



Dom-sub Lifestyle

MAY/JUNE 2001

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May/June 2001

Life Under the Three Moons



Life Under the Three Moons

INSIGHT INTO THE GOREAN CULTURE

by Michael

Greetings,

From the middle of the 1960's to the end of the 1980's, John Norman (Lange) wrote a series of 25 books called the Gor novels. This series of books created a fictional world called Gor that shares an orbit with Earth but 180 degrees apart. There are men and woman that are said to be originally from Earth, as well as creatures that are from other places in the universe. Intermixed in the 25 books are several history lessons, high adventure, and a underlying battle that looms between inhabitants of Gor and a race of creatures called Kurii that wish to have Gor and the Earth for their own. Within the books also lies the most important part of Mr. Norman's writings and that is the Gorean codes, rituals and customs. They are what set the Goreans apart from the rest of the D/s lifestyle.

What makes a Gorean? Why would one wish to live by harsh Gorean codes of conduct? The format of this column will be to give you the view points of some lifestyle Goreans that have been so kind as to send me their inputs. This edition's comments come from some Goreans that are known to me and I know that they live as well as possible by the Gorean ways.

First the Masters:

Neptune: He is the Master of his full time kajira xayla. Neptune requires a 24/7 situation. He requires a slave to be a slave whether she feels like it that day or not. Like many Gorean Masters he believes it should be the kajira's wish to make the Master happy anyway possible. He believes that being Gorean is the ability to be whom ever you are without social ties and restrictions. A man chooses his fate if he is strong enough he is a Master and if not he is a slave. Unlike the rest of our society the followers of the Gorean ways do not judge a man by their color, wealth, or religion. The only thing required of a man to be called Master is HONOR. In his writings to me he acknowledges that there is a place for free women in the Gorean lifestyle as well as male slaves called kajirus but he says " Myself, I would rather die first."

Randy of Rikon Falls, Master to the kajira naji~malaika{R}. Randy tells us that that he began reading the Gorean novels in the mid to late seventies. After reading them he unknowingly began living by what he calls a strict code of honor in his daily life. Randy says that he grew tired of the sameness of the traditional BDSM lifestyle. That it had grown boring and stale. That after an invitation to a chat site to join some friends that embraced the Gorean ways he packed up his submissive and a conscience journey to Gor had begun. He writes that he was "Gorean " only online at first but that the values he expounded in the virtual world, deepened in his real life outlook, actions and mannerisms.

Here is a quote from Randy's letter that I wish to share with my readers. " I have found peace (relative), happiness (a glance at the slave at my feet), and a sense of belonging that had been missing my life. I do not

force my outlook and precepts upon anyone other than myself and the slave I own. If they feel disturbed or outraged by my actions, it is more their problem than it is mine. I know who and what I am.”

And now the kajirae:

Paula is a 32-year-old kajira from the New Jersey area. She found Gor 5 years ago. She met a Master on line that lives a few hours away from her and they talked online for many months. She says “ I served him with my heart and soul online.” She describes him as a very strong man physically and emotionally. She says he was kind, though knew when she needed him to be harsh. Never cruel but taught her that punishment had a place in the lifestyle. The first real life meeting was in a diner, Paula was scared but excited. She knew she wanted to serve him in anyway he desired. She describes the experience as a deep burning inside and a natural high that she can not put into words. When first alone he had her kneel and she describes that very moment as a turning point in her life, she had never been so scared, enthralled and so needy in her entire life.

She believes the Gorean relationship differs from the traditional D/s relationship because it is more structured and that rather seeking the wilder side of sex a kajira seeks total servitude. She says that servitude is her freedom, not freedom in the conventional sense but the freedom that lies dormant within her. The freedom she needs to be whole, be all she can before the one she serves so totally.

najida~malaika {R} is the kajira of Randy of Rikon Falls, her name is Arabic for “courageous angel”. She says “A woman named Bonnie had been wandering around the net chatting and having fun when she stumbled upon a Gorean RPG (role-playing Game) chat room” She was drawn to the beauty of the slaves and spent some time in lurk mode. Eventually she asked the Tavern Master how she to could become slave. She says his answers and subsequent training along with his friendship changed her life. She walked into the life of a kajira thinking it was a fun role playing game but now three years later she is kajira everyday to her Master. naji credits her Master for what she has become , each thing she does is with his pleasure in mind. Will her action bring a smile to her Master’s lips? When describing discipline naji says that her Master meters out the punishment. He insures she understands why it is being given and when the punishment is finished it is never to be brought up again. naji says that she has lost her family and friends because she is a very public slave girl. She closes with the following thoughts “She hopes for greater understanding and acceptance from the community of BDSM and Goreans alike. Too much has been battled over and picked over. Perhaps the time has come to look at our similarities and put away the differences.”

I have always enjoyed the quotes from the Gor series, in reading these you will learn much of the Gorean beliefs concerning the relationship between a Master and his kajira.

‘A man can truly love only that woman,’ he said, ‘who is truly his, who belongs to him. Otherwise he is only a part to a contract.’ ‘A woman,’ I said, ‘can love only that man to whom she truly belongs.’ page 444 Slave Girl of GOR

In denying it we deny our nature. In betraying it we betray no one but ourselves. The master will never be happy until he is a master. The slave will never be happy until she is a slave. It is what we are. page 159 Explorers of GOR

The love of a slave girl is the deepest and most profound love that any woman can give a man. Love makes a woman a man’s slave, and the wholeness of that love requires that she be, in truth, his slave. page 31 Magicians of GOR

Slavery, of course, is the surest path by means of which a woman can discover her femininity. The paradox of the collar is the freedom which a woman experiences in at last finding herself, and becoming herself. page 160 Magicians of GOR

A man in his heart desires freedom, and a woman in her belly yearns for love. The collar in its way answers both needs. page 180 Slave Girl of GOR

‘Though I am slave,’ she said, ‘yet for the first time in my life, I am free.’ page 303 Nomads of GOR

In my 25 years of discussions with Gorean Masters and kajira, as well as other Gorean free persons the one common thread in all their stories seems to be that they read a book or several of the series and they had a revelation. They felt as though they had finally arrived, or perhaps had simply come home. The Gor series by

John Norman is available at many of the new book stores in it's latest release format and can be found in the 1960-1980 covers at many used book stores around the country as well as online on the auction sites. I thank everyone that contributed their time and keyboard in the writing of this page. Next quarter I will be discussing the Gorean relationships outside of the usual Master/kajira situation. There is a group of Goreans that refer to themselves as Free Companions, We will be hearing from a few of them. I always enjoy hearing from both non-Goreans and Goreans so please feel free to contact me at Michael@desertvista.com .



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May/June 2001

A View from the Top



Time for a Name Change by Master Douglas

Time for a name change. BDSM has lost its edge. How can the BDSM lifestyle be dangerous when Omaha housewives frequent the BDSM chat rooms routinely cyber-scening Boston middle managers almost every evening? Everyone is so "into" BDSM nowadays. Nipple clamps are discussed over melons in the grocery store. Floggers are talked about with fruit juice and cookies at PTA meetings. And the reverse, I even heard of banana bread recipes discussed at the local BDSM club!!! How heinous is that?? And no, adding walnuts would not help.

I was about ready to hang up my leather vest and boots for some new symbols of outlaw anti-culture lifestyle. But first I needed a new acronym to signify the importance of my new anti-group's group sentiments. When making acronyms it hurts to be saddled with so many consonants: B(ondage); D(iscipline); D(ominance); S(ubmission); S(adism); M(asochism). On top of all that, I have been reading about the Marquis de Sade and found out that he was a bi-switch. This does put a pallor on my calling myself a sadist anymore. So I tried looking at the core values: P(ower); C(ontrol); S(ensation). Again the consonants, at least I got rid of the sadist part. Hmmm.....

My new group shall be called the SPCA (standing for Sensation, Power, and Control in America group). Forget that leather, tanned stuff. We will wear fur jackets, even in Arizona in the summer, because we are tough. And fur muckluks of elk and bear. Yes, naked slaves under skins of dead animals, tied with all natural bindings, cat gut and sheep gut and such. We'll tie foxtails from the antennae on the Harley and get cat paws (with claws still attached) for scening toys. Occasionally we will sacrifice a live chicken or maybe rabbit to show our devotion.

The SPCA won't have your standard online chat rooms and egroups. You will need to have been kicked out of at least 3 other egroups before we will consider allowing you to abuse us. We'll be so exclusive I won't be able to qualify for membership. None of that Tops and bottoms, Doms and subs stuff for us, just Big Dogs and bitches. I like the sound of that.

So, if you are reading this, you are on your way to becoming a Big Dog or a bitch of the SPCA. Sniff out another member; see if the group smells right for you. No more weenie BDSM, you're running with the wolves now.

Big Dog Doug

[PS. His girls have informed Master Doug that the name SPCA has been copyrighted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Therefore, he has added addendum to the article, "never mind".]

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

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May/June 2001

Ask the Mistressse



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

by Lotus Song

Advice to a "new" Domme

Someone asked me once... << I wonder how we can create positive images of ourselves? >> I've thought about that for a while...

The first thing is .. if one has a chip on their shoulder regarding men- get rid of it. Domination is not a "get-even club." One does not do this by mimicking the negative traits of our male counterparts.

Check yourself first. Make yourself the best you can be. When you are content within yourself others will be content with you. No one is the blame for your success or failure but yourself.. it's not your peers' fault.. it's not your sub's fault. If you are constantly hitting roadblocks.. you need to check the path you are on.

Don't "sell yourself." If everything you do is contingent upon how much gifting you get.. you knock yourself down a notch (in my opinion). As long as a woman puts a price on her head.. she degrades herself. She can be bought. If a gift is given to you free of heart.. then it's an honor.. a true tribute. You have "arrived".

Honor each other. The golden rule applies. A woman is "superior" because of her ability to be compassionate. Don't put that quality on the back burner because you are "domme".

I firmly believe that "those who do not learn from the past are doomed to repeat it." Matriarchy replacing Patriarchy would be non productive. The power struggle would begin againthe persecution, the fears.

"Power corrupts.. absolute power corrupts absolutely." That's another adage worth heeding.

I suggest that each woman find her own center, her own strength and the expression thereof. It's time we display our best selves and display the best qualities of our birthright.

Express yourself as a woman, not a woman trying to be a man trying to be a woman in an expression of aggression. Otherwise, we will continue to look like buffoons.

A woman's greatest power is her heart and mind. (After all, we've outwitted them THIS long)

Be strong in your beliefs. If you talk the talk you'd better be prepared to walk the walk. Speak your truth quietly and surely. Do not do so with an intent to insult or harm. This way you will never be in a position of contrition for your actions.

Belligerence and arrogance are ignorance and insecurity in action. Observe carefully. Class shows.

Develop your erotic being, your logic, your intuition. Those are the qualities that make a man fall at your feet.

Just my thoughts on it all.

Lotus

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

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May/June 2001

Transgressions

by Miss Ayme



I don't think there's a morning that's gone by during the last ten years, that I haven't marveled at the deliciously cruel joke that God or Nature or the "Force" has played on me. At first it wasn't apparent as I was too busy caught up in the excitement and challenge of transitioning from male to female. But here it is Easter morning, a time when the whole world celebrates a rebirth of some sort, and I find myself amused at the parallels I can draw between the cycle of renewal and rebirth and the cycle I've had to fashion for myself.

Deliciously cruel in that some One or some Thing stuck his/her/its spoon in my genetic soup and gave it one final stir before I emerged as flesh and bone that summer morning back in 1956. And here we have a boy! The first born of the clan, destined to perpetuate the family name and inherit all. And from as early as I can remember, all I ever wanted was to be a girl instead. But by the time I could form that cognitive thought in my head and understand what it meant, I also instinctively knew that to express that desire would do nothing but bring shame and humiliation and guilt and abuse.

The natural reaction that ensued was to hide it away, lock up the secret and live in constant terror that it would one day be discovered, and then everything I feared would come to pass. And a lifetime then spent going through the expected motions prescribed for me from day one. You're a boy, you do boy things. So I became what everyone else wanted me to be, the pursuer of the hetero dream, the aggressive posturing, the high school quarterback, the front court shooter with the nice outside shot, cruising with the guys looking for girls. I proved my masculinity over and over again, to show my family and my friends and my teachers that I could hack it. I put on weight and filled out. I grew a beard. I got married. But deep inside me there was this little kernel irritating the flesh, like a grain in an oyster, wishing it was me the boys were pursuing, wishing it was me in the pretty clothes that caught their eye, wishing it was me that would be soft and wet and yielding. And over the years each successive layer of the lie coated it, to protect it from outside exposure, but also to keep it trapped away where it would never be found. Only I knew it was there.

The lie got bigger and fatter and more irritating. It was like building a sandcastle - carefully constructed with care, paying attention to the fine balances needed to build a structure of immense flimsiness. Only I knew that it would take the next tide to knock the whole thing down. But there was nothing to be done except continue to build it higher - it was what was expected of me - and so I did, knowing all the while it was doomed to failure. And I became angry, and cynical, and bitter - oh so unhappy inside with having to put on the brave face of manhood; take it like a man, be a real man, boys don't cry. Yet each night crying silently at the unfairness of it all...this cruel joke; to brand me as male because I had a penis between my legs, and having to live a predetermined existence because of it. What a crock of shit.

But this Easter morning I find myself looking back to that moment when I dug that irritant out from its deeply embedded hideaway. The pain had grown so great, like a cancer it had to be excised, and it was high time I took a good, long hard objective look at it anyway. So I ripped at the layers, slashing away the rot that had accumulated, and with shaking hands grasped it. My family and friends were horrified that I would so willingly mutilate all that I was. But I was not to be deterred - I was going to hold it up to the light of scrutiny and it terrified me. So much was riding on this, it was positively sacrificial. Blinded by tears of shame, and gulping down the bile in my throat as the fear overwhelmed me, I knelt before all and held my true self up for inspection. It was an offering. It was a plea. It was all I was or wanted, and I put it out there expecting the worse, not knowing what

would happen. Only that I had to do it, or die. I was dead anyway, I thought. Nothing to lose now.

And nothing horrible happened. No dramatic clap of thunder, no raging tempests howling around me. I opened my eyes and blinked and it was sunny, and calm, and bright, and clean, and there cradled in my hands was this lustrous pearl, shiny and new and perfect...and there was my mother saying she'd try to understand and she loved me anyway. There were my friends saying they were proud of my courage and were glad I was happy. There was my (ex) wife saying get out of my life you fucking faggot. OK, maybe that wasn't one of the better parts, but at least we both got on with our lives. There was my brother crying when I asked him to loan me money for my breast augmentation surgery, crying because he felt he was losing his brother, but happy to help because he loved me. There was my father, not pleased at all about seeing his son in a dress, but finally coming to terms with it when he equated what I was going through with his own struggles with homosexuality. And my sister analyzing the whole scenario about Nature versus Nurture, and becoming fascinated with how our typically middle class nuclear family exploded into dysfunction but somehow coalescing back into a loving and supportive unit. Better than it ever was when we all still lived together.

And you, Dear Reader, left wondering what all this has to do with the D/s Lifestyle. Well I look at it this way: when I realized the Truth of my Life and then took steps to live my life within that truth, my existence became one of personal integrity and honor. Yeah, I still have a penis (and it remains the final obstacle to my integrity as a woman), and it presents problems for me when I want to form intimate relationships. But I figure if I can be honest with myself about my gender identity, then I can also be honest about what turns me on. And BDSM definitely trips my trigger. Kink is what floats my boat (and women with cocks are decidedly kinky). Yet the societal stigma still associated with those dark desires, those filthy perversions, those unnatural acts - causes many of you to embed your own little kernel of truth - each with your own nagging irritant that causes those defensive layers to build up. You don't have to be transgendered to know a life of shame and humiliation and guilt and abuse. But you don't have to hide your pearls any longer either. With forums like this one, with societies of pervs sprouting up all over the country, there are countless numbers of people searching for some acceptance and validation in their lives - and finding it. Acknowledge the pearl, the truth within - if only to yourself (you gotta start somewhere!). Then you'll know what true rebirth is, what true freedom is, what true love is. And how integrity and honor are such vital linchpins to our Creed of Safe, Sane and Consensual play.

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

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Trubled Times



for those times when you're having troubles

by **Celeste aka Bitatrouble**

Hi Bitatrouble,

There is a coworker that shows telltale signs of being in the lifestyle. She has alluded to bondage, flogging and other BDSM activities. I am very interested in this woman. How can I broach the subject of BDSM to find out if she is really interested without outing myself if she is vanilla? If nothing else, I'd like to have another lifestyle friend.

Thanks in advance,

Inquisitive in Leather

~~~~~

\*Special note: Because I have been so out for so long, this question actually had me stumped. I tend to just ask people in a very unsubtle way if they are tops or bottoms so I turned to my Master who still takes great care in the work place not to out himself. My appreciation for filling in my duties this month, Sir!

celeste

~~~~~

Dear Inquisitive in Leather:

I have run into this situation in the workplace a number of times and it can cause some confusion as to how best deal with the target of your curiosity. The most important advice I can offer here is to go slow. Charging into this scenario like a Dom in a leather shop can spell disaster. First, for the moment, shelve any desirous intentions or hopeful fantasies about using your flogger on this person or offering yourself as a whipping post if they are of the dominant persuasion. Your goal at this point is to determine whether they are, indeed, a member of the leather community or just a vanilla dropping catch phrases they picked up online. The following presents some hints and suggestions as to how to safely proceed.

- Listen to the catch phrases and what words the person uses to allude to the activities you mentioned in your question. A true member of the BDSM community will use phrases and words with which only such a person would be familiar. For instance, any vanilla can allude to a whip, but hear the person make a reference to a specific type of toy such as a single-tail or tawse or refer to a specific type of material a toy is made out of and the red light should start flashing. Vanillas will refer to bondage or being "tied up," but rarely do they use the term restraints. Terms, very specific to the lifestyle, should raise suspicions. Interestingly enough, vanillas never use the term vanilla. In fact, most of them don't know what the term means. If the person you are curious about uses this word, you might be closer than you think in meeting a fellow lifestyle member.

