone treatment. Also the hair implants had a much more natural look than any wig could create. To this was added, for the first time ever, long acrylic nails in beautiful plum to match her lipstick and Colleen was now feeling euphoric beyond her wildest dreams, despite all her fears of what was still to come. Mistress came in to view the results and signaled her pleasure. She then had Colleen dressed in female clothes for the first time since she arrived. The effect was incredible. Already her breasts appeared slightly more prominent, and due to the strict diet she had already reduced from a 38 to a 34 waist. Mistress enhanced this by having her wear a waist corset, which was tightly laced, short black leather mini skirt, sheer stockings, three-inch heels and a very lacy white blouse. For now she would wear a padded bra, but not for long. Mistress had photos and a video taken, before having Colleen strapped to the St Andrews Cross.

Suddenly Mistress's demeanor changed, Colleen felt herself shudder, what was Mistress going to do? Mistress spoke to Colleen "Well Colleen I suppose you feel really good looking so beautiful and getting so much attention, however its very easy to change that" And with those words Mistress snatched hold of the front of Colleen's blouse and ripped it from her shoulders and loosened her skirt letting it drop to the floor. She then picked up a pair of scissors, cut her bra strap and started to haphazardly cut off chunks of her beautiful painted fingernails. As tears rolled down Colleen's face Mistress smeared her tears, eye shadow lipstick and foundation into an ugly mess with her hands. Mistress then proceeded to tie her nipple rings tightly to her belly button ring and whipped her unmercifully for 20 minutes until her beautiful stockings were in tatters, her back, thighs and bottom striped and her tears never ending. Colleen was left suspended for a couple of hours before being released and thrown on her bed where she was restrained by her cuffs to the four corners of the bed. Every hour it seemed during the night the cuffs and CB were activated and Colleen writhed in agony. Being unable to jump up she recited her mantra anyway, hoping that was what was required. But no, first thing in the morning Mistress entered her room and informed her that she had failed to perform her mantra in the correct position 7 times during the night and therefore she would receive 70 lashes as punishment. Colleen started to mouth at the unfairness of the judgment but bit her tongue for fear of even worse punishment for complaining.

Colleen was allowed to clean herself up, but discovered that from now on she was always to wear female clothes and apply her own make up. When that evening Mistress finally entered Colleen's room to administer the punishment, Colleen faced her in trepidation. First Mistress had her drop her frilly knickers and bend over the training bench. Mistress then proceeded to insert a medium sized Butt plug, which entered after application of some lubrication and a bit of persuasion. Then Mistress proceeded to wrap Colleen in rolls of Saran Wrap until there was nothing showing but her nostrils. However Mistress then cut small holes to allow access to her nipples, her belly ring, and her penis. Her nipples were clamped with plastic surgical clamps and her penis was covered in little plastic clothes pegs. Then the tip of her penis, her belly and her nipple rings were connected by cord and pulled tight so that her bottom was forced outwards. She was then turned on her face with her bottom upwards. This dropped her bottom forcing strain on the cord, which was pulling unbearably on her nipples and her penis. Mistress then proceeded to give her 70 lashes in groups of 10, one group for each infraction. As each lash landed, Colleen jerked at the pain, only to cause further pain to her nipples and penis. At the end Colleen was swooning as Mistress removed the wrap, plug, pegs and clamps. Then Mistress took Colleen in her arms enveloping her in that oh so delicious fragrance and told her that all she had to do was stop fighting Mistress and give herself totally and she could feel Mistress's embrace every day. Colleen however was in such subspace that

she knew nothing of her surroundings and fell into a blissful sleep unable to mouth a reply.

Next morning Colleen awoke to pains all over her body and such mixed emotions she didn't know where she was, she still wasn't prepared to let Mistress totally do anything she liked to her, but her resistance was weakening. Time and again Mistress was to punish her for infractions, when it was not her fault, because she was unable to do otherwise and every time this happened Colleen struggled not to comment. Each time Mistress made the circumstances even more unfair but Colleen would not complain, she was not going to let Mistress break her. And now there was the next stage to go through. Mistress arranged for Colleen to attend a dentist at his private surgery over two weekends, and in two marathon sessions she had all her uneven existing teeth pulled out and a complete new set of perfect teeth implanted into her gums using the latest techniques, so she didn't need dentures. This way, not only would she look more beautiful, but also her teeth could never identify her in the future. Mistress had not beaten her for about a week now and she guessed the reason must be that she was about to go into hospital for the first operation. Sure enough one morning the private doctor entered Colleen's room and with the help of his nurse gave Colleen an injection. At his command there was an electronic clicking and all 5 of her constraints opened up and were removed. Colleen felt herself dozing off, but she didn't pass out. She was still awake but felt paralyzed, unable to speak or move. Colleen was loaded on to a stretcher transferred to a private ambulance and with the Doctor and his nurse in attendance they sped off to what Colleen presumed would be a private hospital. Indeed from what she saw it was a fairly small building some way from town, one she did not recognize.

