



Dom-sub Lifestyle

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2001

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November/December 2001

Life Under the Three Moons

by Michael

Tal All,

On June 15, 2000, Mika and I celebrated our 12th anniversary. On that day the Earth had made one complete revolution around the Tor-tu-Gor (Light upon the Homestone) since my collar was placed on her lovely neck. While each of the monthly anniversaries was special, this was the most special because of what had been planned over the past several weeks. Today Mika would experience what few kajirae on Earth have experienced; she would be BRANDED with a modified Kef BRAND. The Kef is the first letter in the word kajira and in the Gorean series is described as the most common brand on Gor. I chose this style of brand for Mika because the other brands described throughout the series would not have marked her properly as I saw her. Below are quotes from the book Explorers of Gor to give you some idea about the Kef and the meaning it holds.



The brand is normally concealed by the briefly skirted slave livery of Gor but, of course, when the camisk is worn, it is always clearly visible, reminding the girl and others of her station. The brand itself, in the case of girls, is a rather graceful mark, being the initial letter of the Gorean expression for slave in cursive script.
book 2

The brand was the common Kajira mark of Gor, the first letter, about an inch and a half in height and a half inch width, in cursive script, of the expression 'Kajira', which is the most common expression in Gorean for a female slave. It is a simple mark, and rather floral, a staff, with two, upturned, frond like curls, joined where they touch the staff on its right. It bears a distant resemblance to the printed letter 'K' in several of the Western alphabets of Earth, and I suspect, in spite of several differences, it may owe its origin to that letter.
Explorers of Gor, pg. 9

For example, in the slave brand, the 'kef', though clearly a Kef and in cursive script, is more floral, in the extended, upturned, frond like curls, than would be the common cursive Kef. This tends to make the mark more feminine. It is at this point that the symbolism of the brand becomes clear. The two frond like curls indicate femininity and beauty; the staff, in its uncompromising severity, indicates that the femininity is subject to discipline; the upturned curves on the frond like curls indicate total openness and vulnerability. It is a very simple, lovely brand, simple, as befits a slave, lovely, as befits a woman.
Explorers of Gor, pg. 12

In America in the year 2000 a person getting a physically invasive procedure done at a professional providers facility must sign a waiver. With all of the litigation today I fully understand this. I was not however going to allow Mika to sign any legal papers let alone a permission slip on the day she would feel most slave like. To prevent this she came to Phoenix several days in advance and we met with Steve Hayworth and his lovely girl Beki at his studio in Tempe, Arizona. I had sent Steve even before this meeting an outline of how I wanted the ceremony to proceed and I sent him a one to one copy of the mark I wished placed on her left thigh. Why would you think the left thigh best? This quote describes the reason.

'Yes, left thigh,' said Samos to one of the guards. I liked the left-thigh branded girl. A right-handed master may caress it while he holds her in his left arm.'
--Beasts of Gor, page 25--John Norman

Steve was very helpful and described his facilities and make suggestions on how to improve the ceremony based on what he knew of his facilities. The time, place and now the legalities were now out of the way and all that was needed was the few days to elapse until June 15.

The morning of June 15, 2000 started as most Arizona days, the sun shone brightly and the sky was clear. I

awakened next to Mika at her home outside of Tucson. This was a vacation day for me and I had driven down the evening before. Some of the children went off to school (year round district) and others were watched by a close friend to Mika. We left the house to pick up the Angel, a girl that once shared my chain with Mika. The tension was high; branding is a serious matter not for the faint of heart. Angel always had a calming effect on Mika and today was no exception. The girls chatted and bantered as we headed north to Phoenix at 75 miles per hour. Our first stop was at the home of Master Bleu. During the branding ceremony a man should have his oldest and dearest friend with him to share the joy and pride he experiences. Upon arriving at Master Bleu's home we all loaded up in his vehicle because it was much larger and more comfortable than mine was. The Masters in the front and the girls in the back. While heading towards Steve's branding facilities, I had Mika in chains and topless. We received a few looks from the workers in the back of trucks as they passed. People that we felt might not enjoy the view as much we blocked by the dark windows and the front of the dress which would be temporarily pulled up.

