



Dom-sub Lifestyle

JULY/AUGUST 2001

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July/August 2001

Life Under the Three Moons



Life Under the Three Moons

INSIGHT INTO THE GOREAN CULTURE

by Michael

Tal all,

Here is the continuing story I promised in the March article. I apologize to those that looked for this in the May issue but due to some personal issues that had to be resolved, I had to postpone "The rest of the story".

Getting there.

Mika and I had planned for 2 months to get together for a face to face meeting. Our initial plan was to meet at a local park near her work. Due to my car staying in the shop for almost 40 days the date was postponed. Eventually as time went on and she came to know more about me we agreed to just meet at her home on June 15th, 1999. (Remember folks, we had been talking on-line and on the phone by this time for six months. She had made the arrangements for her safety net which we would highly recommend for anyone meeting in this fashion.) Her five acres and home was in a very remote part of Arizona to the east of Tucson. The instructions I received directing me to her home were very good except for one small detail. The way I read it I made a right turn instead of a left. People that live in the desert in Arizona tend to be cautious of strangers pulling into their driveways. Desert dwellers like Goreans tend to see strangers as enemies. Well I got to meet several of her neighbors that were not real helpful but were more interested in having me leave the premises. Going back to the main road I decided to try the left turn and everything then fell into place.

Arrival at her home.

I was now quite late and more then a little distraught about the directions Snafu. The door was opened to reveal the woman I knew I wanted in my collar. She was dressed in short red silk, wearing silver slave bells on her left ankle and a small loose knot tied in her hair. The pictures below tell the story best.





My instructions to her had been simple, she was to wear the red silks and bells, a bondage knot tied in her hair and to have a rotisserie chicken for my lunch. So far three out of four were carried out beautifully. I brought into the home a case with my "tools" in it and a bondage table. My plan for this day was two fold. First, to show her I wasn't an axe murderer. Second to place my collar on her gorgeous neck. A girl is far more pleasing if she trusts her Master and can fully relax and give herself to him completely. Mika sat wide eyed as she watched me set up my table. Attaching chains to the four legs and another to the end where a girl's collar would be secured. Mika had studied the ways of Gor online. She was expert in the positions and customs but had never felt the lash or found herself in chains. At least before that day. I was slow and precise in setting out the Heartwood deerskin flogger and horsehair whip. She watched apprehensively as I withdrew the various implements from the case. Some being obvious in their use and others being less so. Having carefully placed all of the "Toys", I went to the couch and called her to me. I gave her the command "NADU". She knelt before me in the traditional Gorean fashion. With the back of my hand I stroked her hair and felt a slight shiver come over her and saw goose bumps flush over her body. I then slowly stroked down to her shoulders and gently brushed her erect nipples with the back of my knuckles. Slowly down her stomach and between her wide spread thighs. A slight sound came from her when I touched the moist heat of her engorged sex. Mika had not been with a man at this time since the death of her husband three years previously. My gentle touching and stroking soon resulted in Mika writhing and squirming in ecstasy. After her first yielding at my hand, I pushed her over on to her back and inched my way between her legs to find her erect clitoris and took it into my mouth. I brought her quickly to the brink of yet another yielding when I suddenly stopped and sat back upon the couch and told her she had a decision to make, that decision would be the last decision she would have as a free woman. She had the choice of begging my collar or showing me to the door. My timing was not unplanned dear reader. I have never been a fool and I believed she would not wish me to go without finishing what I had started. I then presented a wide leather collar and a binding fiber of black leather.



Mika then knelt before me in true Gorean fashion, assuming the position of female submission, (in nadu, with her arms raised and wrists crossed, her head lowered between her arms) and said so softly I almost didn't hear it, "Master, a girl submits to you in all things." This being said, I tied her wrists with the binding strap and placed the collar on her neck. Just then knock came on the door and a concerned neighbor came to visit. Quickly clothes went on and bondage items came off.

I will continue the story of that first meeting and up to the eve of our twelfth month anniversary in the next edition. Until then "Be Well". Feel free to write me with questions and comments at Michael@desertvista.com.



**Do you have comments about this article?
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July/August 2001

A View from the Top

Topinatrix

by Master Douglas

In most of our lives we treasure a vanilla friend or relative. You know who they are; maiden aunt; garage mechanic who is deacon of the Pentecostal Church, an old high school teacher you still see in the mall. If we were all to ask our truly white bread vanilla's what vision BDSM brought to their mind, I would wager 90+ percent of them would visualize the same image. All together now: a shapely, scantily clad in leather, holding a whip-flogger-crop, with 5 inch heel CFM boots (**vanilla translation-come fuck me boots**), fishnet hose clad leg stepping on groveling male, Dominatrix.

Is a "Pro Domme" either professional or Dominant? How did we let the "Pro Domme" become the symbol of BDSM? What effect does this universal poster child of a Dominatrix have on our ability to "out" ourselves, trying to make vanilla's understand the joy, safety, and contentment we can feel in a BDSM lifestyle?

First let's look at the job of Purveyor of Painful Pleasures, Physical Stress Reduction Facilitator, Psycho-Sexual Therapist, Performance Artist, or any other sugar coated representation of the Paid "Dominant" Female we are asked to buy. In a simpler time there were simpler words for a female who sold her innate and exhibited abilities for the sexual gratification of men. Now it is important we split hairs as to who touches whom, where, how, and why. Ahh for those simple days.

I did some research, never let it be said my opinions are completely ignorant, into what transpires in a "Pro Domme" paying slave transaction. First, I asked all the "Pro Dommies" I could find where they were accredited. The most prominent place to have studied was "Life", wherever that University is. I then asked them to tell me what happened in a standard transaction. For the sake of example we'll call the "Pro Domme" Lady Pompadour and the paying slave John. After the subtle- I am not a vice cop, you will not be getting fucked, you will pay me \$200 an hour- courting rituals, the conversation goes something like:

LP: "So John tell me what interests you?"

John: "Well Mistress, I am here for your use and service"

LP: "Of course John. Do you like whips? enemas? What have you done before? You know it costs extra if I get out the needles?"

The more experienced Dommies with a large clientele might just count on the client already being aware of what she tends to do, having heard it from the paying slave underground, and launch into her act, observing and choosing her methods by her mood and observation of the client. The less experienced Domme might well extend this conversation of limits, interests, past acts, to help her succeed in pleasing the client and building repeat and referral business.

Some physical and/or mental acts now occur. While a Stockholm Syndrome may well come into play, most "Pro Dommies" will work to keep the actual connection to the client at a minimum (there is nothing messier than being stalked by a slave who has money).

My view is that what actually occurs is not Dominance but Topping. The female in charge provides a for fee service of acting the Top in a Sadist/masochist type temporary interaction. The only power exchange that occurs is a few shekles passing from the one who has them to one who gets them. The hollowness of this type of transaction does upset me to my inner being. Not that the transaction takes place but that it is equated to what BDSM and more specifically Dominance/submission is all about by that vanilla world we all nonconsensually

coexist with.

So how do I answer my original questions?

Is a "Pro Domme" either professional or Dominant? No, it is a woman who takes pay to act out a particular type of fantasy. At best they are Paid Tops, a Topinatrix, at worst submissive whores.

How did we let the "Pro Domme" become the symbol of BDSM? Sexy hookers advertise better than most Masters. I take great pains to debunk the myth that the "Pro Domme" has anything to do with BDSM. I tend to just call them whores to the vanilla world while stating they have little to do with many of the deeper spiritual, communication, and connection aspects of BDSM.

What effect does this universal poster child of a Dominatrix have on our ability to "out" ourselves, trying to make vanilla's understand the joy, safety, and contentment we can feel in a BDSM lifestyle? It is hard to overcome the simplistic myths of our cultures. Until we can separate the BDSM community from opportunistic whores who exploit gullible men using a role developed and adapted from BDSM stereotypes, we will never be able to make our mother's understand the joy's we can feel in a defined and total connection to another.

So, you Topinatrixes out there, remember your actions do reflect on us all. I for one do not like the reflections.

**Do you have comments about this article?
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July/August 2001

Ask the Mistressse

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

by Lotus Song

Is it D/s or BS?

Over the years, I have watched the "lifestyle" unfold. I've seen each submissive, their little eyes bright and shiny, looking for the perfect Master/Mistress willing to "surrender all". Ah! the Fabio covers of the bodice buster romance novels!

Each reading all the books out there on the subject, each tentatively venturing into the public dungeons or commercial domination situations. Both are representations of what they hope to find.

They buy their toys and lovingly put them in a play bag for that one day when "He/She" arrives. They "know" EXACTLY how it should be.

And they wait. Chances are that the Dominant has read a fantasy or two of his /her own.

So the submissive goes in search of "the One". Looking for the one person who has all the answers. D/s has promised them defined roles, no questions, only answers. Some one will tell them what to do their every waking moment. Someone to protect and cherish them.

This is where the fantasy ends.

Be prepared to find more judgment in this lifestyle among the participants as in any other. You may be found to be not dom enough, not sub enough, not kinky enough and god forbid they find you to be too "vanilla"!

You will be expected to accept all behaviors that others do (not do them.. but be accepting of them. However don't expect them to be as accepting of yours).. It's an odd paradox.

Maintain your own selfhood. Don't do anything that you know you will be embarrassed of in the morning. D/s does not mean that you abandon your own mores in favor of someone else's.

In short .. it's rough. It can be very loving.. but also very mean.

Derogatory terms for women and men are used freely.. sometimes it is in an affectionate way.. other times the lifestyle lends itself well to those who have a need for an outlet for their own man/woman hating nature.

The lifestyle is very transient. In the beginning, you will fail to see the forest for the trees in your search for the Utopia that is touted.

Long established Dominants will have a reputation that you can draw on. Do not be afraid to ask questions. The reliable ones have nothing to hide and the less than honorable will puff up like a Macy's Day balloon and call you insolent that you might ask such a question. Let the latter one pass. If it walks, talks and looks like a duck it probably is a duck.

Things to consider:

Does the Dominant have a "revolving door" for submissives? Get references from past submissives. Some

simply like to play.. others are more deeply into the domination/ submission aspect. Do not turn off your common sense.

Ask the Dominant how they know what they know? A book? A past girl/boyfriend? Went to a master school of some kind on the little bus? It's your LIFE you are putting into their hands. Find out if they deserve the title; Master/ess.

Actually, only YOU can determine who is a master or mistress. A lion tamer is not a dog trainer. Both may be masters at what they do.. but only to the respective lion or dog. See what I mean?

You really have to know yourself and another person can not define that for you.

Do they collect slaves? How do they take care of them? Observe the ones that have been with them the longest and observe what qualities they have.. do you want to be like them? Is it you? What is their main function? What kind of service does the master/tress require? Many come into the lifestyle for the kink and tie up with a dominant that feeds their fantasy, then the play aspect gets less and less and your "vanilla" duties get more and more.

Some of them are using the lifestyle to get chores done like yard work. You get more into the 50's lifestyle. A Ward and June Cleaver scenario.

24/7 in reality is a fallacy. 24/7 is in your head and how you see things. I have yet to see a slave obviously walking the streets in collar and cuffs to do a 9 to 5 job.

Don't blame the vanillas for one not being able to do so. They basically are very accepting.. they just don't want your sex life or lifestyle crammed down their throats. They have other things to do.

Don't sneer at the "vanillas". They and their laws will save your butt. It's amazing how all the dominance and submission "kommunity" just goes down the toilet when a crisis occurs. The world outside? You know.. the one you sneer at? They can care less who is Dom or Sub or Top or Bottom. Always remember, the butt you kick may one day be the one you have to kiss.

Let's be careful out there,
Lotus

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July/August 2001

Transgressions

by Miss Ayme

I ran across an interesting site on the Net the other day, offering a "Guide For Admirers" - sort of a handbook for men who are attracted to Tgrrls. Among many topics, it put forth that there are many straight masculine men, from all walks of life and social strata, who when asked if they're attracted to transsexuals, respond much the same way when asked if they masturbate. Five percent of them will admit to it, 5 percent will be entrenched in religious beliefs and abhor the thought, and the other 90 percent are just lying their asses off. It went on to offer them advice on how to "spot" a fellow "trannychaser," (a lousy label in my opinion, but a cynically appropriate one). It suggests that if they're out with their buddies and happen to see a Tgrrl, and they all say something about her, to gauge everyone's reaction. The guy who denies his attraction the most vociferously is the one who is the most interested.

Gee doesn't that make ya feel dandy! It then goes on to say that men who like girls like me also harbor a sense of confusion and loneliness because of these interests. Every masculine man with tranz-desires seems to be faced with what was referred to as "g-word" obstacles. "Am I gay because of this?" Or, "What if somebody I know saw me with this creature?"

Not surprisingly, a lot of these guys don't consider themselves gay, but societal pressures will make them feel "less of a man" if they admitted that they were at least intrigued by a pretty transsexual. These poor fellows have no label of their own, no real identity on the orientation scale - cast adrift - not quite straight. But with no compelling interest in other men, they're not really gay either.

Of course, theories abound concerning what drives sexual attraction in humans. Great debates continually rage on the how's or why's of our interests in the same or opposite sex. And with the transsexual revolution now beginning to pick up steam, it becomes necessary to clarify the differences between sexual orientation and gender identity. And it's usually the wise and open-minded heterosexual who'll realize that this applies to them as well. Unfortunately, these are concepts that even the gay and lesbian communities still struggle with when dealing with the transsexual nation.

So, our Guidebook went on about the old school of thought being held that men who chase after Tgrrls are pursuing a latent homosexual or bisexual desire. Such individuals are not yet comfortable being intimate with another masculine male, or never will be. But they see the soft femininity of a Tgrrl as the perfect middle ground to explore this desire. Obviously, with a Tgrrl you get an interesting mixture of male and female elements (the tired "best of both worlds" cliché). Yet as more and more straight men come out and acknowledge their interest in transsexuals, there is emerging data to suggest that their desire remains focused on feminine qualities, with no interest in other masculine males. So, unless a guy just knows otherwise, he wouldn't be classified as gay - and no amount of Tgrrl intimacy will change that. Besides, gay men are not only attracted to the male anatomy - it's the very nature of a man's being that's the turn-on. Since Tgrrls tend to literally go overboard in not acting like a male in any way - we are usually the last thing a gay man seeks.

But this fear of being labeled Gay is valid. It's exactly what the public will assume. But I have little sympathy for that anymore. I know about conquering fear. The interesting part of the discussion was that it then asked the question, "so what do we call these guys?" What do we call this new breed of male who is attracted only to genetic females and Tgrrls? It's not really heterosexual; it's not really homosexual. Not truly bisexual either. But it's certainly unique, and purportedly the fastest growing segment of sexual interest in the world. But sadly, most of these men wouldn't want to date a woman like me. And I can assure you, none of them would introduce me to a friend. I see them coming a mile away, flittering like moths, compulsively circling, as if I'm the answer to their prayers - like I'm some sort of sex therapist sitting under an Open sign?

The whole thing left me feeling a bit deflated and frustrated. Being firmly entrenched in this middle ground, I have to deal with nonsense that society dishes out on a daily basis. Just this evening at the restaurant, I overheard a snippet of conversation as a Tgrrl friend and I were seated for dinner, that "every day is Halloween,"

accompanied by overly loud laughter. Snide remarks and boorish behavior aside, trying to form a meaningful and intimate relationship only gets harder from there. I mean, it's great to meet a guy who knows the score and that's why he's interested, but when his fantasy collides with my reality, he'll move on to the next girl. More often than not, their focus is on the obsession, the eroticism I represent. Sure, everyone loves to be desired, but I'm left feeling more like a thing instead of a human being that harbors her own desires and dreams.

So more and more I find myself taking refuge in adopting my Domme persona. I find some satisfaction in hiding behind a more aggressive sexuality, yet it leaves me mentally and spiritually incomplete...hollow. Maybe it's only a defensive mechanism against the love 'em and leave 'em posturing I get from the trannychasers. But it does allow me some sense of control in the type or level of intimacy I choose to engage in. And I've discovered that sometimes I like being in charge. It feels safer. But it comes with a price.

Now, I have a lot of personal power in my everyday life. I'm ultra organized, both at home and at the office. I make decisions that affect other people. As part of a Human Resources group in my (large) company, I'll often be the "answer gal" when an employee has a procedure or policy question. All that aside, being a single transgendered person is not without its separate challenges. Naturally, when first exploring my interests in BDSM, one of the things I enjoyed most about our Lifestyle was having the opportunity to give up that power, and to surrender all decision-making to a Dominant. Doing so allowed me to reaffirm my femininity, and bolstered my confidence as a woman.

However, since returning to California last September, I find myself in Top mode more and more, particularly with an eye for the ladies (yes I still like girls). When I meet another woman or Tgrll (within the Lifestyle context), I almost instinctively assume that I'm going to be the one to drive the relationship (at least initially). And I'm gaining confidence that I can do so. And they respond to that - they pick up on my sensuality and assertiveness, and seeing it wrapped up in an attractive feminine persona, it's a package that appeals to them. And while it's ultimately not my first preference, I do enjoy exploiting (if you will) their submissive tendencies to both our benefit. I can honestly say I've experienced a "one-ness" with a sub while in DommeRole - a totally different sensation and spiritual place than subspace. I liked it. I'd like to go there again.

But in analysis, it's a Band-Aid approach at best to fulfilling my own needs for connection and intimacy. In my quest, I'm discovering a predatory nature emerging; almost subconsciously letting old habits from my past reassert themselves. It's like I'm thinking with my dick again. Ugh! And it's a disturbing tendency, going against the grain of the kind of woman I wish to be, and have worked so hard to become.

The flip side to that coin, of course, is that submissive men pick up on my dominant energy too. And therein lays the quandary - I'm not attracted to them. Rather, it is I, as a woman, who'd prefer to submit to a dominant, masculine man. But when the word gets around that here is that rarest of the breed, a MTF TS Domme, they come crawling out of the woodwork like roaches. It's then that the label "Trannychaser" becomes its most appropriate.

I don't know if you Dom/mes get a lot of this, but for some reason being known as one seems to give these guys free reign to cross the line and act on their desire (latent or otherwise). And suddenly all sense of civility and respect flies out the window. I am forever being asked am I "functional." Not "hello", or "my name is Michael, what's yours?" but "does it work?" Right off the bat I know this guy's one of those obsessive types (not to mention a moron), who would love nothing better than to bury his face in my crotch, and if I chose to tie him up while doing so, hey he's in heaven. If it tripped my trigger, I'd have no problem with that - but it doesn't. Sorry guys.

There's certainly nothing in it for me when I'd much rather be the one in bondage and sexually tormented. (Although the thought has crossed my mind, several times, that I could make a hell of a lot of money off these guys - were I so inclined that is). *sigh* Being trapped between two genders can be a torturous and hellish place. The tug between yin and yang can sometimes make me feel all stretched out like a taffy pull. For despite the growing enjoyment I get in exploring my dominant energy, deep down inside I still feel an inherent need to serve and submit. To maintain a sense of balance, I've learned not to deny the existence of my residual male programming - and to express it instead of trying to make it go away. But in doing so I find that it's becoming an obstacle to finding the type of relationship I hope to have one day. It's as if the more I Top, the more I'm led further away from the soft, girly role I prefer, and further away from the masculine men I'm attracted to.

It's a high price indeed.

Maybe I just need a good spanking...

**Do you have comments about this article?
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Name:

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July/August 2001

Tribled Times

for those times when you're having troubles

by Celeste aka Bitatruble

Dear Bitat,

I've been Domme all my life but several months ago met someone who really has me in subspace. Our D/s relationship has recently moved from slowly unfolding into luscious blooming and now I want to be his sub. This is all quite delightful, but I have a question. Is there a graceful way to kneel down when one is 52 with somewhat crotchety knees? When I was young I would have slowly moved into a squatting position, bending my knees and rising on the balls of my feet as I came nearer and nearer to the floor, until I was more or less sitting on my heels, from which position I would have then simply rocked forward onto my knees. Now, however, I have to get down on one knee first and it doesn't feel graceful at all. I've never knelt before my Dom, but I will be the next time he comes to town. Any suggestions?