Quickly Colleen was transferred to a bed in a private room, with what appeared to be a security door separating it from the corridor. She was hooked up to a drip and very quickly fell into a deep sleep. Next morning she was dimly aware of movement round her and at one point a voice told her that she was to be operated on for the breathing problems in her nose, which would require a shortening of her nose and the removal of part of her epiglottis and she signed something. When Colleen next awoke, she was back in her room at Mistress's, attached to her bed by the four cuffs, which must have been reattached, but not apparently the CB, and feeling rather peculiar. Her nose was covered in bandage as was her throat, but the most funny feeling was from her chest which felt at the same time both tight and heavy and was also swathed in bandages. She was still connected up to a drip and, as far as she could tell, had on a small amount of make up. After a few minutes the door opened and in walked Mistress. "Oh my dear" said Mistress "a terrible accident happened while you were at the hospital, they mistook you for another patient and they gave you breast implants as well, D cup!" Colleen was of course pretty shocked, but now understood what the heavy tightness on her chest was all about. Mistress had somehow arranged for the implants to be treated as an accident in the records, whilst the other surgery could be passed off as genuine. Doctor came to treat her every day and was becoming very attentive. He insisted on massaging Colleen's breasts to ensure that they were seated properly, which created some very strong feelings as his hands constantly passed over her nipples. After a few days doctor was happy enough with Colleen's nose to remove the bandages completely. She still had not seen the results of the surgery on her nose, but it certainly felt smaller and turned up at the end, whilst her breathing had improved noticeably. Mistress brought in the beautician and Colleen was given a very complete treatment. After being allowed to dress in her clothes again for the first time since she returned, she not only was able to discard her bra padding, but required a larger size bra altogether. Finally Colleen was allowed to look in the mirror and this time she was even more transfixed. She was almost beautiful, her pert little nose and magnificent breasts were complimented by exquisite make up and her hair which had been newly styled looked terrific. She could only gasp at the transformation. What would Mistress do with her this time? Only the bandage around her throat showed what had been done.

It did not take long to find out. The Doctor was called back into the room and was presented to Colleen. His immediate reaction was to take Colleen in his arms and give her the most passionate kisses, whilst running his hands all over her body. Colleen's first instinct was to push him away, but slowly her struggles subsided and she started to reciprocate his passion. In all the time since she had returned Colleen had been instructed not to speak, due to the operations on her throat. She had already noticed that her epiglottis no longer stuck out like it used to, but she had felt too sore to try a secret word or two, besides the control room would be sure to detect her and punishment would ensue. Now as the Doctor finally drew back and she could breathe again, Mistress instructed her to say "Thank You Doctor". Colleen struggling at first finally got out the words, only to be amazed that it was not her voice at all but a high female voice, which came out. "Oh my" said Mistress, Colleen does have such a beautiful voice now doctor, I am sure she can show you her gratitude; I will leave you two alone. With this Mistress departed and doctor, who hadn't let go of Colleen, proceeded to become more amorous, gradually removing her clothes and pushing her face down on the training table. He then fastened her arms to the sides of the table and spread her legs apart. Gradually she felt him enter her from behind and proceed to a

climax. Colleen was unsure whether she liked it or not, but it was a totally new experience. After a few more hugs and kisses, Doctor freed her and departed. Mistress came back in, Colleen was sure that she had been watching from the control room, and sure enough Mistress told her that seeing her slave taken by a man was one of her dearest dreams. Mistress then asked Colleen what it had felt like, how she liked it, would she like it again and so on. Colleen said it was an experience, but it wasn't what she really enjoyed and was dismayed to hear that Mistress had given Doctor permission to come back as often as he liked. "Wouldn't you enjoy it more if it was from the front" asked Mistress, "I'm sure you don't want to continue like this"? Colleen was now in a real dilemma, if she said yes, she would not only be committed to the final operation but would have finally to give herself totally to Mistress forever. If she said no she would have to continue to put up with Doctor doing things to her which she didn't enjoy, yet, with her appetite wetted, she now really wanted to feel what it would be like to be taken as a woman, and after all she was emasculated already, it was not like this was the first step, she had already lost her manhood, only her penis remained. Mistress looked at Colleen's face and knew that she had achieved her ultimate aim. Despite all Colleen's attempts to fight Mistress of she was going to give herself totally to Mistress very soon.

Meanwhile it was time for Colleen's last but one operation, her face-lift. The procedure was much as before and Colleen did not really mind because whatever her sex she would enjoy looking more young and beautiful. Later the same day she woke up back in her bed at Mistress's with bandages all round her face but feeling very serene and totally spaced out. The operation did however require that the doctor came in every day to check progress and part of his visit nearly always required Colleen to be attached to the training bench and submitting to his very demanding penis. Mistress was very pleased with the results of the face-lift and Colleen felt even more beautiful when she was dressed and made up to look her best as soon as her face had healed. Mistress had gradually begun to encourage Colleen to spend time serving her, as well as their regular training sessions, which however had become much less severe and more loving, Mistress spent a good part of the day with Colleen instructing her in the services Mistress required of a good slave and having her generally cook for Mistress and look after Mistress's toilette. One day Colleen was very surprised to hear from Mistress that doctor had asked if he could have Colleen permanently, so that he could carry out his own experiments on her, which would involve further modifications to her body. Mistress said she was prepared to agree to his request, as it appeared that despite everything she had done for Colleen, Colleen was still not prepared to give herself finally and permanently to Mistress. Colleen was now in a terrible dilemma, if she was given over to doctor she had no idea what ghastly experiments she might suffer or even whether her life would be at stake. At least with Mistress she would have both a glamorous life and enjoyment of being a good slave. So there and then Colleen made up her mind, fell to the floor, kissed Mistress's shoes and said, "Mistress I am yours, I will no longer resist, please do whatever pleases you". Mistress smiled a satisfied smile and held out the agreement papers for the final operation, Colleen was broken, Mistress had won, and Colleen signed her body over to Mistress.

So a few days later Colleen was once more sedated and wheeled out to the waiting ambulance by a slightly less attentive doctor. At the hospital she was asked whether she had considered the full implications of her decision and with a look at doctor, she said in a clear female voice "Yes and I wish to proceed". That was her last recollection until she woke, still in her same hospital room. Doctor was gone and Mistress stood by her side. "Hello my dear Colleen, how is my beautiful slave today?" said Mistress, giving her a full kiss on the lips and enveloping her with her special perfume. "I have brought you a present, here is a bottle of that perfume of mine you so love for your very own use". "Thank you Mistress" said Colleen "I am yours". Although Colleen was very sore and it felt very strange to be without a penis, which she could just sense under all the bandages, she just couldn't wait to lie back one day soon and enjoy a man at her pleasure.