When we arrived at Steve's, I unchained her and she followed me inside. In the year I had known Mika, she had never been so nervous. We were welcomed at the door by Steve and Beki and were led to a beautifully decorated room and we sat and talked a while. Steve and I slipped into the back so that I may have a chance to look at the room and discuss the procedure and ceremony with him. The chair that Steve uses is a medical chair from the 30's and in excellent condition. My instruction to Steve was to continue as though a single stroke of an Iron. This proved to be a mistake that I will describe later. This brand technique took almost a minute to complete a single or multistrike brand is seconds.

He explained that the Cautery Scalpel that he uses for branding is a medical device that is used by plastic surgeons to burn away bone and skin and whatever other tissue is in it's path. Before ever putting this device to a human he practiced on various meat byproducts. Only when after a lot of practice he could make the designs he wished to produce did he use it on his first human volunteer (guinea pig). To find out more about Steve Haywoth and him art you can go to <http://www.bme.freeq.com/people/htc.html>.

While Steve and I were in the back Mika dressed in silks and awaited my return in the other room. Steve waited by the chair; I went to fetch Mika.

Mika was brought to the branding room in the "HAIR" position. This was convenient because she could only follow and have no idea of where she was heading. Hair works well with Mika her auburn hair is about waist length and when down or in a ponytail makes a great slave handle. Steve had prepared the transfer that would be placed on the thigh so that he could trace it. She stood before him and as we discussed he was to treat her as though she was property.



He did not speak to her at all but asked me where I wanted the brand. Well things being a little tense I started pointing at the right thigh. Mika, in her most kajira like way said "Master don't you want a left thigh branded girl?" Well, I changed my mind and decided that left would indeed be better. Steve applied a coat of deodorant where I pointed and applied the transfer. It was lower then I wished and he reapplied in a little higher and it was just right. She was made to sit in the chair and she was bound at the ankle and wrist as well as the knee and elbow. Steve opened a fresh ground pad and scalpel after putting on gloves. He applied the ground pad to Mika's thigh right by the transfer and we were ready to start.



Because of the length of this article I am breaking it into two parts. So we will leave Mika in the chair about to have the flesh vaporized away from her



body in a cloud of smoke until January 1 2002. At that time we will tell the rest of the story.



Anyone having any questions or comments please contact me at Michael@Desertvista.com. Be Well!



November/December 2001

Ask the Mistressse



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

by Lotus Song

The Pen is Mightier Than the Whip

I had an experience over the weekend with an unexpected "breaking" of my slave and I think I can give some advise on the subject now, at least from my perception of it. Yes, this was one time, but this one time taught me volumes. I don't need to be hit by a truck twice to know it could have caused damage. So here it goes.

Slave has been with me going on 5 years now. I give him a very long leash. I allow him to do "guy things". He's human. You, dear reader, will just have to fill in the blanks. Any number of situations could apply. Just grab the essence of what follows and apply at will.

Without going into the fine details, Slave put himself in a very compromising situation that not only was derogatory to him but was an insult to me.

Instead of going off on him unannounced, I spoke with him prior and asked the questions that were most concerning me. I wasn't going to spring an interrogation scene on him unexpectedly. However, I needed answers to help further moderate my intended session. I also needed to know the WHY of his actions to be sure there wasn't a deeper reason that needed to be addressed first. As it turned out, it was just a "guy thing", nothing deep-seated on his part. He just was doing what he wanted to do. I was angry with him. I know not to session in anger. In this way, we were able to diffuse and blunt the edge of things a bit for me emotionally to where I was comfortable in what I needed to do.

I planned a correction session in detail with a sister Domme of mine, Lady Tara. Oh, we were deviously clever. I wrote a story that acted as a type of script for it. The first half opened the mood and set the stage. The middle part of it was the Interrogation itself, complete with background music, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor. (Otherwise known as that "spooky music the ghost always plays on the organ of the haunted house in the movies"). I placed slave in dilemma bondage and left him there as we greeted the other guests. Lady Tara and I took turns watching him. The lights were dimmed. The stage was set.