Signed,
Not a Spring Chicken Anymore

Dear Spring,

I'm sorry to say that as lifestylers we don't have any more ability to reverse the effects of time and aging than anyone else. As we age, our bones creak and pop, our skin thins and the wrinkles start to show up whether we safeguard against them or not. My advice would be to have a long talk with the Master in question telling him your concerns and the limits that you are experiencing because of maturity. One thing that may help is doing regular exercises that are designed to stretch the tendons and ligaments but I strongly advise going to a medical Doctor first for a complete checkup before starting any kind of regime. You might want to try heating pads before a session as well to loosen up tight muscles. Being the best submissive you can be does not depend entirely upon your ability to kneel .. what's in your heart and head are much more important than anything you can physically accomplish. Best of luck,

Bitat

~~~~~  
Dear Bitat,

Ut-oh! Sure hope not many others have done this, but some time ago after we played I was unexpectedly interrupted during cleanup and today found the dirty toys, months later. Everything is now clean as a whistle except for that pesky anal probe that she loves so well, made completely out of rubber. Despite lots of soap and water and a good long soak, I'm thinking we need to throw it out and spend a pile of cash on a new one. What do you think?

Confused over Plugs

Dear Confused,

I went to the expert for this one. You didn't specify if the probe was inflatable, vibrating or something else so I just asked a general question. Beth Tyler is a long time aficionado of enema play and if she can't answer this one, no one can!

""Bita - Thanks for the e-mail (enema mail as I call it) and I wouldn't say that I'm really an expert on the subject but I can tell you how we clean our own latex nozzles and this should apply equally to rubber.

First of all, it's important to NOT get any moisture into the air valves on the inflator bulbs so I remove the inflators and plug the air tubes on the nozzle with small plastic plugs. This prevents any moisture from getting into the tubes which would then transfer that moisture into the air valves when they're replaced.

Next I wash the nozzle thoroughly in plain Ivory Hand Soap and warm water. Next is a rinse with warm water. The last step is rinsing it again with a solution of one table spoon of bleach (I use Clorox) in about 2 gallons of warm water. This should sanitize the unit quite well. I don't think time is the issue since you are effectively cleansing the unit with the bleach.

'Hope this helps - Beth''

Thanks Beth! Bita

~~~~~

Dear Bita,

What is your ethnic ancestry? One of my core passions is to become involved with ladies of Greek, Italian, Egyptian, and Spanish culture. Can you direct me to a group that features such ladies? Your picture reveals the Mediterranean Mixture, which is quite stimulating to me.

Stimulated

Dear Stimulated,

I'm sorry to say that I don't direct people to specific groups other than to advise them to check out their local scene. As for my own heritage - I am half Sicilian and the other half is a melting pot of Irish, Dutch, English and Chickasaw (my Mothers side of the family is from Mississippi and couldn't quite figure out what they were so just threw in all the ingredients and called it done). Basically I'm a mutt but thanks for asking.

Bita

**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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Comments:

July/August 2001

20 Tips To Improve Your Sex Life

by Bob Berkowitz

1. **THE FIVE MINUTE MASSAGE** - This is a great technique if you need a little help getting in the mood. Alternate with your partner on massaging his/her front or back. For example: you start off massaging your partner's front for five minutes. Your partner returns the favor. Then you do the same thing for the back. It's the best investment of twenty minutes you can ever make in your love life.
2. **SHOW AND TELL** - None of us are mind readers. You need to show your partner exactly what you like, how you like it, at what speed and intensity. Simply put: masturbate in front of each other. Not to mention, for many people, it's a great turn on to watch or be watched. Which reminds me...
3. **MAKE SEX A WHOLE BODY EXPERIENCE** - Sometimes we make a bee line for the genitals and never leave. Not that there's anything wrong with paying lots of attention and time to that part of the body. But it's also a great idea to spread the sexual energy all around. Explore every part of your partner's body. Leave nothing to chance. During or right after orgasm you may even want to run your hands from your partner's genitals throughout his or her body in order to spread the sexual energy. And speaking of other parts of the body...
4. **ORAL SEX: A Full Body Experience** - Let your tongue wander. Again, don't let the genitals be the sole target of attention.
5. **WHO'S IN CHARGE?** - Alternate on who initiates sex. One of the top male sexual fantasies is for a woman to be sexually assertive or confident. In other words she's in charge. Done all the time, that can get old, so take turns.
6. **FANTASY EXCHANGE** - Have the courage to reveal your inner most fantasies. And while you're at it, encourage your partner to reveal his or hers. This can be an exciting and erotic addition to your love life. But remember, sometimes a fantasy is just that, it doesn't mean you have to or even want to act it out. Some people don't want to enact their fantasies. Can they really match your sexual dream? After all, you are the star, writer and director of your fantasy. Reality can rarely match that. In addition, your fantasy might be frightening to you partner. So, what to do...
7. **VIRTUAL FANTASIES** - Let's say your favorite fantasy is to have sex with a third person in bed with you and your partner but your partner finds that uncomfortable? Well, use your imagination. Pretend there's a third person there. You and your partner can describe the way that person would look and what he or she would do and what you would do. Much of the fun with the complications...Remember: fantasies are a wonderful dress (or undress) rehearsal for lovemaking.
8. **THE EYES HAVE IT** - Try keeping your eyes open during lovemaking. It might intensify your connection - emotionally, physically, and spiritually - with your partner. Which leads me to ...
9. **KEEP YOUR ATTENTION ON YOUR PARTNER** - Try to keep your focus on the person you're being intimate with. You might find that it makes all the difference in how you and your partner feel about sex.
10. **HIS SECRET EROGENOUS ZONES** - Did you know that at least 30% of all men find their nipples an erogenous zone? Same thing with that area between the anus and scrotum. Unfortunately, some men find it threatening to be touched there, as if were a threat to their masculinity. Gently touch those areas, gauge the reaction and proceed from there.
11. **JOYS OF TOYS** - Traditionally, sex toys (vibrators, dildos, feathers) have been the domain of women. Men are beginning to see what stimulates her clitoris for example could just as easily pleasure his penis. Some men feel threatened by a woman who seemingly falls in love with her vibrator. They fear that they can easily be

replaced by that electric gadget. There's nothing wrong with a woman coming to orgasm with a vibrator, but she should make sure that her partner is part of the process, perhaps by asking him to caress, kiss her, or hold the vibrator for her.

12. **BORED IN BED? Get Out of Bed!** - We can get in a rut by making love in the same way and in the same place. Try any room in the house or the backyard for that matter. But if the bedroom is your principal place for lovemaking, make it a special place... keep flowers, oils or anything for your sacred space.

13. **HAVING TROUBLE EXPRESSING YOUR FEELINGS? Hit the Road** - Dr. June Reinisch has a great idea for talking to your partner about sensitive issues. Do it while driving. After all, you're both looking ahead (without eye contact, it's often easier to express your feelings) and since you're in the car, it's not likely that one of you is going to run off that easily.

14. **LIGHTS ON** - Since so much of sex is about visual stimulation, why do it in the dark? Studies show that men for example love watching oral sex being performed on them.

15. **INTERCOURSE: It's Not the Only Game in Town** - I sometimes think we're too intercourse oriented. It's a wonderful way of expressing your sexuality, but let's face it, it takes a lot of effort and time. Some people work so hard and have so many responsibilities, that they skip sex because of the time and energy commitment. So let's broaden the definition of sex to include things like mutual masturbation or solo sex with your partner holding you or caressing you. If we're too intercourse oriented...

16. **WE'RE TOO ORGASM ORIENTED** - Don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with orgasms. But we seem to make it the end all and be all of sex... as if some how we've failed if we didn't climax. It seems we need to focus more on the journey than the destination.

17. **SEX IS A VOLUNTARY SPORT**- Never coerce, force or pressure anyone to do something that they don't want to do. That being said, take a risk in trying something you've never done that is mutually agreeable.

18. **HOW TO CRITICIZE SOMEONE IN BED?** Don't! - Let's face it, we all feel a little (maybe a lot) vulnerable when it comes to sex. Positive re-enforcement will go a long way in getting your lover to do what you need. Say something like, "I love it when you do that to me." Instead of complaining about what your partner is doing (that is unless you're being hurt or abused), tell him/her what you like.

19. **REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE** - Have phone or computer sex with someone you love. You might find that it's easier to say what turns you on when you're not face-to-face.

20. **HAVE FUN** - Sometimes I think we get so clinical about sex, we forget that it's supposed to be fun. It's adult playtime. Do what ever you and your partner think is o.k. to put some joy in your lovemaking - dress up, dress down, use restraints, whatever, just enjoy!

Love Bytes with Bob Berkowitz can be heard live on the web, M-F 11AM-2PM NY Time or by clicking the eYada link on our front page You can listen to archived shows for up to 72 hours.

Bob is one of America's foremost authorities on sex. Every night for four years Bob Berkowitz talked to people all over the world about sex. Host of "Real Personal," network TV's highly acclaimed nightly interactive talk show.

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July/August 2001

Beginnings

by Chris M.

The story is long forgotten, lost, even in the times we know call ancient. It is one of the very earliest, possibly predating Lilith's banishment from Eden. Had it been remembered it would have been in the 3rd chapter of Genesis. God was a young man himself in those days, and this was the first of God's rages, like the ones later that drowned the world, destroyed Sodom, or his sudden violent decision to murder Moses. No cause has been remembered. Perhaps his two human creations were fighting; perhaps one was being cruel to the other, perhaps they were merely not loving each other enough. God went crazy. He lashed out, intending to kill one or both of them. He grabbed a claw full of flesh, tore it away, and hurled it, far far over the walls of Eden, far across the world outside. Whoever was stronger helped the other limp away, where they could hide and heal, until Gods fury had passed. The tree of life, the fall of man, the banishment from the garden - all that came later, and at that point God released his creation go out into the world. It was the final straw rather than the first offense. How could it be otherwise? Why else would god have delivered so harsh a judgment for a first time offense? And why would they have even been tempted unless there was a terrible hunger, the presence of absence, a yearning for what was no longer there. How could they eat unless they were hungry?

The wound never healed. It has been passed down through the millennia from their descendants to us. In one irrevocable instant God took away what even he even he can never fully restore. So we go on. Through every day, hungry, searching for the missing pieces of ourselves. But here's the good news, we recognize it when we find pieces of ourselves strewn throughout the world. And when we find one of lost fragments of ourselves we feel restored, more whole In a poem, a song, or a stranger so beautiful it knocks the wind out of you, in moments we are sure, correctly, that we have lived before...

A fragment remembered from a dream.

Beginnings

Why even talk about spirituality? In this technologically advanced age, of moonwalks, supercomputers, and medical miracles you might think we had outgrown our primitive spiritual needs. The power of science has explained away much of what used to lay beyond rational comprehension. The ancient and revered idea that we are surrounded by hidden, supernatural forces that actively control our weather, harvests, and health, has been violently displaced by the deterministic laws of physics, meteorology, and medicine. We no longer attribute floods, famines or hurricanes to the wrath of angry gods. We call a mechanic, not a holy man when our car won't start. For the first time in history, we know that instead of heaven just beyond the clouds you have the ever-thinning stratosphere, then finally, empty blackness.

Yet, in spite of this, spiritual practice thrives in all parts of the world today: Many have found meaning and purpose in the worlds great religions. Others have turned away from the major faiths to seek sustenance and growth in Goddess worship, Wiccan gatherings, and new age practices. Others still, have found it in nominally secular activities like meditation, painting, yoga, poetry, acupuncture, martial arts, the study of literature or philosophy, kiatsu, even serving tea - in short any activity where pleasure, personal effort, and an experience of the sublime intersect. Spirituality has a thousand faces, and has been approached by a million paths, both religious and secular. You can hear spirituality in the music of Al Green, Beethoven, Bach, Van Morrison, and Aretha Franklin. You feel it in the words of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Albert Einstein, and in the literature of Joyce, Jung and Joseph Campbell. You see it in painters from Rembrandt to Rothko. You encounter spirituality in everyday acts of charity by strangers and friends alike. You can find it in sex, in the blissful union of two becoming one. There are no limits to places and circumstances where you can be surprised by spiritual rapture. And some of these experiences occur during SM.

People who engage in SM (bottoms more often than not) have reported all sorts of strange experiences that lend themselves to description in spiritual terms. These include feelings of transcendence, healing, euphoria, and intimate connection with your partner, divinity, even the entire world. I, myself, have encountered such feelings. Maybe you have too.

Yet, talk of the spiritual experience in SM is still comparatively rare. Perhaps it's because spiritual feelings are so personal, so private, so different, that we don't know how to discuss them. Perhaps it's because so many think of SM as mere "kinky sex" making the idea of SM/Spirituality seem as silly as the spirituality of bowling. Perhaps this is because many SM folk feel exiled from the religious practices of their youth, and the idea of spirituality connotes an authoritarian voice intoning, "You're a sinner and you are going to hell".

But exile from religious institutions needn't mean exile from religious experience. My deepest periods of spiritual growth were my studies of mathematics in college where I truly learned how to think, my three years of therapy, my first year of exposure to the SM scene, and my ongoing love affair with literature and art. Four totally different kinds of experience: intellectual, psychological, physical/sexual, and aesthetic, none of them explicitly religious in nature. I am certain that I'm not alone in finding spiritual awe in unusual places. The man kneeling with pants unzipped, licking at the boots of a hot dominant may not be looking for orgasm at all, but the experience of worship.

My main contention is that SM is nowhere nearly as strange or uncommon as one might initially believe. Despite SM's radioactive public image, and the toxic view of it held by radical feminists and fundamentalists alike, a lot of the SM experience can be seen in everyday life. Cussing someone out, target practice at the shooting range, kicking a wall in anger all share SM's practice of fantasy enactment as a substitute for aggressive action. Its pretty ironic that dungeon parties retain the capacity to shock when expressions of violence, even murder ("I'm going to Kill that son of mine if he forgets to do his chores again!") are so commonplace, we no longer find it strange to threaten our loved ones with death for small transgressions.

A brief aside: When I was eighteen I took a first date to see "Alien" the sci-fi shocker with Sigourney Weaver. It traumatized me so badly I never returned to see it again, despite my love for horror films, as a genre. When the sequel appeared in theaters six years later, I discovered at the office water cooler that "Alien" had scarred another young analyst in my firm, Paul. We discussed the horrors of the first film and the rave reviews of its update, which described it as a white knuckle roller coaster ride, and finally agreed to see it together as a kind of maturation rite. We went to a bar first and got roaring drunk, and arrived at the theater early to get perfect seats. As the crowd from the previous show poured out onto the sidewalk Paul and I watched dumbfounded; they were laughing, chattering, grinning from ear to ear. You would think they'd seen the funniest comedy ever made. Two hours later we left the theater feeling like we had just scaled K2. Silly as it sounds, it was something I still remember as a milestone.

Six years and a lifetime later, I attended the unveiling of Jack McGeorge's newly refurbished, now legendary dungeon in the suburbs of D.C. It was 1991, I was still barely a year into the scene, and had never attended a private party before. Downstairs the mood was very serious: shadows, Gregorian chants, naked bodies, and dungeon work: some of it quite heavy. But upstairs the mood was festive: Bright lighting, party balloons, smiles and laughter. And I remembered that crowd coming out of "Aliens" and marveled how trauma, fear, and pain, if carefully orchestrated, could produce joy, release and empowerment. When you come right down to it, scary movies are really just a sub genre of SM dungeon scene. They happen in a dark, cavernous temple cave, the film director guiding you through a fun house of horrors, whose ultimate effect is catharsis and release. Weirdly enough, maudlin tear-jerk cinema, and weepy love songs do precisely the same thing. By forcing you to witness something tragic and sad (Debra Winger gets cancer, Spock sacrifices himself for the good of the ship, et al) you are tricked into releasing pent up grief and sadness in a way that relieves, purifies, and ultimately makes you feel good.

As you can see from this example, spiritual epiphanies can be found in pretty unexpected places. This book will show how SM has been a spiritual activity for me, although it is certainly no religion in any conventional sense. It is an adhoc art form borrowing from a great many traditions, some explicitly religious others not at all. It worships no Deity, has no sacred doctrine or literature, no liturgical music, no clergy, no mandated forms of worship. Its practitioners span the gamut of religious affiliation: Protestants, Jews, Catholics Wiccans and Agnostics engage in SM practice, most of them with no feeling of conflict between their faith and their SM interests.

But SM does lend itself to expression in spiritual terms. It involves the explorations of transformed internal states that "feel" spiritual in nature and seem to involve a discovery of mystery, beauty and a longing and awe of the unknown. SM does have a sort of "chosen people" who self identify as members of the SM tribe. It does have a sort of "church" in the organized groups, where practitioners assemble for fellowship, friendship and to learn and perform the rituals, to perform them. It boasts an impressive number of rituals and rites that perform something of

a devotional function. In many ways SM resembles Zen Buddhism in the idea that spiritual grace can be found in nominally secular activity, or new age practices which offer great flexibility both in the beliefs espoused and the practices engaged in. And the subjective experience of an SM scene is in many ways a pure expression of spiritual rapture.

July/August 2001

Dominant Care

by Lady Bleu

We hear all the time about the things that a submissive needs. What about the things that will help or make a dominant comfortable? Granted this just touches the surface of what you might do to pamper your dom/me, but here's a few suggestions:

1. Ask about his/her day, and lend a sympathetic or interested ear to what is said.
2. Does he/she have a favorite sport or type of music or author? Make an effort to learn at least enough to carry on an intelligent conversation about his/her favorite topic.
3. Make his/her favorite dinner, or favorite treat just because. Don't wait to be asked.
4. Don't pop surprises on your dominant, unless he/she has expressed a love of surprises.
5. Make every effort to follow instructions to the letter, and don't whine or complain when asked to do the simplest of tasks. How long does it really take and doesn't the reward of their pleasure outweigh the small inconvenience it might cause you?
6. Don't manipulate. If there is something you'd like, or need, simply express it. Don't try to trick your dominant into providing what you need. It seldom works, and can undermine your relationship. You won't always get what you want... but then, who ever said life is fair?
7. If your dominant is in showering... lay some fresh undies and socks on the bed and have his/her favorite soaps and talcs at the ready.
8. Give him/her a nice foot rub upon his/her return from work.
9. Make sure full pitcher of iced tea (or other favorite beverage) is in the fridge.
10. When in public... place yourself on his arm or offer her your arm... let people see that as a sub you are happy and proud to be with your Dom.
11. If you know your dominant must diet or be on a special diet... take the initiative to research interesting and varied menus.
12. Send flowers... and remember... men like them too!
13. Initiate sex... it's considered a compliment to many (however, if this isn't something that's allowed... DON'T!)
14. If allowed to touch them, make sure all of your dominant's leather is properly cleaned and oiled... make sure his/her "toys" are all kept neat and orderly.
15. Tell others about your Dominant, even within their hearing. Hearing you tell another how much you love your dominant or how much he/she has taught you makes him/her feel good.
16. Take good care of yourself both physically (clean and fresh) and emotionally (don't flake out over every little thing).
17. Take a hi-liter and underline stuff in the TV guide that you 'know' he/she will enjoy watching.
18. Does he/she have a candy or nut dish? Keep it full of his/her favorites.
19. Organize video, CD, cassette tapes or books so he/she can easily find them.

20. If your dominant has a favorite scent for you to wear, always make sure you keep some on hand. But don't bathe in it either... a little bit goes a long way.