Mistress had achieved her twin desires, she had succeeded in turning Colleen into a complete woman to her own design and she had finally broken her resistance and now owned her body and soul. Mistress informed Colleen that it was her intention to find her a suitable lover if she so wished, but she would never be able to leave Mistress's household and from now on she would permanently share Mistress's bed. There would be no more control rooms. When she returned from the hospital she would be introduced into Mistress's household as her lover and in future she would be able to go out into the world with Mistress and enjoy herself. Only when they were alone would she return to being Mistress's slave. Colleen lay back in her bed when Mistress had departed and dreamt of tomorrow...

March/April 2002

## Dining at Harry's

by FineArt

Gregory and Catherine were enjoying one of their quarterly escape weekends at the Royal River Hotel. The one inviolate rule for these weekends was that all the stresses of the rest of their lives were to be set aside. They did not talk about their jobs, finances, the lawn, in-laws or, with few exceptions, even the kids! (Catherine's sister, Annette, always took the kids for these weekends.) These weekends were set aside to concentrate on one another and what they shared... to renew and strengthen all that they shared together. These were weekends filled a mix of dark passion and enjoyment of the many things the region had to offer.

As was her normal pattern, Catherine had driven directly from work to the hotel. She seldom brought anything but her purse, and never really understood how her clothing and personal items arrived at the hotel. But they were always in the room before she arrived, neatly arranged in the armoire, dresser or arranged neatly on the bathroom counter.

Some of the hotel staff had gotten to recognize her on sight, believing she was one of the high priced, elegant ladies of the evening who served visiting businessmen. Catherine knew Gregory would enjoy this illusion and never did anything to correct the perception. In fact, she always made sure the guys in the circus suits who greeted her as soon as the car stopped got a good view of long, shapely legs and a seductive smile before she got the key and headed to the room. Gregory arranged for it to always be the same one... a luxurious suite in the corner on the 7th floor. The views of the city and river front from the balconies were exceptional.

As usual, Catherine found instructions written in Gregory's bold handwriting leaning against a vase of fresh cut flowers. The instructions told her when he would arrive, how she should prepare, how to dress and where he expected her to be in the suite. The instructions were always signed with a flourishing "M". Tonight she was to be bathed, scented with the bath oils, her flowing flaxen hair in a ponytail. She was to be waiting for him on the bedroom balcony that had a marvelous view of the city skyline. The instructions said all she should wear would be waiting on the bed. It would be about an hour before Gregory would arrive. He was always punctual on these weekends, nearly always arriving after she did.

Catherine did not look at the bed when she entered the bedroom, instead removing her clothing and putting everything in the armoire. She had been wearing a tailored blazer, knee length skirt, and silk blouse... a very professional looking outfit that Gregory had selected for her that also emphasize her exceptional features.

The draperies of the glassed wall between the room and balcony were open, Catherine knew not to close them. She looked out over the city for a few moments before looking at what was arranged on the bed. There was a short fluffy terry robe... like that provided by the hotel, but shortened considerably. Neatly arranged on the breast pocket of the robe was a set of chained nipple clamps that she knew well. They had been in her jewelry drawer beside the earrings she had worn today when she dressed that morning. Catherine just shook her head and laughed... how did he manage to arrange that! He had never told her. Catherine knew that she could get at least a hint of what the weekend would bring by looking into the closet or drawers, but she avoided the temptation. Gregory's instructions on snooping, delivered long ago, had been very specific! Besides, she enjoyed the mystery.

Catherine just had time for a relaxing bath, and then to quickly, but carefully prepare the minor amount of make-up she could get away with and fix her hair. Before donning the robe, she inspected herself in the mirror, hoping he would find her pleasing. It had been a long winter and she had lost her tan. She knew he would soon have her reacquiring the tan lines he loved so much, having her sun in a bikini that left very little of her the natural pale pink.

At ten minutes to the appointed hour, she slipped into the robe and went to sit, as instructed, on a chair on the balcony. It was a warm evening and she was comfortable. The setting sun created a gorgeous array of pinks and purples in the billowy western clouds. At five minutes to the hour, she reached inside the robe and attached the clamps, taking the time to prepare each nipple as he always did, gasping as each clamp bit into a sensitive

breast.

At exactly 7:00 she heard the distinctive click as the heavy brass key opened the door lock.

Gregory immediately entered the bedroom, his suit coat folded over his arm, already removing his tie. He laid both on the bed and came to the balcony where he stood silently, his eyes examining his precious one. Then, without speaking, he stepped forward, lifted her chin and kissed her gently, spoke softly. "You please me little one. You please me very much!"

"Thank you, master."

Gregory asked Catherine to stand, then slowly, calmly undid the tie on Catherine's robe, pulling it open so he could see her. He saw the color flush through her body as he gazed at her beauty. He pulled the chain that was dangling between her marvelous breasts, smiling in pleasure when she gasped!

This was just the beginning of an intense evening and night of sensual pleasure. Gregory was exceptionally strict, demanding that Catherine follow his every command. Her bottom and breasts were pleasantly sore for nearly a week from his use of her, including stinging swats when she moved or spoke without permission. And she was racked time and time again as he allowed her to reach the pinnacle of sexual pleasure! It was very late when they finally went to sleep, so exhausted that he only took her once more during the night.

It was well past dawn on Saturday when they finally got around for the day. They bathed together in a leisurely fashion, enjoying the Jacuzzi style tub... and each other! When Catherine emerged from the bathroom, Gregory was dressed casually in slacks, shirt and comfortable shoes. On the unmade bed was similar clothing for her. It even included bra and panties! And comfortable walking shoes. She looked at him in curiosity as she sorted through the clothing, not finding the expected very personal accessories!