Lady Tara began to read the story as an explanation to all as to why he was in his predicament and our past history, all which revealed my feelings about our relationship up to his current transgression for which he was being punished. We then went into the interrogation. I placed myself in a chair before him, Lady Tara with a crop in hand to emphasize the finer points. His blindfold was in place. He likes to look at me while I session him. This put him in "isolation".

I included a "disgusted exit of the room" which included words he had never heard me describe him with. I then turned him over to Lady Tara for his "correction". One of his fears is "abandonment". Slave doesn't use safe words often, if at all. In this case, I gave him one that he had better use. Lady Tara is known for her sadistic talent and if he had the wisdom of a flea he would have uttered it on her first backstroke.

When he finally said it, he was ordered by Lady Tara to seek me out and apologize. He did. But I didn't stop there and I probably should have. Instead, I continued on with the program in which we reveal the consequences of the Seven Deadly Sins.

I pulled out the stops. I knew where to hit and I did it with precision. I had him read the rest of the story out loud to the group. It was a tale that involved a character that I knew he felt threatened by that was now being invited

into a stable in which Slave was no longer going to be top dog.

At this point, Slave's voice broke and he shook in holding back his tears. I stopped the reading immediately and went over and hugged and held him.

I looked into his eyes and they looked as dark as they could be. There was no life there, no brightness. In short, he looked like he was in hell. This was not the intended outcome. I knew then I had pushed him over the edge and I had to go retrieve him.

The pain of the taws was bearable. He endured it to the max because he was punishing himself. He told me later he would have endured it to the point of passing out other than to utter the humiliating word he was given to say. Sensing what he was doing, Lady Tara had to tell him to use his safe word. She had to force it out of him by requesting several times. My belief of having the Domme be the slave's own common sense in sessions, once again, proved valuable.

The pain of having him envision what "it would have been like" with me with another slave was the breaking point.

In summary, this is why I say the "Pen is Mightier than the Whip". This is not something I'll venture into again. If I have need to, I'll be much more prepared because of this. This is how I learn.

I know my slave. I used that knowledge against him in this. I pressed every button and sensitivity in him. It was exhausting.

In essence, "I won". But there was no sweet taste to it. We ended up putting each other "back together". We learned something about each other. We are stronger for it. It could have been disastrous. There are "mind f***s".. and there are "soul f***s".

Make sure your "battle" is worth the "cost".

As always,
Lotus (with help from Lady Tara.. LOTS OF help!)

November/December 2001

Transgressions

by Miss Ayme



To Love, Honor, Cherish and....Obey?

It is not easy for some men to know they have done evil, for reasoning and honor are often clouded by pride.

- Lady Jessica, journal entry
- (Dune, House Corrino; B. Herbert & K. Anderson)

Do you have to have sex to enjoy good BDSM? Many of you would say, "of course not." Good BDSM begins in the brain, not in the crotch. I'm inclined to agree, but those of us who view BDSM as a Lifestyle have to constantly battle the stereotype that BDSM equals kinky sex. Lifestylers know that BDSM goes way beyond just sexual pleasure, but I am astounded at the number of people, vanilla and perverts alike, who abuse those conjugal concepts just to get their rocks off.

When I choose to submit to a partner, I want to love them. I want our souls to dance. I want to give them all that I am, open and honest and vulnerable, brimming with promise and, yes, love - even for just that moment. I want us to honor what we each bring to the table. I want us to both cherish the gifts of ourselves to each other. But obey? That's the biggie, isn't it? Does service or submission or slavery mean I will do as you say? Hey, I've got my pride and sense of self worth to consider, right? Bottom line, I'm looking out for Numero Uno just like everybody else. Obey is a pretty strong word, particularly these days in this politically-correct world. I mean, it's even being purposely left out of some otherwise staunchly conservative marriage vows. Does my pride prevent me from truly submitting? Or is it actually a desired quality?