These are 20 simple things, and the list could go on and on and on. Use your imagination... take the time to find out what things DO please your dominant... and then... DO THEM! What's important here is that these things, however little they seem to be, are greatly appreciated. A pampered dominant is a happy dominant... and guess who else is happy as a result of it? YOU!

July/August 2001

How to Make Your Own Dominant from a submissive stance

by Caliann

Okay, let me start out by saying that introducing a newbie Dominant to the lifestyle, and trying to teach them about Dominance WHILE maintaining some semblance of a D/s relationship with them is NOT for the faint of heart or emotionally sensitive. It is a long, tough road with lots of psychological pitfalls and plenty of self-exploration involved.

I met my own Master four years ago. At the time, his only experience with BDSM was a short stint with an ex-girlfriend who was exploring her dominant side. He had given it a go and discovered he did NOT like being spanked. <laughs> Not surprisingly, he felt he had no interest in those kinds of "games".

Then he met me.

At the time, I was a 28 year old, bi-sexual switch who was VERY active in the BDSM community. I had been in the lifestyle for 9 years, 4 of those years had been spent as a Pro-Domme in Houston, Texas. (For those that might ask, no, I am not a professional any longer and have no wish to be a professional) I was positive I had the experience to teach him how to get in touch with his Dominant personality.

Little did I know. We all live and learn and just as soon as you think you have life down pat, life teaches you otherwise.

My first steps were to buy every book I could find on BDSM and the lifestyle, gather up the books and articles I already had, and bury him in them. <chuckles> The poor man had a reading list that looked like the card catalog at the Library of Congress. However, he attacked them in good spirits and with a good heart.

Next, I dragged him to the clubs, meetings and any other event I could find. I introduced him to the male Dominants I knew and respected, had him watch scenes and listen to seminars. I wanted to make sure he had a complete network of people to watch and ask questions. I also put my "service" side into full force and spent hours researching sites and local materials.

That was the easy part. Finding the information, reading the information, watching the demonstrations and all the other normal activities one would do when trying to learn something new is almost simplicity in itself. The difficult part is the human interaction. Once humans are part of the equation, it all goes to Hades.

Now he had read the books, watched the demos and the scenes, practiced on pillows with the toys, had learned the physical and psychological dangers involved. All that as left was to actually DO it. Easy, right?

Hhhmmm, now this is where I came into difficulty. I had never been with an inexperienced Dominant before and my submissive side dug her heels into the dirt and refused to budge.

The difficulties were both common and subtle. The common issue was trust, of course. I knew his inexperience and deep inside, I could not let myself go. Also, BECAUSE I was his teacher as well as his submissive, I found myself mostly in teaching mode during any scene we had. Comments like "Twist your wrist just a bit when you throw the flogger and you will not only get a sting sensation, but you will be less likely to wrap" and "Be careful not to criss-cross strokes with the cane, as it will damage the flesh more where the strikes overlap."

Sounds like a really romantic and powerful scene with all those technical punctuations, doesn't it? <chuckles>

The more subtle difficulties came from the D/s interaction and that was where I had the most trouble "teaching". My submissive side WANTED to be dominated and controlled, but like most submissives, I will occasionally push limits and tiptoe over lines just to make sure they are there.

That was the biggest question in my mind: Just how DOES a submissive tell an inexperienced Dominant "You

shouldn't let me get away with that"? How does one maintain the integrity of that sort of dynamic and still teach one's Dominant the little ins and outs of the submissive mindset?

Other questions included "How does an experienced submissive get their own needs met when their newbie Dominant is a long way from that level of play and control?"

The last question applies ONLY to switches, which I happen to be one: "How can I truly submit to a Dominant who is not as good of a Dominant as I am?"

Well, having already done this, I can provide the answers to the above questions.

If you are an experienced submissive and have fallen for a newbie Dominant, let me first give you my condolences. I am sorry for you. Now I will go on to what you can expect in the next couple of years.

First, take your own needs, your own submission and all of your desires for dominance and throw them right out the window. You are not going to need them for at least the next year and your Dominant is not going to be able to meet them for at least that long, if not longer. If you wish to succeed in this, you will need patience and a whole lot of love. It is always tempting to push your Dominant into fulfilling your needs, but if you give into your temptation, you are more likely to turn your Dominant off of BDSM altogether.

When it comes to how to tell your Dominant the things they shouldn't let you get away with, the only way I have found to do it is to agree on a "Stasis Zone". That is a time, done with regularity, where you both discuss things done, but that is agreed that all confessions of misconduct stay un-punished. I would suggest once a week. This allows the submissive to be open and truthful about their actions and the reasons for those actions without fear of Dominant retribution. This ability is EXCEEDINGLY important as I have yet to see a submissive openly admit in any other forum "I did this, even though I knew it was bratty, in the hopes that you would catch it and correct me" *even if that is their true desire*. (Note: Just because I haven't seen it doesn't mean it hasn't happened. So no letters of "MY submissive has said something to this effect to ME", okay?)

As an experienced submissive trying to teach a new Dominant, you cannot expect the same levels of intensity and interaction that you have become accustomed to, so don't allow yourself to become irritated. Concentrate on what the "finished product" will be. It will often be frustrating for you, both in and out of scene, and you must be prepared to make long term sacrifices of your own wants and desires. No one ever promised it would be easy, however, if you concentrate on the final goal, it will be easier. If you concentrate only on what you are not getting in terms of BDSM interaction, you will only make yourself miserable and completely frustrate your Dominant.

You will have to also thoroughly look into yourself and decide exactly what you want in a Dominant. The old axiom "You can lie to me, but don't lie to yourself" applies here. Do you want a Dominant that will control most aspects of your life? Is what you want mostly someone with sadistic tendencies to scene with or someone who will eventually be your Master/Mistress and own you completely? Are you wishing for dominance 24/7 or do you want to be more of a "Weekend Warrior"? These things are important to know about yourself because you have been blessed with a blank slate, so before you go writing on it, know if you wish to write poetry or an essay. Your Dominant will only be as good as you MOLD them to be.

Realize that your Dominant is going to occasionally have a "kid in the candy store" attitude. "New clothing and toys and furniture, oh my!". It's easy to be condescending during those times, but don't. In fact, one of the hardest things NOT to do is be patronizing. I will give you this warning: If you allow yourself to be patronizing and condescending now, you will seriously injure your future D/s dynamic. Don't make the road any harder than it is, you once had the same attitude and did not appreciate being patronized either. <smiles>

My final bit of advice is both the easiest and the hardest. I would suggest that you look around your community, find the Dominant that you trust, admire and respect the most, and ask them to mentor your Dominant. If you can find a suitable mentor for your Dominant, it will make your own job a LOT easier. The difficult part of this is there seems to be a plethora in the community of Dominants willing to mentor submissives, but not many Dominants willing to mentor other Dominants. If you can find a mentor for your Dominant, you will reduce the difficulty for yourself immensely.

I wish you good luck in your endeavors. Stay tuned tomorrow for part II, same switch time, and same switch

How to Make Your Own Dominant
channel.

Disclaimer: Your own results may vary.

July/August 2001

Protection

by devoted angel

Protection is it just of the mind is it body or is it spirit or all? In my opinion it is all of these. In researching different aspects of areas that people look for within a BDSM relationship the first thing I have found is that protection has a wide range. The emotional well being of B/both partners is very important. In reality there are several things E/each must look at. Such as emotional stability, physical ability and mental stability etc. As a submissive/slave you trust your Master to know all areas that have the need for protection. And also a submissive/slave must listen and be protective of their Master as well. E/each must know when it is safe to be open about the life style, and when to keep things at a vanilla level to be sure that no harm comes to the O/other in their public or family part of their life.

Protection of the mind must deal with all aspects safety in a scene and care. Along with the nurturing of ones mind. E/each must keep in mind that the mind affects the heart and the spirit as well. Therefore, if a person is being protected mentally then the heart and spirit are able to grow and flourish.

The mind has a direct affect on the heart and the emotional state of E/everyone.

When involved in a relationship E/each person looks to the O/other for the protection that their relationship is stable and well cared for. As a submissive/slave one looks to the Dominant for the love, acceptance, and levels of control to make their life complete. The Dominant must take into consideration what means must be taken to protect the submissive/slave from emotional, mental turmoil.

There are a few statements I would like to share that are very good these are statements from others. Securing the mind giving peace and reassurance is important not causing harm emotionally. It is paramount you partner is mentally healthy. When a Dominant sees a need to dish out a punishment they must know that the punishment will help their submissive/slave grow blossom and learn from what has happened. That is a big responsibility for a Master. The Master must also make sure that the submissive/slave understands fully the reason for the punishment. The Master must be certain there is no confusion and they are consistent in all that they do and say.

O/one does not neglect their personal belongings if they wish to have them for a long time it is the same in a relationship. E/each must protect the heart, mind body and spirit in order for the relationship to grow and become strong.

This leads into another topic:

Communication

This is the most important aspect of any relationship vanilla or D/s BDSM. I feel that it is even more paramount in this life style because without the communication the respect, trust and safety are not there. E/each partner must know and understand the other. Is communication just talking to each other? No it isn't communication is so much more it is understanding body language, moods, expressions of the eyes and truly listening not just hearing E/each other. You must be honest and open with E/each.

When there is a break down of communication there is a feeling of neglect and the trust does not flow. One may feel that what they have to say is silly or will be met with an attitude of unimportance. However, if the relationship is strong E/each partner stays open and honest and really listens then nothing that is said is taken as silly or unimportant. If O/one is lead to believe that what they have to say is silly or unimportant than this can lead into

a loss of trust and respect and then O/one will clam up and not be open with the O/other. Talking about how you feel and what you think helps a relationship grow and also helps B/both parties grow as well. The trust that builds will only do so through listening to E/each other. The respect will grow as well. When two people spend a lot of time talking and getting to know E/each other then the barriers can come down and they feel more comfortable in sharing who they are and what their wants needs and desires are. B/both parties should know everything about the O/other. Dominant and submissive/slave should discuss medical history, family job situation, etc, etc.

Communication must also come in the form of body language. E/each partner should know how to read the others body language. This is very important especially for a Dominant while in a scene. If the Master does not know the body language of his/her submissive/slave than there can very easily be a safety issue. Yes safe words are very important but at the same time, sometimes it is very hard to call out the safe word. Or the submissive/slave may be too bent on accomplishing a goal that they disregard their safety. This is when a Master must watch the body language in order to determine when a scene has become too intense to continue. Also body language tells a lot about a person when you are just talking to them. If you are the type of person that believes in eye contact and expects it and the other person refuses to give eye contact it can lead to a feeling of distrust, like they may be hiding something or are not being honest about how they really are.

Also in communication a submissive/slave must trust their Master to know what is best. If their Master tells them to paint the shower red should the submissive/slave question why? No they should carry out their Masters orders trusting that there is a good reason for this to be done. Afterwards, the Dominant and the submissive/slave sit down and discuss why it was done. It may just be a test to see if the submissive/slave trust the Masters judgment and knows that the reason will be explained.

Remember Y/your partner can not make sure safety issues are covered if Y/you don't let them get to know just who you are. Also a Dominant can not make informed decisions about a submissive/slave's life if they are not given the full information. Y/you have to be totally open and honest about every aspect of who you are. In the same token a Dominant must be open and honest about who they are and their wants, needs and desires for a submissive/slave to serve them well and be all they can be.

July/August 2001

Rituals

by Raven Shadowborne

"Rituals anchor us to a center while freeing us to move on and confront the everlasting unpredictability of life. The paradox of ritual patterns and sacred habits is that they simultaneously serve as solid footing and springboard, providing a stable dynamic in our lives." Robert Fulgham, from "From Beginning To End, The Rituals Of Our Lives" pg. 261 hardback edition

The above quote speaks volumes about rituals and their purpose or value to people. There are many kinds of rituals in the world. Most people think of formal ceremonies, such as weddings, to be rituals. But there are many different things that we do that are rituals according to the quote above, and the emotions or attitudes they inspire in us.

Not every ritual is a formal show for lots of people. Nor are all rituals celebrated with music, dancing or talking. Some of the most important and meaningful rituals are often silent ones, done in complete privacy or alone between two people. A daily walk, for example, used to soothe, relax, dream and/or relate with a partner is a ritual. Specifically a ritual of revival, the reawakening of oneself or ones relationship. Any actions, done in a consistent manner, with the express purpose of refocusing yourself is a ritual of revival. In BDSM things such as kneeling quietly for a few moments, writing in a journal, or other things, fall under the category of "rituals of revival". In so much as those actions are intended to refocus the person on the power exchange, their role within it, and the relationship itself. They become a reawakening of self.

Another common ritual found in BDSM is that of reconciliation, a ritual of penance and forgiveness. A ritual that every person knows and usually starts with the words "I'm sorry.". For some the ritual is very involved. It starts with a discussion of what was done wrong, why it was wrong, and what should have been done instead. For some it then moves into a punishment of some sort, be it corporal or not. The act of punishment itself is a ritual of penance, the payment or repercussion for the bad deed, through which guilt is purged thus freeing the way for forgiveness. Some people require certain penitent behaviors such as kneeling, third person speech, counting the strokes of a corporal punishment, asking for each strike then thanking for it, and saying thank you once it is over (and other things); that are ritualistic in nature. Designed to maintain the focus on the reason for the punishment, and the punishment itself. Once the punishment is over, a ritual of forgiveness starts. It could be as simple as a hug or it can be as involved as a long drawn out cuddling and talking session. No matter what the exact actions, somewhere are the words "it is forgiven" or "it's all right now". The ritual of forgiveness is necessary in that it allows for closure to the incident and reaffirmation of the bond between those involved, plus it frees the way for growth by removing guilt.

The placing of a collar on the sub, at night (for sleeping), during play (for scening) or in the morning (day time collar of some sort), whenever it may be, is a ritual of reaffirmation. In that it is a reminder of who is who in the relationship. A non verbal restatement and acceptance of those roles. A silent confirmation that the relationship is the same, the power exchange is still there and each person wants it that way. The actions reaffirm all agreements between those involved without words being spoken. Words are not necessary for this ritual, but some find that words enhance the experience and make it mean more. In some ways a ritualistic placing of the collar on the sub, by the dom, is a ritual of revival as well. It silently restates the agreement of the original collaring and reawakens it in spirit. It is a restatement of the giving and acceptance of both submission and domination.

Scenes, pain play or sessions (whatever you may call them) can be rituals as well. Some sessions take place for a specific purpose, such as stress release. In this way the play becomes a ritual of revival. The removal of unwanted emotions, refocusing, and thus reawakening those involved to a calmer place within themselves. It can also be a ritual of reaffirmation. The obvious relinquishing of control which is immediately used by the dominant is a powerful physical statement of who is who in the relationship. It can also be a ritual of communion in that it's focus may be to bring the two people closer together. The intense physical sensations often inspire equally intense emotional/mental responses. It is those reactions and interactions between the people involved that

make the play ritualistic.

Many dominants order their submissives to do certain things on a daily basis. These actions are usually designed to alter the submissive's thinking and bring about a specific reaction or focus the submissive on being submissive. To many, these specifically set rituals are helpful and desired. TO others they are not necessary. Some need the added focusing of a specific ritual. For many people, these additional rituals (in addition to the ones that are inherent in a relationship) become powerful motivators, sources of strength, or the means through which they can reach a desired level within themselves.

There are many other things that can be taken as ritualistic. Just as there are many actions that are specifically set as rituals. Not everyone enjoys the formal ordering of ritualistic behavior, yet every relationship has rituals of one sort or another within them. Any actions done with the express intent of refocusing a person, affirming a relationship or bond, penance, or many others, are rituals through their intent and their ending results. The power exchange itself, whenever it is used overtly, could be seen as a ritual in that such use often results in a stronger sense of dominance and submission in the people involved. Whether or not you are required to perform specific ritualistic actions, the BDSM lifestyle contains many rituals that are inherent within it. Stepping back and looking at the reasons behind certain actions and the results of those actions, can allow you to see the rituals that already exist in your relationship.

Looking at rituals on just the surface (the actions) makes them appear as silly or unnecessary to some people. Yet, if you delve deeper, into the reasons, emotions and intended results involved in many actions in BDSM relationships, you will see that rituals, though not for everyone, can be a very powerful force in BDSM relationships and that ever relationship has ritualistic behaviors in it, though they may not be thought of in those words.

July/August 2001

Safety Tips

by unknown

While the Internet provides millions of opportunities for people to meet each other and indulge in BDSM fantasies, you must remember to use common sense. It's easy to get swept up into a fantasy world, but reality begs for us to use caution. Like the offline world, the online world has its ups and downs - good people and bad people. While the majority of people can be trusted, we must all be aware of the scammers, liars and the rare but present predators. While there are risks, hiding from the world is not the answer. There are many ways to protect yourself and find someone online! Here are several tips for you to remember.

Online Safety in General...

1) Never, ever give out personal information. This may be the most important thing for you to remember. Your personal information includes your real name, telephone number, personal email or address. If they want to send something to you through the mail, get a post office box. They're not expensive! No matter how nice the other person may seem, you do not know them. While most people are decent, you can never be absolutely sure. Don't risk having this information fall into the wrong hands.

2) On the telephone?

Activate your caller ID blocking feature to keep your number private.

Don't call collect! Your number will show up on their phone bill.

If you want the other person to be able to contact you, get a pager.

Use a payphone. It may be a hassle, but well worth it!

3) Location is everything. You haven't given the other person your name, phone number or any other personal information. But, you've told them all about living in Anytown, USA with a population of only 1,102. Think someone who really wanted to could find you? The answer is yes. Telling someone that you live in a small town, even omitting your actual address, is not the way to go. On the other hand, saying you live in New York is probably a pretty safe bet. Think before you type or speak!

4) Get a current picture. Use a current picture. This may not exactly be a safety issue - but more of an honesty issue. Be honest and post a current photo even if you've gained a few pounds! If the other person's picture seems to be outdated, and they refuse to update it, you must put them in the "dishonest" pile. Even if you do not have a scanner, there's a variety of cheap and easy ways to get a photo scanned. There's no reason for someone to lie, unless they're hiding something. Don't put up with their dishonesty.

Communication and Red Flags...

1) Get the details. Feel free to scrutinize the emails and chat sessions you have with another person. If they seem too good to be true, they probably are. If they're vague about their life, try to get some non-intrusive details. Red flags are people who are vague, talk in circles, or answer questions with questions. Be very cautious with these types of people. They may be playing hard to get, or they may not be someone you should continue communicating with.

2) Are they hiding something? If the other person can only meet and chat with you in the middle of the night, they may have a secret. If you call them and they talk in a hushed voice or "have to go" all of a sudden, they may not be as single as they claim. If you call at a non-designated time and they get angry, feel free to assume that they're hiding something from you. Red flags are anyone who uses fancy footwork, excuses, or evasive maneuvers. If they cannot be honest with you from the get-go, don't count on them to ever be straightforward. Because trust is so integral to BDSM play - this is a key indicator that the other person is not worthy of being your partner.

3) Get their background checked. Even if you don't notice any red flags or get a gut instinct to back off, doing a background check on someone is a great way to put your mind at ease. You can find several services online,

many for a reasonable price. Your only red flag here will show up in black and white. Because BDSM play is so intimate, this is highly recommended. Feel free to dig into their past until you KNOW you will be. Get their full name, address, social security number, driver's license number, etc. Write it down and make sure friends or family members also have a copy. You can never be too sure.

4) Don't put off meeting in person. While online relationships can be full of intrigue, your ultimate goal is to find a casual or serious BDSM partner. Why put it off? Why invest in a relationship online if it's going nowhere offline? Make sure the spark you get from your chat sessions and email also exists in the "real world". Red flags are anyone who puts it off or avoids answering your questions about meeting. And remember, if you do not have the money to invest in a long distance relationship, don't start one. Online dating requires that your brain and your heart work together to make the best and safest decisions for you.