Gregory just chuckled as he watched his Catherine dress. Yes, he had selected very well. Attired simply and even conservatively, Catherine would attract many an eye today! Gregory loved it! He truly was most fortunate that this wonderful woman had selected him as the recipient of her gift!

They had a leisurely brunch in the hotel, then took the regional public transportation system to the massive park that had been established for a World's Fair at the turn of the century. They spent the entire day walking the park, touring the several museums, enjoying a leisurely early afternoon lunch from a vendor's cart under a shade tree. They drank the wine directly from a shared bottle. They laughed, they talked... they relaxed, shedding the stresses of their lives... and they simply enjoyed being with one another.

It was nearly 6:00 when they emerged from the subway station, located a half block from the hotel, near the baseball stadium, the corner with the larger than life bronze statue of The Man.

When they returned to the room, Gregory slowly, with great enjoyment, undressed his Catherine, exploring her... reveling in all that she provided him. He had her undress him, shuddered in her loving attention to his manhood. He stopped before either of them reached the absolute height of their pleasures, but they were both completely alive! They showered together quickly. Gregory shaved and went into the bedroom to dress while Catherine did all the stuff ladies have to do before going out... the hair, minimal make-up.

Catherine entered the bedroom to see Gregory tying his tie. He was wearing one of his finest suits, and would be asking her to insert the links into his open cuffs. He had not worn this suit when he arrived, and she briefly wondered again about how it, along with all their other things, had gotten here. She looked to the bed where her things would be laid out.

There was a new dress, made of a shimmering blue material. Carefully laid out beside it a new matching set of sheer blue transparent bra, and garter, dark sheer stockings. She recognized the blue high-heeled shoes. Carefully arranged on a sheet of paper were the sparkling sapphire blue and diamond pendant necklace and earrings Gregory had given her a few birthdays back. Catherine went to the bed and held the dress up to her. "Gregory, it's beautiful! Thank you." She had long before stopped worrying about whether it would fit. Somehow, they always did!

Gregory just chuckled and nodded as he held out his wrists, indicating he needed help with the cufflinks.



Catherine exaggerated the sway of her nude body as she went to assist him, and was not at all surprised when one hand was pinching her nipples as she worked on the other wrist. She noticed the matching panties to her new outfit folded neatly on the dresser top. Well, this would not be the first time she had gone without panties. Gregory got great pleasure from accessing her almost anyplace... or at least knowing she was available to him.

Catherine dressed quickly, while Gregory just sat and watched. He enjoyed watching her dress nearly as much as he enjoyed watching her undress! Especially when she was dressing specifically to please him.

The dress fit her like a glove, accentuating every curve. It was times like this that Catherine was very happy he pushed her so hard to stay fit. Gregory helped her with the necklace as she held her long, golden hair back from her neck, following up with a kiss. She had her head cocked to one side, slipping the post of the dangling earring into the left ear when Gregory smiled, emitted one of his wicked chuckles. Catherine sighed and giggled. She had been looking carefully for additional accessories, something besides the jewelry. She was not sure what it was, but knew it would be something very personal! When he opened his hand, she saw the large, silver egg shaped vibrator. She looked at him; confused... she could not see any controls! But she knew better than to comment.

Gregory had her lie back on the bed, and played with her sex until she as well lubricated before he inserted the vibe into her. He then helped her to her feet and had her stand perfectly still as he walked slowly around her twice, removing a bit of lint from her dress... but mostly just appreciating her pure beauty! Gregory then slipped on his coat, checked himself in the mirror, and, taking Catherine by the hand, they headed out for an evening on the town.

All eyes turned to watch the couple... well, to admire Catherine... as they crossed the hotel's lobby. The hotel's limo was waiting. Both the doorman and the driver appreciated that Gregory did not do the gentlemanly thing and enter the back seat first. Everyone appreciated the extra glimpse of leg revealed as she slipped across the bench seat.

It was a short drive from the hotel to Harry's, one of the more popular upscale restaurants in the central city. The valet and driver got another, even more revealing view of leg and even a bit more as Catherine scooted legs first back across the seat. She could have held the dress from riding up as she moved across the seat, but she knew Gregory as enjoying the view too. Probably more than anyone else! Catherine took Gregory's offered arm, and they entered the restaurant, the doors held open by the valet staff.

The hostess was waiting for them. She was drop dead gorgeous... tanned with long blonde hair. Her ankle length silver dress clung to her body like it had been painted on. The restaurant has a spectacular view of the city skyline, and both the service and menus were outstanding, but Zandy certainly contributed to the reason why you had to call months ahead for Saturday night reservations! Every eye was on the two gorgeous women, looking much like sisters, as they went to a table in the middle of the crowded room. One of the busboys, dressed in a bright white coat with bow tie, pulled the chair out for Catherine while Zandy did the same for Gregory on the opposite side of the table set for two. The busboy was actually quite discrete when he examined Catherine's cleavage as he helped her to be seated.

Zandy was carrying only one leather-clad menu that she placed to the left of Gregory's place setting. Zandy flashed traffic stopping smiles to each of them and told them who the waiter would be... Jerrold. Zandy was ready to leave, Gregory stopped her as he was reaching into his coat pocket. Catherine could not hear what Gregory was whispering, but saw he was holding something slightly smaller than a cigarette pack. Zandy flashed an even more dazzling smile as she looked up at Catherine sitting across the table, but she was also blushing.