So, yeah - it all depends, right? If I've agreed to be collared to a Dom/me, then of course I will do my best to obey - within limits (stubborn ain't I?). Seriously, if I'm wearing a collar then the barriers are already down, and my Owner and I have reached a level of trust and spiritual awareness that makes obedience, yielding control, a true, noble and honorable act of submission. It's not like he's going to order me to jump off a cliff or anything. If there's a squicky spot, experienced players will often quickly come to an agreement and just continue to have at it. Other times it's a point of contention that requires a real time-out and an honest discussion. And even then there's no guarantee it'll all work out. And pride works both ways - I truly hope that my Owner would be proud of me. I choose to serve out of love, respect and desire. Not from fear of disobeying. But so many new people to the Lifestyle, whether their interest is sincere or not, have many misconceptions about obedience and how it relates to our concepts of honor, trust, and communication. I think obedience within the context of BDSM, is more about self-discipline and yielding control than just following orders.

Now I do a lot of public play. I enjoy it. The exhibitionist in me likes to see and be seen. I attend a regular monthly event here in the Bay Area, that I consider one of the best play parties on the planet. I go religiously each month - in fact I've blocked it out on my calendar into next year, it's that good. It's a great vibe that a Lifestyler can really groove on. Good Karma - a whole lotta love going down. And for the most part, the experienced regulars impart a comfortable sexually-charged energy that's both soothing and erotic to be around. But I also like the energy expectant newbies, usually couples, bring to a party - that awestruck wonder exploring a new world look on their

Trubled Times



for those times when you're having troubles

by Celeste aka Bitatrouble

Dear Bitatrouble,

I know this will seem strange, most people do not get into the D/s lifestyle until they are into their 30's (or so I've heard) but what can a girl who is 16 and has been into D/s for 2 years do to get into the scene? I know that this is considered too young but I've been studying for a while and this is the lifestyle for Me....where could I go to find people (preferably closer to My age at least younger than 25) ? I've always been precociousalso what are your thoughts on this? I would sincerely like to know what people think of younger people in the D/s scene.

Question from a Minor ::name deleted by Bitatrouble for privacy::

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To the Minor,

I must admit that I am uneasy with your questions. I have been a rather loud spoken proponent of safe, sane and consensual play for a number of years with consensual assuming 'legal adult' as part of its definition. I understand that you may have desires for an alternative lifestyle and may even 'know' that it is the lifestyle that you will choose to pursue. However, I would strongly suggest that, at age 16, you may not have enough actual 'life' experience to be sure of 'any' path at this point in time. There are any number of people that will argue the point that they were 'born' submissive or 'born' dominant and I would count myself among them, but at the same time, to pursue a lifestyle that is fraught with danger without the necessary growth and cognitive skills that only come with time is not something that I can advocate to any minor. You may not like hearing this, but in the eyes of our society you are still a child and as such need the protection and supervision of an adult. To 'reason' as an adult is a requirement to consent to activities that involve your personal health and well-being. If you count yourself an adult already, than may I suggest that as an adult, patience to reach the magical age of 18 should be no burden to you. If you find that you cannot wait, have no patience and are bound and determined to do as you wish when you wish with whom you wish, then I would say you may not be as grown up as you believe, in which case you should most certainly wait before pursuing a lifestyle such as the one you think you desire. I have zero problems with 'legal' adults pursuing their happiness in which ever way they desire so long as they don't hurt anyone. At 16 though, anyone that would play with you is a criminal in my book. Give yourself the chance to gain a little more real time living before starting to indulge in fantasy fulfilling. Once you reach 18, I have no doubt there will any number of people that will fall all over themselves to help you out in pursuing any of the fantasies which you desire.

::shrug:: I'm a Mom and Grandmother, sweetie and that outweighs all the kink in the world in my book. As they say .. if you want another answer, ask another question.

Bitatrouble

## What's a slave for?



from a male submissive's point of view  
by semanticus

Hello to all. I am semanticus, a male submissive married to Mistress Cherie.

Lady Bleu asked me to write a column for Dom-sub Lifestyle, and she was pretty open as to expected content. She wrote me, "One of the things I find most lacking on the internet is support for male submissives. Oh, I know there's foot fetish sites, and chastity sites, etc. But from what I've been told.. and from what I can find, there really is not very much Q&A type of things, or suggestions, or "this is what I've learned."