Going Offline for a Meeting...Safety First

1) Whether you're looking for a BDSM partner, love interest or both, it's always a good idea to meet and get to know each other first. Don't head straight to the dungeon for your first meeting.

2) Once you've agreed to meet face to face, don't ask the other person to pick you up. Get yourself to and from the date, even if you have to beg a ride off of a friend or take a taxi.

3) Before you go, make sure that several friends and family members know where you're going, who you're going with and when to expect you back. Make sure everyone writes down the information so that there are no misunderstandings.

4) Always meet in a public place. A public place does not mean a parking lot - they are not monitored closely enough to be considered safe. Make your first meeting a lunch or coffee date. If the sparks don't fly, it's much easier to say that you have a meeting or some other commitment that requires you to end the date prematurely.

5) Stay in a public place. If they pressure you to go elsewhere, say NO. If they pressure you, they obviously don't care about your feelings - don't spare their feelings. End the meeting and leave. If they start to follow you to where you've parked, stop and hail a cab. Come back later for your car with a friend or family member.

6) If possible, bring a cellular phone. If you need help or feel a little nervous, excuse yourself to the bathroom and call for back up! Put together an instant, "accidental" meeting with a friend. They're also good for emergencies or in case you think your online love is an offline stalker who's following you home. Use the cellular phone to call the police - just don't head back home. Keep the person far from there. Drive to a police station if you feel it's necessary.

7) Never leave your personal belongings unattended. A purse or wallet contains all your personal information. In your jacket pocket could be your keys. Just don't take the risk.

8) Do not leave your beverage unattended. If you do, nonchalantly ask for another drink.

9) Stick with non-alcoholic drinks. Being drunk is not a good way to be safe.

10) If all goes well, set-up another date before the first one comes to an end. Use your best judgement and gut instincts to determine whether or not the other person worthy of a second date. Be sure that this second date (and any others thereafter) incorporates all of these safety tips. You're worth the effort! If the other person truly cares about you, they'd expect nothing less.

A Thousand Miles from Home...Extra Tips for Meeting a Long Distance Interest

Be sure to use all of the tips mentioned above, plus the following tips if you plan to travel to meet your online interest:

1) DO NOT plan to stay at the other person's home for your visit. If you cannot afford a hotel, do not go.

- 2) If you've made hotel reservations, do not tell the other person where you're staying. They don't need to contact you there. You can contact them.
- 3) Let them meet you at the airport, but do not get in a car with them. They can help you with your baggage and help you hail a cab. Use cabs as your mode of transportation throughout your trip.
- 4) Be sure to keep in touch with friends and family. Have a schedule in place as to when you should call. And make sure they know where you're staying and how to reach you.
- 5) Just in case...keep your valuables in an in-room safe or in with the front desk - they often have safety deposit boxes available for free or a minimal charge.
- 6) When you leave, just to be sure, meet them at the airport to say goodbye.

BDSM...Tips and Rules for Safe Play

The Basic Rules of BDSM

- 1) Use common sense. Most people use their common sense, but not always. Any exchange of power, as well as other forms of BDSM play requires that all who participate never lose sight of this essential tool. Don't get so swept up in a fantasy that you lose touch with reality. Your safety depends on it!
- 2) Always negotiate. Now, this does not mean "if-you-get-this-I-get-that" type of negotiating. This is simply getting to know each other's fantasies, feelings, boundaries, limits and common ground. Your fantasy scene may differ from your partner. Don't let a partner pressure you into something that you are not willing to do and respect the boundaries of your partner at all times. Getting to know all of these factors are essential to safe play.
- 3) Share equal responsibility. Doms are not the ones who should shoulder 100% of the responsibilities. During, after, and before play - both partners are responsible for themselves and each other. Even if you are a sub, you must not withhold information or feelings, especially when it comes to your safety. Inequality in your role and share of power do not cancel out your responsibility for your own personal safety. Take care of yourself.
- 4) Always have a safe word. A safe word is your parachute - your emergency "Stop" switch. Safe words can be used by doms and subs at any moment anything gets too tough, too scary, just annoying or for whatever other reason. Choose words besides "stop" or "no" as they may have a different meaning or be misunderstood during play. You can use more than one safe word to slow things down, take a break or come to a complete stop. This is a must when it comes to novices or partners who do not know each other very well. Both partners must agree to respect safe words at all times, no matter how far into a scene play has progressed. If you use gags during play, use a bell or other means of nonverbal communication in place of a safe word.

Do's and Don'ts

- 1) Do take it slow. Don't dictate the scene details.

As said above, negotiation is key! Your fantasies and your partner's fantasies may not be the same. Plus, fantasy and reality can be two very different things. For example, if you fantasize about getting 50 lashes, then ask for them from your partner, you may find that 2 provide more than enough stimulation. Build your scenes over time. Incorporate new ideas in small doses. Fill in the blanks one at a time.

- 2) Do use safe words or signals. Don't ignore safe words or signals.

No matter what, these are essential. If you find that your partner refuses to respect or use safe words, you may want to reconsider the relationship.

- 3) Never use drugs or alcohol during BDSM play.

It hinders your ability to sense pain or sense your partner's pain. It slows down your response and lowers your inhibitions. Things can quickly get out of control.

4) Do buy quality toys. Don't forget to test them.

Cheap toys can break or malfunction. It's a great way to hurt someone or ruin a fantastic scene. Go for quality and test them out before beginning play.

5) Do concentrate. Don't play unless your 100% in the game.

If you had a bad day at work or have other things on your mind, don't enter into play. It won't be as much fun and it could lead to a mishap.

6) Do come prepared. Don't try to improvise.

Bring a lot of condoms, dental dams, lubricant, a variety of toys and first aid items. Improvising with household items can be a health risk and/or dangerous.

7) Do tell each other about any physical, mental or medical problems.

Full disclosure is key to having a strong and trustworthy relationship with your partner.

8) Do create a contract.

If you're entering into a 24/7 BDSM relationship, it's essential to create a contract that specifies duties, responsibilities, limits, etc. Being on the same page from the start is a great way to create a healthy long-term BDSM partnership.

July/August 2001

So you want to be a slave: The Realities

by Maria Hunter

I decided to write this article because I have seen so many submissives come into the lifestyle expecting everything to be dream-like and perfect. I don't wish to ruin anyone's dreams, or turn them from the activity, but what I wish to do is to explain how things really are. Being a slave can be, and is for me, a wonderful life. It's everything I wanted it to be. It is also more than I ever expected, and had someone explained the realities to me prior to my decision, it would have made my transition so much easier. For the purpose of this article, I am addressing issues related to being a 24/7 slave. These comments are from my viewpoint, which is that of a female slave with a male Master. By no means do I wish to exclude Domme's or male slaves. For them, I cannot comment from personal experience. This is just my view from a real-time experience.

First, there are a few things you need to discover for and about yourself. Do you wish to be in this type relationship 24/7? Perhaps you only wish to be in it during the scenes. Maybe you want to role-play at only during certain times. There are many ways this activity can be done, but you have to figure out what is right for you.

Second, you need to learn to be honest with yourself. Figure out what you will and will not do, and what is a "maybe". Search inside yourself for what you really want, and when you find it, be honest to anyone you talk to. Don't agree to something long-term that you know you will not be able accomplish. Ask yourself some hard questions. The rest of this article will give you aspects to contemplate so you can base your decisions on reality, and not someone else's dreams of how it should be.

Are you prepared to surrender 100% control of your life to someone else? 24/7 slaves do this. Role-playing would mean entering into this relationship only for the time agreed upon that the Master would have the total control. Once the scene is over, everything returns to normal.

Do you enjoy country music? Maybe you love Rock and Roll. Consider this. The Master who's collar you will eventually wear, may only like classical or another type of music that you don't enjoy. Are you prepared to give up those selections and only listen to His music? This type sacrifice can apply to many other things you currently enjoy. For myself, I love old love songs of any type, and my Master is into Hard Rock. Because of His preferences, I rarely get to listen to my songs. But, when I am a good girl, at times, He does permit me to listen to my choice of music, as long as I get my assigned tasks and chores done. Note, I said, "permitted to". Something as simple as listening to the radio is a reward for me. It is not a given that you will be permitted to enjoy even this little pleasure whenever you wish. These limitations can apply to many areas of your life such as TV, choices of food or friends, just about anywhere anything! Is there a certain style of clothes you love? Certain colors and scents you wouldn't be caught without? If your Master doesn't approve of them, you may be wearing a totally different style with colors you never would have dreamed of. He may lay your clothes out for you every morning. Are you prepared to abide happily by His choices? If He asked you to wear something very skimpy to someplace simple like the grocery store, could you do this without hesitation? I am lucky in the fact that my Master lets me chose my own clothes most of the time. But at anytime, should He decide that He wants me to wear something else, I am to change immediately. Trust me, He does exercise this right. I have learned to always ask Him what He would like me to wear if we are going someplace special.

Are you prepared to change your hairstyle, length, or color to please your Master? All of these will belong to Him once you accept your collar as will everything else that once belonged to you. You will no longer own anything. From the time you take His collar, everything will be His. It will no longer be "your" car or "your" clothes, but "His", on loan to you as He sees fit. If He should so choose, you will not be permitted to wear clothes at all. This will be HIS choice, not yours. Remember, you will have given up all rights to make these choices for yourself.

You have a favorite chair, or a certain way you like to sit or walk? Your Master will decide whether you sit on furniture or on the floor. He will have the say if you are to cross your legs, or sit with them spread wide-open. You will have to ask permission to even climb into bed, or sit on a chair. Most slaves are allowed a cushion on the

floor that they do not need permission to sit upon, but very little else. You will even need permission to eat at the table with your Master.

It's been a long hard day at work. You get home and want nothing more than to relax in a tub and go to bed early. Well, you won't be able to. Being tired, ill, or just in a bad mood does not excuse you from your required tasks. You are still required to do them: prepare His meal, and go to bed when HE tells you to. Retiring for bed usually occurs at a set time, even if you are not ready to go. There will not be an "I am too tired" or "I don't feel well": nothing of the kind. Unless your Master has excused you from your tasks and chores, you will remain responsible for making sure His needs and wants are filled: no matter what. It is your job to inform your Master of your physical health status. One of your main jobs will be to take care of and protect, His possessions. You being are the most prized one He owns. As long as you let your Master know how you are feeling, He will make sure that your tasks will be appropriate to your capabilities.

Many come into this lifestyle looking to be used sexually, to service their Master at His whim. They never consider other aspects. The main part of being a slave is to be of service to your Master, and not to be serviced for yourself. However, being readily available to Him at ALL times is also an unspoken expectation. The old excuse "not tonight dear, I have a headache" doesn't work in a D/s relationship. In order to provide Him pleasure, you must also express to Him the pleasure of the moment for you as well. NEVER make your Master feel this is a chore to you: something you would rather not do, but will only because you have to. If your Master tells you to do something, it will not be up to you to question Him. You will be required to respond with no questions asked. At a later time (if this is permitted in your relationship), you may ask Him for permission to speak on an equal level. If He gives permission, this will be your opportunity to ask your questions. However, it is important to ask in a way so as not to question His authority, but at the same time to satisfy your curiosity.

Do you feel being a slave is to be coerced: forced into servitude? Do you think you couldn't do this unless you were? Then think again. Slaves enter into this relationship of their own free will. This is not the day of forced slavery; it is a matter of choice. YOURS! You are the one who will decide to give over your power to your Master. You will be doing this, not because you are forced to obey, but because you need to. Yes, during the course of your relationship there will be times you will be forced to do something, but it will never be something that goes against who you are. Your Master may feel obeying this command will help you to grow into the best person you can be, or will help you break out of an inhibition you have.

How is your temper? Are you quick to fly off-of-the-handle when you are upset? Or are you laid back, accepting anything and everything, and then go off to sulk because your feelings were hurt? A Master does not wish to have a doormat for a slave nor does He desire to be told how things should be. Learning when and how to say things will become very important in your relationship. If you do not tell your Master when something is bothering you, then you have no right whatsoever to become upset. However wonderful and omnipotent He may seem, He is not a mind reader: unless you tell Him, He won't know. The key, as I said a moment ago, is in how you tell Him.

Your self-discipline is very important in this relationship. Do you tend to put things off until the last possible moment? You won't be able to do this when you are owned. There will be chores and tasks your Master will assign that He expects to be done in a timely fashion set by Him, not by you. Your Master's wants and needs will be put before your own. Self-discipline is similar to self-control. Your ability to follow complete assignments made by your Master will be very important. As a slave, you will need to be able to control your own actions well enough to be able to remain within the boundaries set for you by Him. If He says you can't do something, simply, you can't. Doing it anyway, and not telling Him doesn't make it right. In the case of a Master/slave relationship, what you don't know CAN hurt you, as well as the relationship you have worked so hard to build. Even a simple "white lie" can destroy the trust so necessary to really establish this type relationship.

As to wants and needs of your own: do you know the difference between the two? If not, I strongly recommend you figure them out before entering into servitude. Sometimes the two are hard to distinguish, but it will become important that you do so. Your Master will ensure all your "needs" are taken care of, but the "wants" will be His to allow or not, as He sees fit. Needs are the necessities of life that are required in order for us to remain mentally and physically healthy. They allow us to grow emotionally and spiritually. If you can survive without something, then it is a want. Wants are usually given as a reward for good behavior.

In order to be a slave, there will be many things you have to learn to accept within yourself and adapt to. Your primary purpose in life will be to see to your Masters pleasure (both mentally and physically) in any manner He should desire. In order to do this, you will have to learn your Master well. Find out what pleases and displeases Him. By this, I do not mean just sexually. You will learn that sex is but a small part of your relationship. Learn to anticipate His every need and desire without being pushy. His needs and desires will encompass intellectual stimulation, physical pleasure, emotional support, and many other things unique to Him. Remember - physical does not equal sexual. Physical pleasure may include, but is not limited to, touch, favorite foods, textures, clothing, and colors as examples. It will be your job to make sure His physical pleasures are met in everyway. Think of the five senses, and make His environment pleasing to all of them. Never forget - the most pleasing thing in His environment should be you.

As His slave, it will be up to you to figure out what pleases your Master. He should not have to ask constantly for the basic things - you should have learned them. If His glass is empty, quietly and unobtrusively refill it. Remember, you are doing this for His pleasure not your own. Just because He does not notice and praise you doesn't mean you are doing it wrong. Look at His smile. Is He comfortable? If He looks happy and content, then you have done well, and should bask in His content. Always remember that you do this for Him and not for your own satisfaction. Your happiness should come from serving Him and His being happy.

As I said in the beginning of this article, I am not trying to scare you away from the world of D/s. My goal is to make sure that, when you enter our lifestyle, you do so with your eyes wide open, fully knowing what to expect. The road will not be an easy one. You will have to re-learn much of what you once took for granted: things you just did without thinking, like simply sitting in a chair. These are habits we never even think about anymore. That is, until we find a Master.

Everything else you learned before reading this article is probably true. Being a slave is a wonderful life: one where you are taken care of. Most decisions are out of your hands and in those of your Masters. But, many choices will still be left up to you. Most Masters want a slave who is smart, has a sense of humor, and a will of their own. There is no pleasure in owning a doormat who just sits or is only walked upon. He will become bored very fast. Being yourself is the best advice I was given, and I have found this to be absolutely true for me.

You will find being a slave everything you dreamed of and so much more if you enter this life knowing more of what to expect. If you are meant to be in the lifestyle, you will find that, where you were once only walked through life, you will be gliding on air. Parts of you that never were complete will then become whole. In relinquishing control, I have found freedom: freedom to find and be the person I am inside.

It is my hope that, after reading this article, you will be able to make a more informed choice about entering this lifestyle. Never forget that, one of the most important requirements for existing in this lifestyle is honesty. Honesty with yourself first. However, you will find that this is not as easy as it sounds. Once you learn to do this, you will find yourself at peace and able to enter your servitude with clearer mind, knowing where you are and where you want to be. When you accept your Masters collar, you give up all your rights. Your friends, your life - nothing will remain yours. Being a slave means giving up so much more than you would if you were only being submissive. You give up all rights in your life. Slave isn't just a word; it's a way of life, a defined action. Be well, my friend, and I hope you enjoy this lifestyle as much as I have come to love being in it.

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Techniques of a Striking Sensation - Part 1

by Lord Wolf

There is a world of difference between someone who is dominant and a Dominant. For those who are just starting on their path, yes you were born dominant, but the techniques of a "Top" must be learned and practiced. Some who have been in the life for a long time may be expanding their repertoire into new areas of sensation. Sensation includes everything from whips and floggers, to ice and violet wands.

First, though, a few words of caution. Each tool or implement on this list is a dangerous weapon, all the more so in the wrong or uneducated hands. You are responsible for their use, and for the well being of your submissive. YOU are the only guard between a wonderful experience and a trip to the emergency room. (If it seems like I am preaching, you're right.) If your submissive or bottom is seriously hurt, you will be the one explaining it to your local Doctor, Constable or in court. These types of practices may be considered abuse in the eyes of the state. So be sure as to what you are doing and whom you're doing it with. "Safe sane and consensual" are not magic words, they are a mandate.

If you have any plans to use a whip in anger, put it down, close this text, and walk away! Anger has no place in this. Even hard core sadists who enjoy the pain of others know that it is for the pleasure of both parties involved. The worst punishment a submissive can receive in most cases is NOT to be whipped. In my household sensation is a reward.

Tools of the Trade

There are many distinctive types of implements:

WHIPS are specifically single-tail lashes: signal whips, snakes, dog whips, and bullwhips. Although the most dramatic type of whip, a single tail, is also the most dangerous. Specific training is recommended and extensive practice is necessary to use a whip safely and create the intended effect.

QUIRTS are a type of whip, but deserve their own category. There are both single and double-tail quirts. They generally have short tails (15-36" is common), often with a long striker at the end of each tail.

FLOGGERS is a broad category which includes multi-tailed flat lashes (and flash braided lashes), in a wide range of materials and weights. Leather floggers run from the very light (pig or goat skin) through the general purpose lashes of cow and game hides (deer and elk) to the heaviest bull, buffalo and oil tan leathers. Flexible non-leather materials, such as rope, rubber, vinyl, cord and ribbon may also be used.

A SCOURGE is a nine-tailed flogger traditionally made of stiff rawhide or hemp cord, knotted at the ends, and soaked in water. No two of the nine lashes are the same length, and the lashes are very stiff and hard, putting this evil piece in it's own category.

CATS (or Cat-o'-nine tails) are most often composed of nine leather or rope tails attached to a rigid handle, but the number of tails in traditional cats may vary from as few as three to as many as eighteen. The tails themselves may have a blunt or knotted striking end. Often the tails have a large knot with a large number of slender strands falling from it. "Cats" also are covered tails with spiked balls attached to them and those with metal or barbed end (i.e. flails).

STRAPS are wide lengths of flat leather, such as razor strops and belts. The strap is sometimes doubled to add weight and severity.

A CROP is a rod, typically encased in leather, with a strike at the end.

A hand-crafted whip of any kind will have a unique 'hand' or feel. The style of whip, materials used length, weight and balance combine to create an individual personality for each piece. Tail weight, length and density all

combine to create the “intensity” of a flogger. A short lightweight pigskin will have a lot less sensation than a 28” Elk hide. Finish also adds variables; a kip, oiltan or patent leather will have more ‘bite’ than the same length and weight in a softer, more flexible finish.

But before you think of play you should practice. And practice. And practice some more.