Catherine jumped when she saw Gregory push a button on the object he was holding... and she stifled a squeal as she saw him push a sliding control on the box! The egg inside of her was vibrating vigorously, and became even stronger as the sliding control was moved. Catherine had to grip both sides of the table to keep from either making noises or shaking uncontrollably. She could not control the instant red flush that consumed her! Gregory finished talking to Zandy, who again flashed a brilliant smile at Catherine when Gregory left the controller in her hand. Zandy pushed the button only briefly as Gregory turned back to the table and scooted his chair forward. But Catherine's sudden stiffening and biting of her lower lip told Zandy she had pushed the right button! Zandy smiled to Catherine again, winked and, controller in hand, headed back to her station.

Jerrold was there almost immediately, offering the finest of service. As the busboy was filling the water glasses, Catherine let out a slight yelp and clutched the table again as she felt the strong vibrations. She could see Zandy leading another couple to a nearby table... Someone else now had the controller!

"This is a wonderful restaurant, my dear." Gregory said calmly when Jerrold left. "I am sure you will find this to be a very memorable evening." And he chuckled as once again he saw Catherine jump and struggle to be as quiet as she could.

The wine steward was there next. Catherine only reacted twice as the vibrations hit her at random times and intensities while Gregory selected the wine. The steward looked at her, wondering what was happening, but mostly he just appreciated her beauty. His eyes moved easily from hers to the alluring cleft displayed by the scooped neck of her dress and back to her eyes.

Gregory did not even look at the menu when he ordered for both of them... shrimp cocktail appetizers, a seafood bisque, the broiled salmon with white asparagus in cream sauce for her, the swordfish steak with mixed steamed vegetables for himself.

Gregory and Catherine visited quietly throughout the meal, although it was continually interrupted as Catherine's body reacted to the random vibrations deep inside of her... varying in timing as well of intensity. Twice she saw the controller being exchanged, once between members of the restaurant staff, once to an elderly, elegantly dressed woman who looked extremely confused as the waiter was explaining to her how to press the buttons. She obviously did not understand why she was being asked to do this, and passed the controller across the table to her companion. He smiled when he saw the label on the battery device. He looked around the room with great interest as he continually pushed the button. He and Catherine were looking directly at one another when he saw her stiffen and blush as he pressed the button. His face spread into a huge smile as he pointed the device directly at Catherine like a TV remote and held the button down for a long time.

Gregory could not see what was happening behind him, and he simply smiled as he saw his Catherine close her eyes, bite her lower lip. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the sides of the table... and Gregory actually stopped eating to watch her as her body shuddered, as she fought the squeals and moans that normally accompanied her orgasms. Behind him, he heard a jovial male voice say, much too loud "By God, ain't that something!"

Catherine was able to relax only a little when she saw Zandy retrieve the controller, knowing it would soon be passed along to someone else. And the jovial man did not take his eyes off of Catherine until his companion turned, glared in her direction, and turned back to speak rather sharply to the gentleman.

Midway through their meal... it was surprising, but they were able to actually eat... Harry himself stopped by the table to see how they were doing; to be sure they were enjoying their evening. As Harry was talking with Catherine, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes moving back and forth between hers and the amazing cleft of her breasts, she reached for her water glass. Harry was smiling as the vibrations hit, extremely strong. The water glass fell to the table. She had knocked it over. Harry himself directed the staff to exchange the tablecloth and assure that the water had not spilled on Catherine herself. It was not until he left the table that she saw the controller in his left hand just before it was handed to another of the waiters.

Gregory was having a ball!

Catherine could not help herself. Although it was slightly more controlled, she was racked once more by orgasm before the meal was finished. Gregory insisted they have desert and after dinner drinks. Catherine was feeling exhausted...and anxious to get back to the room where she was going to be absolutely certain Gregory completed the work he had started here.

As she gripped the table with one hand, and through her sweetest smile, the vibrations barely perceptible now as the batteries had weakened, Catherine said to Gregory "You will reward me a lot for this one, master.'

Gregory just winked at her and burst out laughing!

When Jerrold delivered the check, on a small tray, sitting beside the foil wrapped chocolate mints was the controller. Without a word, Gregory just slipped it back into his pocket. He also left a very large tip!

As they left, Harry again talked to them, shaking Gregory's hand and kissing the back of Catherine's. Zandy gave Catherine a hug and kiss on the cheek as they left to enter the hotel's limo.

Back in the hotel suite, Gregory sat in a comfortable chair in the outer room as he watched his Catherine disrobe for him. He played with her for only a short time before he removed the vibe from inside of her.

Then he sat back, smiled at her and said "Little one, I am very, very pleased with you. You make me very, very happy. As a reward for the pleasure you have brought me, tonight you may use me for your pleasure... in any way you wish."

It was nearly dawn when Catherine finally allowed a very weary Gregory to sleep.

March/April 2002

## Retribution - Part Three

by dark whisper

"Carrie, no. I've gone along with everything you've said, everything you've demanded, but this is taking it too far." I knew the petulance was showing on my face, but I couldn't help it. This was taking it too far. It was one thing to do my wife's bidding, and for all intents and purposes be her sex-slave, but it was something else entirely to allow my humiliation to be shared by her friends.

I nervously fingered the leather collar encircling my throat as I protested. The collar had become comfortable - at times I even forgot its existence. Occasionally though, when Carrie made another, wilder than the last, demand upon me, the collar seemed to dig into the skin of my neck. Right now, it was almost strangling.

"I'm willing to make a deal with you, Dave. If you do this," she looked at me sternly, "with good grace, the punishment will end. You have been very good about accepting my requests, and I do know this is far beyond anything I've ever asked before."

She looked me dead in the eye. Her demand was couched as a request, but it was clear that she expected me to comply. My cock stirred slightly, rising unbidden from the warm pouch of my balls. Damn it. I was getting excited by the thought - just like Carrie knew I would.

She wanted to have a small luncheon. Three of her friends coming to our home, and being served - by me. I was to only wear my collar and for modesty's sake, a miniscule thong. It would be very clear to the women that I had become exactly what she claimed - her pet.