- As you listen to the person make comments about BDSM related activities, nonchalantly play along and ask innocent questions to see how the person reacts. For instance, a woman who worked in my company was getting ready to go home for the evening when she made the statement, "I'm going home to spank my husband". I turned to her and innocently asked, "Why would you do that?" She smiled and responded, "Because he's obnoxious and because I like to".

Hello, Ma'am! A few more well placed questions and we were talking shop in a few minutes. Remember, if you act nonchalantly to statements, you can only be accused of being as vanilla as the other person. However, if the

person alludes to whipping and you respond with a twenty minute dissertation on the art of whip braiding, you have just outed yourself to someone who might not know the difference between a bullwhip and a licorice whip. In another situation, a woman made a statement about finding someone that evening who would tie her up. She said it in a way that could have been construed as joking around. I shot back jokingly, "Really! Do you have enough rope on hand?" She looked at me with a more serious look on her face and replied, "I never use rope. Rope can cut and it's not comfortable. I'll only use leather cuffs." "Do you have your own?" I asked. "Quite a few." "Wow," I said surprisingly. "Are they all over the house?" I joked. "No, I keep them well hidden with the rest of my toys." Bingo!

Use your listening skills, learn what questions to ask and word them so you receive back more information than the question required.

· Once it becomes evident that your person is a bona fide enthusiast (it may take a few conversations to confirm or disprove this), it's your turn to hold up the sign. Again, you should take it slow, however, this part is fairly easy. Break the ice by responding with a simple statement. For instance, in the above example, a perfect response to the conversation would be, "I like leather cuffs also but I use the fur-lined ones". Or maybe, "I live alone so I don't feel I need to hide my toys that carefully." Once the other person realizes that they are in friendly territory, conversation will ensue. Lifestylers have an uncanny radar in recognizing other kinks which is a great aid in establishing common ground. I may start sounding like a parrot but I need to repeat myself once again -- move slowly. Let things proceed at their own pace.

· Once the two of you come to the realization that you are on the same asteroid, you have to begin replacing caution with respect. If this is a person that you would like to play with, either topping or bottoming, you need to learn what their situation is like. The other person may be a collared submissive or own a submissive which signals that the two of you will most likely just be friends. You must always respect the other's lifestyle status and situation. If they are unattached, no Dom or sub, they may be a potential play partner, but ease into it slowly. Don't go charging them like Roosevelt up San Juan Hill.

· The fact of the matter is there are BDSM enthusiasts all around. Because of society pressures, the majority keep a low, very low profile in the vanilla world, especially in the workplace. Finding and identifying a community member becomes a game which can be a cross between Clue and Where's Waldo. Keep your ears open and your mouth shut in the right situation and you may find, with some careful maneuvering and patience, that cute secretary or office boy accompanying you to the next play party.

Master Michael

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

Name:

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May/June 2001

Aftercare

by Jersey Girl

SubDrop/TopDrop Why it happens

After the release of chemicals in your body that make ya feel oh so good..just like in a drug addict....or an athlete... coming down can be almost physically painful. Add to that common human mental health issues, and we have a recipe for TsDrop Soup (Top or sub Drop Soup). This phenomenon can manifest itself after a scene or after a relationship, after a weekend spent with all your kinky friends at BR99, or for no obvious reason at all. When we have to come out of our scene space and reenter the real world, back to the kids and the job and the spouse and the dishes and life in the fast/slow lane, we may experience an emotional let down of sorts.

What It Feels Like

TsDrop can manifest itself in many physical and emotional ways; anxiety attacks, feelings of loss, indescribable sadness, crying for no apparent reason, lethargy, insomnia, total panic, extreme emotional numbness, rage, dizzy spells, irrational fears, manic energy, the desire to isolate, the thought of leaving the scene, or the partner....feelings of self hatred, loss of appetite, the uncontrollable desire to binge, perhaps even to purge, inability to concentrate, headaches, leg cramps, nausea. I have even heard of excessive hair loss after a scene. These symptoms can be fleeting and mild or can last for extended periods of time, making your life unmanageable and causing you to do things you may regret later.

Some of the work of aftercare can be started before the scene/event even starts.

Preparing yourself mentally for what is about to happen;

- * Getting centered,
- * Meditating,
- * Figuring out what you want to get out of the scene.

Assessing where your head space is today;

- * Is it that time of the month?
- * Do you have a bunch of other stuff in your life bothering you right now that you need to put aside before you play?
- * What feelings do you recognize in yourself right now; fear, hope, lust, frustration, anxiety, excitement?

Do you have expectations that are realistic?

Negotiate your aftercare effectively.

- * Not everyone is into cuddling and mushy intimacy as part of aftercare. If thats what you need or expect then make sure your partner is aware of that and agrees to provide it. If not you may be setting yourself up for a big disappointment.

Make sure you have support set up for when you get home.

Then there is preparing yourself physically for the scene/event.

- * Getting enough sleep before hand.
- * Hydrating yourself.
- * Eating something relatively healthy (unless you are fasting for a reason before the scene).
- * Making sure you don't forget to take your regular meds before the scene.
- * Taking some analgesics like ibuprofen before the scene so your carpel tunnel doesn't flare up as bad from all that cane swinging.
- * Having a comfortable set of clothes and shoes to wear in case you need to change.

Aftercare

I believe it is everyone's individual responsibility as a player in the scene and a member of this community to protect themselves and care for themselves properly, and to make sure play partners are in good condition after we are done with them. To me the scene isn't over till sufficient aftercare has been given.

Immediate Aftercare

There are lots of techniques to aftercare that work for partners:

Hydrate, feed if appropriate, wrap in a blanket, cuddle, massage, whisper, talk, sing to, make eye contact, console, wipe tears, smile, stroke hair, take to a quiet place, nap, share feelings, bathe, keep warm, encourage, express gratitude.

Some people spend the minutes after a scene to review it and share their feelings on it. Some people need to just relax and save the intellectualizing for later.

Extended Aftercare

Plan on having quiet time and nap time when you get home or are alone.

Eat something healthy and comforting but don't binge.....a bowl of ice cream is great.....a half gallon is not.

Set up a support system and phone calls for yourself when you get home...isolation is not the same as solitude.

Check in with your partner if possible.

Write;

* Write about the scene, your feelings, what you liked and didn't like.

* Write a gratitude list.

* Write a love letter to yourself.

Take a hot bath with epsom salts and light candles.

Did I say nap? Remember napping is not the same as sleeping all day.

Do some aromatherapy; lavender, rosemary, bergamot, and sandalwood are very soothing fragrances.

Nurture yourself; get a massage, manicure, pedicure, facial.

If your Top is not available to nurture you after a scene then find someone who is.

Go shopping but don't overspend.

Doodle, read, listen to music.

Stay away from the news.....and unhappy people.

If you find yourself still depressed or still experiencing TsDrop symptoms a week after a scene....don't panic....it's normal....just know it's going to pass....and keep taking care of yourself.

If you find yourself sinking into a depression repeatedly after scenes or in general and nothing seems to work to pull you out of it, consider changing your lifestyle and/or seeking the help of a professional.

May/June 2001

Differences Between a Slave and a Submissive

by Raven Shadowborne

Many ask if slaves truly exist. In the way a dictionary and history define slavery, no they do not exist in most modern countries. (Though there is some contention that slavery rings do still exist in secret) Most people in civilized countries generally agree that the legal ownership of another human being is immoral and thus make it illegal. However, in the world of BDSM, one will find that some of the people involved call themselves by many different terms; one of these is the term "slave". Of course, this often raises the question of how is a slave different from a submissive. This question often is met with outright hostility, disbelief in the existence of slaves and the thought that the words slave and submissive (as nouns) are interchangeable terms within the context of BDSM. Many will not agree with any of those thoughts, and I am one of them. I have spent a great deal of time talking with slaves in the honest attempt to better understand them, their lifestyle choices, and judge for myself whether or not this is a healthy variation to the BDSM lifestyle.

To the question of whether or not slaves exist inside of BDSM I say that yes they do. They may not be the largest group, but there are quite a few. Do slaves differ from submissives? Again, my answer is yes they do. Slaves tend to differ from submissives by the way they think, act, submit and their expectations.

A slave tends to think more along the lines of black and white. They have very little room for leeway or shades of gray in their lifestyle choices. They do not seem to expect much leeway in the reaction of their dominant either. By this I mean, if a slave is feeling ill and thus doesn't complete all their usual daily tasks, they will expect the dominant to react with the usual punishment. A submissive may be more inclined to expect leniency from the dominant because they were ill. A slave thinks in terms of being owned, not in terms of submitting. To them, being in a collared relationship means they are owned, and often this translates into the statement that they do not have the "right" "choice" or "option" to walk out if the relationship goes bad. This does not mean a slave will accept an abusive relationship, though their tolerance limits for what is abusive and what is not seem to be higher than those of a submissive. This belief in ownership stems from a strong commitment on both an emotional and mental level to the dominant. There is a level of acceptance of the dominant's behavior that can be more intense and widespread than many submissives would allow. For example, a dominant wants to bring in a third to the relationship. A submissive may demand certain criteria be met before they allow (yes, allow) such to occur, whereas a slave may say "It is not up to me, if this is what Master wants, so be it" and quietly accept this new change. To some this kind of thought process is considered wrong or somehow brought out by abuse, but this is not necessarily true. A slave thrives on the absolute fact, that they literally have no control over the relationship or what will occur within it, whereas a submissive often retains some level of control in the relationship. The thought process focuses solely on what would make the master/mistress happiest and how the slave can be most pleasing to them. Subs tend to think of themselves and their own pleasure in addition to that of their dominant. Slaves work very hard to put themselves second in all the things and their owners first. To them, this is what comes with being a slave and submitting completely. Slaves put forth a lot of effort in achieving an inner peace with their chosen position. With this peace comes acceptance of themselves, and a quiet sense of contentment. They view pride, arrogance and other such emotions as negative and unbecoming in a slave.

A slave's behavior is different from a submissive as well. If you listen to slaves talk about their behavior (or watch them), they often speak of being quietly accepting, in control of themselves at all times, formal, and other such things. There seems to be more focus on how the slave behaves at any given moment, with less leeway. In many slave relationships, the slave is required to use an honorific at all times, and couldn't conceive of calling their master/mistress by any other name. Most slaves find yelling, tantrums, fits, or any other out of control behavior on the part of a slave to be reprehensible and deserving of severe punishment. Slaves put a lot of emphasis on their behavior and how they react to their dominant. They hold themselves to a high level of self-control. They require of themselves to have a pleasing demeanor as much as possible. They see no room for bratting behavior, any form of topping from the bottom, or any other form of manipulating the dominant. They see bratting as topping from the bottom, whining, cajoling or making requests after the initial denial as manipulative behavior that focuses on the slave's needs/desires instead of the dominant's and thus not proper. They look down on any behavior that is perceived as designed to force the dominant to meet a need of the slave, rather than the slave focusing on the dom's needs. A slave will strive for perfection within themselves in

completing all the tasks their master/mistress gives to them, while still keeping an eye out for things that they were not specifically told to do, but think would please their owner if they did them. A slave is required to be very self sufficient and capable because they often have a lot of responsibility placed on them. Slaves often feel that a slave should not need to be micro managed by their dominant because this is not pleasing, unless of course the dominant likes to micro manage. A slave will behave with the utmost of respect in a formal situation, and with as much respect as any situation warrants. (For example, quiet time at home may not require as strict a protocol as a formal party would) None of this emphasis on behavior means that a slave can't or does not crack jokes, goof off, or engage in verbal banter. Many slaves do indeed do these things. They do so however, with a great attention to the dominant's reaction and are careful not to be hurtful or overly sarcastic. Unless of course the dominant does not like this kind of behavior, then a slave will do their best to curtail it. (Which can be quite difficult, and in my opinion unhealthy, for someone who has a very playful sense of humor as an inherent part of their personality) So please do not take this article to say that slaves are not playful, have no sense of humor or anything like that because it just is not true. Slaves have the same array of personalities that everyone else does, and they enjoy them just like anyone else does. Slaves just tend to be a lot more aware of the dominant's limits to such activities than some submissives are. They also do not use their playful senses of humor (if they have one) to brat a dominant into playing with them, unless the dominant likes this kind of role play scene. Basically they tailor their behaviors to what the dominant prefers and is most comfortable with.

A slave's expectations from the dominant and the relationship are often very different from those of a submissive. A slave does not expect to have their desires met beyond their basic life supporting necessities. When their dominant does do something for them, they see it as a gift, not a necessity. Slaves tend to view things that many submissives expect in a relationship, as a luxury not a necessity. This does not mean that a slave will accept being abused or treated like they are worthless for extended periods of time, it just means they do not expect all the trappings that others expect from their relationships. (such as cuddling on demand, talking whenever the slave wants to talk, sleeping in a bed etc) Slaves expect their relationship to be difficult at times and their submission to not be easy all the time. They expect to be asked or ordered to do things they may not necessarily enjoy because the focus is not on their enjoyment or pleasure, but on that of their dominant. They expect to be treated as a slave and not pampered or cajoled to. They expect to be pushed to their current limits and have those limits pushed to expand. They expect to meet their dominants needs at all times and to not have their dominant accept any manipulation or disobedience. They expect to be used to the full extent of their current abilities and even trained (or taught through schooling etc.) to broaden their abilities to meet their dominant's needs. They do not expect to be consulted on every decision, asked their opinion all the time, or similar things. This does not mean they expect to be ignored or treated as if they do not matter, they just do not expect this as a normal part of the relationship, though most say their thoughts opinions, feelings and such are demanded by their dominant and the dominant will often take them into consideration while making decisions.

A slave submits differently from a submissive as well. Slaves will set no limits on their dominant's activities. A submissive will often have hard limits that their dominant can not cross at all, and soft limits that can be pushed with prior negotiation. A slave has neither. They will not say that the dominant can't do a certain type of play or use a specific implement. They may tell the dominant that they do not like certain activities or implements at the beginning of the relationship (preferably before a collar) but they do not ban the dominant from using/doing those things. They expect to be asked to do things they may not particularly like and they consider it as part of submission because to them, submission is not about pleasing the slave, but about pleasing the dominant. Most slaves will say that because of this it is imperative that the slave chose to submit to a dominant whose likes/dislikes are a close match of their own and thus they will not be asked or ordered to do something they are totally opposed to. But even then, the slave will expect that these limits may change over time and accept it should it occur. A slave does not believe they can just leave the relationship. Some believe once they are collared it is for life and will not request release even if they feel their lives are in danger or they are being mentally/emotionally harmed. However, many relationships with slaves have guidelines in place for release of the slave should the slave truly desire such. Some slaves believe a slave can't possibly be abused since the dominant has no limits on what they can do to them, and if the dominant chooses to act in an abusive manner then that is their choice. This does not however seem to be the majority belief, but it also does exist.

Many of these differences overlap, and are applicable to submissives as well. However, as a whole they exist for most slaves that I have come into contact with. A slave is not better than a submissive in my opinion, merely different. Some of these characteristics can exist in a submissive, or even all of them. The base-separating factor between the two seems to be in the area of limits within submission. A slave sets none, a submissive does. Which word one uses to describe themselves remains a matter of personal choice, and my intent with this article

is not to say otherwise. Instead my intent is to help others understand slaves a bit better and not look at them as mindless robots or doormats, because those two terms just do not fit the vast majority of lifestyle slaves. Whether or not being a slave is a healthy lifestyle choice is a matter of personal preference. I believe it can be a very healthy choice, others do not agree. Like any relationship where the balance of power rests with one person over the other, abuse can occur. I do not however see any reason to say it is more widespread among slaves over submissives, or in bdsm at all.

May/June 2001

Establishing Limits: Going Full Circle

by Maria Hunter

For those of you who are unsure of what a limit is, let me explain. There are activities we all consider as "acceptable" and "not acceptable". Acceptable activities are ones we normally enjoy experiencing and attempt to do on a regular basis. What we deem as unacceptable are actions we do not enjoy; in some way we find them offensive, repulsive, or morally wrong. Those activities that we enjoy and accept are within our sphere of "limits". What we don't enjoy, for whatever reason, tends to end up outside that acceptable sphere.

What is termed as a "hard limit" is something you will not do under any circumstance and is outside our individual sphere of acceptance for any reason: spiritual, physical, or emotional. A hard limit is non-negotiable and will not and should not be pushed upon you. You should not have to explain to anyone but yourself and your Dominant why a certain activity is a hard limit. Others have stated to me that their hard limit is something that never changes. In a perfect world, this unchanging aspect may be so. But humans are not perfect, life is not static, and as we grow, we change within, as our sphere of "acceptable" grows and shrinks. Therefore, hard limits do change at times.

A "soft limit" falls right on the line of that acceptable sphere: neither in it nor outside of it, but instead is on the boundary of what is and is not acceptable. It's something that intrigues us, but also something we may still find to be a taboo subject. With the right person, and under the right circumstances, we may agree to those soft limits. Thus, these limits are a "testing ground", where the opportunity to advance toward more difficult, scary, and untried activities can be explored, but at our own pace. The purpose of this article is to show how limits can be set, and also how, with time and under the guidance of the right person, limits can also change. This information is provided from my own perspective, as well as from my own experiences. Please remember, i am writing from the perspective of a slave who lives with, and is married to, her Master and who lives this life 24/7. Our interaction initiated as that of a Dom/sub, but as time progressed, has grown into a Master/slave relationship. my hope for you is that, in reading this information, you will be able to better understand some of the reasons why limits are set. i also hope that my perspectives and experiences will assist you in recognizing and developing your own limits. By no means do i intend that everyone should do as i have done. Nor do i wish to see those new to the lifestyle stick with the "no limits" they originally started with. What i do wish however, is for people to better understand the reasons underlying limit setting, as well as to look within themselves when establishing their individual limits. The circumstances, person you are with, as well as your stage of learning all go hand-in-hand with helping you set your limits. For this article, i am assuming that the 3 basic taboos will remain so. Thus, activities involving children, bestiality, or necrophilia are not even a possibility to me, and in my own view, are not safe, sane nor consensual (SSC). The limits i establish in this article are ALL encompassed under the rules of SSC.