I hope to find topics of interest to support all male subs, straight and gay, and will try to pose topical questions of depth that we can explore together. I will probably lean toward the Socratic method, approaching most topics with a provisional answer or opinion, the provision being that the answer or opinion leads to other questions. In this way, perhaps we can guide each other to the self discovery of some good truths about ourselves as male submissives. All I ask is that I not be poisoned.

I think an introduction is the first order of business.

Mistress Cherie and I have been married 5 years after going together about 2 years following an 18 month friendship before that.

I have always been sexually submissive towards the current primary woman in my life. In all other areas I am very aggressive. My earliest remembered sexual fantasies were of a powerful, sexually experienced woman to take charge of sex. I still have the first female domination-male slave book I ever found, "The Insatiable Claudette," and it opened my eyes to the fact that others must have the same sexuality as I have. But until I was 33 my Femdom scenes were all in fantasy with my only guidance the pornographic books popular before the Internet. Are you old enough to remember those Bill Ward illustrated paperbacks?

I had my first Mistress/slave relationship in my second marriage, but we played Mistress-slave in the bedroom only. Eventually after 17 years that marriage failed. I was terrified without her to handle my emotions and afraid that I would never have another mistress. I was horribly codependent and unsure of myself and my ability to find an emotionally healthy Mistress. And I was in my late 40's. It was obvious that I had to learn to take care of myself emotionally, so I set out to learn how reading every book, going to every seminar or workshop, listening to tapes, and developing my new-found spirituality through meditation and several far out practices. In that process I met the future Mistress Cherie in a very off-beat church (Church of the Lunatic Fringe, I lovingly call it) where She was in the process of networking 6 churches and running very big single's parties. She was firmly in charge, and I was Her right hand man (slave right off the bat). As our friendship grew, and we talked about the failed relationships of our pasts, and how we could each separately do it better next time, I told Her of my submissive, masochistic side. Rather than running away screaming, She said that sounded kind of fun, and that She had tied up a boyfriend or two. And although She had never used it, She had a whip hanging on Her bedpost.

As a spiritual exercise when I knew I was emotionally healthy and ready for a new relationship, I wrote a 5 page, narrow margin, small font, single spaced written prayer wherein I declared the exact characteristics of my Love-to-be: Spiritual, Femdom sex, emotional health, Femdom sex, financial non-dependence, Femdom sex, loving, Femdom sex, willing to grow emotionally, Femdom sex, open and honest, and Femdom sex. Eight (8) days later we started our romantic Femdom relationship.

Before marriage we did FemDom only in the bedroom, but because of my temper and refusal to give up power, we never considered 24/7. we got married and after 2 years that marriage was failing as a result of my control and raging and her compliant, conflict avoidance personality learned from an life-threatening abusive childhood. At that time we did three things that saved our relationship. We got help in a 12 step program for relationships, I stumbled across a Femdom List on the old eGroups, and I was diagnosed ADD, the bad temper, raging type. The emotionally healthy principles we learned in the 12 step program were invaluable as was the ADD medication. My life changed with the first pill. The raging ceased, and my frustration level dropped dramatically, so I no longer absolutely had to control just to hang on. And through reading of Femdom in the lives of others in the eGroup list, Mistress Cherie and I decided that She should become Mistress-in-fact, 24/7, and take charge of me in certain ways to eliminate the chaos and remaining frustration caused by my ADD. Since then we have grown and grown in the Lifestyle and our relationship has blossomed. She sees that I take my pills, and Her organizational talents have been such a relief for me, freeing me to be creative and visual and do my far out ADD global thinking and creating.

Mistress has benefited from Femdom by assuming Her rightful power, and found a way out of her compliant behavior. She was always strong, independent and capable, but the fear left over from the childhood abuse made Her fear conflict, so She was very compliant. No more! She also has a lot more freedom to follow Her bliss. I also don't try to control Her (nearly as much, anyway), so

What's a slave for?