"Carrie, there's no way that I am willing to do that. I'd be a laughingstock!" My voice rose. "I'm willing to subject myself to your scorn, but not the whole town's." My cock thought it was a pretty good idea though, it was growing longer and thicker despite my protests. Carrie noticed.

Her whole manner changed subtly. Her eyes grew softer and she reached down and grasped my rapidly swelling erection. Her hand was cool and dry on my cock as she stroked the flesh gently. Her voice was low when she spoke:

"Dave, think about it. Think of the way their eyes would be on you . . . demanding of you. Think of how your cock would harden, as it is now, when one of them made you lick her fingers clean after she ate a sticky dessert."

My cock was throbbing in her hand as I pictured her words in my mind. Yes, the thought was definitely turning me on. Not one Mistress, but four. She wasn't being fair.

"Does the thought excite you, my pet?" She purred, "Do you want to feel their hands on your thighs as you move around the room, fulfilling their requests?"

Clear beads of moisture formed at the end of my cock, then slowly made their way down the underside of my twitching shaft. The bitch had me pegged. I still couldn't believe how the thought of being subservient was such a fucking turn-on. She saw the desire in my eyes as her mouth settled warm and wet over the end of my cock, and I knew I was lost.

"All right, Carrie. I'll do it. But this is it." I watched her blonde head descend deeper into my crotch, and felt her smile.

"Dave, another glass of wine, please." The voice belonged to Cynthia. She was Carrie's best friend, and of the three, I figured she was enjoying this the most. Her requests were always polite, but there was this . . . cattiness about her that made it plain she thought I deserved no better than to be their servant.

Carrie had demanded that I answer all requests with a polite, "Yes, Mistress," and so I mumbled the words to Cynthia, and poured her another glass of white wine. Her fingers lingered on mine as I passed her the glass, and she winked up at me - enjoying the look of humiliation that chased quickly across my face.

"Mm, I'd like another glass as well, Dave." This came from Debra, one of Carrie's coworkers whom I've never really liked. She was moving up the corporate ladder so fast that I often wondered whom she was screwing to get there. Her dark brown eyes sparkled as I filled her glass. Debra was what many men consider 'pleasingly plump'. Her hips flared from a narrow waist, and her thighs were softly rounded. Lush, full breasts were displayed invitingly by her low-cut blouse, and by the darkness showing through the thin material, it was plain she didn't wear a bra.

"Yes, Mistress. Can I get you anything else?" I stood in front of her wearing my black leather collar and black thong. My cock was starting to respond to the situation. Debra licked her lips and stared at my crotch, smiling as she saw it bulge slightly.

"Actually, Dave, there is, but it can wait until later." Debra reached out and pressed her palm against my groin, making me suck in my breath.

The other woman was Sandra. I'd never met her before, and I wondered at her presence. She sat in the corner of the couch, and didn't say much. She was much older than the other women were, and wasn't very attractive. Her fine hair hung limp around her shoulders, and streaks of gray stood out against the brown. She was the only one not drinking. Her pale blue eyes followed my every movement.

"Mistress Sandra? May I get you anything?" My voice was slightly strained; the whole situation seemed surreal.

She shook her head, and watched me turn to Carrie.

"Mistress?"

Carrie nodded and held out her glass. They had been drinking steadily all afternoon, and there were four empty wine-bottles in the kitchen trash. Everyone but Sandra was pretty tipsy.

"Dave, could you bring the dessert?" Carrie's voice was just slightly slurred.

As I walked past her, she swatted my ass - hard. The sound seemed deafening in the close confines of the living room, and I spun around to see an amused smile playing across Sandra's lips. Once again, I felt the hot rush of shame run up my neck and into my cheeks. Once again, I felt my cock surge against the tightness of the thong. I escaped to the kitchen.

The dessert was a mammoth cake, several layers high. I placed it, along with a sharp knife, onto a serving platter and walked back into the living room.

"Dave, you forgot the plates." Carrie motioned to the platter, and I realized I had indeed forgotten them.

"No matter, you may feed it to us." She smirked.

Fine. I was in this now, and I might as well play the role full hilt. I sat the cake on the coffee table, and sliced off a thick piece. I held it in my hand, walked up to Carrie, then dropped to my knees in front of her. Her eyes were smoky as I fed her bite after bite of the sweet cake. When she was finished, she nibbled on my fingers, cleaning them of leftover frosting.

Sweet Jesus, I was so fucking turned on by watching my wife lick the frosting from my fingers while she sat in royal splendor - showing off her own special toy. My cock was now fully hard and aching slightly.

One by one, I fed the women. Each one followed Carrie's example and sucked or nibbled on my fingers and palm when the cake was gone. When I reached Sandra, she took the cake from my hand.

"Kneel down, Dave. I need a plate." Her voice was no longer soft, and her pale eyes took on a new intensity.

"Mistress Sandra?" Fuck, what was this?

"I said, KNEEL DOWN!" She reached for my collar and yanked it savagely, pulling me down to my knees.

"Yes, Mistress Sandra!" I gasped as the pressure didn't ease, and she forced me further forward, until I was bent over on hands and knees.

She ran her peculiarly dry hands over the skin of my back, stroking me like she might a dog. Then, she placed the slice of cake on my spine, and smeared it into my skin. The other women laughed derisively. I watched little crumbs of yellow cake drop to the floor by my right hand.

"So, you think you're a pet, do you?" Her voice was now very deep and commanding. "Well then, when we're done, you may get the scraps."

The next thing I knew, she'd pulled up her skirt and swung her leg over my bent back. She wasn't wearing panties. Then, this mousy little woman sat down. She ground her pussy into the mess smeared all over my back, adding her juice to the mixture of frosting and cake.

I turned to look at Carrie, and saw the satisfaction deep in her eyes. Then I knew what she had wanted. I wasn't here just to serve her guests - I was here to service them.