When i first began this lifestyle, i thought there was nothing i wouldn't do. Sound familiar? Seems almost everyone new to the lifestyle says that there is nothing they will not do. Then they start reading and hearing of the totality of possibilities, and reality sets in. When i completed my first BDSM partner checklist, there were many more "no's" than "yes's". i wish now that i had a recording of my thoughts at that time. There were a lot of "oh gross!", "oh my god!", "what the heck is that?", and more than a few "no way, people can't really do that!". Some of these activities immediately became hard limits to me because they were taboo and something my upbringing had taught me was "wrong". Other activities became a limit because i honestly did not know what they were, or what they meant. i didn't want to agree to something when i had no idea what it was. Needless to say, there were a lot of things on that checklist i said i absolutely would never, ever do. i laugh at myself now as i remember something i always told my children: "Never say never."

Being a very curious person, i eventually learned what those items on the checklist were that i had not understood. As time went on, i learned more and more about what these activities really entailed, and more importantly, the underlying significance of the acts. my curiosity was piqued. Two months after that first checklist was filled out, i completed it once again. To my surprise, i found that i had fewer hard limits than i did the first

time. i had become intrigued with "edge play": activities that bordered on what i found as unacceptable, but was intrigued with the concept. A part of me really wanted to try these things, but i had yet to break through all of the barriers within myself first. When i completed the checklist the second time, there were a few less hard limits and a lot more soft ones. At the time, i felt these soft ones would be ok if i was coerced or forced to perform them. Note: i said at the time. i have since learned that i cannot be forced or coerced into anything. i realize now that, even though i gave my power to my Master, that it is still my choice which activities i will or will not accept. i can choose not to do something and earn his wrath (if my reason is not good enough) or i can simply do it and experience a new level of obedience. There is no coercion or force involved, but that is the topic for another article in itself.

The next few months were a time of introspection for me. i felt that, if i wanted to select my limits correctly, i really had to look at my reasons for identifying a certain activity as a hard or soft limit. i found that many other activities now became "no limits", because i had come to know and trust my Master so well. As i poured over the activity list for a third time, there were a few items that i honestly could not remember why i had previously chosen them as a limit. Why were golden showers a hard limit? The answer to that one was easy enough: i perceived that type of activity as not socially acceptable. Ok - not a good enough reason for exclusion, but it was the only one i had. Without a valid reason, that activity was now no longer a limit. With this new mindset, i proceeded down the checklist, and everything that i had previously made a limit solely because it was not socially acceptable to me, was changed.

Next, came the activities i had originally perceived of as "morally wrong". Those items i had to really dissect, and figure out if it was within me to change my perspective and to see them in a different light. Most of those items involved changing parts of me that touched at the very core of who i was. An example of one that i struggled with was swinging and couple sharing. Could i do this and still live with myself? i found the answer to this one wasn't so easy, but in the end, it remained a hard limit for me. This limit had never, and would never change. Sharing goes against everything that makes up my being, and changing this would make it so i couldn't live with myself. Next, i struggled with a few of those limits that i had originally thought were beyond me - like mummification. i suffer from claustrophobia, and was sure that i could never do anything that involved a form of this. Yet, i had never thought to make basic bondage a limit that activity involved restriction and confinement. Through time, trust, and love, my Master showed me that, through His guidance, i could be totally bound and only have occasional pangs of fear. If we could overcome my fear together, i felt we could achieve just about anything else. So activities involving confined spaces, such as mummification, were no longer a limit.

Anyone who knows me can just picture me as i write this next little bit. What about limits based on overt fear or revulsion? The hard limit of NO NEEDLES needs no explanation to anyone who knows me. To those of you not acquainted with me, let me tell you that my head ends up literally buried somewhere so i don't have to even see or hear about them. my stomach does flip-flops, and i get dizzy just thinking about them. This limit was certainly the most difficult one for me to contemplate. It took me a long time to figure out what to do with it. But i finally realized that, if i could trust Master with all parts of myself, i should entrust Him with this one as well. Needles are no longer a limit, though i pray that i will never be tested on this one. If i am, i hope He allows me something to burry my head in!

In a few months, Master will be giving me my formal collar. In that ceremony will be something i never would have dreamed i would agree to, only a year ago. my Master will be placing His brand on me. i look forward to this with much excitement, but also with more than a little fear. i focus more on the rewards that long-term identity His mark bestows much more than the sort-term pain i must suffer to be honored in such a manner.

The reason i am sharing all of this with you is not to try to change your mind about your limits. i simply want you to look within yourself and determine the reasons why you decided to make limits on certain activities. In my search to find myself and to be honest about what i want and who i am, i have found that i have come full circle with respect to my limits. i now have precious few, just as i did when i first came into this lifestyle. The big difference now is that my choices are made from a more informed, and less prejudiced viewpoint as well as a fundamental trust in my Master. i will honestly say that the a few limits i removed from the list i did so because, in knowing my Master, i also know they are hard limits for Him, and these didn't need to be a limit for me. What if He should change His mind and want to try them? Well, they aren't a limit for me, and it's His right if He should so choose. Those limits that would go against who i am will never change. Would i scene with just anyone and have so few limits? HECK NO! And i would pray you wouldn't either. Filling in a BDSM partner checklist can

seem like only a chore to you. If you view this task in such a manner, you are really missing a tremendous opportunity to get to know yourself. In many ways, completion of this form, and the deep consideration that needs to be applied to each activity, forces one to be honest and real with oneself: a fundamental requirement so very important in this lifestyle. Lesson learned: The sky's the limit only when you know how to fly!

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May/June 2001

Mindset of a Submissive

by devoted angel

In the outside world of vanilla, people see our life style as crazy. They see a submissive as weak and a Dominant as just a bully and an abuser. It is sad to know that they can't open their eyes to see that a Dominant is one of the most caring individuals and takes on an extreme amount of responsibility in being such. As goes for the submissive she/he has to be strong within her/himself and know just what it is she/he wants, and who she/he is. T/they both give a gift to each other that is so precious and should always be held dear. It is a gift that should be cherished, protected and honored.

The submissive gives the gift of submission and their greatest joy is only to please their Master/Mistress. Sounds easy right? Well in order to give that gift she/he must first know who and what they are. They must also know their wants, needs and desires, and be strong in those beliefs. They must be strong enough to voice their wants, needs and desires openly, honestly and sincerely. For if they are not willing to be open, honest and sincere then they can get hurt by becoming involved with someone that is not right for them. They must be willing to open their eyes to all that can be.

The Dominant gives the gift of protection, guidance, nurturing and growth and wishes also to only please their submissive. This sounds easy too right? Well in order for a person to be Dominant, they must be willing to take on the roll of lover, protector, teacher, friend and they must be able to listen and understand what the submissive is saying. They as well must be strong in knowing who and what they are. They must be willing to voice their wants, needs, and desires openly, honestly and sincerely as well.

B/both the Dominant and the submissive must be willing to always be honest and open with each other for respect and trust to build between them. Respect and trust is a very important aspect within this relationship and it can't be a one sided street it has to be on both sides. It is an aspect that has to be there for the relationship to work.

B/both must be willing to communicate and not be afraid of bad reactions from the other. B/both must also practice the 3 R's of respect for everyone, respect for themselves and take responsibility for their own actions.

Remember that E/each the Dominant and submissive are human first and no one is perfect. T/they should be careful not to let T/their passion for what they want to over rule T/their wants needs and desires. And further more T/they should always remember to keep it SAFE, SANE, AND CONSENSUAL.

May/June 2001

Play Piercing

by Susan Abel

Play piercing is the SM technique of consensually inserting needles underneath the skin for erotic pleasure. Care should be taken to follow all appropriate safety precautions when engaging in play piercing in order to avoid injury. In the context of this document, the "bottom" is the person being pierced, and the "top" is the person doing the piercing.

Equipment

One should purchase sterile needles, and not reuse them after they have been used. One should dispose of needles in a sharps container. Most medical supply shops and drug stores will sell sharps containers, and will tell you where they should be disposed of. Some states allow one to purchase needles without a prescription.

The smaller the gauge, the larger the needle diameter. Common needle gauges for play piercing are 26 through 18. Different gauges of needles have different color hubs, but these colors are not consistent across brands. On the needle package, the needles are commonly identified first by gauge, and second by needle length (in inches). Thus, a package labeled "22 1 1/2" would contain 22 gauge needles with a length of 1 1/2 inches.

The plastic disposable protection around the needle is called the sheath. The plastic portion permanently attached to the needle is called the hub. One shouldn't attempt to resheath the needles, as this can be hard to do without sticking oneself (actually, one should be careful about unsheathing as well).

One can practice piercing on a fresh orange, or on a chicken breast.

Basic Principles

The basic idea is that the needle should travel just underneath the surface of ordinary skin, to emerge through the skin a short distance from where it was inserted. The needle tips have a bevel. With regard to the skin being pierced, the bevel may be up or down (it's personal preference); having the bevel sideways makes no sense, however.

Shallower = More Pain

Larger Diameter Needle = More Pain

Safety

Do not stick needles into internal organs, bones, eyes, etc. Again, the idea is that the needle should travel just underneath ordinary skin, passing only through skin and the subcutaneous layers just underneath the surface. Play piercing involving the genitals is a special topic, with special precautions that must be followed to avoid causing permanent damage; don't try any sort of genital piercing without further training from someone who is familiar with and competent at genital piercing.

Don't pierce wrists, hands, or spines. Waist to shoulders is usually fine, though one should avoid the armpit and sternum.

The surface to be pierced should be disinfected first. There are three types of substances that may be used for this:

Iodine - this is opaque (which may be a problem) and shouldn't be used on someone who is allergic to shellfish.

Alcohol - this should be 70%-90% rubbing alcohol (isopropyl). One shouldn't use it on someone who is on antabuse.

BAC - these kill a broader spectrum of pathogens than alcohol, and allergic/irritation reactions are rare.

Allergic reactions (distinct from irritation) are characterized by pale skin, sweating, localized redness, and asthma-like symptoms. At some play parties, it is required that one cork the tips of needles. This is not always easy to do without sticking oneself, though. The black corks can be autoclaved.

Some people like to spray the area with their disinfectant of choice and/or apply a gauze bandage after the piercing.

Some people prefer to wear latex or nitrile gloves as they do piercing, and to use the needle sheath to press down the skin in front of the needle as it is going through so that their hand or finger is not in the needle's way. Although most gloves will not protect you should you stick yourself with a needle, they can protect your hands against any blood (of uncertain infectious status) that may flow from skin punctures.

The primary danger in play piercing is infection. Be sure that the person you are playing with would recognize the signs of infection should they occur, and if so to go receive proper medical care.

[Laura Victoria's Guide to Exotic Piercing](#)

[Body Modification](#)

May/June 2001

Safe First Meetings

by **Carole Plaine**

The following is a list of rules and suggestions for a submissive to make a safe first meet with a Dom/me that they have met online, or by phone. Most of the suggestions work perfectly well for a Dom/me to meet a submissive the first time too. It sounds paranoid, but it's all about safety. Every time we meet someone new, we're playing Russian roulette. There is no way to avoid that, but we can decide how many bullets are in the chamber by making ourselves as safe as possible.

#1. Always assume the person you are meeting is potentially dangerous. Don't listen to other list- or chat room-member's opinions on the person, as most of them have never met this person in the flesh either. Use your intuition. If the meet feels wrong, don't even go.

#2. Do your homework. Ask for a photo, a license plate number, his home phone number and his real name. Check 411 online to see if the information matches.

#3. Meet at a well-lit, open-concept location. Coffee shops are great because police frequent them. If at all possible, meet during the day, and avoid places with dark parking lots. If you do meet at a restaurant, arrive early and explain to the waiter/waitress that you are meeting someone for the first time, and ask if they would be good enough to alert the police if you are having problems.

#4. Make your own arrangements for a ride. Don't rely on someone you don't know, have never met in person, and may not trust or like for a ride home. Public transit is not good enough, because it is VERY easy to be abducted from a bus stop or subway. If you don't have a car, arrange for a ride, or take a cab. In fact, a great way to escape from a bad meet is to arrange for a cab to arrive at your meeting place for you an hour after you arrive. If everything is going well, go out and tip the driver and tell him you'll call later. If the meeting is going badly, get in the cab and don't look back.

#5. Make arrangements for a safe call. It is vitally important to have one. Your safe call should be someone you know, in real life, not from a chat channel or on the list. You should be able to trust this person with your real name, real phone number, address, the license plate number of your car, the location of the meet you are heading to, and as complete an itinerary of the evening as you can. If you don't trust the safe call enough to give them this information, don't even bother asking them. Arrange a "green light word" and a "red light word." These are words you can use in a phone conversation to alert your safe call as to whether things are going well, or are dangerous. Make sure they are words that won't tip off a potentially dangerous person if they are listening to your cell conversation. If you use the green light, all is well, and you will call again at the agreed upon time. If you use the red light, the safe call should send the police to your meeting place immediately! The use of the red and green lights are important because if someone is preying on members of the BDSM community, they are probably quite aware of safe calls. They may FORCE you to make a safe call after they have abducted you, to give them the time to do what it is they want to do. The following is a checklist of information you should have for your safe call:

Your full name	
Your home address	
Your home phone number	
Your cell number	
Your pager number	
Your license plate number	
Where you are meeting	
The full name of your contact	
Your contact's driver's license # (see below)	

A photograph of your contact	
A recent photo of you	
When you intend to call first	
When you intend to call second	
When you intend to be home	
Your "green light" word (during your call, use it if all is going well)	
Your "red light" word (during your call, use it if anything is going wrong)	
The phone number of your meeting place	
The phone number of the police station local to your meeting place	

#6. Do NOT play on a first meet. This can be the hardest rule to live by, especially if you are driving long distances to meet someone you have been courting for months online. Sometimes it's unavoidable. If you are planning on building a long-lasting relationship with the person you are meeting, rather than having a one-night stand, and the person you are meeting feels the same way, they WILL meet with you again, and WILL talk to you more before setting up a play session. The main reason for this rule is that while you're having coffee, if things start to feel wrong, you can leave. You can't do that if you're tied up. Use your intuition and listen to your feelings.

#7. If possible, bring along a chaperone. Don't even let the person you're meeting know that he (it is best to have a large, intimidating male here, or a group of females) is there. Have your chaperone sit a few tables away, so that you have your privacy, but he can read your body language and listen if your voice starts to rise. If he sees any problems, he can come over and escort you out. If your chaperone is your ride, you have a perfect escape route. If the person you are meeting insists that you leave with him/her, then you can calmly say, "See that person over there? He is expecting to take me home. If he sees me leave with you, he will call the police to follow us."

#8. Make a back-out arrangement. Bring your pager or cell-phone. Have your safe-call call YOU sometime during the meeting. If things are going terribly wrong, tell the person you are meeting that there is an emergency at home and you must leave immediately. Pagers work best for this, because you have to "find a pay phone" to make the call. Don't even come back to the table.

#9. Ask to see your contact's photo id. Do so just before your first safe call, and give your safe call your contact's driver's license number. If you go missing, the police will be able to find him/her much easier with a home address to go by. If the driver's license looks faked, leave. You may be asked to return the favor in kind. Psychopaths are not necessarily Dominant. Do so, ONLY if you trust this person not to stalk you at your home: remember, your address is on your driver's license.

#10. If the meet doesn't go well, but isn't potentially dangerous, don't feel pressured into arranging another meet unless you really want to give it a second try. Saying "no" is incredibly difficult for most submissives. A real Gentleman or Lady wouldn't pressure a submissive to meet again, but if everyone were gentlemen and ladies, this safety list wouldn't be necessary.

May/June 2001

TES Safe Sex Guide

"The following three definitions are provided here as a service and are the property of The Eulenspiegel Society."

TES is a not-for-profit organization which promotes sexual liberation for all adults. Especially for people who enjoy consensual SM. Following are basic terminology definitions that TES has adopted. These are the standards that we ALL should hold and adhere to.

SAFE: All parties have taken the necessary precautions to prevent psychological and physical damage to themselves, including the transmission of any disease.

SANE: All parties are in possession of their mental faculties and are aware of the risks involved in the intended play.

CONSENSUAL: All parties understand the potential risk involved and have consented to these activities. This consent can be withdrawn or modified at any time.

NOTICE: *This document was the work of many dedicated volunteers. They deserve to be properly recognized and they are all listed at the bottom of this document.*

Safer SM

If sexually explicit information about sado-masochism might offend you, this document is not for you.

HIV Transmission

HIV (the virus that can lead to AIDS) can be avoided. HIV is passed from one person to another when infected

- blood or
- semen or
- vaginal secretions

goes from one person's body into another, and then makes its way into your bloodstream.

You don't have to worry about:

- saliva
- perspiration
- urine or feces on the outside of the body

Always remember to use common sense. Ensure first-aid items are readily to hand. By remembering these basics, you can make any kind of sex safer.

SM Risk Reduction

Most SM (BDSM) activities have always been low-risk for getting HIV (Human Immune-deficiency Virus). Responsible SM has always been about practicing safety.