She has the freedom to expand and use Her talents. And She has developed her bitch side, standing up for herself and has become the family Matriarch, replacing my mother! She is benevolent, but can be a real slave driver! And I love it. All of it.

As for Femdom activities, we have a dungeon which She decorated and for which I built the equipment. Mistress whips me with crops and quirts, a rubber cat [ouch], single tails and finally a cane for fun and punishment. The fun is sensation, punishment is real pain, and She stops when Her anger and judgement tell Her to. i don't enjoy the last 2/3 of a punishment session, but it does give me peace and completion, for She is always very forgiving and loving immediately when it is over. She also enjoys anal play--Her play, my anus, enemas, and She wants to try milking me. We go to 3 or 4 big fetish balls and dinners a year, dressing in leather, latex and so on. We also throw 3 or 4 parties a year for our fetish friends that we have met at the public events. But the parties are just for fetish dressing up with no real BDSM play. Our particular fetish friends don't admit to BDSM activities and we do not have any Femdom friends that live nearby, and that is a problem for me without close male sub friends. Just as Lady Bleu noted when she asked me to write this column, perhaps male submissives do not have the support they may need. I feel that way, and I wonder if other male submissives feel a tiny bit looked down upon by some in the Lifestyle.

Mistress and I are monogamous, we rarely play in public, and only with each other. But at this moment She is upstairs dressing for a Fetish Halloween dinner and dungeon party, and I expect a lot of welts and some blood. I am a real exhibitionist at fetish events or in a public scene. Mistress did not like to play in public until recently when others complimented Her on Her prowess with a whip. Now She plays eagerly in public if it is the proper place. That's my life. Perhaps through this long rendering, you picked up some very weird ideas--I know at one time they were weird to me:

- Sometimes we believe women will be a Mistress only in exchange for being "kept."
- You can meet a Mistress anywhere, even in church.
- It is OK to pray for a Mistress. God likes sex, any sex, just as much as math.
- Except for the Mistress/slave sexuality, our relationship is pretty normal, which is to say we have the same problems and solutions that vanilla folks have. Femdom is no magic potion for unremitting joy. Sorry.
- You don't have to propose marriage or suggest a Femdom scene between the salad and main course on your first date.
- You don't have to jump in bed immediately to have love or to have a Mistress.
- We both, Mistress and slave, think we are emotionally healthy, and our marriage is strong.

I hope you can see, I believe Femdom is OK, healthy, moral, and generally a good thing for some folks. As good as the people doing it, anyway.

If you want to write me, my address is [semanticus@mediaone.net](mailto:semanticus@mediaone.net). I'll close with this thought:

"If I have a dollar, and you have a dollar, and we exchange dollars, we each still have a dollar. But if I have an idea, and you have an idea, and we exchange ideas, we then we each have two ideas."

semanticus,  
beloved slave of the benevolent and beautiful  
Mistress Cherie

November/December 2001

## Advice for a New Dominant

by Washington Sexuality University FAQ

(note from Domina: The spellings here, "hir" "sie" etc. are unisex conventions. These indicate that it applies to either gender. These are deliberate, they are not misspellings.)

There are as many ways to do D/S as there are people, so you really need to know what your partner wants, doesn't want, is comfortable with, is afraid of, and so forth. A lot of submissives will have great trouble telling you what they want. For some of them, this is because they don't really KNOW what they want. Or, perhaps, they know how they want to feel, but they aren't sure what it is that will make them feel that way. Other submissives do have at least some idea of what they want, but they're too embarrassed to be able to tell you directly. And some submissives know what they want but feel as if it spoils things if they have to ask for it -- they want the impetus for the scene to come from you, and if they ask for something, then it's as if they're controlling the scene, when what they want is for you to control it. And of course, more than one of these can occur at once. A person can know only what it is sie wants to feel AND be too embarrassed to talk about it AND feel as if it gives hir too much control over things if sie tells you.

There are a couple of ways around these problems, but they all take a bit of work on the dom's part. For the sub who isn't all that sure what sie wants, you get hir to describe how sie wishes to feel. You ask hir what things in hir past have gotten hir to feel this way, even if it's only a small and mild version of what sie really wants. And of course you also use your knowledge of your partner to guess at what you suspect would make hir feel what sie wants. You get hir to tell you what sie fantasizes about (bearing in mind that fantasies are often more intense than anything a person would like to do in real life).