Okay, so now you have a whip and you’re feeling powerful and masterful. If you want to keep that feeling, a) be careful and b) don’t let people watch until you’ve gotten in some practice. And what are you going to practice on? If your answer was “HER” and a silly grin- siddown! I recommend a teddy bear or a pillow, the bigger the better, not too furry. Naming it is optional (I call mine Bob). Beginners should wear protective clothing when practicing. Full-length jeans or pants, long-sleeves shirt, even gloves and eye protection are a good idea. You should remove earrings, bracelets, or other dangling items.

Technique

Place a target pillow about the height where your submissive’s bottom will be. First take a comfortable stance - you will be here awhile. Again, a good stance is a modified fencing stance or a martial arts “ready” stance, with one foot pointing at your target, and the other foot behind and at an angle. Practice swinging to get the feel and balance of each piece. I like a Cross-swing alternating sides. Stand directly behind the submissive pillow or bear bottom of your choosing (be sure to get it’s consent). This is your first position. Now watch closely, as it will not tell you in words (pillows rarely cry out) if your are doing it wrong. You need to concentrate on the changes in the surface of the pillow after each swing.

Swing your arm out straight in front of you, and move forward until you see the tips just brush the pillow. This is the outside of your swing. You should extend your arm fully at this time to reach the pillow without leaning at all. Now lean forward a bit until you can see the lashes fall a little flatter in the middle of the pillow. This is the inside of your swing. Any closer and you risk “wrapping” the tails around the side of your subject’s body, which is very painful. In this position, you want to practice brushing the sides of the pillow but not allowing the tails to wrap around the edge. You will wish to bring the lashes overhand at a slight angle. Brush down from the outside to the inside, on first the right side of the pillow (right buttock) then the left, using a figure eight pattern. Start by just brushing lightly with the tips. As you get the feel of the movement, increase speed and flatten the lashes on your subject. You will hear a satisfying <<thud>>. Try to make the same sound over and over again. Since you can’t feel the force of your blows, the sound lets you know how hard or soft you are striking. This is a good movement for warm ups. Figure eight’s allow you a lot of control. From this position, you can also practice “flicking” the piece for a stinging effect. Practice this until you can strike the same spot either softly or with full force. You need to be able to do this with the tips, and also dropping the falls flat so you can hear the thud. To flick, draw the falls through your free hand and snap the piece like you did towels in that high school locker room. The same movement can be used on the shoulders, with care not to wrap over the shoulders or strike the base of the neck.

The second position you will most likely use on the buttocks only or on a Subject bending over or reclining on a spanking bench. Care is needed, as the chance of wrapping is greater. Stand to the left side of the pillow. Draw your hand in an over or underhand circle, and drop the fall straight across the pillow. Make sure the tips do not wrap around the side of the subbie pillow. The force of the tips increase if they wrap, also if you draw back on the whip in a wrap you increase the speed of the tails, again, it will HURT.

Practice until you are sure not only where the lashes will fall but also where the tips will land. To switch from the left to the right, you will need to shift your position to the right of the subject, otherwise the tips may land between the cheeks of the buttocks or if flogging the back, may strike the Spinal area. These are extremely sensitive areas, and any welts in the cleft of the buttock will not only last quite a while but will be extremely uncomfortable for your sub. Not only does switching from side to side give your pet a breather, but the break breeds anticipation, and if you “flail air”, alternating the speed from fast to slow while you change position, your subject will not know when the next strike will fall.

The first position is great for flogger and cat, the second for floggers, canes, straps, and quirts.

The Live Target

Now that we know more about the implements, let’s look to the subject of our passion for a moment: your

submissive/slave/bottom/lover/mate/friend. These guidelines assume your target is a normal, healthy adult, with no previous injury or other physical limitation. You have, of course, already discussed these matters with your intended target and will make necessary adjustments to avoid specific problem areas. Caution and good judgment are required.

Visualize her/her back, and draw an X. Start at the shoulder blades and end at the top of the buttocks. This is zone 1, and area of mostly light play. This is not like the movies; harsh strikes in this area will cause damage to the skin and underlying structures. In some cases serious and irreparable damage. **AVOID THE HEAD AND NECK AT ALL TIMES.**

Starting at the tops of the X is the shoulder area. On most people, this area is lightly muscled and can be struck with care. You can flog upon the back, and you can also use whips, if you are accurate and controlled in your strikes. Adjust your distance and throw to guard against "wrapping " over the shoulder or around the body. Draw an imaginary line 2 to 3 inches down from the shoulders and concentrate landing the ends of the flogger or whip on the top points of the X, avoiding the center of the X for hard flogging or whipping. An occasional mis-strike may land in the spinal area, but the spine should never be the intended target.

The bottom of the X should be avoided completely by most. A good rule of thumb is to feel the bottom of the rib cage on the back and avoid the area below the ribs where the muscle starts. Under a very thin layer of muscle and fat lie the kidneys and other vital organs. With time and skill you will be able to lightly work the surface of this area.

I have saved the best for last! Zone two! The buttocks, bottom, butt, tush, fanny you know that cute thing your Submissive or Bottom sits on, but not for long! This is an area of muscle and fat that you can use a much heavier strike on with less fear of damage. Remember the best sensation is built up slowly, light to heavy. I have found that the best technique is to find the point where it's just starting to hurt, and hold the Tempo and "force " of the Blow right there ::grin:: I also vary the area. Hitting the same spot repeatedly may cause your subject to squirm more, but it also leads to deep bruising. Try to avoid repeated Hard strikes in a limited area.

Other areas for light play include the chest or breasts, the belly, the inner arm, the inner thigh and back of the thigh. And for the most extreme sensation, the bottoms of the feet. There are more nerve endings in the bottom of the feet than most anywhere in the body (with the exception of the palms of the hands and the lips) and they are very close to the surface. Remember that the feet are made up of dozens of small, delicate bones, which are easily damaged. The same nerve endings, which create those delicious sensations, may also be damaged by improper or excessive sensation play.

Remember, harder in sensation play is not necessarily better! To me Longer is better. In a preliminary or a punishment scene, time varies, as long or short as you like as it does not matter. But intense sensation sessions should be built slowly for maximum effect. The general response to sensation play, in most, is much the same as if the subject has run a marathon. The sensation in itself is not traumatic, but it does involve rhythmic vibration and exertion related to exercise. Any sensation session should be treated as a workout. Liquids will be needed. Over heating must be watched as well as heart rate. You should have towels, septic pencils, antibiotic creams and so forth. A first aid kit as well as a CPR course are very good ideas.

Most importantly, great care must be taken not to strike the spine directly and repeatedly or the back of the neck, face, etc. Practice with your toys before playing with your partner will improve your accuracy and strokes to avoid mis-hits to these areas.

Sensation play, good sensation play (like when you have to walk your pet to the couch and tell them their name) takes time. Most sensation sessions I do take from 2 to 4 hours, often more. Yes, I am darn tired when I am done but it is well worth it. Another little hint is showmanship - yes, a modicum of acting. You are creating a fantasy, not fixing a toaster. Big movements, acting, whispering in their ear. You are creating a world. Fill it with fantasy.

If the text at times sounds like I am preaching, I am. Most people will act responsibly, but some do not. One reason for this text is a hope you take this single source of information and see it as a starting place, with the intention of practicing and learning more. I have seen too many flail away in a public dungeon or private party and cause harm to a wonderful sub, just because they didn't take the time to learn proper ways to use their tools. It damages all of our reputations when something like that happens. Your submissive/bottom is looking to YOU as the Dominant / Top to heighten their pleasure. This is the role you have assumed. And the whip is a tool,

albeit a dangerous one, for accomplishing that. Before you consider using any of these tools on the one you love, seek information. Find someone to teach you technique. And about all spend time with each piece.

Remember with all these techniques, PRACTICE. This includes taking the time to know how each piece you will be using will react. It is more important to know how to make the softest strike with each, than how to strike the hardest. Knowing how to strike softly will give you control. And control is what we as Dominants and Tops are supposed to have, right?

I have written this piece from my experience only. Opinions will vary and as with all subjects involving this lifestyle, I recommend you get a wide variety of opinions. I do feel the best way to know what you are actually dispensing is to feel both sides of the lash.

If I have not covered something you are interested in or you have questions I have not answered in this piece, feel free to contact me either through e-mail (Lordwolf00@aol.com) or on AOL Instant Messenger (LordWolf00). I have written this piece as a public service with safe consensual play between adults in mind. I assume no responsibility for use of these techniques on a human target nor for any injuries sustained in practice. Practice all techniques at your own risk.

July/August 2001

A New Country... A New Life

by Colleen

I am writing this as I fly to live in a new country and start a new life. But it had all started so long ago with a going to sleep dream process. In order to get myself to sleep, since I was very small, I always went through the same routine, a "sleeping dream". I would lay on my back, finger myself and imagine something. In the early days I would pull the bedclothes over my head and imagine I was an engine driver or a space pilot, but in later years it was always sexually driven and always include fingering my nipples and ended up imaging having my ears pierced.

My "sleeping dream" always involved me being under the control of someone, always a woman, who forced me to undergo humiliating and degrading procedures. For years it involved being forced to become a Transsexual at a remote location, typically a Chateau in the South of France. The most exciting part was always being forced to dress up, being made up to be a woman (Miss High Heels by Anonymous was my role model) and being forced to take the necessary drugs to alter my appearance, then finally having my ears pierced.

However after putting some of this into practice, such as joining the Beaumont Society and going to meetings etc, I suddenly got involved in a relationship. I was living in England at this time, and it was with a woman who was controlling but prim and proper with it. For three years I lived with a woman who controlled me mentally, but only wanted things done correctly and I sublimated my growing desire for further more bizarre outward manifestations into building a model railway and my "sleeping dreams". It is amazing but over the years I have always been able to get to sleep within minutes providing I had my "sleeping dream".

Suddenly one day, exactly three years after we came together, she ended it, because apparently, over the past three months, there were two occasions when my behavior had not been up to her standard (I had too much to drink and told a so called dirty joke). All at once my old passions came flooding back and I quickly found an organization in a trade paper, called The Golden Wheel, which offered contacts with people into the Occult and 'Other' paths. I was upset at first by the suddenness of the ending of our relationship, but she was even more upset that I openly started looking for something new and different in my life, even before I had moved out (it took some weeks to dismantle the model railway). But being released again into the possibilities of a new life style I quickly forgot my hurt.

Now one of the images that I had kept very clearly in my mind was a Channel 4 TV (UK) theme evening where all the programs had a common theme. I forget now the exact theme, but the last program involved among others, the appearance of "Miss Whiplash" and her slave. She was also accompanied by her normal looking husband, but she was dressed in an outlandish outfit of leather, fishnet stockings, spiked hair, exaggerated make up etc. and controlled her slave with a gag, blindfold, lead and collar, handcuffs etc., in what she made out to be 24x7 arrangement. Seeing that slave just turned me on.

One of the more promising adverts I found in the Golden Wheel was from a couple looking for a slave, possibly to live in. At that point in time they seemed too good to be true, as did most of the ads, especially as the ratio of male seekers to female providers appeared to be about 100 to 1. But I paid my money and wrote off to the most promising 20 as the blurb said every one was guaranteed to reply, whatever their response. Well two women responded offering to sell me their used knickers for 10 pounds a time and one couple wrote back to say that they didn't subscribe to Golden Wheel requirements, what they actually wanted was someone to screw the wife in front of the husband. Another woman phoned me up and asked me whether I would allow her to dominate me and her husband together and talked through the process in detail, but admitted she had never done anything like it before and failed to call back as arranged the next day, so I presume she restricted herself to phone thrills.

But then there was Jenny and Mike. Jenny not only wrote to me giving me her telephone number, but her address as well, something very unusual. She had liked my letter and requested that I came for an interview. We arranged to meet at 4pm on a subsequent Saturday at her house, but I had to phone her regularly until then. This I did, but a couple of days before she changed the time to 1pm. I had made arrangements to call on someone else on the way and I almost said no, but something stopped me, and as I discovered later, this was a test, which

I would have failed if I had said no.

Well the big day for my interview approached and I was unsure what might befall and had no one to whom I could confide. The trip involved driving about 70 miles and then crossing the river by ferry. I decided that perhaps I should park my car a little way away just in case things got out of hand. I had arrived early and went into a local pub to calm my nerves. I was dressed in a T-shirt, shorts and sandals, as it was a hot day, a very good choice as it later transpired. At 12:45 as arranged I presented myself at the house to be greeted by Mike, who I found out later was then Jenny's Fiancé. The house was in a total state, as they were completely redecorating the living room, dining room and hall, stripping them down to the Victorian ceiling decorations and opening the two main rooms into one, as is the norm in England. I was told there was another slave also on test and that he had gone out shopping with Mistress. This was the only way they used to get money, I was never asked for money but was expected to bring presents and pay bills when out shopping with Mistress. This I normally did until one day Mistress spent \$400 on wallpaper, but more on this later.

Very soon the big moment came, in marched Mistress with the 'slave' in tow. She was stunning, petite, in her late forties, beautiful long curly red hair framed her face, she had a fantastic figure, and her face was beautifully smooth and freckled. Only her mouth gave her away, very thin, almost no lips showing. She could in fact look fabulous in make up, but because as I learned later, Mike didn't like it, she didn't usually wear makeup or perfume.

At once we (the trial slaves) were told to strip naked, except for shoes, which were necessary due to the redecorating. From that moment onwards I always had to be completely naked from the moment I entered the house, including the garden, except if we went out shopping. The other slave (John) was a complete nut case. He was in his mid thirties, fat, a traveling salesman, who claimed that he had never been with a woman, drank 10 pints of beer every night, and had to leave at 4 o'clock to go to a friend's wedding, although the story was never consistently the same from one telling to the next. He was clumsy, completely unable to carry out even the simplest task and reveled in being humiliated, but as a failure not as a slave.

First we were set to clean up some of the mess in the living and dining rooms where the ceiling frescos were being stripped of accumulated paint and laying down fresh newspaper. Then we were asked to help prepare a meal and John managed to get told off every 30 seconds. I had no idea what was expected of me but somehow just fell straight in to what was expected. On this occasion we all sat down to lunch together and it immediately became clear that our hosts were into drinking cold dry white wine. Over lunch we were asked what we wanted out of them and we both told our stories to date.

John really wanted to have a relationship with a woman, which he claimed he had never had, and this was his only way of contacting women, with the result that he suffered continuing humiliation at his inability to carry out even the simplest of tasks. Mine was to put my "sleeping dream" into real time and go all the way. To this end I started without any prompting to direct all my attention to Jenny, who responded well to my focus. I wiped her mat when her glass got stuck to it and served her food as she requested.

After lunch John was delegated to wash up, which took something like $\frac{3}{4}$ hour for just a few plates, dishes and cutlery and ended with him putting so much washing up liquid in the sink that there were bubbles overflowing onto the floor and out the open window. I had talked myself into massaging Mistress's feet, as she lay naked in the sunshine in the garden, in full view of the neighbors. She became quite encouraging to me, telling me how much she liked me etc. John departed for his "wedding" and I was asked to stay on for the night. Mike warned me I might have to put Mistress to bed if she drank much more, but in the event we all went to bed early after I had been given a tour of "The Cellar".

Now the cellar wasn't in its best shape because it was directly under the living room and hall and was covered in newspaper and the dust from the rooms above which were floored with ordinary rather than tongue and groove boards so that there were cracks between each board and with no separate ceiling to the cellar you could see the rooms above from below. The cellar was approached by a narrow flight of stairs from the dining area off the kitchen and its original use was as a coal cellar. Coal was delivered through a small manhole in the pavement (side walk) in front of the house and it originally had no fixed floor just earth. Mike had excavated another 3 or 4' and put down a concrete floor, so it was now a nice sized room about 20' square by 8' high, painted all in black with a dark carpet. There was no electricity in the main area, just black candleholders and candlesticks. Two walls had rows of hooks on which all Mistress's tools of the trade were on display, chains, cuffs, clips, whips,

paddles and a policeman's helmet! There was the remains of an old brick fireplace which had a door made of metal bars about 3" apart measuring 3' x 3' closing off the same sized space about 2'6" off the ground and only 18" deep. The door was hinged at the top and was closed by two large padlocks at the bottom. There were also plenty of hooks screwed into the ceiling beams. Of course much to my disappointment I was only given a view and a short "discussion", whilst kneeling in front of Mistress, who sat against one of the walls covered with tools, on a large black "throne" and told me some of the rules:

I mustn't be higher than Mistress

I must await her commands, otherwise to not do anything

I must anticipate her needs wherever possible

There would be no sexual contact with her

I must not look her in the eye

When I have finished a task I must return to her, kneel and state the task is complete

I must be naked at all times, except when outside the house area

When out with Mistress I must walk a pace behind her

At night I would be chained to the foot of Mistress's bed

I was to serve her tea exactly as she specified as soon as I was released in the morning.

Mistress carried a short riding crop at all times, which she used to make points, but she wielded it only fairly mildly.

As it was my first night I was actually allowed to share their bed, sleeping naked, but not too close to Mistress, with Mike on her other side. I survived the night, luckily, because my snoring was drowned out by Mike's and at 6 o'clock I was dispatched to prepare the morning tea and bring it to Mistress in bed. With a bit of luck I managed to present it exactly to Mistress's specification, but my later test were not so successful. We had an early breakfast and then I was allowed to help Mistress with her shower. This involved getting into the shower with her and soaping and spraying her, then drying her, which for someone in such a state of shock was not too successful, but I got better as the nervousness reduced on later occasions. I was also required to wipe Mistress every time she went to the toilet.

Mistress then said I was to take her shopping, so I needed to get my car to the door. As I had left the car a good ½ mile away this posed a little problem, but somehow I managed to retrieve it and pick up Mistress without the fact being noticed, but I ran fast. The trip went OK but there were slip-ups, which I was warned, would involve dire consequences if I failed again. I had to depart fairly soon after we returned, so I took my leave and agreed to come back the next Friday night.

After I left I was at first in total shock; that I had gone so far in just 24 hours with a complete stranger; that I had willingly put so much effort into making it successful; that I had known instinctively how to behave; that I easily submitted to everything I was asked. Yet driving back into my previous world, it almost felt that it hadn't happened at all, it had just been a dream and I didn't phone Mistress as arranged when I got home. The next night Mistress was "unavailable" and I was instructed to phone back the next night. Suddenly I was totally hooked, Friday couldn't come fast enough, I wanted to get back into Mistress's world, I felt like a teenager going on a second date.

Well I was there on the dot with my presents, flowers and wine. They had both just got back from work, but they were ready for me. Mistress met me at the door with a collar and leather leash, which I was required to put on as soon as I had stripped naked. Mistress then put me to work getting supper ready, whilst Mike worked on the decorating. I tried hard to do everything right, but some things were not to her liking and she threatened me with "the cellar". My adrenaline rushed, I almost found myself doing things wrong to gain the punishment and hasten my trip to "the cellar". Anyway first we had supper and Mistress was interested in the letter I had been required to

send her in the week, as my impatience for Friday boiled up. In it I had been required to spell out all my outrageous fantasies as to how the relationship should be between us, starting with Miss Whiplash. The basis she wished to work on was that she wanted a personal slave to look after her every wish and to assist her with her other 'clients', who came from time to time for their specialty paid sessions in the cellar, and at parties and other gatherings where I would be her "piece de resistance" to make all the others jealous. She felt that I should be able to serve her every move, know what clothes she wanted and if required dressing up to her whim. About the only difficulty I had in comparison to my fantasy was the apparent large element of housekeeping and the reduced personal ownership. My deafness was however a definite stumbling block in my ability to react instantly to Mistresses every command.