Getting a sexually transmitted disease (STD), like HIV, can be prevented. But there are other possible dangers with SM. For more information on how to avoid these, read material like the *On The Safe Edge: A Manual for SM Play* by Trevor Jacques, et al; *Lesbian SM Safety Manual* by Pat Califia; *SM101* by Jay Wiseman; or *Screw The Roses, Send Me The Thorns* by Molly Devon and Philip Miller. (Check here to research/order these books: [Lifestyle Books](#))

Generalized information on HIV and STD's is available from most Community Health Centers, doctors' offices/clinics, hospices, or community AIDS organizations.

SM Etiquette

Use the etiquette of SM. It's really just a matter of expecting the person(s) with whom you're playing. You should agree upon a safety word and what you want to do in a scene before you start the scene. A safety word (or motion) is used by any partner to stop the scene immediately, no questions asked. There is no shame in using the safety word. It's there for both of you. You should respect it and your partner's limits and feelings at all times.

Always consider your partner(s). Discuss interests, pleasures, perceived needs, etc.. If you are unsure of a certain sexual or SM activity, then hold off until you're familiar with the safety aspects of it. Find out as much as possible beforehand, so you can you make a decision about how and/or when to proceed.

If you are HIV+, think about how infection with STD's-or re-infection with HIV-could affect your immune system. Bow out when necessary. For example, don't deep throat a sore throat. By being interested in your health and practicing safer sex, you are doing a lot to help stop the transmission of HIV and other STD's.

Always ask before using someone else's toy. They may not want you to use it, or it may be broken. By practicing the guidelines mentioned in this pamphlet, you will be making your contribution to the community of safer SM players.

Lubricants

Lubricants (lube) can be lots of fun, whether used for play or insertion. Flavored brands can be used externally or for oral sex.

If you're going to insert something into someone, you should only use a water-based unscented brand-like K-Y, Lubafax, Muco, Safer Sex Lube, Astroglide, or Wet. Never use oil-based lubes (like Crisco or Vaseline); they weaken latex condoms and gloves, making them more likely to break.

Also, during a scene, you shouldn't take lube from a large container. Either buy small portions and throw the packets away afterwards or put enough lube for this play time into something disposable (like a paper cup or plate). Some brands come in pump jars. This makes sure that nobody's "dirty" hand, penis, or whatever can get into your personal supply of lube.

Your Rectum

The rectum is more delicate than most parts of your body and you should take care of it. Sticking things up your rectum- whether it's a finger, cock, dildo, fist, or anything else-can tear the lining of the rectum. Even extremely tiny tears can open up the body and be places where HIV can get in.

Intercourse without protection is a high-risk activity, since a penis ejaculates semen. A penis also has a pee hole in the end, which can let viruses in. Always use a latex condom, and use it properly. To put on a condom: first make sure the penis is erect. If it's uncircumcised, pull back the foreskin before putting on the condom. Squeeze the air out of the tip. If the condom is round-ended and doesn't have a tip, squeeze the air out and leave 1cm free at the tip of the penis.

Lubricate the outside of the condom really well with a water-based lube (like K-Y, Muco, Wet, Safer Sex Lube, or Astroglide). Never use oil-based lube (like Crisco or Vaseline); it can damage condoms. Pull out soon after you cum, grabbing the base of the penis to make sure the condom doesn't slip off. To be extra careful, you can start fucking with a condom, and then pull out before you cum-you can then cum on the chest, thighs, hands, or whatever.

If you finger a rectum, be careful not to finger it if you have a cut or sore on your finger, or if you have sharp/long nails. You could also use a latex glove when fingering. As for dildos, make sure they've been cleaned before they go up your rectum (see the section on cleaning toys).

Douching & Enemas

If fisting, intercourse, or dildos are part of your sexual activity, some people feel it is very important to have a clean rectum or vagina. But douching, or using enemas before getting fucked, could leave you more open to

infection. They can wash away the surface mucous that's there to protect you.

Never share your douche bag. Clean it each time you use it. Also, don't share the nozzles of metal shower douches. Get a separate nozzle for each friend, label it, and clean it between uses (see the section on cleaning toys). Douching or enemas should not be used after sex, because they don't necessarily wash things away-they can also push infected semen, blood or feces further into the body. Infections and bacteria douched up into a woman's uterus and fallopian tubes can cause Pelvic Inflammatory Disease (PID)-which could lead to infertility, or worse.

Your Vagina

Successful play with your vagina depends on paying attention to detail, because a great variation of sensation occurs over very small areas.

It's easy to bruise, cut, or tear your vagina, so you should take care to protect it whenever anything goes into it. The inner parts of the vagina are mucous membranes, so a good rule is to make sure that your play is less aggressive here. Anything inserted into the vagina should be properly washed and have no sharp edges.

Your vagina can be damaged in other ways, too-you can: bruise or scrape the cervix, which is located about 10cm inside the vagina (the exact position varies from woman to woman); tear the skin between the vagina and the rectum; bruise the tissue between the pubic bones; or cut and scrape around the pee-hole. All of these can open up your body to HIV-or other STD's-making vaginal intercourse without a condom a high risk activity.

A good rule is that too much lubricant is not enough. If you don't use enough, you may cause tears and rips, or a mechanically induced vaginitis.

Vaginal play depends on moving slowly to generate fairly symmetrical sensations, and remembering that the border between pleasure and pain here is razor thin. So get to know the size and shape of your partner's vagina, and remember that it changes shape depending on where she is in her menstrual cycle and how excited she gets.

Toys

When you were growing up, your mother probably told you to share your toys. Well, for sex toys, forget it! Anything that goes into a person's rectum and/or vagina could transmit HIV or other STD's, if it's shared. Any toy that draws blood can also be a risk.

If you're a bottom, the best idea would be to have your own toys and get your top to use them on you. If you're a top, ask your bottom what toys he or she owns. Or, if having sex with various bottoms, you should assign and mark toys only for them.

For example, if you spank someone with a sturdy wire brush, you're going to draw blood. So, tape the bottom's name onto the back of the brush-maybe even tape the brush to the bottom's leg-but don't use it on anyone else. The same applies to dildos, butt plugs, etc.

Cleaning Toys

You'll need these things to clean your toys:

- soap and hot water
- one part household bleach to nine parts water
- 10% hydrogen peroxide solution

What if you're using a toy on someone and you don't mean to draw blood-but you do? You don't have to throw away your toy. Wash it with soap and hot water, let it soak for 20 minutes in the bleach solution, rinse it in hot, clean water, and then let it dry thoroughly (preferably overnight) before using it again. The same goes for douche nozzles.

Leather toys are a bit different: To clean a leather toy (like a whip, flogger, or leather dildo), first wash the tips or

Immediately after you've been fisted, never let anything else (a penis, dirty dildo, or a finger with semen, feces, or blood on it) into your rectum or vagina that might be carrying HIV or other STD's. Always hold true to this.

If you are going to fist, wear latex gloves. They protect both the top and the bottom. Surgical gloves are the best. They usually go part of the way up the arm and are good for most fistings. If you are going to be fisting deeply, use a calving glove. You can buy them at veterinarian supply stores. Calving gloves can bunch up, though, and the wrinkles can cut the lining of the rectum or vagina. To avoid this, cut the finger and thumb sections off the calving glove to leave the glove covering the palm of your hand, including the base of your thumb. Then put a surgical glove over the calving glove.

Don't fist if your fingernails are long. Cut them and smooth them down with an emery board, since they can tear the fisting glove or the bottom's rectum or vagina. If you have an open wound or hangnails on your hand(s), don't fist with that hand, even with the precaution of gloves. Be sure the glove stays well lubed while you're using it (see the section on lubricants). When pulling out (as with condoms), make sure to grab the open end of the glove so that it doesn't slip off.

Piercing, Shaving, etc.

If you want to have a permanent piercing, make sure the rings or bars are new and sterile. You might be able to find a doctor or nurse to do the piercing in a sterile way. If you can't, have it done by or learn from a professional piercer. Make sure the bars or rings are properly soaked in bleach and then rinsed in water before they're inserted. Make sure only new sterile needles are used and then only on one person. If a temporary piercing is part of a scene, make sure you use sterile, disposable needles. Use them once-only once-on one person. Then dispose of them safely. (See the section on cleaning needles, and disposing of needles under Drugs and Alcohol).

As for branding, heat-branding is safe because of the high temperatures involved (heat kills HIV). Knife-branding should only be done with a knife that's been soaked in bleach for twenty minutes and then rinsed with water.

Better yet, you can use a sterile scalpel with a disposable blade (scalpels can be bought at medical supply stores). Use it once, put it in a strong narrow-necked plastic container, put the lid back on, and throw it in the garbage.

For piercing, branding, or shaving, any drops of blood should be wiped away with sterile cotton balls. Soak the cotton ball in rubbing alcohol. You can also buy pre-soaked separately wrapped cotton balls called "alcohol preps" or "alcohol rub." After use, put them in a plastic bag, tie up the bag, and put it in the garbage.

When starting a piercing, branding, or shaving scene, the area of the skin should first be wiped with rubbing alcohol, "alcohol preps," "Hibitane(R)," or "staphene(R)" to remove any fine dirt trapped by the skin's oil.

Whipping

If there's no break in the skin during whipping or flogging, then there's no problem at all. Depending on the material that the whip, quirt, or cat-o'-nine-tails is made of and the way it is used, it can draw blood if the skin is broken.

During a flogging or whipping scene, wipe up the blood the same way you would for piercing or branding, and always clean your flogger/whips (see the section on cleaning toys).

When in a more public forum, you should avoid breaking the skin, as blood can be flicked from the flogger/whip during the return of the stroke.

Electricity

Electrical equipment (like the "Relax-A-Cisor" machine or "Violet Wand") probably won't break skin, so there's not much risk of getting HIV from it. If it does break skin, wipe up any blood with disposable, sterile cotton balls soaked in hydrogen peroxide, and cover the broken skin with a Band-Aid.(R) Since flexible, sticky electrical contacts pick up dirt from the skin, use them on one person only. If you get bodily fluids on them, throw them away and get new ones. There is no way to clean them.

Only use electric charges below the belly button-you don't want the electric charge to affect the heart or the brain's own electric system.

Drugs & Alcohol

If you're into SM (BDSM), you have to keep your wits about you. Mind-altering drugs like tranquilizers, uppers, or hallucinogens are not recommended. If you use them, you'll be more likely to make mistakes. Alcohol can have the same effect. Drugs or alcohol leads to unsafe activities.

As for "poppers," they make your blood vessels bigger. This may increase your risk of infection with HIV. Poppers are also hard on your heart and immune system.

If you use injection drugs, a very easy way to pass on HIV is by sharing your needles, syringes, or cookers. Use your own works and never share them unless they are properly cleaned in bleach and water.

To clean your needle and syringe properly:

- 1) Fill the syringe completely with sterile water, shake it, and squirt it out.
- 2) Fill the syringe with full-strength bleach and squirt a little out. Leave the rest in for 30 seconds, then squirt it out.
- 3) Repeat step 2.
- 4) Fill the syringe with sterile water, shake it, and squirt it out.
- 5) Repeat step 4 twice more.

Bleach and sterile water can be obtained from your local needle exchange.

To dispose of your needle and syringe properly:

Once a needle or scalpel is used, make sure the cap is put back on gently and the whole thing is placed in a strong, narrow-necked plastic container (with its lid on) before disposal, so no-one handling your garbage gets pricked. You can also use a "sharps" container (see your local needle exchange).

About This Document

We developed this document with the help of experts in the field of education, as well as people experienced in safe, sane, and consensual BDSM. For maximum effect, we have used frank language specifically aimed at the target audience; not to shock but to speak to them in their own words.

Educational research indicates that this direct, non-judgmental presentation, using slang equivalents of the correct terms, ensures effective use of pamphlets like this. In the printed version of this document, we have also used photographs and design to help maintain the reader's interest throughout the text.

For copies of the illustrated, four-color version of this document, please contact the AIDS Committee of Toronto (address below) or send an e-mail message to SaferSM@SaferSM.org.

The development and printing of this pamphlet was funded exclusively by the SM community within Metro Toronto.

If you have found this document useful, please consider making a donation to the Safer SM Education project (mention the project by name when you send your donation to the AIDS Committee of Toronto). This helps us keep the education going.

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May/June 2001

What is D/s: Terms We Use

by Lord Wolf

D/s is an acronym for 'Dominance and submission', a term used in the BDSM (bondage & discipline, Sadoomasochism) community, it is mostly used by heterosexuals to describe themselves, but finding any term that is accepted on a whole in the BDSM community is rare, and defining that term in a way that all will accept is well nigh impossible. Suffice it to say that it matters little what term you use, as you read on you will have many chances to define yourself, and in my opinion, that is all that matters: how YOU define what YOU do.

D/s is simply what it states, one partner is Dominant, the other submissive, from then on, things get complicated. Gender is one factor, a Dominant is either male or female, the female known as a Domme, Domina, Dominatrix, or Mistress while the male is generally known as Dom or Master. The submissive also encompasses any gender, and in some cases, like cross-dressers, both genders. D/s practitioners also include in their lifestyle bondage and S/m to varying degrees and quite a variety of other 'arts' that are not completely visible in the term D/s.

So first I think a bit of history will help. To my knowledge, and I have looked into this quite well, the first name or term given to what we practice as a consensual art was of course 'Royal Torturer'. Yes, that is way back, and definitely nonconsensual, but it is the most likely name or title given to the first person who in some way enjoyed the giving, maybe even the receiving of pain.

Seriously, non consensual sadism and slavery have been around for centuries and have no connection whatsoever to what the BDSM community practice now, other than a few terms. The first term, in my own opinion, was 'Sadist'. This term was coined in the Victorian era (1830-1860) and named after the quite famous French writer Marquis Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade (b6/2/1740 — d12/3/1814), better known as the Marquis de Sade, most famous for writing 'Justine', being imprisoned for maltreating a prostitute and having what most feel is a psychological disorder which carries his name. He is not exactly the man I want to have my pleasures named after, though I, like some, accept and even embrace this term with their own limits binding what they do.

In the Marquis mind the ultimate liberty was the freedom to violate and destroy at will, though by his own admission, he had little or no real experience in sadistic acts other than his fertile imagination. By his philosophy he thought only of the power of inflicting pain for HIS pleasure and would most likely be disgusted by the consensual philosophy of modern practitioners.

Close on the heels of Sadism came the term Masochism which was named after a likewise imprisoned Austrian writer and pornographer, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, author of 'Venus in Furs', among other erotic works. These terms were combined by a German Psychiatrist, Richard von Craft-Ebing in 1907, into the term we know today as sadoomasochism, often abbreviated into S/M. He did this because he believed sadists have masochistic traits and visa versa. Like most doctors in the Victorian era he wanted a title to describe what he saw as abhorrent behavior. He at the same time condemned ANY sexual act that did not involve procreation as an abhorrent behavior.

Surely these self titled arts were practiced in those repressed times or a term would not be needed to describe what some saw as a pleasurable pastime, and others felt best described as a disorder that must be cured. It is my belief that this very repression fed the desire for these pleasurable arts. I also feel that today, because of the repressive influence of STDs rampant in our modern world, a revival of sorts is underway.

Those seeking to heighten their pleasure, or for something to keep a relationship alive are looking for new ways to explore their sexuality. Those who before found excitement in multiple partners, are now placed in a position to make the partner they have both more exciting sexually and to keep that partner aroused in the context of their relationship. Still more jaded by the influx of sex and sexual reference in today's society, some are seeking the 'Next level' in human interaction.

BDSM can accomplish all of this to the degree that people apply themselves. The communication and openness that is essential for a successful BDSM relationship causes people to open themselves to the other a bit more

than usual. That, combined with the clearly defined power structure of BDSM saves the relationship from the friction often causes by a power struggle.

It is also a belief that Dominants and submissives are born with these inherent traits as part of their makeup, and that finding their opposite in such a relationship makes both parties happier. One belief that I do not agree with, is that people with abusive pasts seek out BDSM relationships because of that past abuse. While there are people who work out these problems within the realm of BDSM they are by no means the norm.

If you look about in mainstream entertainment the last few years, you will see that D/s and S&M references abound. Movies like 'Exit to Eden' show that regular people are a large part of this community, and in doing so, broaden the views of the public. Even main stream action movies such as 'The Crow - City of angels' are flooded with D/s and SM Scenes.

So in this world of changing ideas and ideals it is more important than ever to make clear the concepts we base our 'Lovestyle' on, and the terms we use to define it. At some time in the recent past people in the community addressed the issues of terms, some not liking the negative connotations of 'somasochism' nor the connection to nonconsensual acts, redefined themselves and coined new terms. Some of these terms were to include, BDSM, D/s, B/d, M/s (Master/slave) and bondage, there is even a 'Pony' or two tossed in for good measure. Long before the heterosexual community redefined its terms, the Gay community, more specifically the Gay Leather community, came up with terms of their own such as Top and Bottom, Daddy, and Boy.

Now the definitions of all of these terms are relative to the person using them and the personal way each and every one chooses to define themselves. It also depends on their level of 'play', and their personal experience. No two people see any of these terms in the same light, after all, we are all individuals.

For the information of the reader, I will, in short descriptions, explain what each term means, in my opinion.

DOMINANT: One who takes pleasure in assuming the control dynamic in a consensual exchange of power, usually under the terms and limits set forth in negotiation or contract.

SUBMISSIVE: One who takes pleasure from giving of the control dynamic to a Dominant.

TOP: Sometimes used as another word for Dominant, but mostly describes the control dynamic in an SM relationship, e.g., Sadist, one who enjoys the giving of pain.

BOTTOM: Also sometimes used to describe a Submissive, but mostly used to describe the receiver in a SM relationship, e.g., Masochist, one who enjoys receiving pain.

The terms Top and Bottom are also used quite often in MOSS (Member of same sex) relationships. S/M is an abbreviation for sadist/masochist or sadomasochism. A sadist takes pleasure in giving pain, this can be consensual or nonconsensual (the difference between a 'play' sadist and a criminal). A masochist derives pleasure from receiving pain, this pain can be physical, mental, or sexual. Though some say humiliation belongs in this category, I leave this question to the individual.