I felt the anger simmering deep in my belly. That fucking bitch! She'd planned this the whole time, and I'd been too stupid to see it coming. I felt the muscles in my back tighten with my anger, and so must have Sandra. She stopped moving on top of me.

"What's the matter, little boy? You don't like this game? Carrie tells me you love it. She says you get all hard and excited when she makes her little demands." The words were hissed. "Let's see, shall we? Are you excited? Is your cock hard and wet, little boy?"

The next thing I knew, I felt the flinty steel of the knife against my hip - then the looseness of my once tight thong. The piece of silky material slithered down my left thigh. My cock sprang free and bounced lightly. It was as stiff as a board. It's funny how your cock sometimes knows more than your mind.

"Oh, my, Carrie. He's really built." Cynthia stood up and walked over to me. She bent over at the waist and grasped my shaft. "Mm, I want to suck him. May I?" She didn't wait for Carrie's answer, just dropped to the floor and scooted beneath the arch of my body.

Her mouth was so incredibly hot as it closed over the mushroom head of my cock. Her tongue moved languidly over the taut skin as she swirled and sucked. She understood the art of cocksucking. Her mouth alternated between tight suction and easy warm stroking, making me tingle.

Sandra began once again grinding her pussy onto my back, rocking back and forth in the messy goo. After a few more moments, she climbed off of me, and lay down on the floor just in front of my arms. Her body was exposed from her waist down, where her skirt was bunched. She was completely shaven. Her bald lips were covered in cake and as she spread them wide, I saw that some of the frosting covered her large clit.

"Lick it off." That was Carrie. She stood next to my shoulder and watched her best friend sucking me off. I couldn't see Debra, but I knew she had to be nearby. I stared at my wife - a mixture of hate and pure lust swimming deep in my eyes.

Deliberately, I lowered my head and touched the tip of my tongue to Sandra's outer labia. She moaned. The scent of her pussy cut through the sweet smell of the cake and rose strongly to my nose. It was intoxicating. I moved my tongue back and forth between the two lips, stroking them lovingly as the sticky goo clung to my tastebuds.

Cynthia's mouth took me deep, and her tongue felt fiery-hot as she flicked and stroked it along the entire length of my shaft. Her fingers moved to my dangling ball-sack, and she squeezed. The pressure was delicious.

The smell and taste of Sandra's pussy was overwhelming, and I HAD to have more. I was like a madman: stroking, flicking, sucking and finally thrusting deeply into her sweet, sticky hole. Her hips were bumping gently against my face as I fucked her with my tongue. She grabbed my hair and yanked me tighter - mashing my nose into her long, hard clit. My slurping sounds were loud in my ears as her thighs came up to cradle my head.

All of a sudden, she was bucking crazily against my mouth. Her thighs trembled and I felt her arch upward. Her scream of release cut through the muffled sounds of wet licking and sucking. I kept licking. When she was limp and clean, her thighs relaxed and she scooted out from beneath my still lapping tongue.

"That's enough, Dave. You've done well." Sandra's voice was not quite steady as she stood back up, and let her dress fall in wrinkled layers to her slightly knobby knees. "You were right, Carrie, he's imminently trainable."

Shit, they were talking about me like I weren't even there.

Cynthia was still sucking on my rock-hard cock, and the sensations blotted all thoughts from my head. I began to hunch my hips, pushing my cock deeper into her talented mouth. She must have felt me climbing upward; searching for the climax that hovered just at the end of my reach. She stopped. I groaned. Then, she pulled her mouth away from my straining cock, and then slapped her hand lightly across the base.

"No, Dave, not yet. We're not done with you. But you knew that, didn't you?" Cynthia's lips looked swollen as she tugged me up by my collar and looked me in the face. I felt a peculiar curl of satisfaction knowing my cock had stretched her smug mouth.

I nodded - my eyes glued to her mouth. I felt a sharp flash of pain as Carrie struck my lower back with her riding crop. Fuck! That hurt! The pain blossomed up and out from the point of contact.

"You didn't answer her, David. The proper response is, 'Yes, Mistress,'" Carrie's voice was cold - once again the strong woman she'd become in these past eight weeks.

I felt my erection sag with the jolt of pain, and I sucked in my breath.

"Yes, Mistress, I'm sorry." I turned to Cynthia, "Yes, Mistress Cynthia, I know you have more plans for me." I saw the flash of triumph in her eyes as I humbled myself. God, I hated this bitch. My cock stirred again.

I wondered briefly where Debra had gone, but as Carrie clipped on my leash and tugged me to my feet, I saw. Debra stood before me, completely naked but for the strap-on dildo standing obscenely away from her rounded hips. The leather was dark against her creamy flesh, and it looked like it was painfully tight. The dildo was a light pink color, and it was even longer and thicker than my own cock. A set of smooth latex balls hung below the base, and this part too was pulled snugly against her body. She was stroking the pink latex firmly, like a man would stroke his cock while masturbating. Her hand glistened with lubricant and I could hear the slippery sounds as she jacked it slowly.

Jeeezus. I'd never seen a woman with a strap-on before, and the sight was impressive. Debra's full breasts laid against her chest, still firm, but the nipples pointed downward. She was watching me closely as she stroked the smooth latex. I didn't like the look in her eyes. I shot Carrie a quick glance, and wasn't reassured. Carrie just stood there, slapping her crop against her palm as Debra walked closer to me.

Debra brushed the head of her cock against mine and the coolness of the material surprised me. It shouldn't have, but I guess I expected it to be as warm as my own skin. The slick end pushed its way down my pole and nudged against my balls. Then she kissed me.

It wasn't a soft kiss, more like she was claiming me. Her tongue was hard and insistent in my mouth, reaching up for my palate and tracing each ridge with the tip. Her hips pushed forward, burying the dildo into my groin. It wasn't an unpleasant feeling, but it was definitely different.