At supper she did implement one of my fantasies, I was made to kneel beside Mistresses chair and she fed me as and when she felt like it, but I also still had to ensure that her plate and glass were never empty and for someone with such a trim figure she sure needed a lot of refilling. After supper I was detailed to light the candles in the cellar and await my fate, whilst Mistress disappeared upstairs. As I knelt at the foot of her chair in the flickering light, Mistress reappeared in high heels, leather skirt, leather buckled top, fishnet stockings and red lipstick with her riding crop in her hand and her long red hair unpinned and flowing freely down to her waist. I was lectured on my errors and then instructed to put on leather wrist cuffs. Mistress then secured the cuffs to a chain running between two hooks in the ceiling beams; about 5' apart with me on tip toes. Mistress then forced my feet apart so that I was hanging by my cuffs and started lashing me with the crop, but not very hard. As she did it she told me that she didn't want to have to do this to me, it was degrading and unnecessary, what she wanted was to make me totally addicted to her by 'molding' me with a diet of intimacy and control, that I would do her every wish without question or mistake, making this type of session unnecessary as she only did it for 'clients'. This of course was exactly what I had always wanted, to be molded to my Mistresses desire, and I was in heaven.

Mistress then told me the plans for the night. I was to add ankle cuffs and then have all four cuffs linked by a heavy chain, which would be looped round the leg of her bed and padlocked. I would sleep on the carpet, naked, with hands and ankles almost touching. This was fantastic progress and I was hooked totally.

On a subsequent occasion I was put in the "cage" in the cellar for another mistake, whilst Mistress and Mike went out for the newspaper I had forgotten. Not only was I enclosed in the cage, which at 18" wide forced you to twist your shoulders, as you couldn't sit square, but also I was shackled to the bars so you were forced to half squat with your shoulders twisted. I was now visiting Mistress regularly and phoning her every day, but things were coming to a head. First was the wallpaper incident. I was already considering their offer of a permanent live in position and this was particularly relevant as I had to shortly move out of my rented flat, which was over my office, as it was being refurbished. The drawbacks were that I could think of no story which would satisfy my family as to why I would move to a flat 70 miles from my office, plus a ferry crossing, when I currently lived on site. Secondly I had some time before obtained a Green Card to enable me to live in America, but had then got a contract in England, which was nearly complete, and I had to make the move very soon or the card would be cancelled.

So with these things on my mind, when Mistress expected me to pay 273 pounds (\$415) for her new wallpaper I didn't, as I usually did, offer to pay. Mistress hardly spoke to me in the car on the way back and when we got in she erupted. I was told to go and prepare the cellar, but instead of Mistress appearing, Mike came down with instructions to shackle me with wrist and ankle cuffs and to secure my hands to my ankles behind my back and to crouch/kneel in front of Mistresses chair. Nothing happened for perhaps half an hour. Then Mistress appeared she looked more beautiful than I had ever seen her. She had made her face up and piled her hair up and looked every inch the Mistress you would die for. Without a word she blindfolded me, stuffed a ball gag in my mouth, tightened the chains so I was bent in half and left me, forbidding me to move an inch, blowing out all the candles as she left, leaving me in complete darkness. It later turned out that she and Mike went upstairs to make love, having me in chains very much turning them on. When I was released some hour later, I was mocked with having missed seeing them make love in front of me, something that due to subsequent events I never got to do.

When I was eventually released, it was only to attach a slightly longer chain between my hands and ankles, just enough so that I could stand on a ladder and work on scraping the ceiling. I still have marks those cuffs made on my wrist today. This was pretty difficult and strenuous with three chains to control, and from then on this was what I wore at all times when I was working, making meals, cleaning, vacuuming, anything except going outside in the garden.

One thing I haven't yet mentioned and something, which had a very molding effect, was Mistress's use of nipple clamps. I had originally happened to notice these nipple clamps in the cellar, as they were home made from a pair of sprung electrical clamps joined together by a piece of string about 4" long. Luckily they were the smooth tongue type not the serrated ones. The moment I mentioned them it stirred a reaction, because on my first visit Mistress had touched my nipples and found that when I was excited they were extremely sensitive, especially if it was she who touched them. She suggested she should try them on me and of course I said yes. There is nothing I find more addictive than nipple clamping. There is of course the initial pain, but the real pain is when they are taken off, especially if you rub them, because you can do to stop the pain as they are released. It used to take me from Monday to Friday to recover from two days of irregular clamping; goodness knows what continuous clamping would do. Mistress would carry the clamps with her at all times, but would put them on and take them off totally at random, but usually for 15-30mins at a time and you never knew when they were going to be applied. She would also tug on the string from time to time and when she took them off she would always rub my nipples vigorously to increase the blood flow, and the pain. Not once did I ever say no or try to stop her putting them on, not once did I not want her to do it. She was really "molding" me well.

After about three months with Mistress it came to the point where I had to make a decision and I was sorely pushed. Every cell of my body said that this was what I wanted more than anything I had ever wanted before, but my mind and my so rational thoughts said otherwise. To make things really complicated, I had had for some time a platonic girl friend who had been a Cabinet Minister in an African nation (Francesca) and she wanted me to go to Ghana with her, and I had just been over to Phoenix, where my children had begged me to come over and stay, and I had then started a relationship with a woman in Scottsdale (also Jenny) who was in the cult that had originally brought us to Scottsdale in the first place, which was all pulling me in all the other direction but the one I wanted, with the one plus that it was just marginally easier to tell my family than about Mistress.

Well Mistress and Mike gave me an ultimatum, commit to them and move in or finish the weekly visits. I knew they really wanted me because Mistress, in a most uncharacteristic moment, actually told me she was dying to have me make love to her, which was a big shock in itself, and on the telephone she didn't ring off after two minutes, as was her custom. But I finally decided that however much I wanted what they offered, I couldn't operate in a vacuum and there was no way I could hide what was happening from my family and there was no way that they could have understood why I was doing it.

I so wish there was some way I could have achieved my life long dream, but this was how things stood. I was contemplating giving up a well-paid job, which had taken me 9 months to land, and deciding between:

- Becoming a full time slave in London
- Going to Ghana with a black woman
- Going to Scottsdale and joining a cult.

As you might gather I decided on the latter and my "sleeping dream" is still just that, leaving me with my nipples and my pierced ears for comfort. Farewell England, farewell family, farewell job, farewell Mistress.....

July/August 2001

Catherine's Crop

by FineArt

Gregory and Catherine had been at their friends, Bill and Abby's the night before for their monthly play party. It had been a particularly intense gathering of the four couples with a couple of group scenes. Usually, they slept in on the Sunday mornings following these parties, being quite exhausted. Annette, Catherine's sister, had their two kids. Gregory always spent Sundays following these parties doing special things alone with Catherine. To the casual observer, it would appear that he made vanilla love to her on these days, but nothing in their relationship was vanilla. After attending church services, they would do special things together... perhaps a walk in the park, a long drive, a movie, a concert or museum. Occasionally, it would be time alone in the small dungeon they'd built in their basement. On these days, especially, they would set aside time to just talk together about the events of the prior day and their relationship... how it was progressing, their individual desires, concerns. Those days concluded with an evening of easy frolic, lots of cuddling in the family room before a fire, in the hottub out on the deck, or in the bedroom. Those were special times for them, even more meaningful than the group activities the day before.

Theirs was an intense relationship based on an unequal exchange of power, distinct differences in how the two of them contributed to their growth and pleasures. They had been together for just over 11 years, married for 9. Gregory was a Dominant. He made nearly all final decisions on things, led them in what they would do, even deciding what Catherine would wear to work on many occasions. Much more important, Gregory took the responsibility of guiding Catherine's growth as a person, her happiness, and her well being. He constantly talked with her, almost daily, about how things were progressing, her growing interests, desires, troubles. He took great care to do things that would take those things into consideration when he made decisions... about things unique to the two of them, or the upbringing of their kids, Jason, nearly 4, and Allison, just turned 1. Professionally successful, continually involved in civic affairs, the real cores of Gregory's life were his wife and children.

Catherine was a submissive woman. It had taken a long time for her to develop the trust, the confidence in Gregory to give over virtually everything in her life to him, to give herself to him. She had loved him from their first weekend together, when their journey of discovery and growth into the world of Domination and submission had begun. The complete gift of herself to him had taken much longer. She was professionally successful, very intelligent, reserved and private, but functioned very well in social settings. She organized events for Jason's preschool, was the head honcho for their community association's progressive dinner and annual egg hunt. Catherine stood out as one who could make sure things got done by bringing together others, getting them to assist as she did many of the major, often less desirable things herself. But the center of Catherine's life was Gregory and the children. She lived to be sure he was happy and they were growing up safe and happy, with solid values. Few things if any in life gratified her more than hearing him say "You please me, Catherine. You please me very much little one." Her life was fulfilling and she was richly rewarded when she attended to his needs and desires.

Well, this was certainly not going to be one of those relaxing Sundays. When Gregory awoke, Catherine was not in the bed next to him. She was nowhere to be seen in their large bedroom suite. Gregory could smell coffee, heard pans rattling downstairs. He smiled, she was fixing a special breakfast, going to surprise him. He stumbled to the bathroom, pulled on a pair of boxers, and made his way downstairs. He

was not fully awake until he entered the kitchen.

Immediately Gregory knew it was not going to be a leisurely breakfast. Catherine was not nude, as she knew he wanted her when they were home alone on these days. She was not even in one of her sexy negligees. Catherine was in an old sweatshirt and a pair of shorts, her hair tied back with a bandanna. Hell, of all things, she was cleaning out kitchen cabinets! Gregory groaned. This was going to be one hell of a day. He thought he knew what was troubling her, but it was nearing that time of the month, and he was never exactly sure what would trigger her mood swings during this week each month. Leaning on the door jam, crossing his arms "Good morning, little one. My, industrious today, aren't we." There was an edge to his voice. Gregory was not pleased.

"Hi" Her voice was sharp, strained. She did not even look up at him, just pulled out some more pots and pans, they clattered noisily. Gregory saw her move... damn, she was even wearing a bra! It had been years since she had worn a bra when they were going to be home alone.

When they were upset with each other, they took time to cool off, then talked. She was just beginning to heat up... a pile of pan lids fell off the large pot, clattering across the floor. It sounded like a thunderstorm in their kitchen. She did not look up, just crawled on her hands and knees away from him to retrieve the lids, banging them together.

"Catherine, I will be in my chair. Get yourself calmed down, prepared to come to me, then join me there." his voice was slightly louder than usual, each word was firm, crisp.

Still on her hands and knees, looking away from him, Catherine raised her head, biting her lower lip before speaking, took a deep breath, "Yes, Gregory. I will do as you ask. Just give me some time." Her voice was a combination of anger and resignation.

Gregory turned on his heel, went to their room, combed his hair, and slipped on a T-shirt and shorts. He went down stairs, retrieved the Sunday paper at the front door, and went to the family room in the basement. He needed a bit of time, too. But it would not be good if Catherine waited too long to clam down, make herself presentable, and come to him.

It was nearly an hour before she came down the stairs. He had heard things rattling for a while in the kitchen immediately above him, then water from the shower. Gregory had tried to read the paper, but he had hardly noticed the headlines. He had the sports page on his lap when she came in, dressed in a clean pair of shorts and a T-shirt, not nude, as she knew he would be expecting, to kneel before him. She crossed the room stiffly, knelt before him, staring at the floor. "You summoned me, Master?"

Yes, Gregory was certain now what was bothering her. Reaching to lift her chin, forcing her to look at him as he gazed into her eyes. Her eyes were cold, sad. This was going to be a challenging day. "What troubles you little one. Speak freely." His voice was calm, soft again. He was again in control of himself. He was pretty sure what he would do.

"Jill!" That's all she needed to say.

At the party the day before, Gregory had used a dildo on Jill as she was giving head to Matt, her husband. Matt had requested this assistance in order for Jill to master control of her release, to focus and concentrate. Gregory was expert with a dildo. Catherine, of course, knew this so very well. He had had Catherine bring him the dildo from Matt's toy bag, even kneeling beside him as he had slipped it into Jill. Catherine had been as close as she was to him now. It had bothered her a lot then, but her feelings had

grown stronger as the evening and night progressed. She had dreamed of this and awoken early, angry. It was difficult enough when he touched Abby or Susan, but when it was Jill... well this was too much for her. Catherine knew that Gregory would never actually make love with Jill, at least she was pretty sure that he would not... but that had been her dream.. Gregory coupling with Jill and making her watch. Fucking Jill just to spite her... it was Catherine's worst nightmare. Catherine knew a part of this was the insecurity... that she was overly moody... but she felt what she felt!

"Little one, I was helping Jill's Master teach her important lessons. And there were lessons for you too. Things I wanted to talk with you about today. Catherine, to me, Jill is not appealing. If I did not have you, I would never consider her to be mine... little one, who did I make love with later, who did I hold and caress? Who did I take to my bed, and expect to make love with today? To share my deepest thoughts with today?"

"Me, Master." A little of the edge came off her voice. She knew, deep in her heart, all he said was true. But still... she dropped her eyes back down.. She did not want to look at him. She was not sure she could continue with this lifestyle. No, other than a hand on Jill's hip to steady himself, Gregory had not touched her... only the end of the dildo. And he had paced the use of the dildo at Matt's direction. Catherine knew, very, very well, that he was more proficient with the toy than he had been with Jill. Still, it had been his hand pushing it in and out of Jill, not 2 feet in front of her eyes. She had seen him shove it deep into her as Matt allowed Jill's release. Thinking back, yes, it had been mechanical for Gregory. But still! Much as she hated even the thought doing such things, if someone else had to do it, Catherine would have preferred that it had been her using the dildo instead of Gregory... at least with Jill... Women knew these things. Jill wanted to fuck Gregory... or have him fuck her. Abby and Susan wanted only to serve their Masters... Jill could be such a slut!

"Little one, so long as we live this lifestyle, so long as we participate in this group, we will help others to learn and grow. And we will utilize them to help us as well, Catherine. Do you understand!" There was finality in his voice. Both he and Catherine knew they would talk about this more, much more. Adjustments to how they interacted with the others would be made. But the direction was set. His decision was made. They would continue in the lifestyle unless she refused, changed the very foundation of their lives together. They would continue with the group. It would continue to involve things intensely sexual. Catherine knew it was time to move on past this event. To learn from it and continue to grow with her husband and Master.

"Yes, Master." In one sense, she was just resigned to this, in another, deeper sense, she was relieved. Gregory was in control. He was guiding their lives. The pluses outweighed the negatives.... manyfold.

"Catherine, I am very concerned about your reaction this morning. You turned from me. I just now am understanding your feelings. We had discussed this before, little one. We had agreed that what I did yesterday was well within bounds. Little one, I am very disappointed in you... the way you acted this morning. How can we grow together if you turn from me!" It was not a question, it was a statement... a biting statement. Gregory could feel his chest tighten as he spoke to her, but his voice remained even, firm.

Catherine's shoulders dropped and her head drooped further at his words. She was barely able to whisper "I am sorry, Master. I am sorry I have disappointed you."

"Catherine this cannot go unpunished. Go; prepare for us to go out. I will select your clothing for you. I want you to dress elegantly."

Together, they went to their room. As Catherine began fixing her hair, applying her make-up, Gregory was in her closet, selecting her clothing. He returned with a white outfit, one she had worn to an office party earlier in year. He had bought it for her, especially for that party. It was an off white, a skirt that was short, slit up the back. The top accentuated her curves. There was a see through net in the deeply scooped top. It was a wonderful outfit; she loved it, even if showed a lot of cleavage. The bra he selected was see-through, very sheer. It contained her more than supported. There were dark stockings and a garter, no panties, of course. She hoped that her monthly cycle would not begin while they were out.

Gregory showered, shaved and dressed quickly while she carefully applied her make-up, fixed her hair, dressed. They did not speak at all. Gregory was wearing a double-breasted suit, his freshly shined wing tips. They looked like they were going to do the town!

Gregory took her by the hand as they went down stairs, he opened the car door for her and helped her in. She felt the cool breeze on her bare pussy as she slipped her legs into the car. Gregory backed the car from the drive, and they drove for nearly an hour before he pulled into a parking lot. The lot was filled with pick-ups and SUV's. The stores were not familiar to her. There was a farm supply store, a feed store and something called The Tack Shop. Gregory parked, came around the car to get her, took her by the hand and that is where they went.

As they entered the store, all eyes turned to them. Everyone there was dressed in jeans and plaid shirts. Many had the big belt buckles, and most were wearing wide brimmed cowboy hats. The shop smelled of leather. They could not possibly have been more out of place the way they were dressed.

Catherine followed Gregory around the shop as he looked at things. Eyes were on them... well... on her. Gregory was watching them closely, and led her directly past some that were openly leering.

This was what he wanted. She knew that more than a few of the men there were mentally having sex with her, using her! She was used to that... she hated it except for those special times she and Gregory went out, when for him, she wanted to be slutty, extremely naughty. This was not one of those times. She was being punished, learning a lesson. She was just not sure how yet.

Gregory stopped at a basket of riding crops, it was on the floor. He told Catherine to bend down and sort through the crops. She knew about crops, they had a couple in their toys. She had learned to love the crop. But as she went down to sort through the crops, on her toes, her butt on her heels, knees together, she knew all eyes were on her. She flushed. Could anyone see down the skirt... see she was bare underneath? Gregory had her take three different styles of crops from the basket and helped her to stand, the crops in her hand. One by one, he tried them on a saddle displayed over a sawhorse beside him. He used many different flicks of his wrist with each, tossed two in the basket, made her kneel down to get one more, tested it. People were standing, staring at them. Gregory tossed one more crop into the basket, handed the other to her. It was 18" long, black, with a leather wrapped handle. "Come Catherine." He led her to the counter, where a 30ish woman, somewhat attractive, was checking. Gregory turned to Catherine and held out his hand, dramatically... Catherine handed him the crop.

Catherine stared at the floor and blushed as the clerk scanned the crop and started to put in a bag. The clerk was red, too. No one in the place thought this crop was for use on a horse. "The bag is not necessary. My wife will take it." The clerk blushed deeper as she handed the crop to Catherine, but she was pale compared to this elegantly dressed, beautiful blonde woman. Gregory paid the bill, turned without a word, and Catherine, carrying the crop, followed him out to the car. He opened the door for her, curious eyes still on them, and she slid into the car. He was entering the car on the driver's side as she was turning to put the

crop in the back seat. "Hold it in your hands, Catherine. Learn this crop, caress it. It will serve only one purpose."

Running her fingers along the shaft of the crop, the other holding the handle, Catherine whispered "Yes, Master."

They did not talk on the way back to their home, each deep in their own thoughts. Right now, Gregory did not want to talk. He wanted her to be thinking, considering the big picture of their marriage, the very nature of their relationship. When they arrived home, Gregory helped her from the car, then walked in front of her into the front door. She was carrying the crop, wondering if the neighbors could tell what she had if any were watching.

When they got into the house, Gregory went directly down to his chair. Without questioning, Catherine followed. When he sat heavily in his chair, she knelt before him, holding the crop. "Little one, this crop will be used only for punishments of severe infractions. You turned from me. I can not make the right decisions about you... about us... if you do not talk to me, if I do not know how you feel, what you need. Catherine, this was very, very serious."

"Yes, Master, " The softest of whispers, tear-filled eyes glued to the floor.

Gregory extended his hand. "The crop!" Catherine laid it across her upraised palms, extended her arms.

"Your Crop, Master" her voice was stronger, but she did not look up.

Gregory took the crop from her, looking at her for some time. "Catherine remove your outer clothing. Keep the stockings and bra, stay in your shoes."

"Yes, Master." Catherine rose and stepped aside, carefully removing the top, then the skirt, folding each and putting them in a neat pile on a side table. She came to stand before Gregory, her hands at her sides, head lowered. "Master, your Catherine is ready for anything you wish to do to her. She is sorry she has displeased you."