D/s is an abbreviation for Dominance and submission. This art involves consensual power exchange. The Dominant enjoys having dominion over the body, mind and spirit of a submissive, the submissive enjoys the giving or the 'Gift' of that dominion to another. This control can be sexual (the control of orgasmic response), mental (Mental Bondage or demanding set tasks) and physical (bondage). D/s often has a spiritual context as well, the guiding of the submissive to a 'Higher Self.'

D/s is also, in my opinion, the most ritualized art having the most set ritual behavior. The submissive learning certain rules in regards their behavior, and the Dominants usually having a title such as 'Lord' or 'Master.' There are as many forms of D/s as there are practitioners. Some base their ideals of D/s on works of fiction of such as the books of 'Gor' hence the name Gorean D/s.

All and all, books such as, 'The story of O', written By Pauline Reggae or the Beauty series written by Anne Rice, (who also wrote 'Exit to Eden'), and the Gor books written by John Norman, are just that, fiction. They are not the best guide to what D/s or the community really is. On the other hand they are entertaining, and if you wish to base your 'Ideals' on them (with, of course, consensual guidelines), it is your choice. But fiction works in fiction,

real life is a lot more complicated than the writers imagination.

SUBSPACE: D/s can involve the use of sensation (pain) to produce a state of what is referred to as 'subspace' or 'bottom space'. It is a mild form of hypnotism produced by the bodies reaction to sensation. The production of endorphins, which produce a dreamy state or a feeling of well-being that is similar to the effects of morphine and other opiates. This state can be used to increase the submissives pleasure in the sexual act which, for most, either follows a 'session' or can be performed during a 'scene', though a 'sensation session' can be a pleasure in and of itself.

This is by no means the only the only definition of 'subspace.' To some it is the feeling of submission, to still others it involves a gamut of submission and being owned by another. Neither of these dynamics involve sensation but are wholly intense in their own right.

B/D is an abbreviation for bondage and discipline which describes the mutual pleasure of binding and sensation. Usually the persons enjoying this art also think of themselves as being involved in one or more of the other arts, but it is practiced in and of itself. Most of the consensual arts include binding of some kind, be it rope play or collars and cuffs. Physical restraint is one of the main dynamics to achieve that feeling of 'helplessness' and is a main component of most 'Play.'

Some who practice bondage find it a spiritual act in and of itself and no sensation (pain) is involved. Bondage sessions can last for hours if the practitioner is skilled and the partner in good shape. Japanese rope bondage is highly ritualized and great care is taken in the final artistic appearance of the bondage.

SWITCH: is a term used to describe one who is comfortable with both dynamics of a Dom/sub relationship, in other words a Dominant who can be submissive in the right situation and a submissive who is, at times, Dominant. The dynamic can be expressed in other ways also, such as a Dominant with 'Bottom' characteristics. E.g.: a Dominant who enjoys receiving the sensation of pain. This also applies to the Top/bottom dynamic.

I feel that each must chose their own definitions of self. For example, I call myself a 'Consensual Sensation Artist' which, in reality, is just a politically correct term to describe a modern sadist, but one I feel fully describes 'MY' pleasure. Each of us can do the same coining of whatever terms we feel comfortable with, be it known terms such as 'Dominant', 'Top', 'Master', 'submissive', 'Masochist', 'Bottom', 'Boy', 'Pony', or any other.

We in this lifestyle are nonconformists for the most part though one of my sayings, which I came up with for the 'biker' community years ago, also fits us in the BDSM community. 'The problem with nonconformity is we are human, and as humans we feel we must be nonconformists who conform to some form of nonconformity.' We are more comfortable being different with others who are different like us.

In terms we can be true nonconformists. Make up your own term that describes YOU. It is not only your right but a great way to define your tastes. Some I Have heard are:

Active Role: 'Power Master, Erotic Sadist, Strict Dominant, Loving SadoController, Japanese WebWeaver, Sadistic Binder, Sensual SadoDisciplinarian , S/M Switch-On', and my pet refers to me at times as 'A life support device for a whip'. **Reactive Role:** 'Pet, Binding slave, Spiritual Masochist, Lustful Submissive, Loving Masokissive, Ecstatic WebWoven, Flexible Bindee, Sensuous Discipline Seeker and S/M Switched-On'.

So these are some ways we in the BDSM, D/s, M/s and Leather communities describe ourselves. I await the day when terms, descriptions and sexual preferences do not separate us but unite us in what is common among us. Until that day arrives be content to define yourself and show respect and courtesy to those who define themselves differently.

May/June 2001

Who Taught You Your Manners Boy?

by Viola de Grey

Toward a More Civil Discourse Among Pansexual Leather Participants.

In the pansexual Leather, fetish, and SMBD communities, we talk almost endlessly about civility and respect.

Yet, when you listen to us talk about and to one another, both of these are often in alarmingly short supply.

The issue is not specific to these communities. It is a growing trend in the wider world, which has garnered significant critical and intellectual attention. Essentially, basic courtesies are being eroded, dispensed with, and devalued. As SM practitioners, we have historically prided ourselves on valuing courtesy, and maintained that we are able to play with fire because we could do so responsibly. If this is so, we should surely be able to treat one another in a respectful, decent, and adult manner.

The purpose of this article is not to complain about the status quo and offer no practical strategy. Rather, this article sets out to demonstrate that there are several resources available, both internal and external to Leather, that could help our communities be a more honorable, hospitable, and earnestly diverse place.

I have read a lot of good material on basic scene etiquette, and I feel that some of the best philosophy of mutual respect lies there. With a little imagination and extrapolation, you may notice that a lot of event etiquette doubles as discursive and discussion etiquette:

If you see a scene that scares or bothers you, but is within house rules, remove yourself. Do not interrupt it. Do not talk trash about the participants. Do not question their right to be at the party, or invalidate their scene to feel better about your own play.

This can easily be translated to a discussion application:

If someone identifies himself or herself in a way that puzzles you, or enjoys something you do not, or believes something you do not, choose to listen and learn, beg to differ politely, question him or her respectfully or ignore the issue. Do not vilify or patronize something simply because you choose not to understand it.

This is merely one example. I am beginning with the assumption that we are, indeed, trying to build an inclusive and sustainable community where people can be themselves and not feel scrutinized. If I want scrutiny, I can easily get it outside the community.

I don't think that a situation in which different people spend time together in respect and civility is a utopian fantasy, or a scenario in which anybody is forced to pretend to like anyone else. Dissent is desirable, personalities are inevitable and welcome, but active disrespect is not acceptable.

Many coalition groups of every kind, struggle with a notion of inclusively. To welcome a marginalized person, or a person of an underrepresented category, to a coalition but then allow the atmosphere to be inhospitable, confrontational and disrespectful, is to pay the shallowest kind of lip service to a notion of inclusively.

I am not insisting that anyone hand-hold or fuss over an underrepresented person either. There's nothing as frustrating for me as to be the resident "expert" on Daddy/boy when I am in a very uncharacteristic cross-orientation and gender relationship and have only been in the scene two years. To make someone an "expert" puts them on the spot and causes them to edit and question their behavior and opinion, as well as wonder if all they do is seen as "typical" of what they are.

A good, useful approach to asking questions of, learning from, and spending time with people you perceive as

different from you, is to utilize what the philosopher Maria Lugones calls "playful traveling". Essentially, this is simply to suspend disbelief and imagine yourself AS that person for a moment.

How would your statements, questions, and conduct make you feel in the other person's place?

It's obviously not an airtight system, after all we can never REALLY know how someone else feels, and we will always bring our own self to our interpretation of what it is to be them. However it's a way to enforce the golden rule a little bit better, which is a fairly useful tool in dealing with other people. It widens our sense of perspective, and awakens a more empathic and generous response.

Once again, I am not insisting that everyone accept everything or adopt every view as his or her own. Nor am I suggesting that an unpopular or blunt viewpoint is inherently wrong. I maintain a few "incorrect" and blunt views myself. The right to offend and the right to be offended, however, must be given equal weight. Widespread objection to an unpopular view is not censorship. I see this scenario repeatedly: one person makes a generalization that offends others. When the other parties express their displeasure, they are accused by the first party, and often others as well, of being overly sensitive or of "shutting down debate."

The idea that my taking umbrage at a remark I find offensive is the same as censoring that remark is simply ludicrous to me.

While this "right to argue" may seem divisive, it is not. It is far less divisive than opinion being so sacrosanct that all who are affected by it must grit their teeth and gloss it over. This is the flip side of a whitewashed "if you can't say something nice don't say it" repression.

What we must do is find a grown up and respectful way to say the not-nice thing. What we must find is a sense of respectful disclosure among one another, not unlike the disclosure between submissive and Dominant. Disclosure with timing, tact, and generosity.

May/June 2001

Martin's Reward

by Viola

I have been hard for an hour now.

I am standing in the kitchen up to my elbows in dish suds. My ankles hurt as my only clothing is a pair of stockings and a pair of impossibly tall and stilt like patent heels. The rubber of the garterless stockings pinches the dark hairs on my thighs. This is what is making me hard. That and the sight of the stilettos as I look down, and knowing that these things all contain my skin.

I am cleaning not as punishment but as gift.

It makes her happy.

I lean forward towards the sink, pressing my prick, which stands out at an angle I always thought was rather silly, tighter against my stomach. The enamel is cold. The dishes pile up in the drain board steadily, slowly. I find the water's temperature somehow calming.

Waits like these always seem interminable no matter how long or how short. My mind wanders. Memories of days less happy but simpler, when I was left to my own devices, fill my thoughts. I used to make and keep lists.

1. Bind myself with lightweight ropes.
2. Choke myself with my ties as i come.
3. Clothespins.....needles.....thumbtacks and the loose flesh of my balls.
4. Cuts on the thighs.
5. The little six inch scourge i wield quite well.
6. Shaving off whatever i could reach
7. Lipstick.

Madame made me hand over these lists to her. She found them rather enlightening, and sometimes requires me to make her a new one. I use them in my art as well.

I am contracted to own no property except that which I write or make and the space and tools to do so. Madame is most generous and wants me to be happy. The happier I am the more income I manage to contribute. My work does fetch a decent price.

Though of course....it is her prerogative as to whether I ought to be happy or not. She has tested me in myriad ways, punished me with lack of things I love for some time, but never once has kept me from my work as part of it.

She has told me she does not want anything to interfere with my success or my self-regard. Yet there is no picture in my mind of happiness that does not include her in the frame. Sometimes I worry, wondering if she is as prepared for the taking as I am for the giving, if anyone truly can be.

That she is, in my mind, is an act of faith.

I cannot remain sane long without something to believe in.

Tell me, after she straddles me, after she takes me inside her own body, there is no God. Tell me that we have no soul and that our souls cannot touch.

I finish the dishes and pick the nastiness out of the drain as they sit in the drain board, my erection finally flagging a bit as I cringe and throw away the soaked scraps. Few things make me flinch...that being one.

I keep that a secret, knowing someday it might haunt me if I do not.

She has a way of guessing anyway. I would not put it past her to involve dish-drain muck if I cross the agreed to lines.

I wash my hands carefully, and set the table, slicing a loaf of ciabatta with the long serrated knife. I put out a stick of butter to soften and the Medoc she drinks.

Buying the ciabatta was an interesting adventure.

She told me I was to do it this morning with one hidden challenge and one less hidden. That was what the note read.

Slave....don't forget ciabatta and Medoc. The cheaper Medoc. In getting these items I want you to give yourself two hurdles. One hidden from everyone and one outward and obvious, if not downright embarrassing to you.

Grin and love it sweetie. Tonight.

Mme.

In training a slave I have so often heard it repeated that tasks must be clear and concrete, one must not be a crazy-maker. Madame has scoffed at those who discourage the ambiguous, and blessed me with the recognition that I am an analytical man, happiest with creative leeway. In fact, if I respond to her rather open-ended challenges with anything less than deliberation and measured thought that is cause for some kind of punishment.

"Hidden" was easy enough. I put on my best suit, the one she likes me to be seen in public in most. It's a linen suit, a vague honey color. I wear it with a cream colored linen shirt and a green tie if I must have a tie. It sets off the darkness of my hair and the warmth of my skin. I am a reasonably handsome man, though she seems to have a slightly higher opinion of me in this regard. I war with my gut, as do most, but I care fastidiously for my skin and my hair, which is cropped close at the back of my neck but falls in my eyes if I bow my head.

I went to the top drawer of her bureau. and withdrew from it a solid, blue flanged anal plug....of a similar size and thickness to my own cock. Once in, the flange is wide enough that it never goes anywhere. It stays in throughout all kinds of activity. I slicked it with a handful of lubricant. At the first wet clicking sound of my hand on the object I felt myself become hard again. I dropped my pants and lay back on the bed to insert it, watching the dark asterisk of my ass yawn open around the rubber, knees drawn up, back propped on pillows, head craned to watch with a dreamlike floating pleasure.

I thought of her. Her fucking me, opening my body.

I waited till the erection subsided. I am not permitted to climax without her presence or her permission in her absence, and I have learned the hard way that I am not to call her about it frequently, only in dire and desperate need. She does love to hear me begging over the telephone.

I stood, gingerly, and pulled up my black silk panties (the only kind of underwear I am allowed to own) and then my pants and buttoned myself.

Now for more obvious. Here she demands variation and resourcefulness. It need not always be extreme. The more subtle and imaginative I am here, the better.

I thought and thought as I walked around the house a bit...adjusting to the pressure and fullness in my ass....till I came up with something I thought she would appreciate.

I stepped out into the day. Since I was made hers, its light is hard and cold and pure. One appreciates it more

when it becomes a clearer light, one that illuminates most starkly.

An interesting limitation of mine: I may not drive.

It is in my contract that I am not to unless my career or my own or another's safety should require it. It is one more way in which I am dependent on Madame.

So I waited for the bus, ass plugged and fighting off another imminent erection.

I went first to Walgreen's and picked up a package of Sesame Street kids bandages. Leaving the store, I opened up the pack, put a cookie monster strip across the bridge of my nose, and made my way to the bakery.

That was the obvious challenge to myself.

You can get away with a lot if you are dressed shabbily, less if you are not, I have discovered. If something seems "off" people do not know what to make of it. It can be the smallest thing, really.

The girl at the counter was fighting off laughter. And losing.

Part of me wants to die when it is like this....simply curl up and die right there, like any other person. It's natural. Well, not natural, but a whole lifetime's worth of conditioning.

The part I breathe deeply at and welcome with open arms is that part that knows she will be proud of me....knows she knows how very hard it is. And deeper still is a sense of release. No outcome matters. If I please her it is good. If I am punished I have done what I can for now. Even my life is simply a life. Even her love is simply that. Outcomes are not within my power to control.

It is the most illuminating of lessons, it comes in rare bursts of insight and goes away. But while it lasts I am at my happiest.

She brought me there. Her and her love of me, even brought low in my shame. Her love of me, whatever I do. Her love relies on no outcome.

In this sense no shame is shame, merely a challenge that I must rise to for her. I think about how deeply I love her. Not merely because I am hers....she is my friend.

Her smile is precious to me. And mine to her.

"Um....have an owwie?" the counter girl asked, finally.

I thought about it a moment.

"No...I just thought it looked really neat, "I answered, smiling a holy-fool smile and taking the ciabatta, ceding the three bucks.

I wore the damn thing the whole bus ride home, sitting in the back with the teenagers who would really think I was certifiable. Being entertaining. My ass feeling a kind of delving dig from the plug....fighting off visions of her squeezing my balls gently as she fucks me with a dainty fist.

That was how this lovely bread made it to table. I do bring home the bacon in a way, just not the usual way, I guess.

Her key in the lock, and I am on my knees at the door, my head lowered and my hands clasped behind it. Stripped of my suit and naked but for stockings and heels. Her preference.

"Hello, angel, miss me?" She smiles tenderly and ruffles my hair. I lean into her hand and look to her, getting to my feet and taking her coat.

"I always do, Madame."

Mistress is sharp and beautiful in a way that defies most convention. After a year her scent still maddens me, her

presence still leaves me desiring and amazed. Her wit touches me and makes me laugh even at the oddest and most intense of times.

"Oh, I miss you too all day pet, I do." She purses her lips and pinches my cheek. "Did you do as instructed?"

She sits, head in hand, so excited to hear of it.

"Yes, Mistress. I did. I hope you will be pleased with my solutions to your problem. Hidden was something elongated and blue."

I smile. She laughs, amused.

"Obvious, was....well allow me to demonstrate. One moment."

I go to the bathroom, and re-emerge with a Bert and Ernie band-aid on the bridge of my nose.

She giggles delightedly behind one hand, her eyes soft brown, almost girlish. She winds a dark strand of hair around a delicate fingertip devoid of nail, childlike and bitten-back.

"Oh pet. Oh you are too too precious. Come here."

She throws her arms wide and kisses my brow as I kneel between her thighs, tilts my lips to hers. She caresses the bridge of my nose.

"Does it hurt angel? Oh let me make it better...."

She laughs, peels it off and wads it up.

"So beautiful pet."

My face rests lightly on her hand. Peacefully, I sigh.

"So beautiful."

Reversal. I should know to expect it yet I never do. It is her passion, her specialty.

She slaps my face with her fingers, hard enough to sting.

"Now. Go to the kitchen. I will be along."

I rise, a little stunned and bow slightly at the waist and mince off to the kitchen in those infernal heels. One of the stockings sports a big run.

My heart rate is up. No equilibrium and quiet tonight. I am excited and beginning to become excited sexually as much as I wish I weren't. The body still betrays me, no amount of training will erase those telltale signs, no amount of self-control and thinking of baseball stats.

I love to be slapped in the face. She knows how much.

She appears in the doorway of the kitchen, leaning up against it, while I kneel near the empty chair.