Carrie moved up behind me and laid the end of the crop on the upward curve of my cock, and stroked me slowly with the smooth leather. Her breasts flattened against my back, and I could feel how they stuck to the drying mess when she pulled back slightly. Then her fingers moved over my butt, scratching lightly here and there while Debra pushed her cock into my balls.

Again, the strangeness of the situation reared its head, and I found myself rationalizing this as perfectly normal - sandwiched between my wife and the corporate slut while two other women watched.

"Fuck me, Dave. Stick your little cock into my pussy and fuck me hard." Carrie's voice was low and throbbing



with need. She moved to within my line of sight, and I saw the power shining out of her eyes. This was a major turn on for her, and I loved the way her breath came in short gasps.

Debra stepped back, leaving my cock shiny with lube and painfully hard. Carrie tugged at my leash and led me over to the couch. She lay down on her back and spread her legs, urging me between them with little tugs and pulls on the supple leather. I climbed between her spread thighs, and rested the tip of my cock just against her mons. Then I pushed.

My cock sank deep on that first thrust, knocking my balls against her tight ass. I didn't move. Even though it was killing me to keep still, I didn't want to come yet, and I knew that if I moved so much as a muscle, I'd lose all control.

Her inner muscles caressed me and my body couldn't take it - I HAD to move. I felt the muscles in my back contract as I pulled my cock most of the way out, then plunged back inside her clinging cunt. Damn, she was so wet and welcoming.

I felt the couch sag behind me, then soft warm hands found their way between my thighs to cup my balls.

"Be still, Dave." Debra's voice was a mere whisper, but I obeyed as if she'd shouted.

I became aware of what her hand was doing to my balls. She was kneading my sac gently, making my cock pulse and causing an immediate response in Carrie's pussy. Then, I felt the coolness of Debra's cock pressing gently at my tight ring.

Oh, fuck. I stayed statue-still as she pushed her hips forward. My ass protested - clenching and denying her entrance. A burning began in the tight muscles as she pushed a bit harder.

"Shit, that hurts," I couldn't keep the pain out of my voice, "please, Mistress Debra, stop."

"I don't think so, Dave. You'll love it once you relax." Her voice had an almost singsong quality to it, and she pressed forward.

Stars exploded behind my tightly clenched eyes, and still I didn't move. Then she was inside. My cock had shriveled slightly from the pain of Debra's penetration, but as soon as the throbbing in my ass abated, the sensation of Carrie's warm, tight, wet tunnel clenching and unclenching around me caused it to swell and lengthen again.

"Fuck her, Dave. Slowly." Debra hissed the words.

I made a tentative movement with my hips, pressing forward an inch, then drawing backward. Debra's cock remained buried in my ass. I was becoming used to the fullness inside of me. My strokes became a little faster, smoothly driving myself into my wife. Debra timed her hips with mine, not moving inside of me, just keeping the pressure up. Christ, this did feel good.

I turned to look over at Cynthia and Sandra, and found them squirming together on the other sofa. They were lying in opposite directions, and both heads were buried between open thighs. It was obvious our little party inflamed them.

Slowly, Debra began to vary the timing of her strokes, using my own plunges to fuck me. When I pulled back, she pushed forward. Every lunge into my wife caused a low moan to issue from her throat, and every withdrawal pushed Debra's cock deeper into my ass.

The feeling was indescribable. I realized I could control the entire thing: the harder I fucked Carrie, the harder Debra would be fucking me. I tested my new theory by speeding my thrusts. Oh, shit. Debra kept time, shoving that thick dildo into my ass as I pulled out in readiness of ramming my own hard cock into my wife's soaking-wet cunt.

Carrie was watching my face. I could see the lust swimming in her eyes. I could also tell that the thought of me being fucked as I was fucking her was as exciting to her, as it was to me.

Faster and faster, harder and harder - Debra fucked me. Then, when I could hold it back no longer, I begged Carrie:

"Please, Mistress, may I come?" I held myself still inside of her, but Debra did not stop this time, she kept ramming me with that big, thick dildo. I clenched my teeth as the waves of pure pleasure moved through my belly and into my balls.

"PLEASE, MISTRESS!?" My voice was frantic, pleading.

"Yes, you fucking whore! Come! Fill me up!" Carrie was writhing beneath me and I reared back . . . shoving Debra's cock all the way to the hilt inside of my burning ass before driving my cock deeply into my bitch of a wife.

I was almost dizzy with relief as I felt the semen boiling up through my shaft and out the tip, spraying Carrie's inner walls with hot come.

Debra's hand came down hard on my quivering ass-cheek as she continued fucking my ass. I yelled out in pain-filled pleasure as she slapped me twice more.

Carrie was deep in her own orgasm and the sound of the stinging slaps seemed to make her come even harder. Her face was straining and her teeth bit down hard on her bottom lip. She bucked up into me and her cunt muscles spasmed around my cock. She looked so fucking hot.

Slowly, the three of us stopped moving. Debra pulled out of my ass and bent down to kiss the bright red skin of my butt where she'd slapped me.

I moved shakily off of Carrie's limp body and stood up. She looked at me with half-lidded eyes. My sphincter was sore, but it was a pleasant tenderness. I looked over to the other couch and realized Sandra and Cynthia were also lying limp and sated. Both stared at me with lust in their eyes.

Debra slowly unfastened the dildo, and let it fall to the floor. I stared at the pink latex and black rubber like I'd never seen it before. Then I picked it up and ran the smooth straps through my fingers. I looked at Carrie, then looked back over at Sandra.

I moved across the room and dropped it into Sandra's lap. She looked up at me and smiled.

"You'll need this next week, Sandra. Luncheon will be at one sharp."