Standing in her sheer bra, stocking and garter, in 3" white spiked heels, Catherine was beautiful. Gregory wanted to just hold her. To whisk her away, make wonderful love to her. He did not want to do this, but he knew that he had to... had to! The crop in his hand weighted a ton. Gregory rose, fought the urge to hug Catherine, but instead took her hand and led her to the padded incline bench. He had her lean over the raised end of the bench, spreading her legs, caressing her white asscheeks. "Catherine, learn what happens when you disappoint me like this, how serious this is. This hurts me, little one. But I must do this for your good... for our good."

"Yes, Master. Thank you for loving me as you do, Master. For caring for me as you do." Catherine braced herself for what she knew was coming.

Gregory caressed her asscheeks, trying to get her to relax; she, of course, did not. Then, with the sound of the crop whistling through the air, the crop landed on her left asscheek. He did not hit her that hard, it was meant to sting. The welt on her ass was immediate. Her voice was firm "One, Master. Thank you."

He caressed her between swats. She never flinched. When he was done, there were 10 welts spread over her cheeks and upper thighs. With each, she had counted and thanked him, her voice growing stronger as she was punished. None of the blows had been particularly hard, but Gregory knew Catherine's bottom would be very uncomfortable for at least a couple of days. He had not wanted to hurt her, but did want a

physical reminder of what he felt was a serious breach of their relationship, the need always for open communications. Finished, he tossed the crop aside, onto the game table, and helped her to her feet, holding her close. Gregory was hurting. He never enjoyed this... never. Catherine's face was coated in tears, but the life was back into her eyes. She clung to him, sobbing, words spilling from her. "Gregory, oh Gregory, I am so sorry. Hold me Gregory."

Soon, Gregory led her back over to his chair, where he sat, Catherine sitting on a pillow at his feet, her arms draped over his legs, her chin on his thigh. They talked for over two hours. Gregory explained again, that she was entitled to her feelings. For each of them, emotions needed to be brought out, expressed and experienced, never buried! Gregory explained again that it was the closing of communications that led to her punishment, not having strong feelings. They talked about many other things... their participation in their small group. Gregory listened closely as she expressed her feelings, how she had accepted things she still felt shy or deeply embarrassed about because she knew how it had brought the two of them closer together and greatly enhanced their own sensual pleasures. As Gregory probed with questions, she explained again how she did not, in itself, enjoy being nude in the presence of others. She ran her fingers nervously along his thighs, not looking up at him as she explained that she could not relax in the few and highly restricted times that the other Masters had been allowed to use her body for various reasons. She hugged his leg and spoke very quietly her appreciation that he never allowed any form of penetration of her or rough play with her sensitive breasts. She was blushing and genuinely shy when she looked up at him, saying, "Master, some things I can give only to you." Gregory had given a knowing chuckle and leaned to gently kiss her forehead.

Catherine's blushing smile radiated as she continued "But Master, you have made me a shameless voyeur. I love watching the others and then am ready to serve you in any way you wish, even in the presence of others. It is always difficult to begin, but (her eyes were shining and she bit her lower lip before continuing) you have a way of making me forget others are watching!" Gregory bust out in laughter as she dropped her head, feeling a mix of shame, joy and contentment at her admission.

Gregory expressed the immense sense of pride and love he felt for her... and the extreme power of her gift to him when he was able to make his twisted love to her in the presence of others. And he shared his commitment that he could never share the most intimate of her gifts to him with any other.

Finally, the discussion turned to Matt and Jill. It was Gregory who brought it up, but they both agreed that this couple was working to stretch things beyond the agreed purpose and restrictions of the group. It had become obvious that Matt wanted Catherine and Jill wanted Gregory for their own personal pleasures... nothing more than old fashioned wife swapping with some kink! Gregory again explained that his use of toys in Jill the night before had been for specific purposes of training and that all parties, including Catherine, had agreed upon the activities before hand. But they both agreed that their physical contact with this other couple would be even further restricted and Gregory said he would have a very frank discussion with Matt.

From this tense topic, they discussed many other things. And it was mid-afternoon when Catherine finally rose to go fix them a snack lunch. Gregory sat in silent contentment as he watched her walk away, the red welts on her bottom a symbol of what they had been through, the lessons learned this day.

From that afternoon, that particular crop was kept in Catherine's lingerie drawer. It was laid across the top of her folded dainties where she had to see it every day. Each day, she caressed it before she selected her undies from the drawer, using it as a reminder of who and what she was... who owned her. That crop did not need to be in his hand to serve its purpose. It was brought out of their room only when they traveled,

so the lessons would go with them. Physically, Catherine never felt the sting of that crop again, but it stung again many times when, particularly around difficulties of communicating emotions, Gregory would say softly, but firmly "Catherine, will we need your crop?"

July/August 2001

The Arrangement

by dark whisper

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Karen's voice was hesitant, as she looked her friend in the eye. "You know I don't agree with it, and I don't know why you feel you have to subject yourself to the degradation."

"It's what he wants me to do. I can't deny him, that's how we are." Her voice was matter-of-fact, but the look in her eyes betrayed her nervousness. "Zachary, for all practical purposes, owns me. I know you don't agree with my lifestyle, but he and I have an agreement. He is my Master-I am his pet." She finished up her packing by placing a slinky, emerald green teddy in the lingerie flap of the suitcase. "Besides, I'm kind of looking forward to this. It's exciting as hell."

Deanne kissed her friend's cheek goodbye as she hoisted the suitcase, and gave the somewhat messy room one last look. "Well, I think that's it. Now, you have the number to reach me in an emergency, and I'll check in with you at least every other day. Okay?" She knew that Karen would worry, and since she was only going to be gone a week, she felt that her friend wouldn't freak out too much as long as she kept in touch.

"Please be careful, Deanne. And remember, you ARE your own person." Karen gave her a swat on the butt as she pushed her toward the door, and the taxi waiting on the street below.

The door closed, and Karen leaned back against the jam. "Zachary, if you hurt her, I'll make sure you regret it."

The hustle and bustle of London's Heathrow Airport surprised Deanne as she stepped into the waiting area. She'd somehow expected it to be less frantic than in the states. She saw the customs area, and took her place in line.

An hour later, she found herself back in the waiting lounge. She knew Zachary would be busy, so she expected to wait for quite some time. She ran one hand through the long, dark red strands of her hair, and picked up a magazine.

"Miss Monroe?" The voice was smooth, sexy, and definitely British.

"Yes?" She turned blue eyes up to the good-looking man standing in front of her. Her eyes lingered for a moment on the well-sculpted body hidden beneath the Armani suit he wore with a casual grace.

"Mr. Silver sent me to collect you, and take you to your accommodations." His eyes briefly moved over her face and then made a quick perusal of her lush body. She noticed that his gaze lingered for just a moment too long on the fullness of her chest. "Follow me, please." He picked up her bags as if they weighed no more than a feather, and motioned her ahead of him.

The car was long and lean. She recognized the Jaguar emblem on the bonnet as he opened the boot, and stowed her bags. She watched the play of his muscles as he moved. There was no doubt that he was in very good condition. She sighed slightly.

"Are you all right, Miss Monroe?"

Ah, his voice.

"Yes, I'm fine. Do you work with Zach? And what's your name?" She smiled at him as he opened her car door and helped her into the low-slung car.

"I've worked with him on a number of occasions, but no, we don't work together. My name is Alex."

She extended her hand and said, "I'm Deanne, when you call me Miss Monroe, I'm not real sure whom you are addressing! It's very nice to meet you, Alex."

He took her hand and briefly pressed it to his lips. She felt an immediate tingle run up her arm, and pulled her hand from his grasp. Zachary was her Master, and this man was merely someone he worked with, whom he sent to pick her up from the airport. This wouldn't do at all.

He smiled when she pulled her hand from his, and then started the car. The powerful motor purred to life and he pulled smoothly into traffic.

Alex was a wonderful tour-guide as they drove through the city. He pointed out the Thames River as they passed over its muddy waters. She found herself wishing that Alex were the one-the one her Master had arranged for her to accept into their lives. But of course, it wasn't. Zachary moved in very powerful circles, and the associate he wanted to share her with was just as powerful as he was himself. Deanne curled her fingers into her skirt and thought about Zachary's voice as he told her his plans. There was never any doubt that she had the option of saying no, but she also knew that if she did, he would kiss her lightly, hand her an expensive bauble, then walk out of her life.

The merest thought of him consumed her. If she only heard his voice over the telephone, her pussy flooded with slick juice. When he told her that there was someone he wanted her to meet, her heart dropped to her knees. He went on to explain that he'd been discussing her many charms with one of his business associates, and had made arrangements for them to spend a week in London.

Deanne didn't know at first if he was serious, but when she laughed in disbelief, he grew silent. He didn't say another word to her about it, but she felt the stoniness about him for three days until she dropped down in front of him, and accepted his wishes. Immediately, his countenance improved, and she once again felt like his treasured pet.

Twenty minutes outside the city, they pulled into a long, winding driveway. The house was huge. Deanne looked in awe at the gorgeous landscaping surrounding the house. She had no idea she would be staying anywhere other than one of the nicer hotels.

"Wow, this place is fantastic." Deanne's breathed. "Is Zachary here?"

"No, he'll be here shortly. He left you a note in your room, so I'd better get you up there." Alex led her through the doorway to a beautiful foyer. Everywhere she looked, she saw expensive antiques, and tasteful décor. Her legs were trembling as she followed Alex up the wide, winding staircase.

Her bedroom was stunning. It seemed as though the room had been decorated with her in mind. The room's predominate color was deep forest green, though soft mauves and even a muted yellow was scattered throughout. She felt immediately at home.

"Alicia will be up to help you unpack, but in the meantime, just relax and get your bearings. Welcome."

She smiled and watched his ass bunch as he turned and left the room. "Phew, what a butt," she whispered

after she was sure he'd cleared the room.

On the table by the bed, was an envelope addressed to her in a strong, masculine scrawl. Zachary.

"Welcome, My pet. This is the home of My business associate--the one with whom I have agreed to share you. Please remember your status as 'guest' and behave accordingly. You will find clothing in the closet and drawers. You will ONLY wear what you find here. I will join you shortly, and we will begin your training."

Deanne read the note several times, searching for something in his words to reassure her-finding nothing. He seemed almost cold in the note. She turned to look at the beautiful room, and instead of seeing its beauty, now only saw it for what it was-her cage.

The mirrored doors of the closet held a dazzling array of gowns, all in various shades of green or burgundy. She ran the material of a deep emerald gown between her shaking fingers. Heavy, silky material slithered over her skin. She pulled the gown from the closet and held it to her body. The cut was deceptively simple; square cut bodice and nipped-in waistline. The gown was obviously sinfully expensive, and as there were no labels, she wondered if perhaps it had been made specifically for her. Green was her color; it made an exquisite foil for her dark auburn hair.

After putting the gown back into the closet, she moved to the ornate mahogany dresser and opened a drawer. She caught her breath at the stacks of silky wisps of material. She picked up a bra, and wondered briefly how the scrap of lace could possibly hold her heavy, full breasts.

She was still holding the bra when she heard a knock on the door, followed by a cheerful voice. "Miss? I've come to help you with your bath." Alicia was a stunning blonde, and the contrast between the two women was striking. Deanne stood just over six foot, and Alicia, though tall herself, barely came to Deanne's chin.

"Mr. Silver left very specific instructions for me, and asked that I see to your every need." Alicia bustled around the room and collected bits and pieces of lingerie, before pulling the emerald green gown from the closet. She moved into the huge, attached bathroom and arranged the clothing for easy access once Deanne was out of the bath. She then turned on the faucets and poured a generous amount of wickedly fragrant bath salts into the swirling water.

Deanne looked at Alicia, then the water, then back at Alicia. She felt almost as if she were drugged. She seemed to have no control over the sequence of events that held her tight in their powerful grasp. She found her fingers unzipping her skirt and tugging it over the curve of her hip, before the material landed in a silken pile at her feet. She moved automatically, and each article of clothing came off to expose more and more of her creamy skin.

At last she stood naked in the middle of the room: tall, poised, and utterly beautiful. Alicia's eyes moved slowly over Deanne's long body, lingering on the swell of her breasts before moving down the curve of her belly and finally resting on the soft patch of pubic hair at the apex of her thighs. Deanne felt the heat of her gaze as she moved toward the steamy tub and stepped into the hot, fragrant water.

Deanne felt as though this was some sort of dream from which she would awaken shortly. Surely this wasn't her body in the hot, swirling water, while another woman stroked a washcloth over her tingling skin. Alicia's touch was sure and smooth as she spread the rich lather over Deanne's skin. She closed her eyes and just enjoyed the thoroughly erotic cleansing ritual.

When Alicia's hand reached her sex, her eyes opened and saw the intense look on the other woman's face. Her heart beat quickly in her chest as Alicia's fingers dipped into the inner folds of her pussy. She moaned as the slippery fingers circled her clit and pushed their way deeply inside her vagina. When Alicia's mouth met her own, Deanne's lips opened for the touch of her tongue.

"What a pretty picture." Zachary's voice was smooth and sexy in the steamy bathroom. Deanne jerked upright in the bathtub, but Alicia moved with her, still stroking her pussy. "You look like you are enjoying yourself, my pet."

"Master," Deanna breathed softly. "I...I am sorry." Her face was a mask of confusion, but Alicia's fingers never stopped their assault on her now throbbing pussy. She looked into Zachary's face and saw the pleasure deep in their smoky depths.

Then she understood. He had arranged for this whole little scenario. She felt a flash of anger that he'd not only allow her to be shared by his business associate, but by Alicia--a maid. But he WAS her Master, and as such, had the right to share her favors with whomever he wished.

"Come out of the water, babe." He held out his hand and she took it with trembling fingers. He led her to the bed and gently pushed her onto the satin spread. She turned to see Alicia strip off her clothes and then join her on the smooth material.

Alicia was gorgeous. Her blonde hair shone in the muted lights of the sumptuous bedroom. Her body was as lush as Deanne's own. Her light blue eyes gazed deeply into Deanne's deep blue as her hand began a slow exploration of the still damp skin. Deanne's fingers followed those of the girl, lingering on the luxurious warmth of her slick flesh. Tanned skin met creamy white as Alicia pressed herself against Deanne's fairness.

Zachary watched the slow exploration of his pet and Alicia with an intensity that almost startled Deanne. His eyes lingered on searching fingers and wet skin. When Alicia's fingers slid across the smoothly shaven lips of Deanne's pussy, he yanked off his belt and pulled down his trousers.

His cock was hard, and thrust itself into the air as his pants hit the floor. "Yes, My pet, I love watching your pleasure at the hands of a woman, but soon, I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before."

His hand began rhythmically stroking his long, thick cock. Deep, full strokes with his clenched fist. The underside of his shaft shone with moisture in the bright light of the bedroom.

Alicia watched the look on Zachary's face, and knelt between Deanne's open thighs. Her head bent, and her lips settled on the shaven lips of the redhead. Two distinct moans reached her ears as her tongue snaked out, and slid slowly up Deanne's glistening slit. Ah, the wetness. Two fingers joined her searching tongue, and pressed slowly inside the wriggling woman.

Deanne couldn't believe this was happening. She'd never thought herself capable of enjoying the soft touch of a woman. Always before, she wanted only to feel the rough, thrusting power of a man and his rock-hard cock. She liked to be *taken*. But this--this gentle sucking and licking was driving her mad! Her hands reached for the blonde head and pressed her closer. Every stroke of Alicia's tongue made her arch with pleasure. She forgot about Zachary standing at the foot of the bed watching them, thought only of the feel of soft lips and wet tongue. When Alicia sucked her swollen clit between her lips and flicked at it with her tongue, Deanne whimpered loudly. She knew then that she was close to orgasm.

"Alicia, that's enough." Zachary's voice was unsteady as he uttered the command.

Immediately the gentle lapping and sucking ceased, and Deanne bit her lip to stop the protest that rose unbidden to her lips. He was her Master, and his word was law.

"I want to see My toy's mouth on you, Alicia. Please change positions." His hand was now a blur on the rigid length of his shaft.

Quickly, the women changed places. Deanne sat back on her heels and let her eyes drink in the view of the blonde and her lush curves. She saw the way the full breasts heaved with excitement as her eyes lingered on the puckered nipples. She drug her eyes down, over the curve of her tanned stomach, and finally settled on the thick mat of hair between Alicia's trembling thighs. Very slowly, very deliberately, she lowered her face, and kissed the puffy outer lips.

Alicia arched upward with the first touch of Deanne's lips, and felt her juice slip down between the crack of her butt-cheeks. Deanne's tongue followed the wet trail and licked upward, digging between the wet folds of Alicia's warm cunt.

Deanne was startled at the taste of a woman on her lips and tongue. She'd only tasted her own flavor, and was surprised at the difference. Alicia was almost sweet, where she was tangy. She tentatively slid a finger between the moist inner folds and felt it sink into tight wet velvet.

"Mmmm, yes. That's so good." Alicia's eyes were closed as she moaned the words.

Deanne bent farther at the waist, leaving her ass waving gently in the air. Her pussy was open and gleaming, and Zachary watched with greedy eyes as Deanne licked and sucked on the blonde's open cunt.

The tip of Deanne's tongue stroked over the swollen nub of Alicia's clit, pushing back the little hood and finding the smooth, silky head. Experimental little flicks with the tip had the woman whimpering with pleasure. Wetness coated her chin and cheeks as she pushed deeper between spread thighs.

"God, you taste so good." The words were dragged from Deanne as she pulled back and watched the look on Alicia's face. Two fingers pushed their way into steamy pussy and curled upward. Alicia screamed as they found her pleasure zone. Deanne's hungry mouth sucked on puffy lips and drew them between her teeth.

Zachary moved up behind Deanne on the bed and steadied her hips. One smooth thrust of his hips, and he was buried fully inside of her hot cunt. Long, deep strokes of his cock rocked her forward-tighter into Alicia's crotch. His hands dug into the soft skin of her hips, pulling her back as he pounded into her. He felt huge inside of her.

"Yes, My toy, suck her pussy while I fuck your cunt. You like that? You like having My hard cock slamming deep inside of you while your mouth sucks on a pretty pussy. Don't you, My little pleasurebox?" Deanne moaned when she heard his words, and felt a new rush of juice lubricate her already dripping hole. His next words were barely audible, "I fucking knew you could be like this."

Deanna felt the clenching of Alicia's muscles as she finger-fucked her, and knew she was going to come. Her tongue attacked the girl's clit as her fingers slammed in and out of her. Alicia grabbed a handful of dark red hair and yanked Deanne's head into her burning crotch.

"Oh...GOD!" Alicia shrieked out in pleasure as she came against Deanne's mouth. Long, drawn-out

shudders wracked her body as she lunged and bucked. Deanne's mouth stayed with her the whole time--tongue flicking quickly across Alicia's clit while she jammed her fingers into her as hard as she could.

Zachary thrust deeply and kept his cock stationary as he watched the blonde come from his lover's mouth and tongue.

"Yes, sweet, come for us." His voice was unsteady.

Slowly, so very slowly, Alicia ceased her frantic undulations, and Deanne began kissing her wet pussy gently. She leaned up and looked Alicia in the eye. A slow, sensual smile spread across her mouth as she saw the lust reflected from the other woman's eyes.

"I want to fuck Alicia now, Deanne. I want you to straddle her face and let her eat you. I want you to watch Me as I fuck her." He pulled his cock out of Deanne and waited for her to obey his demand.

Deanne hadn't expected this. She should have, but until he said it, she really hadn't thought about him fucking another woman, especially while she watched. Her eyes searched his. He looked deeply into her eyes, and smiled. She saw, for the first time, the love he felt for her deep in his dark eyes. He would not utter the words, but they were there, if she chose to look.

Deanne smiled into his eyes, then dropped her gaze. "Yes, my Master, whatever you wish of me."

"That's my girl." His hand stroked the curve of her butt-cheek as she moved up the bed to straddle Alicia's face.