"I see you've run your stockings, slut. Doing what? Fucking the neighbors? Fucking the dog? Answer me."

She has a fistful of my hair now and her gritted teeth are next to my ear...<

"You were fucking the dog, you filthy twisted fuck!"

"I....I wouldn't know how, Ma'am, I wouldn't know how!"

Any time she accuses me of fucking anything I know that this is the time to be humble about my prowess.

"That's right. I am sure you don't."

She pours herself a glass of the wine....picks the end off the ciabatta and chews it lustily, losing lipstick on it. She sits.

She prods my somehow still-soft cock with the square toe of her boot.

"I have a fondness for this little thing, even if you like to have it anywhere you can stick it. Can't say why. You are so lucky I do, slut, so very lucky."

"I know I am lucky"

She lifts my balls with her boot toe, jostles them up and down a few times, laughing as she does.

"But are you sure you are lucky? Are you really sure? I mean...can you be sure?"

Her soft, wood-brown eyes are warm, as she drops my genitals and raises her foot over them. The threat of sole, the threat of heel. Implied and stark. I twitch to painful hardness. A heated glance passes between us. I look down at my cock again, her sole like a hawk's shadow over a rabbit.

I swallow quietly.

"Yes Mistress, I am sure I am lucky."

"Good pet."

She takes away her boot, breaks off a piece of the ciabatta and puts it in my mouth. I chew with flabbergasted quickness.

It is her pleasure that I know no equilibrium and follow her plans doggedly and clumsily at times. I ache too often for equilibrium, I want to control situations by understanding them, by not ever being surprised by anything.

I know this, and sometimes the knowing makes it a little easier, in rare moments. Usually I am in a kind of daze. The not knowing hurts if I let it.

If I cling to the fact that no appearance matters and her love is deeper than any and all tests she could dream up, I flourish in its certainty while all externally seems uncertain. I come more alive than ever. She gave me a mantra long ago, when humiliation was a limit of mine. "I love you no matter what anyone says. Even me." The mantra took a subtle hold. The words that could have crushed me now are powerless to touch me.

If she is angry with me she will take me aside and tell me, directly. Anything else that looks that way is not actually anger.

She is looking at me with a kind of studied curiosity. Her features neither harsh nor tender, just open, searching, deciding.

I avert my eyes politely and hold still thinking the less I do the less likely I am to upset the silence.

She holds more bread out to me on the flat of her hand.

I bend my lips to it and nibble. Gentle. Lamblike. Breathing softly and finding a brief moment of indescribable calm.

"I love you, Martin," she says quietly. My name is a rare and sweet sound for its rarity on her lips.

We chew on our bites of ciabatta.

"I have decided that you are going to suffer," she informs me. Her voice is quiet, serious but not angry. "Tell me why you will suffer."

"I have wronged you Mistress...offended....."

She sighs, exasperated.

"No, no, no. Answer me and answer correctly or I will ask you to bring me the cane."

Her eyes are large and luminous, and filled with affection that doesn't match the situation. I feel this warmth as palpably as that which inhabits me. I want to say the right thing...

"Because you have the right, Madame. I gave you this right."

I detest that cane.

She rises in response and comes back with the first-aid kit. She puts it down and begins to pace a little, as she always does when she is going to session with me.

I remark, quietly, at last, "because it pleases you. And so it pleases me, and deeply, Mistress."

She doesn't say anything and yet I know it is the right answer, the one she was hoping I would disclose.

She sits and motions for me to come near her. I kneel between her knees and she opens her legs and pulls me closer. She swabs my upper arm with alcohol while she speaks.

"Yes Martin. That is why you are going to suffer. It's a sweet and brief suffering. The one you have wanted for so long. And the one I have wanted to give you for as long as I have known you. You deserve it. And so much more."

She takes out a disposable scalpel, unwrapping it from its sterile plastic.

"Oh God."

I can't say more.

The cut. The one I asked her for, hardly daring to ask. So hesitant, so scared of offending and of asking too much. I warred for a week with whether or not I had the right. It loomed so large in my mind that I could not bring myself to ask. She had to punish me for something to get me unwound enough to ask for it. But I did.

"Please, Ma'am....I have a need, I think...may I please tell it to you?"

Of course I could. I must always speak of these things. Instead of keeping a secret gnawing angst.

I needed to have her cut me. To bleed for her. To give her the blood that has been in my veins and passed through my heart.

"Someday" was all she said, but she had that faraway look that comes over her only once in a while, the slightest vulnerability that I have no desire to claim, simply to witness.

And now it is someday.

She takes my hand, holding my fingers, my elbow resting on her knee. It is like watching a movie. Everything happens faster than I want it to, with a sense of inevitability. The scalpel is drawn lightly, in a single straight line along my bicep and I watch myself open so slightly, sliced as easily as butter, nothing but a piece of meat...meat endowed with a soul by some strange and marvelous chance.

I bleed scarlet, delayed, warm, only a little. It is so beautiful.

My eyes water. Emotion of unforeseen power floods them, floods me. I look up at her with these silent tears of such gratitude it is all I can do.

My fingers feel like ice in her hand. The lump in my throat feels blade-sharp itself.

It is a swift and silent, wordless taking. There is no drama, no sound, no cries, no impacts, just the willing parting

of flesh and the blood itself, come up to her from under, from inside me.

I keep staring at the small shallow wound.

Nothing is hidden from her. Not blood, not breath.

We both look at this line of red, the tiny resultant beads of red. It is a beautiful thing that could only have been made by the two of us. Her hand clasps mine lightly, almost formally.

We sit for a long and unmeasurable duration. Our breathing is matched, even, deep.

Eventually we decide that it is time for bed. Without words, just knowing, rising quietly at the same time. She bandages my arm, and I embrace her. She opts for the comfort of my body that night, sleep beside her rather than at her feet, my arms around her, hers around me. No outcome matters tonight in this world, not success nor failure, not perfect obedience, not unfailing commanding. In the final analysis, we will be embracing one another in our dreams.

May/June 2001

The Bar

by ~sapphire~

He had observed her for a long, long time. He had sat in His office each weekend as she came into the bar. She had immediately caught His attention on her first visit. She was different than the other women who came here. She never got drunk and she never left with anyone. She knew the bartender and the bouncer well and if any got out of line they always came to her assistance.

She talked with the men who came to the bar. She danced with a few and let them buy her drinks. But she always left alone. She was not there to pick up men, just to be with them.

He had heard many of the men talking about her from time to time. They called her the "cock teaser" and vowed that one day they would take turns with her.

He knew all that went on because it was He who owned the bar and the adjoining restaurants and hotels. He observed all that went on knew which women were in the bar to make a few bucks, which followed the men to their rooms. He knew a lot about everyone in the place well... all the regulars anyway. She was different she was obviously looking for something or she would not return each weekend, but she never seemed to find what it was that she was looking for.

That night He left His office deciding to come from behind the mirror that He used to observe the bar. He spoke quietly with the bartender and then sat toward the back in a deserted booth as she sat at the bar. The bartender handed her a new drink and told her it was from the man in the far booth.

She said thank-you to Tom the bartender, calling Him by name, since they had known one another for a long time. "Who is the guy in the booth?" she ask him.

Tom just shrugged.

She decided "oh well" and picked up her drink, went to the booth and thanked Him. He was a large man, with distinguished features. He asked her to join Him, so she sat across from Him, and introduced herself as Marie. He smiled and said to call Him Max. They made polite small talk for awhile, He ask her if she came her often.

"Yes" she replied. "I enjoy being around people. It beats sitting home alone."

He studied her calmly for a bit then said "I know."

She was surprised at his words. She had not seen him before.

Then He said, "I have watched you here before. You always talk with the patrons, dance with a few. You always look very sensual when you are here, never cheap or trashy, but very feminine, like tonight. Marie was wearing a clinging deep blue silk loose, a lacy low cut black bra, a black tight short skirt. Max had also caught a glimpse of a black garter belt and black lace topped hose when she had slid into the booth across form him. "You are a woman of quality indeed.

She blushed and started to stand. Immediately His hand was around her wrist, and His voice, as cold and as stern as a schoolmaster, commanded "SIT!" It was not the pressure on her wrist that made her sit but the force of His voice.

He continued. "You are looking for something aren't you Marsha. You like men, but you have not found one who touches the desires buried deep within you. You come here each weekend hoping and then leave alone. You don't want a one-night quickie. You want a man who will posses you, dominate and own you."

She looked at Him first shocked and then embarrassed. "You are crazy, she said. "You don't know me or what I want or need." She started to get up again, but stopped when He simply calmly said "Stay."

He motioned to Tom to bring them another drink and asked him to send the bouncer over. As Bill approached, Max spoke to him quietly, telling him that those who were now in the bar could stay, but to lock up as they were closed to new customers for the rest of the night.

Bill nodded and did as instructed.

She looked around the bar and was a little uncomfortable to see that it was just her, Max, Tom, Bill and a dozen of the regulars... all men.

Max kept his eyes focused on her. "Des this make you uncomfortable? You know everyone here, don't you"

She stammered. "Yes. But it is time for me to go. Thank you for the drink." And again, as she started to stand, she felt His hand around her wrist and heard a stern "Sit!"

She sat back down.

"My dear, you have two choices. One is to accompany me to my room, and to become mine for the night. I will show you what it is you have been searching for. Or I will leave without you, leaving you to these men who for many months have vowed they are going to take turns with you for being such a cock teaser. The choice is yours, but one way or the other tonight, you will face what you run away from night after night."

She looked at Him, feeling the panic...unsure as to what to say.

He continued. "If you come with me, you will do exactly what I say or you will be punished. Or perhaps you will be returned to the bar and tied to the table for the pleasure and use of all here."

She looked at Him, the panic heightening, but also something within her drawn was to Him. She knew if she spoke up, Bill and Tom would come to her rescue. They always had. But something deep within her wanted to go with Him...to His room. After several moment, she replied "Yes I will go with You.

"Then followed me He said and speak only when spoken to and you will address me as Sir." He slid out of the booth and started for a side door.

Her legs did not seem to want to move but somehow she followed Him, through the bar and into His private office, and then onto a private elevator that took them straight to the penthouse. He said nothing as they entered the room but seated Himself in a large chair in the middle of the room. His eyes were cold as He looked at her. He uttered but one word "Undress."

She looked at Him hesitantly, but knew from His tone of voice and the look in His eyes that she must obey. So she removed her blouse and skirt standing before Him in underwear and hose.

He glared at her and repeated "Undress."

She trembled as she slipped the bra, garter, from her body as she started to remove her heels and hose. He stopped her, and stood taking the hands that she had tried to cover herself with and placing them behind her neck. She shuddered as He touched her. His foot went between her legs spreading them and His hand went to her sex. He smiled coldly as He found her wet, and receptive. His fingers explored her wetness as he continued speaking to her. "This is inspection position," He said. "You will assume it when prompted to do so. Now go into the bathroom and shower, and remove the stench of the bar from your body. And you will find a razor... shave. And that includes this," He said as He clutched the soft curls surrounding her sex. His eyes bore into hers as His fingers plied her. "Do you understand?"

He eyes dropped from His and she stood there before this stranger, feeling her body respond before finally replying, quietly. "Yes."

His hand slapped her ass cheek, she looked at Him shocked and then realized what He wanted and said softly "Yes Sir."

After a few moments, He spoke again. "Now bathe and hurry. When you return. dinner will be waiting.

She did as He had requested, feeling silly shaving her sex but did doing as directed. When she'd finished, she looked about and found a robe on the door, slipped it on, and stepped back into the room. He was sitting at a table filled with food but only His chair and His plate. She looked at Him and He growled "Take the robe off and come kneel beside my chair."

Feeling very self-conscious, she dropped the robe and knelt beside Him. He reached to a side table and put a large leather collar around her neck and then attached a leash to it. Her heart raced, wondering what she had gotten herself into, afraid to speak. He smiled and said softly "I will not harm you. I will just train you to please me."

She knelt quietly at His side, as He ate. Occasionally He would hand her a bite, for which she was to thank Him and then clean His fingers with her tongue. He then gave her wine, which He seemed to purposely spill over her chin and across Her breasts. He then had her stand as He licked the wine from each nipple. She gasped as He did this, her body beginning to shake. He spoke firmly as He saw her aroused grow. "You will not release your sexual desire without my permission, do you understand?"

Marie moaned as His hand again found her wetness. "Yes, Sir" she managed to whisper.

When He finished eating, He stood... pulling gently on the leash, leading her to the large bedroom portion of the penthouse. He told her to get onto her hands and knees on the bed, and to spread her legs widely. She did so and He stepped behind her.

"Now I will check to see if you did an adequate job of shaving what is now mine, for my use."

His hands spread her ass cheeks and His fingers inspected her sex, pushing into her and pushing her clit about. Her juices coated His fingers as He probed her. He laughed evilly as she moaned. "It is an adequate job," He said. "But you will be punished for returning wearing a robe." She moaned again as His fingers left her, then heard the drawer to the side open. She knew that He was again standing behind her. He body jerked as she felt cool leather strips against her ass cheeks and as he pulled the flogger over her cheeks and up her back. She moaned ands fearfully said "But I did not understand,"

The blow off the flogger caught her off guard. He said "I did not give you permission to speak."

She turned quickly, glaring at Him. He glared back. "I told you when you came through that door that you were mine. If choose to leave do so now. I'm sure the men in the bar would love to see you. But decide now. If you stay you will obey me."

She was not sure why, but she obediently moved back to her hands and knees... her bare and stinging ass toward Him. He administered a dozen more stinging blows to her ass cheeks. Then she felt His hands against her clit... exploring her... learning her.

He stepped to the side again, then returned. Without warning, a dildo pushed deep within her wetness. She moaned loudly. He pumped it into her over and over. She cried out. He stopped just before she came Leaving the dildo buried deep inside of her, He again repeated "You will not come. I want you in great need for when the time is right." Suddenly, the dildo was pulled from her... leaving her feeling empty and wanting more.

He had her stand. He moved in front of her. He licked and flicked each nipple, and then attached a clamp to each one. Tears formed in her eyes as she gasped. Then he reached down, rubbing her tender bud... and then clamped it also. He took the leash and led her back to the middle of the living room. Then He left telling her to stand still until He returned.

He was back shortly wearing only an elegant silk robe. His arousal was evident through the thin fabric. He walked around her looking. At her, caressing her. He adjusted the nipple clamps slightly, and then gave one more swift slap with His hand to her ass cheek. "A wonderful ass" he chuckled. It reddens so nicely."

There was a knock at the door. He pulled at her leash, leading her toward, keeping her a short distance behind Him. When He opened the door, she saw to her horror the bartender, tom and Bill the bouncer were standing there. He motioned for them to come in.

"Gentlemen, I believe you already know Marie. She will serve us tonight... she will provide us each with a great deal of pleasure."

He offered them the bathroom as a place to shower and change.

Soon they were each changed into a silk robe and stood staring at her. He offered each of them a chair. The chairs were placed in a circle with her standing in the middle. He then had her kneel in front of Him. He reached down and removed the clamp from each nipple tossing them aside... then reached between her legs and pulled the clit clamp off, also tossing it aside. She gasped as the clamps were released, the blood rushing back into her sensitive, swollen nipples.

Max then pulled gently at her leash. He opened His robe and told her to take His cock into her mouth and arouse Him. She hesitated. As she looked at Him, He motioned to Tom. "It appears she needs some motivation."

Tom stood, retrieved the flogger and administered a stinging blow across her upper back. She quickly took Max in her mouth and aroused Him with her tongue. He became very hard and erect and then He pushed her head back and told her to do the same to Tom and to Bill as He watched. As Max held the leash, she crawled in front of each of them and sucked each until they were hard and erect.

Then He pulled at her leash, returning her to His side. He stood and she followed Him back to the bedroom, accompanied by Tom and Bill. He looked at Tom and said "I think it is your turn for the bottom. Quickly Tom lay upon the bed, his erect cock sticking up into the air.

Max tugged at the leash. "Mount him." His voice was commanding.

She looked at Him hesitantly.

"Do I need to tell you again?" His voice displayed His displeasure at her hesitation.

"No, Sir" she said... and she crawled up onto the bed, squatted over Tom with her legs at either side of him. As Max held the leash tight, she lowered herself down on the hard cock it filling her wetness. Tom pushed His hips up, driving into her. She gasped and shuddered. Max pulled at the leash telling her to take Him deep. Then He instructed Bill to stand at her side and had her lean forward, her breasts swaying over Tom's face to take Bill's balls in her hand and his cock in her mouth as Tom continued to pound into her pussy.

Then she felt Max onto the bed behind her. He was applying a warming liquid to her anal star. Again, she gasped as the sensations moved through her. Then she felt the slap of His hand to her ass cheeks and then His cock pressing deep into her anus, filling her. She cried out as He plunged into her. His voice was stern. "Now you will pleasure each of us until we cum. Then you will be granted your release."

Marie moaned and gasped at the three men fucked her simultaneously... one in each orifice. All thinking stopped, her body moving with each of them as they each pounded into her. First Bill came spurting deep into her mouth. Then Tom filled her pussy with his juices. Her body went out of control as, at last Max spurted deep in her ass.

The next several hours were a whirl to her. Time and again, the three men took their turns with her. She was led back into the outer room, where the men enjoyed some wine, smoked cigars as they watched, lying on the floor, pleasuring herself with the dildo.

Several times, she felt the sting of the flogger on her buttocks, upper thighs and even her breasts when she did not follow Max's instructions or failed to respond as he instructed. She soon found herself seeking more from each of them... looking to Max for his direction.

Sometime in the night, Bill and Tom left. Max led her, on her leash, into the bathroom... where he had her draw a bath in the large Jacuzzi tub. He had her join him in the tub, directed her to scrub his body.