And you experiment. A scene doesn't have to last for hours. In the early stages, when you're just figuring out what works for both of you, you can try something for five minutes. (But just because the scene is short doesn't mean that you take it less seriously. You have to make these mini-scenes as real as your usual ones, or they won't work as a testing ground. Put your all into them, just keep 'em short.) Say you suspect that your submissive would enjoy wearing a collar. You put one on hir, do a few things with it, then take it off and ask hir how sie felt about it. If you and sie both liked it, you can always do it again for longer. But these mini-scenes let you try out things in the knowledge for BOTH of you that if you hate it, it only lasts for a short time -- this takes some of the pressure off. (When an ex-lover and I seemed to be moving in the direction of no-safeword scenes, I bought an egg timer. The idea was that he would have no safeword for the length of time it took the sands to run down. Three minutes is not very long, objectively speaking. But it can be a very long time to someone who's never played without a safeword before and who realizes that this time there's no way out. I wasn't going to do a full-length no-safeword scene until after I'd seen how he handled the egg-timer version.)

For the sub who has at least some knowledge of what sie wants but who is too embarrassed to tell you what it is, there are a couple of routes to go. You can ask hir to write it down and give it to you, since a lot of people can write things that they cannot say. You can also try dominating it out of hir -- try winding your hand in hir hair, pulling hir head into a position that lets you stare into hir eyes, and demanding that sie tell you what you want to know right now. Or you can threaten some sort of physical punishment unless sie divulges the information (only with hir permission, of course. The punishment isn't really intended to be a motivator -- it's intended to be a way for the sub to save face with herself. Sie can tell herself that it's not greedy or forward or too bold or whatever to tell you what you want to know because you're making hir tell you). Sometimes just letting hir tell you in the dark, when you're snuggled up with your arms around hir will be enough.

The sub who doesn't want to tell you anything because sie thinks that means that sie's controlling the scene or that sie's forcing you into something you don't really want tends to be a somewhat harder case, but there are a few things you can try. You can tell hir that you aren't promising to do any of the things that sie asks for -- you're just asking because as the dom, you have the right to ask any damned thing you please and to get an answer. "Since you are my property, the contents of your mind are also my property, and you will give them to me when I ask" is something I tell my submissive. You can tell hir that you want the information for your own selfish pleasure -- "Making you be submissive in a way that's good for you is likely to be ore fun for me than making you be submissive in a way that's bad for you, because the second way makes me work harder for less return. So give me what I need to know to get what I want."

Oh, yes, and a type I forgot to mention. Some submissives think that no one really wants to dominate them, that you're just humoring them, and leaving you to your own devices is sort of a test. It's as if they're saying, "If you really want this, you'll figure it out on your own." My own submissive had a touch of this, so I just jumped in and started ordering him around, and once he was assured that I wanted it, too, his fantasies started pouring out.

Once you start getting information out of the person, there are a bunch of things you need to know:

1. You know sie's interested in D/S, but what kind?

a. Does sie want to do D/S for a short time in bed and be equal out of scene, or is sie after a full-time D/S

relationship?