Zachary rocked back on his knees, and guided his hard, thick cock between wet blonde curls. Alicia gasped when she felt how thick he was inside of her. His cock sank slowly into her wet hole. He turned to look at Deanne as he pulled back, and thrust slowly into the other woman.

Deanne slowly lowered her dripping pussy until she felt the soft lips of the woman her lover was fucking. Her head fell back as Alicia's tongue darted out to lick up the wet slit, and brush against Deanne's clit. Soft moans filled the air as both women were pleased.

Zachary's eyes never left Deanne's as he slowly levered in and out of Alicia's wet cunt. It was as if they were caught in an eerie tableau. Deanne could almost feel Zach's cock in her own trembling pussy, even though he fucked another woman. They were connected in a way she would never have believed possible. Three intensely sensual people engaged in new exploration.

"So good, so fucking good." Zach uttered the words as he pushed forward and started moving faster inside of the blonde. Her hungry cunt seemed to almost swallow him whole, and he felt her muscles clench down, holding him inside of her.

Deanne's hips were rocking back and forth on Alicia's hungry mouth. She reached back and grasped the ornate iron headboard in her hands, using it to hold her above the wildly moving tongue and lips. Every jab of Zachary's cock slammed Alicia's mouth against Deanne's throbbing clit.

Zach hooked Alicia's knees in the crook of his elbow and slammed himself into her wide-open cunt. He saw Deanne's eyes glaze and knew she was once again on the edge of intense orgasm. He thrust mightily into Alicia and watched his pet explode into the sucking mouth of the woman he fucked.

"Yes! Oh, God..." Her cries of pleasure were drowned out by Zachary's grunt of satisfaction as he felt the

hot come rush up from his balls and spurt from the tip of his dark purple cock. He pulled the jetting cockhead out of Alicia and watched his come splash over heaving breasts and land on his pet's curls of pubic hair.

He leaned forward and kissed Deanne hard. His tongue thrusting down her throat and swirling over the roof of her mouth. His hands grabbed her breasts and squeezed them almost painfully.

Deanne felt Alicia's tongue slow it's frantic pace as she lapped up the thick juice of her orgasm. Long, gentle strokes against Deanne's tender clit had her trembling and jerking with reaction.

The three collapsed on the satin spread and caught their breath. Soft hands caressed Zachary and each other. He kissed each woman deeply, and sighed with satisfaction.

The bedroom door opened, and Deanne looked up to see Alex standing in the doorway. His eyes took in the three nude lovers and he smiled slowly.

"I realize that the agreement was for Alicia to share your pet, Zachary, but surely it can be renegotiated to include your other business partner as well?"

Deanne turned confused eyes to Zachary. "Alicia is your business associate? But, I thought..."

"Yes, My sweet. You thought I'd agreed to share you with a man, didn't you? Well, perhaps that can be arranged." He turned to Alex and held out his hand.

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The Insane Asylum

**A collaborative work between thee MARQUIS DE SADE
and ~*~the light{MDS}~*~.**

Caution...the story you are about to read is only a fantasy and not an actual event...written only for its entertainment value and nothing more...it is filled with extreme violence, initially non-consensual, and it is a journey through darkness...It is not intended to offend any readers. It is not intended for the squeamish of heart!!!

Sitting in My padded cell...bound in a straight jacket...contemplating how long I will be held here...tis 1789...I have been incarcerated in an Insane Asylum for deeds of pain and pleasure within the walls of My castle...there has been rumors for years...but up until now...no O/one has dared...nor ever stepped in My way...of exploring My depraved desires...I remember well the night T/they came for Me...and in time...I will repay T/them for T/their deeds against Me...but for now...I must find a way out...My mind working...thoughts flowing...an idea comes to Me...the nurse that has tended Me is very beautiful...but she does not understand how the journey through darkness can bring pleasure...I will be here for a very long time if I do not get the message across...she is then sure to release Me...it is night...it is her shift...feigning illness...I begin to moan and groan loudly...I must get her in My cell...I must get her to take Me to the treatment room...then I will find a way to teach her of the joys of pain and pleasure... I will take her on a journey through the darkness to experience first hand the joys of depraved pain...

Enjoying the cool nights air as i make my way to the Asylum...the crispness filling my lungs as i make my way up the stairs to the door...hearing the cries and moans of T/those held inside...i shudder slightly...knowing it is to be a long and arduous night...pulling my cloak up snugly around my neck...i take one last breath of the night air...as i enter the madness that is contained within... knowing...there is no hope here...but pain... wishing... for a brief moment... that there could just for once be pleasure...pleasure for T/those so lost...~sighs~ removing my long crimson cloak and smoothing my raven tresses into place...i make my rounds of the Asylum... hearing the moans of One...i go to His door...i peer through the peep hole in the door...seeing His piercing blue eyes bore a hole right into my very being...as His moans for help increase in volume...i ignore my instructions...as i have tended to Him before...yet never alone...and slowly and cautiously...i unlock and open the door...

My soul on fire as I hear the sound of the lock being turned...excitement flowing through My veins...knowing that at night the S/staff is small...I hope that it will be her alone...the object of My desire...and if all goes as I have thought it out so far...My charm will take U/us to the place she will journey the darkness from...as she enters...cautiously...I continue to moan louder and louder...showing signs of excruciating pain upon My face...pretending to just notice her as she enters...I look to her with pleading eyes...saying from within...please help Me...she kneels near Me...her dress sliding up slightly exposing her luscious ankles...and a hint of her calve..."oh please...the pain in My stomach hurts so badly...I need some help... some relief...please...take Me and help Me"...she puts her hand on My head...no fever...she cannot check My pulse for I am bound in a straight jacket...nodding in affirmation... she helps Me to My feet...guiding Me out of the room and down the hall...all the time I am bent at the waist...feigning stomach pain...moaning...pleading...and in My heart of hearts...in the depths of My depraved mind...a scheme begins to unfold...if W/we are alone in the treatment room...it will be the demise of her purity...the end of the reign of her innocence...she will be taken on a journey the likes of which she has never imagined...

Opening the door...seeing Him plead for help...His eyes filled with so much pain...i look outside of the door...seeing no O/one...i walk over to Him...smiling softly as i kneel before Him...reaching up to touch His forehead...feeling no fever...yet His cries grow louder...i help Him up...and place my arm around Him...assisting Him down the corridor...my mind racing... wondering what all the fuss is about...as the MARQUIS DE SADE has always been such a Gentleman in His words to me...He has always greeted the nurses that tend to Him with a gentle smile...~shrugs~ as W/we make O/our way down the dank hallway toward the treatment center...His cries of pain grow stronger...i speak softly as He begs for help..."all will be well...the Doctor will come soon and tend to Your ailment...You'll see...You will be fine soon"...as i remove my hand from His waist...i rummage through the keys till i find the one that fits the lock to the treatment room...opening the door...i enter and light the wall

lamps...then return to Him...ushering Him inside...

As I am led down the hall...I enjoy the softness of her touch...her pure innocent concern for My well being...knowing full well that the night will destroy her naivety...being leaned against the wall as she searches for the right key...moaning to keep up the pretext of illness... listening to her calm reassurances that all will be well...I wait while she prepares the room... as I am led inside...quickly I scan the room...trying to devise a plan of attack...an idea comes to My head..."please...please set Me up on the examining table...please...undo this restraint... you may buckle Me in place with the tables restraints...but I need to hold My stomach just a moment...it hurts so badly...then restrain Me as you must"...seeing her yes... thinking... deciding... then as I had hoped...she walks behind Me and undoes the buckles that hold Me fast...but still she grips Me carefully by the back of the neck...controlling Me...keeping Me from attacking her...and with her other hand slides the straight jacket off of Me...I double over slightly and grasp My stomach...she still maintains control...after a moment telling Me to get up on the table...I do and she begins quickly strapping Me in place...hurrying from fear...not careful...aaaahhhh...I feel that the restraint on My right wrist is not secured...I wait...feigning captivity...she tells Me she will get the doctor and return shortly... I watch as she walks out the door...as soon as it is closed... I get out of My restraints and begin to explore the room...waiting for her return...and her impending victimization...

As the room is aglow from the light of the wall lamps...i usher Him in...holding onto the strap in front of Him around His waist...He winces and cries out...begging me to unfasten Him...to take Him to the table...knowing that i am not even supposed to be here alone with Him... knowing that it could be my job...i look over at His face...twisted with pain...i quickly unfasten the jacket...taking a firm grip around the back of His neck...feeling a bit uneasy... feeling a slight tinge of fear wash over me as i lead Him quickly to the table...He doubles over...holding His stomach...i move faster...laying Him down...pulling His legs...fastening the restraints tautly...moving to His wrists...first the left...securing it down...telling Him i am sorry to have to do this...but i must...taking His right wrist...securing it as well... hearing a noise down the hallway...i pause for a moment...hoping it is no O/one approaching to see me alone in here with Him...i am distracted...returning my gaze...my deep blue eyes soften...as i reassure Him once more...that all will be well soon...for i am to go fetch the Doctor...i see His face relax...His expression of pain diminish...i pat His shoulder... as i leave the room...locking the door behind me... searching the corridor...i find no O/one...walking about the Asylum...it is silent as the night's sky...for this wing is hardly ever used at this time of the night...frustrated...for i can find no help for the Patient...i return back to the room...shuffling through my keys...unlocking the door and entering...

After hearing the key turn in the door...I know that time will be short...exploring the room...I find the room is a medical and dental treatment room...smiling as I see many things that will bring this lady pain before the night is through...reaching a cabinet on the wall that is locked...I reach into the drawer and pull out a small pry bar...and slide it down between the hasp and the wood...prying hard I tear open the cabinet...looking inside...My heart begins racing as before Me lies a bottle of ether...I grab the bottle...and a clean cloth...standing near the back side of the door I wait...loosening the cap on the bottle...removing it...setting it aside...covering the mouth of the bottle with the rag...soaking it with the ether...an evil smile graces My face...My eyes twinkling...catching a slight whiff of the ether...feeling a little light headed...I turn My head to avoid any further contact...hearing the nurse's approach through the door I wait...as the key turns in the lock...My entire being is alive with excitement...I set the bottle aside...the door opens and she walks in...a moment passes between the time she enters and the time I take control...she has just enough time to see the table is empty...when I reach from behind her clamping the cloth over her mouth and nose as she struggles...My other hand holding her fast...keeping her from breaking away as she loses consciousness... and collapses into My arms...laughing quietly outwardly while I burst into a maniacal laughter inside...I toss the cloth to the floor and lift her into My arms...carrying her to the table...and laying her down...quickly I restrain her...walking to the pile of cloth...I pick up another...wad it up slightly and go back to the table...pressing it into her mouth...then grabbing a leather binding strap I tie the makeshift gag tightly...waiting for her consciousness to return...My fingers begin to explore her body through her clothing...while smiling at her face...

Entering the room...placing the keys back into the pocket of my uniform...i look up quickly...gasping as a hand...His hand...comes up from behind me...feeling the tight grip He has on me...i struggle...my mind reeling...as i do not know how this could have happened...the cloth covering my mouth and nose...i reach up...clawing at Him...struggling as the sweet pungent smell of ether fills me...my senses spinning...my fighting diminishes...i fall limp in His arms...the last thing heard through my struggle is the sickening sounds of a laugh so wicked and evil that it chills my very soul... slowly opening my eyes...as i squint seeing the shadows of the flames of the wall lamps dance around the room...my head is clouded... my vision blurred...trying to sit up...i

struggle...realizing i cannot move...my mind growing clearer...i feel the bite of the leather restraints digging into the tender flesh of my wrists and ankles...seeing Him stand over me...His fingers lightly searching my body...i begin to cry out for help...but it is of no use...the gag in my mouth allows no voice...no screams or whimpers...the dry cloth in my mouth causes me to dry heave...as it pushes so deeply inside...i thrash as best i can...knowing it is fruitless...knowing there will be no help for me...now knowing why i should have never been alone with Him in the first place...i look with pleading eyes into His...no longer seeing the gentle misunderstood Man I once saw...but seeing Him now for what He truly is...T/they were right...T/they were A/all right...He is evil in it's truest form...reincarnate...i struggle as i regain my full alertness...moaning as it is all the voice that i now have...

As she awakens...fear filling her eyes...terror etched on her gagged face...I lean forward...looking deep into her eyes...smiling..."yes M'lady...you are trapped...you never should have entered My cell...or brought Me here alone...it was all a ruse...designed to get you alone and in My control...I was not ill...HAHAHAHAHAHA" ...walking to the drawer I gather a few things from within and walk back to the table...I lay them down next to her...she struggles to escape...to see what is going on...her sounds of panic and fear locked within... escaping quietly muffled into the room...smiling at her I lift a scalpel and begin to cut away her clothing..."I would lay still if I were you... you don't want to be cut...or do you" ...My eyes twinkling...I begin the slow cutting away of all her clothing...My fingers touching her tender flesh intermittently as I strip her naked...her shredded clothing laying spread wide open beneath her...her entire body now naked before Me...I lay the scalpel to the side and pick up the pincers...moving them to her face so she can see them...laughing at her fear and struggling...smiling a smile of demented evil run amok...I move to her breasts...leaning forward to suckle each in turn till her nipples are erect...then gripping her right nipple between the tongs of the pincers and squeezing...her body going rigid in agony...struggling to escape as her silent screams of agony erupt from her depths...twisting...squeezing...torturing...the redness beams like a light in the night sky...that is...till the blood starts to trickle from between the gripping tongs...I release the right nipple and repeat this sweet torture on the left...My genitalia...like My soul...becoming alive with fire...

my eyes filling with tears as He makes His way around the room...going to the drawer and returning to stand once again beside me...i look to Him as He speaks...telling me of His plan...of His ruse...i breathe harder as the cloth in my mouth confines my speech...i struggle as i see the scalpel He holds over me...telling me to hold still as He lowers it closer to my body...my form goes limp...the razor sharp blade cuts through the material of my uniform like a hot knife melts through butter...as He laughs...i do not dare move...my clothing cut away...i lay there...vulnerable...opened...exposed to His demented eyes...i look to the side as He sets the scalpel down...His hands caressing my breasts...my nipples begin to firm against My will...His face lowers down to me...His mouth takes in my nipple...i want to vomit...first one...then the other in turn...sucking each till they are hard and erect...He disgusts me...i feel dirty and violated...taking the pincers and showing them to me...i gasp...choking on the cloth as the gag is so tight around my mouth...i struggle...my back arches with what little movement it can to try to avoid His touch...but it is in vain...as the device is placed around my nipple...tight...a scream swells up inside of me...a stifled noise is barely heard as He applies tension to the pincers...i feel the warmth of the blood from my nipple trickle as He looks to me...His eyes aglow...my heart torn asunder...removing the torturous tool and placing it on my other nipple...i struggle...my rigid body tenses...as my bloodied nipple throbs in extreme pain and agony...

Relishing in the pain that I am inflicting on the young nurse...My veins filling with fire...I set down the pincers and grab the pliers from the side of the table...walking to her toes I begin one at a time crushing them gently...not trying to destroy them nor cause her to lose consciousness...but to make her agonize and squirm in pain...her head flailing...her muffled cries for mercy...her tears pouring from her beautiful eyes...a performance that warms My depraved lascivious heart...smiling as I reach the last of them...seeing her almost at the brink of passing out...I stop and pull them away...removing My clothing...My member hard... throbbing...wet...aching...I climb up upon the table...on My hands and knees...leaning close to the juncture of her thighs and begin licking her wet slit...the pain has drawn honey from the hive...tasting her nectar...savoring the taking of this fair beauty...I continue on and on with My tongue till I feel her legs quiver ever so slightly as her body betrays her to Me...the Monster that debases and defiles her...seeing she is more alert and whimpering in pain less...I climb down and pick up the scalpel...drawing the back of the blade down the length of her thigh...pressing slightly the tip draws forth a droplet of blood...then turning it slowly and drawing the razor sharp side up her leg...cutting a shallow gash into her leg...the blood flows freely now as her body lurches against her bindings...desperately seeking escape...any escape...but fruitlessly she struggles...seeing the blood...My mind careens forward on a path through the valley of hell on Earth...My cock throbbing rampantly...dripping freely...aching for her body...for I

have taken her soul...

Feeling the pincers removed from my nipples...my form...wet with sweat...lays quietly on the table...catching my breath as He reaches over to the side of the table...my eyes focused on the wall of the room...trying hard to clear my head...to force myself to think this is not happening to me...but it is all for naught...as i cast my gaze back over to Him...my eyes...once shiny and bright...once so full of light...now begin to darken...no longer do they shine...they have lost their luster...as He takes the pliers and moves down around my bare feet...closing them around my toes...one after the other...tightening...the pain is excruciating...as i scream...gagging on the cloth...i continue to try...my efforts find no reward...i am silent...all except for a muffled noise that leaks out around the gag...one toe after the other His hands clasp the pliers as He gleams in delight of my pain...His movements skilled and calculated as i thrash in what little space i have to move...His enjoyment of the pliers spent...i see Him move once again nearer to me...His face moving lower and closer to my flesh...my sex...that which has never been taken by A/another...His tongue touches me...He moves between my thighs as He continues to lap and lick at my tender bud...my body awake and alive...no longer my own...no longer in my control...for i have no desire for this wicked Soul...i thrash as tones of woe escape me...my thighs twitch of their own accord...my body has betrayed me...the throbbing in my toes begins to diminish...as He moves away from my sex...lifting up the scalpel once more my face turns to see Him...my eyes strain...as i see Him take up the scalpel once more...i flinch at it's touch...as it moves down my thigh...i feel the pressure of the blade increase as He pushes it a bit deeper into my flesh...i tremble and quake as my blood flows from my flesh...my eyes beseeching... begging... pleading...as my breathing becomes erratic...i begin to hyperventilate as the pain becomes unbearable...my eyes flicker...as i look over to see Him undress...

My mind no longer My Own...but wrought in the fires of hell becoming One with the Devil...tossing aside all the implements...going to the drawer and getting a long black cord normally used for tying off the arm of a patient for blood letting...taking the cord with Me...before climbing back on the table...I undo the ankle bindings...and push open the limp legs of the young nurse...climbing between them as I mount the table...moving closer...cord in hand...I press My hard cock into the entrance of her virginal flesh...pressing deeper and deeper...as I look into the dull eyes...for the last few moments that life fills them...wrapping the cord around and across her throat...I begin tightening it slightly...then drive My body deep within her...tearing painfully through the guardian flesh and starting an endless pummeling of her interior...destroying any last vestiges of virtue that inhabited her untaken body and soul...pounding on and on...seeing in her a tiny response to the stimulus...but within Me...there is an eruption of heat and fire building pressure to an explosion point...My thighs quaking...My balls churning...all the while the cord being drawn tighter and tighter around her throat...I hold the cord tight and take the gag loose from her mouth...listening to the sounds of pain and pleasure emitting from within...hearing the gasping struggle for air...all of a sudden...a pounding begins to commence from the hallway...the door locked...holding Me safe to complete this act of torture and debasement...with an all out lunge to her depths...I feel her body betray her with the ultimate betrayal...as she reaches her first and last orgasm in this lifetime...My own orgasm impending...I pull the ends of the cord away from each other...drawing it tight as she shakes in orgasm...and My body rages forth spewing My Demon seed to her deepest folds...her breath and life are being sucked away...harder and harder I pull...harder and harder I lunge...until...completely spent...I look into the lifeless eyes of the fair young nurse...the throttling of My attendant...the nurse...while achieving orgasm has brought Me to a peak of pleasure I had never before attained...her body limp and lifeless...I climb off...walk to her face...lean down and gently kiss her lips...whispering "truly the agony of the journey brought you as it did Me to the heights of pleasure"...

Calmly walking naked to the door...I unlock it and allow My keepers to enter...to be led away for this and other acts until time unending...