Then, he had her sit between his legs as the Jacuzzi jets foamed the water. He massaged her shoulders, caressed her breasts as they relaxed in the tub. Finally, after she had towed them both following the relaxing bath, he led her back to the bed. There, Max attached the leash to the sideboard of the bed. He pulled the

comforter from the bed, leaving it on the floor for Marie to make her bed as he slept on the mattress.

Marie, exhausted, sore... feeling a contentment she had never felt before, managed to find sleep, wondering what the morning would bring.

May/June 2001

The Long Stemmed Rose

by FineArt

Gregory and Catherine were struggling. They had been living together for nearly a year, in a small apartment near the university they both attended. Gregory was in his last year of school, Catherine in her second. Both were taking full loads of challenging course work. It was nearing the end of the semester, time for papers and exams. Both were working tiring, stressful jobs in order to support themselves. Money was tight. The holidays were coming, and Catherine's parents were pressing her to come home to celebrate... alone. They did not accept Gregory, knowing he had spirited Catherine into an immoral life, stealing her innocence, then coaxing her into this living arrangement that they could never accept! Little did they know just how wrong they were... nor how right!

Gregory did everything with an eye toward his life with Catherine. She had not come to him the innocent virgin her parents believed her to have been, but she sure had not been a tramp! Anything but! And Gregory was not the bum her father had called him. Yes he worked with his hands. And yes he had brought Catherine into his life in ways many found unacceptable! But neither of them were in this relationship just for the kicks. They had made plans together, and they had made commitments to one another. They studied hard, performed very well in their studies. They supported one another.

And they loved one another... in every way!

Their relationship bucked the trends of society as well. The 60's were just passed. Women's lib! Free love! Equality in relationships!

Theirs was a relationship where the roles were not equal. They did not share decisions. They did not share responsibilities equally. Theirs was a relationship based on Domination and submission. Catherine had given herself to Gregory, he was the one to make decisions for them, who was overall responsible for their well being... for Catherine. And she provided her input, then followed his lead, supported what he decided... and served his needs.

The sexual revolution had happened around them, without them. Like all newly formed couples, Gregory and Catherine led a very active, aggressive, passionate love life! Even in these times of open sexuality, free love, nearly everyone they knew would not have understood their sex life. They had not moved into this by plan: this had simply evolved for them, and both felt it was completely natural for them. It was not something they could discuss with their friends or families except for Catherine's sister, Annette and her husband Paul. But even here, Catherine was a very private person. They took their journey of discovery alone, exploring, learning, growing together.

Catherine had given herself to Gregory... really in all ways, but it was physically, sexually that it was most obvious. Gregory used her for his pleasure... he explored her, pushed her, and did things to her that she would have never, ever imagined! She seldom took the initiative sexually with him... when she had, without his permission; he had punished her... nearly always in subtle ways. Seldom physically except for withholding his physical attentions... or attending to her in ways that sated his needs but left her wanting, frustrated. When he did this, he always explained the lessons to be learned, why he did things as he did... what it was he wanted. And he always listened to her, but what was to be done was up to him.

Gregory learned the moods and needs of his Catherine. He did not need her to tell him when she was amorous, or when she was not. Seldom did he miss the moods. In time, well, she just wanted to please him.

And in return, Gregory provided Catherine with sexual pleasures she had never even imagined! Her earlier lovers had all seemed interested only in their own pleasures. Gregory got his by bringing her to levels of intensity she had not imagined possible. In fact, it was not at all unusual for them to "make love" without his removing or even loosening any of his clothes! He just used her, playing with her... physically and mentally, to achieve his pleasure. For Gregory, having this control over Catherine, to have her available for any use he wanted to make of her, or to have her do whatever he commanded brought him immense sexual satisfaction. Sometimes, he did

not even touch her... just using words... directing her actions... or thoughts to get his highs. Gregory seemed to get immense pleasure when he made use of his Catherine, often only verbally, in public places. Only the two of them would know... but they knew!!! Catherine's orgasms, struggling to be quite, to not let her body go wild, her squeals and yelps and moans resound as they did when alone, were, none the less, intense.

In this way, Catherine's dad was right! Gregory's sexual appetite was insatiable... and he satisfied it with and through Catherine. And Catherine was passionate, she was up to the task! She was often embarrassed, uncertain of what was to happen... but she always obeyed. And she was richly rewarded for her gift to him... the gift of herself!

But, as stated before, right now they were struggling. Catherine was home, working on a paper due the following Monday. She was hungry, but she would not eat until Gregory got home. It was three days to his payday. All they had in the apartment were a couple boxes of macaroni and cheese, a few cans of vegetables. Catherine had not eaten lunch, had only eaten some crackers for breakfast. She knew Gregory had done the same.

He had not given her money for the grocery store. Catherine turned her checks over to him immediately. She was not on an allowance, nor a fixed budget. Things were too close for that. They talked about what it was they needed; Gregory allotted the money. Catherine knew, without being told, the reason he had not given her money.... There was none!

The night before, they had fought... it was over her dad, her going home alone. But they both knew it was really the stresses. She had these stupid papers due... he had taken two exams that morning, then worked 10 hours... pumping gas, dirtying his hands and busting his knuckles working on cars. She had still been sleeping when he had left, there was a note left on the bathroom mirror... "Running late, love you!" signed with the initial "M" for Master. Catherine knew things were OK, they had ended the night making love and holding one another. Still, she was worried. In addition to everything else, she knew Gregory felt he was not holding his end of their bargain, not being responsible in the ways he should... even failing his cherished Catherine. It just added to the stresses for both of them.

It was after 11. Catherine was tired and hungry. Nothing was going onto the paper in the old, manual typewriter Gregory had scrounged up someplace.

She heard him coming up the creaky staircase in the old, rundown building of their apartment. She wished, suddenly, she had prepared for his arrival. She was still dressed in the sweatshirt, jeans, bra, stocking and panties she had worn to school. He would want her in only a T-shirt. But the apartment was chilly, and she had not thought... just too many things on her mind, too.

She was just turning to face the door, move from the kitchen table that was continually used as their study desk when the door opened and Gregory came in. My God, she had been so wrapped up in her thoughts she had forgotten to lock the door! Gregory would be upset with her, punish her... for thoughtlessness, for her own good. He always watched for her well being, her safety. This was not a bad neighborhood, but it was not the best either. He always instructed her to keep the door locked. Yes, he would be upset with her... he had reason to be.

Gregory entered without saying a word. He looked tired... he was tired. It had been a long day. The exams had been even more challenging than he had expected... but he thought he had done OK. Many people were getting cars ready for the holidays, he had worked virtually non-stop all day. He was hungry. He'd split a Snickers with a coworker early in the afternoon. He had had to borrow \$2 from his boss to get gas to drive home. He had been surprised to find the door unlocked.

All day, Catherine had been on his mind, They had been spating a lot lately... always over little things. Yes, Gregory had thought a lot about last night... it was so obvious that her dad disliked him... everything about him! They had only met twice, once when he had taken Catherine home for the summer... she had come back to join Gregory only two weeks later! She had brought everything that was really hers with her then. The apartment was very crowded for 6 weeks. Frank, Gregory's roommate, and his brand new wife, Gwen, were in the cramped apartment then as well. The other time Gregory had seen Catherine's dad had been when he was passing through town a few weeks ago on a business trip. He had come to the apartment for supper. He had made an attempt to be civil. But it was obvious he did not approve of Gregory or of the sinful life Gregory had sucked his beautiful little girl into. Dad had tactfully refused to tour their apartment... he would not enter the room where his daughter slept with this man! Gregory had chuckled when Catherine had explained this later. And he had used

her, sought his form of pleasure in her, in every other room of the apartment over the next couple of days, and it was not until the next month that he sought his pleasure in her in their bedroom again!

Gregory actually liked the old guy, in a way... he certainly respected his views. After all, they both wanted the same thing... one the best possible life for his little girl, the other the best possible for his little one.

The real purpose of the visit had been to coax Catherine to come home for the holidays. That had been, the subject, if not the cause, of the tiff the night before. But mostly what Gregory had been thinking about was the stresses they both faced and how they were coming between them. And today he had concentrated on their time in bed together, holding one another, their bodies pressed together... and their physically joining when they made love, as he had tenderly taken her, and she had wrapped herself around him... arms, legs. Despite their difficulties, they were one. Neither was complete without the other.

Neither said anything when Gregory was inside the apartment. He reached behind him to close the door with his left hand. Catherine jumped, blushed and looked down when she heard the solid click of the door lock, pushed by Gregory's thumb! She could not read his expression. He just looked tired, exhausted. Catherine wanted to run to him... she knew she could not.

Gregory had removed his jacket outside, it was draped over his right arm. He said nothing as he went and sat, slumping down in the single, worn, overstuffed chair in their apartment. Catherine stood still, watching him. She was uncertain. She knew he would indicate what she should do. She started to go to kneel down, sit on the floor beside him, by his chair, as they often did. He held up his hand to stop her. She stopped, dead in her tracks, uncertain....

Gregory took the jacket off his arm, put it on the floor beside the chair. Then, only then, did she see it. In his right hand, Gregory held a single long stemmed rose. The jacket had hidden it. Now there was a twinkle in his eyes. Catherine gave a mischievous smile felt the urge to rush to him. She was somehow able to resist.

Gregory held the rose up, twirling it slowly, directly in the line of sight between the two of them, near his nose. Catherine had heard this once before, in this very room, in this tone of voice "Catherine, undress for me. Now Catherine, I want to see you... just you."

These were the very words he had spoken to her here, in this very room... he from that very chair, she standing just where she now was, on the weekend they had become lovers! Suddenly, all the stresses were gone, pushed away. For the moment there were no worries! They were one again!

Slowly, sensuously, Catherine removed the sweatshirt. She was much more practiced now; Gregory often had her strip for him. She was very seductive as it went over her head and off of her arms, to be tossed back toward the kitchen. The bra came next. She would never tell Gregory that she had practiced removing it in front of a mirror, perfecting the way she revealed herself to him. Catherine was always pleased by the smile, the catch of his breath that accompanied the revealing of her magnificent breasts in her very, very sensual way. The air was slightly chilly in the room, but that was not the reason her nipples were already swollen, throbbing!

The jeans and panties came off quickly as well. Catherine made sure Gregory could catch the full effect of her swaying, jiggling breasts as she stepped out of the legs of the jeans. She was smiling softly, eyes shining when she stood back up, spread her legs just enough that the slit of her sex was highly visible beneath the tuft of golden curls at the juncture of her legs. This summer, she had had to trim herself there to wear the bikini Gregory had gotten for her. She had kept that way.

"Everything Catherine" Gregory as demanding!

Catherine blushed and quickly removed the white socks and returned to her upright position.

"Ready yourself for inspection, little one." Gregory's voice was soft, calm, almost cold. He was not smiling, and the rose was still twisting slowly in front of his nose. Only the twinkle in his eyes, a twinkle Catherine had come to look for, belied that he was not in a foul mood!

Catherine stood very straight, spreading her legs to shoulder width, raising her arms to lace her fingers behind her neck pressing her raised elbows back as far as she comfortably could. She could feel her breasts rising, as

he wanted them!

"Yes little one, you are very pleasing to the eye." He was now standing, the rose in his right hand, just the tips of his fingers and thumb, moving toward her.

Not looking directly at him, but toward the floor, Catherine replied, "Thank you master, I want to be pleasing for you."

Gregory walked slowly around her, three times; the rose now in hands clasped behind his back, twirling it in his fingers as he visually examined her. The very first time he had done this, Catherine had been embarrassed because he was the first man who ever wanted to just explore her, not rushing to get naked himself... to just screw her. She was now accustomed to his exploring her... but not without touching her. Now, he was just studying her. She could feel his eyes on her... it was as intense as he had been using ice or sandpaper on her. She wished her breasts were a bit smaller, her legs better formed... even for a bit more butt! He thought Mattel would have done better to use her rather than whatever else it had been when they designed the Barbie!

He was beside her, to her left, had turned to her. Out of the side of her eye, she could see he had the rose back in front of his face, twirling it in his fingers. "Close your eyes, Catherine. Keep them tightly closed."

She did, in silence.

She was not sure ... but she thought she felt something, like a small bug, crawling along her left arm, moving lightly along her underarm toward her body. She shivered; it went away...

"Be still, little one. Stand straight." His voice was soft, but the words pierced the air. Catherine straightened, lifted her arms again, and pressed the elbows back, felt the breasts raise.

That silly gnat was back... it was now on her left breast, moving from her side, just below the breast toward the nipple. She shivered, fought to keep her eyes closed.

"I said, be still!" the voice was louder, sharper this time!

"Yes, Master." She whispered.

"Straighten up!"

She did, pressing the elbows back even more, raising them. She felt her breasts rise.

The gnat was back; it seemed bigger. It had landed directly on the nipple. It began running in circles around her nipple! Larger and large circles, tickling her breast. She fought to not shiver or drop her arms... or to just swat that damned gnat!

She smelled the rose...

It seemed forever that Gregory tormented her with the petals of that rose, there seemed no part of her sensitive body that did not feel its soft, tickling brush...

Her arms, the back of her knees... her inner thighs, the line of her chin... the slit of her womanhood... the tip of her nose!

Each time she shivered or moved it stopped and his voice, each time more demanding, made her still and upright. Catherine felt like she would explode! Her breasts were throbbing. She felt like the wetness was flooding her inner legs!

Each time the rose was removed from her body, then came, so very softly, back to another place, she would catch her breath, she could not help herself, she moaned.

"Be silent, Catherine, be still!"

She was fighting to obey, she was losing the fight!

He stopped for a short time; she wanted to open her eyes, but knew she would pay if she did. She calmed a little.

The rose tickled her bottom, then moved ever so slowly, almost so gently as to be unnoticed along the crease separating her cheeks, moving until it slipped between her legs, caressing the flower of her womanhood! She could not help it, her entire body tensed, her legs spasmed! The rose was gone.

"Please, master" she begged.

"Be quiet, little one, and be still!"

Her breath so ragged her chin was shaking, unable to hold her arms as high as they had been, Catherine straightened. She sensed him standing in front of her.

Catherine reacted with a start when she felt the rose thorn, sharp, like the point of a knife or a large needle being dragged across her right breast. The sting of the sharp thorn burned like a fire! She fought the shivers, she fought the need to squeal!

It seemed forever that Gregory now alternated the petals of the rose with the thorns. She did not know how she stood it... every muscle of her body was quaking! She wanted to scream! She needed to have him take her, fuck her with raw passion! Catherine did not know how much more of this she could take!!! In all this time, for over half an hour, Gregory touched her with nothing but the rose. He never spoke except to tell her to be still or quiet or to reposition her. Her muscles were aching, quivering when finally he reached and took her hand, led her to the bedroom. He had told her to keep her eyes closed, or the night would end immediately. She was, somehow, able to keep them closed.

Gregory positioned her on her back, arms and legs spread eagle. She dared not move, barely able to breathe as she heard him undress. Then it began again... as he moved from side to side of the bed, the rose petals or the thorns. She could feel the small scratches on her body... then she could feel him move onto the bed, sensed he was on his knees, between hers, up over her... the thorns again, on her inner thighs, then the left breast, her tummy, the right nipple, then a thorn scraping her clit! She fought her physical reactions! Just as she was about to lose control, he stopped!

She felt the petals, one after another, falling on her body. One on a breast, sliding off to her chest! One on her tummy, resting over the navel... again and again, until they were, she assumed, gone. Normally, she might not even have felt the soft, light petals falling on her... but now!!! Each was like a heavy, burning ember.

She felt him move over her, not touching her anyplace, but felt the bed move under the weight of him on his extended arms, on each side of her, felt the heat of him over her.

She felt the heat of his swollen cock as it pressed against her clit, and then as he moved to press into her... entering her slowly. She raised her hips to accept him, to take him as fully, as deeply as she could. He paused as his pubis pressed solidly against hers, his testicles resting against the crease of her ass. Then, with one jerk, he pressed rapidly deeper yet and her body failed her...

Catherine's orgasm was intense, she was loud... the release cascaded again and again though her entire body... nothing mattered but the merging of their bodies... the entire universe concentrated where they were joined!

Gregory could control himself no longer... he was savage in his loving of her. Their bodies crashed together in passion. The rose petals were pressed between them. The next day, they would both be sore, even bruised, where their hips had crashed together! Her release had been continuous, and he had not stopped after a first explosion. His excitement, his arousal had been so complete, he never wilted before he exploded again.

As they both calmed, going from gasping for air to the shallow breathing of contentment, neither left the embrace of the other. Their only words before they drifted off to sleep...

"I love you, Master."

"You please me, little one."

The lights in the outer room were still on in the morning. Catherine fixed macaroni and cheese for their breakfast. Gregory decided Catherine would spend one week with her parents...

...Years later, as he was searching for a book in their library, Gregory came across the book from the course Catherine had been writing the paper from that night. When the book fell open, between the pages, there were rose petals, pressed and preserved. And there were the thorns from the stem. Gregory felt the body rush, he looked at the reminders for a long time. Then as he closed the book, returned it, with its priceless contents, to the shelf, he whispered: "You still please me, little one. You please me very much."

May/June 2001

Their Dark Possession -- Part Two

by dark whisper

"How can I serve you, Master?"

Ann's words hung on the air like a soft breeze flowing past fields of waving grass - smooth, soft, gentle. Will looked down at her and saw that her fingers glistened lightly with the fluids of her own body. He was pleased.

"Well, my pet... since You still wear the marks of last night, I think something entirely different is in order for this evening, don't you?" A quirk of one dark eyebrow as he stepped close enough to scent her arousal. "Come, I think the sling is best suited for my needs at the moment."

Ann's eyes widened at the mention of the sling. He only used that on special occasions, and she knew that his needs must be very dark this morn. Shakily, she followed. The track lighting cast tiny spheres of illumination against the walls and ceiling, relieving the utter blackness of the painted walls. The soft jingle of golden chain followed her every move as the tiny links shifted with each step. She had grown used to the chain over a several month period. Will and she had decided together that she should be pierced through nipples and labia as it opened up an entirely new world of play to them. The chain was an addition after the piercings themselves had healed fully.

She stopped before the sling and turned her back to it. The gortex material gleamed hazily in the soft lighting. Will stood looking at her for a long moment - taking in the full breasts and dusky nipples before allowing his eyes to slide down her body, making no attempt to hide his perusal. The slightly nervous look flashed in her eyes at his intense gaze. She wondered silently to herself if she would ever get used to him looking at her so thoroughly.

His voice was that conversational tone that sent shivers down her spine. "Pet, please remove the rings and chains, all right?" His back was to her as the sound of drawers opening and closing reached her ears. Ann's fingers trembled only slightly as she worked the rings free of nipples and labia. The moisture surrounding the labial rings made her job more difficult as the gold rings slipped from her grasp again and again. In her concentration, she missed the light thump of the box onto the bench.

Finally, the last of the rings slipped free of her flesh and she hefted 8 small rings and a long, Y shaped golden chain in one hand. Lifting her head, she encountered the dark blue gaze that haunted her dreams and fulfilled every one of her needs. The look that passed between them carried far more than words ever could. Will held out his hand for the river of gold as it tumbled into his palm, then placed them onto the workbench against the wall.

"I love you, Ann. More today than yesterday, but less than tomorrow. You are my one." His voice was soft and low, yet seemed to vibrate with intensity. "Are you ready, my love?"

Ann's gaze flickered to the bench and to the box resting so innocently upon the broad, wooden surface. A flare of nostrils was the only indication that she was slightly nervous, but she truly did trust him with her very life. Her voice was husky, pure eroticism, low and deep.

"Yes, Master... I am." A tilt of her head as though listening to his voice in her mind. She met his gaze fully as he turned with the unit in his hand and moved toward her.

"So be it." Will's voice still carried that even tone that seemed so detached as he placed the shockbox at her feet and straightened up to hold the edge of the sling steady. Words would have been an intrusion, so she merely... settled deeply within the custom made harness.

Her position was slightly inverted - ass and cunt raised slightly, back and neck resting against cool, cradling material. This position worked very well for much of their play, and she knew he had more in mind than the

electrics just from the mere choice of this piece of furniture. Ann's heart raced as Will buckled her thighs into the straps of nylon. Each fastener made of heavy duty nylon with velcro closures to avoid burning her as the voltage raced through her form. She was completely open, stretched wide, and quivering by the time the straps were all fastened. Wrists and arms stretched outward and slightly raised as one by one, the straps encircled her flesh and secured her totally.

There was a sense of ritual about it all. His hands sliding over her flesh, warm and possessive, as each strap fastened. She was caught. There was no escape, and in her very captivity, she was free.

Ann watched as he bent down... adjusting knobs and stretching the leads carefully outward, checking to ensure there was no break in the wire, and the contacts were strong. She gasped as he attached the modified wooden clothespins to her labia. Each pin had a hole drilled through the legs and a fine cord ran upward to end in a small metal clip. The ends of the clips were coated in rubber to avoid any "accidental" surges. After clipping her labia, he attached the cords to each side of the sling, effectively drawing her cuntlips wide open, and leaving her open... gaping.

"Shhh, relax darling," his voice still held that calm, controlled tone that she knew so well. "You know that I love you, yes?" A tilt of his head as he stroked her stomach lightly.

"Yes, Master... I know." Ann's voice was low and husky, and Will simply smiled at the soft tremor just barely audible.

"Good. And you also know that I have need to use my pet this morning, fully... don't you?" The soft stroking of her stomach continued as his other hand moved between her thighs and slipped slowly up and down along the wet, open slit.

"God... yes, Sir I do." She closed her eyes, still seeing the burning of his gaze behind her eyelids. The sling gently moved back and forth as Will began to gently press two fingers into her wetness. A gentle moan was her only reply even as her body clutched tightly around the long fingers.

"Open your eyes, pet. I wish to watch as I take my pleasures in my possession." His voice was low and calm, controlled, as he thrust deeper into her, the sling swinging slowly back and forth under the slow plunge.

Ann's eyes opened slowly, revealing the deep pleasure flickering through the depths of her gaze. She watched, entranced, as he pulled his fingers from her sex and lifted them to his mouth, sucking slowly upon the slick flesh. Everything felt surreal, as if the very air was visible as she swung slowly, a pendulum of spread arms and legs.

Will bent once more to the box and slowly, lovingly, placed one of the copper clips over her clit. She sucked in her breath at the tight, cold grip - knowing that it would not be cold for long. Her eyes were mere slits as he smeared lubricant over the length of the metal cylinder, then pushed it gently to the dark star of her anus, pushing and twisting it gently, until it was buried completely within the dark tunnel. His gentleness never ceased to amaze her as he prepared her for his use. It was in direct opposition of what was... to come.

"There, that's a good girl. Do you know how lovely you look like this? Your arms and legs spread wide, your cunt and ass open to me? Mm, yes. You are so beautiful." He reached down and lifted the box to the table next to her.

Ann couldn't help but stare at the dials and gauges that looked so innocent but brought forth such trepidation. Yet, she uttered no protest, fighting to keep her muscles loose and relaxed. She met his gaze fully as he reached down, and cranked the handle of the box.

Immediately, she felt the tingle of electricity flowing through her ass and her clit. Jerking at the feel of the slow, throbbing tingle. A soft moan slipped past her lips as he stopped cranking and tilted his head slightly to the side.

"More, pet? Do you want more?" Sing song, controlled, calm - his voice pierced the haze of pleasure.

"Ye... yes, please." Her voice was low and husky.

"Good, that's very good, love because we are nowhere near... done." A smile pulled at the corners of his lips, but did not reach his eyes.

"Who are you?" His hand reached for a knob and flicked it upward a notch.

Sweet god in heaven, she wanted this. The tip of her tongue flicked out to moisten her lips before speaking. The hand crank turned again. The tingles were stronger now, strumming through her ass and spreading into the clenching muscles of her cunt. She jerked in the sling, but only her hips and back were able to move.

"I asked you a question, slut. Who are you?" His hand continued cranking the box. The sensations were strong, but not yet uncomfortable.

"I'm... I'm your whore, Sirrrrrrr..." The last word pulled from her as the cranking stopped, and her muscles unclenched. Breathing deeply, a slow whimper of sound rushing from her lips.

"Yes, you are. And whose cunt is this?" Two fingers stabbed into her sopping sex, filling her.

"Yours, Master. Your cunt, god." Inner muscles clutched at his fingers as he fucked her slowly. Each twisting thrust sending them deeper within.

"God, my little whore? No, God can't help you here, my one. Only I can." He pushed savagely into her tight hole, curling his fingertips against the spongy wall up behind her pubic bone. She arched high in the sling, gasping as he probed.

"And I, won't." Will pulled his fingers from her and turned the knob another notch. His eyes seemed as black as pitch as a cold smile took his lips.

Ann bit her lip hard as the voltage hit. So much stronger than before, so much deeper did the vibrations ripple through her. Arching and twisting her body, the sling swaying as he grabbed hold of one of the nylon straps and held her in position as she whimpered and mewled.

Once more, the cranking stopped and she was able to breathe. Will watched her carefully, taking in the flared nostrils and the wildness in her eyes. His finger drew slowly over her inner labia, playing gently with the swollen, wet petals.

"Mm, you like this, don't you love? You like when I use you this way." It wasn't a question, but a statement of fact. His head dipped and she shuddered as he drew his tongue slowly up her wide open sex. Probing at her entrance, thrusting his tongue deep and then away. Slowly, as if they had all the time in the world for him to explore and taunt her.

"Master, oh yes... fuck yes." Her voice was raw as she tried to thrust her hips upward to meet his tongue, but he pulled back and simply stared into her eyes.

"Fuck yes, my little slut... fuck yes." Quickly, he turned the knob several clicks and cranked hard and fast.

She was unprepared for the hot jolt of pure fire ripping through her. Muscles clenching involuntarily as the voltage snapped through her. A live wire. Her body jerked as she shrieked out, barely able to draw breath. Tears sprung to her eyes at the immense pain of stomach and legs going into spasm. It seemed never ending as she danced within the sling, jerking and twitching.

Finally, he stopped. Her body went limp as she cried and tried to catch her breath, her whole body tingling... burning. She was completely unaware of the whimpering coming from her own throat, but Will was not. He loved seeing her like this. Sweat clinging to her face and chest from the pain she took from him, for him, and for her.

Theirs was a dark love, and both fed on the desires of the other. His need was to watch her as he used her body, took her to new heights... and then pushed her from the edge to tumble headlong down into the deep chasm,

only to catch her and hold her close as they climbed the peak once more to do it all over again. Her need was to give everything she had to him, to know that he found within her, a dark need to complement his own. The pain drew her, fulfilled her, excited her. And in the two, they became one.

"Very good, pet. Very good indeed. Is this enough?" A sardonic lift of one brow as she gulped at the air. "Or does my little pain Slut want more?"

"Please..." Barely coherent.

"Please what, bitch?" His fingers clicked the knob up higher, as he looked at her through fathomless eyes.

Ann's teeth were chattering slightly as she tried to force out the words. Her eyes begging him to stop, to not stop - a jumble of confused need within her mind and body.

"Mm... more, Sir?" Mewling like a kitten.

A slow nod of his head, his voice utterly devoid of emotion. "Yes, pet... more, always more."

The next jolt slammed through her with an unbelievable force. Ann lost all cohesive thought, her body simply taking over as muscles locked, and she jerked and spasmed in the sling... not even enough control to scream at the excruciating pain tearing through her entire body. Her eyes rolled backward as she danced like a puppet on a string, jerking. She was unaware of when her bladder let go, but Will moved closer as the liquid poured from her and over his body. It seemed interminable - a lifetime of pain. Until finally, the cranking stopped.

Her body twitched even after the electricity no longer flowed, muscles clenched into hard knots, burning. Then the screams came as the pain wracked through her. Deep, blood curdling screams, one atop the other as Will's hands moved over the charley horses in her legs, working them out as she writhed and cried. The tears never stopped as he made soothing sounds and continued to rub.

"Ssshhh, love. It's alright. You did so good, my pet, so good. Shhhh, it's okay." Will's voice was tender as he massaged away the pain, and once again she fell limp into the sling.

He leaned over her, and she caught the musky scent of her urine. Her eyes drifted downward over his light pants and the dark stain from belt to knees. A flush of shame, at being unable to stop her body from releasing, yet a tingle in her cunt at the excitement. Neither of them were strangers to urine play, but somehow having it literally pulled from her was so damned exciting. He leaned down and kissed her swollen lips possessively - deep and full.

"I love you, my one. You did well, but we... are not quite done." He set the sling in motion as he moved away from her and began unbuttoning his shirt. Bare-chested, he reached for the tube of thick, slippery lubricant. Ann strained her head upward to watch him as he coated his right hand and wrist with the clear slick fluid. A low moan escaped her throat as he lifted his eyes to hers and slowly flexed his fist.

"Master..." the word almost hissed as she swung slowly back and forth, his hand glistening wet.

A slow curl of lips, "yes, my one? Is something... wrong?" He took a step forward and steadied the slowly swaying sling with a hand to her belly. The forefinger of his right hand began to lightly toy with the wetness of her cunt. "My goodness, pet... you are near sopping wet." His tone once again conversational as he slipped two fingers into her.

Ann's mouth was bone dry - as if all of her body's moisture was concentrated between her widely spread thighs. She couldn't speak, could only manage a slow shake of her head as the fingers twisted slowly back and forth, separating, stretching at the tight inner walls. She could feel the light pull of the wire to her clit whenever his hand brushed against it, and she shuddered with each slow thrust.

"I didn't think so, love. I didn't think so."

Gently, tenderly, he added a third finger. The stretch felt good as the fingers almost glided into her - her own juices mixing with the lubricant as Will fucked her slowly, taking his time. Tiny moans escaped as her hips rose against the restraints until his hand pressed more firmly against her stomach, stilling even that little bit of movement. She bit her lip hard, fighting not to move as the three fingers twisted and thrust.

She forgot about everything as Will took her with long, strong fingers. No longer aware of anything but the feel of him between her open thighs, the stroke of hard fingers, the press of his hand. She swam in an ocean of sensation - pleasant, aching, needy. Her eyes drifted closed once more as she gave into the pleasures of her body under his utter control.

SMACK! The blow came quickly and fiercely across her right breast. SMACK, SMACK! Twice more in quick succession. Her eyes flew open, Will's handprints were vivid across the pale flesh of her breast.

"Ah!" Tears sprung into her eyes at the burning, stinging pain even as his strokes never ceased inside of her.

"I told you, bitch. Keep your fucking eyes open. Do I need remind you again?" Another quick flash of his hand to her burning nipple. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK...

"No Sir! I'm sorry, Sir!" Ann whimpered, but they both knew the moment her fluids thickened around his thrusting fingers.

"If your eyes close again, slut... you won't like it. Understood?" Still that maddeningly controlled voice, as if he were speaking to a group of businessmen.

The slap landed again and again over the same burning spot, and she knew she would be wearing his mark for a day or two as tender capillaries burst under the stinging blows. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!

"Oh goddamnit! Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir I understaaaand!" She was no longer breathing, but sucking the air into burning lungs.

She never even noticed that he'd added a fourth finger until the ache in her cunt spread through her hips and upper thighs.

"Do you know how beautiful you look? Have you any idea how utterly gorgeous you are with your tit fiery red and your legs spread like a common whore? My whore. Mine."

A sudden deep thrust into her, the fingers hard and stabbing, stretching her quickly around them as they plunged deeper inside. Ann screamed at the sudden flash of real pain as it ripped through her.

"Yes, my whore... scream. That's it, scream until you can't scream anymore. God, I love taking you like this, my fingers stretching you wider and wider. You have a beautiful cunt, did you know that?" His eyes were trained on his hand as it slowly began pumping into her once more. "All nice and red as it stretches over my fingers. Do you know what, slut? We're still not done."

Will's fingers pulled almost from her and she felt the coolness of more lubricant against the heat of swollen labia and then the slow push of fingers once more.

Full. Aching. Burning. Stretching. Ann's head turned slowly back and forth as she fought to stay relaxed, knowing how excruciating it would be if she tightened up around the pushing and twisting fingers. Breath shallow, hot, burning.

He never stopped, just that steady pressure and gentle thrust. Each press pushing deeper into her stretched vagina. She was moaning continuously, unable to separate the agonizing thrust from the withdrawal as he fucked her slowly with all five of his fingers. His voice seemed far away as she met his gaze with glazed eyes.

"Are you ready, my pet? This may... hurt." There was no softening of voice or eyes, simply a statement as he waited for her response.

The pain shot through her, she felt like she was being ripped apart. Her eyes grew fiery with the slow torture. A low, keening wail filled the room and then she simply snapped.

"No! Motherfucker, don't DO this to me. You son of a bitch! Let me down, now!!!" spittle flew from her lips as she bucked against the pain. Feral eyes flashing pure fire as she struggled against the bonds, fighting to get free as he continued pushing upwards.

"That's it, my little whore, curse me. It's not going to stop me, you know." A dark smile pulled his lips into a grimace as the widest part of his hand slipped past the bones of her pelvis and his hand sank deeply into her clenching cunt.

Ann's scream echoed through the room, bouncing off the walls as she bucked under his hand. Suddenly going limp as her body accepted the hand of her master. She felt the slow curl of his hand inside of her... knew his wrist rested against her outer labia as he held utterly still and allowed her body to stretch and accommodate a body part never meant to be pressed into a woman's sex.

"Look at me, Ann." Only the barest hint of emotion in his voice. "Yes, that's it. Do you know what you look like with my hand buried deep within your cunt? Do you have any idea how fucking sexy it is to see my wrist emerging from your body?" As he spoke, he began to slowly move the fist within her body... stretching... fucking. "Whose cunt is this?" His fist moving slow and deep as he stared deeply into her eyes.

She couldn't answer. Her head whipped back and forth as his fist pushed into her and simply exploded into a mind numbing orgasm. Her whole body clenched tight. Clutching and squeezing at the fist inside of her. She never heard his grunt of pain as strong muscles contracted rigidly around his hand and wrist, she was beyond hearing anything as she screamed out again and again in the mix of pleasure and pain.

Finally, the intense grip of orgasm loosened its hold and she slumped back in the sling. Will's face held a mix of pride, lust, and pain as he began once again to move his fist inside of her.

The first awareness of tingles began in her clit, followed quickly by the probe still buried in her ass. Ann's eyes flew to Will's as he gritted his teeth and flicked the knob higher... the hand crank turning slowly, the tingles growing once more.

Every nerve ending was firing as he fist fucked her while the current moved between them both. Her body contracted again and again as the orgasms came strongly. She lost all comprehension as she twitched and jerked. Will's cry came to merge with her own.

"Fuck yes! Come for me, bitch. Come for me until you no longer can!"

Her hands clenched into fists as he punch fucked her, deep, strong thrusts of closed fist moving deeper and deeper. She didn't know, had no way of knowing, that his forearm sank deeper and deeper into her wildly squirming body. The sling began to swing wildly as he continued to crank, adding more and more voltage until she jerked hard... and the world went... black.

She opened her eyes slowly. Her entire body ached. There was no pain, just a steady ache that centered between her thighs. She became aware of Will holding her closely on the bed in one corner of the play room. Ann was cradled in his arms as he stroked her face gently. A look of utter love and possession was clear in his eyes.

"You, my love. Are simply amazing. My god, what you just took for me. Sweet lord, darling. I love you so, Ann." His voice was soft and gentle. Gone was the fierce control that he held when they played, replaced by the love they felt for each other.

Ann lifted a shaking hand and caressed his cheek. Her own eyes soft and tender. A raspy sound escaped through swollen lips and finally emerged as voice.

"Welcome home, Master... I love you."

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