- b. Does sie want this to be you and hir, or does sie want the two of you to assume some sort of fantasy roles, like teacher/student or parent/child or jailer/prisoner?
- c. Does sie want to be treated as a valuable submissive, or does sie crave humiliation?
- d. Does sie go for lots of symbols, like kneeling at your feet, wearing a collar, and so forth?
- e. Are there things that sie likes to be made to say? Some subs like being made to say things like "I am yours, Mistress" or "Please use me for your pleasure, Sir," whereas others find this sort of thing too flowery and prefer sharper exchanges and still others get nonverbal when in scene and find speech annoying. (I'm reminded of a woman who told me that she could never bring herself to call a man "Master," because the word always made her think of Igor saying "Yesss, Massster," and she would start laughing. It wasn't that she was disrespectful -- she had no trouble with "Sir" or "My Lord," but "Master" made her crack up.)
- f. What sorts of things would sie like you to say? Some submissives like being called names by their dominants, some like hearing that they are slaves or that they are owned, others like being told about the various unspeakable things that are about to happen to them, others like hearing an explicit list of rules and expectations, others like hearing that their dominant enjoys what sie's doing -- there's a really long list of different things that turn different people on, and I can't cover it all. (For example, my submissive loves hearing the words "You're my slave." Very simple sentence, but it does something to him. He also loves hearing, when I hurt him, "I need this, and I want you to bear it as a gift to me." To show you how different even very similar people can be, I would hate being told "You're my slave" but I would love being told "I need this, and I want you to bear it as a gift to me." (To make it even more complicated, I have no trouble with "You're mine;" it's the word "slave" that I can't stomach.) Getting a feel for what sort of thing underlies your submissive's submissive desires will help you get a feel for what sorts of things sie likes to hear.)
- g. The above point leads in to what is the subtlest sort of distinction to make but the one that will be the most useful. Once you've gotten the answers to the above sorts of questions, you might be able to abstract some sort of general theme that guides your submissive's desires and fantasy life. Some submissives have the "I'm worthless, and I deserve to be punished" mindset, some have a "I don't want to have to take any responsibility, so I want you to control everything" mindset, some have a "I want to be so desirable that you have to take complete control of me" mindset or the "I want us to blend into one person" mindset or the "I want to prove I love you by doing difficult things" mindset or any number of others. Once you've talked and played for a while, you might get an intuitive feel for this. It may be something that your submissive can tell you, but it may not be -- sie may not have thought about it or analyzed it to this extent. But if you can figure out what sort of mindset underlies your partner's submission, it makes doing new things and guiding your future play a lot easier. You'll know what new things are likely to work and what won't because you'll understand the underlying motivations.

## 2. What sorts of things does sie like besides D/S?

- a. Is bondage okay? If so, how much and what kind?
- b. Is pain okay? If so, how much and what kind?

Okay. So now you know what your submissive wants. You also have to figure out what YOU want. It's easy, when you're first starting out and trying to figure out how to be a dom, to imagine some stereotypical stern, sneering dominant and try to emulate that image. But not all of us are cut out to fit that mold, and luckily for us, not all submissives like dominants who fit that mold. You need to find your personal style. The best style for you is not the one that's the closest to the stereotype, it's the one that makes your eyes light up and your energy rise and makes you feel that THIS is the alivest you've felt in a long time. Personally, I'm a pretty gentle dominant as far as manner goes, but manner can be deceiving. One of the things I like to do is to force my submissive to do things that he wants to do but is too frightened to do -- the "You are so much mine that I can make you do something that terrifies you" feeling is quite a rush for me, but I know I can let myself give in to that feeling because I'm making him do something that he secretly wants. I also like mental stripping -- making my slave be mentally and emotionally naked with me -- he must tell me anything I want to know about him. Oh, and making him scream is fun, too. :-)

Of course, your style will be influenced by your submissive's style. The sort of submissive who wants to be forced into submission will elicit a different response from you than the sort of submissive who wants to lay hir submission at your feet like a present. And of course, some submissives can do one thing at one time and the other thing at another time. Just to keep you on your toes. :-)

Don't worry if it feels sort of strange in the beginning. When I first started dominating my slave, I would look at my face in the mirror and chuckle and say, "This is NOT the face of the sort of person who owns a man." But that "WHO? Sweet little me?" feeling wore off after a while. That "I'm not cut out for this. I don't know what I'm doing" feeling wore off after a while. If it's TRULY not for you, don't force yourself. But do give yourself a little while to try it on and get used to it before you decide whether or not it's for you. I felt silly and nervous and out of place at first. But after a while, I came to feel that there were few things I'd ever done that were more satisfying.

November/December 2001

## Advice for the new submissive

by TautLine

Many involved in the BDSM lifestyle have been introduced to it through the Internet and online chat rooms. Online can be very intense and very special. It can also lead to great harm to many, just as realtime relationships can be quite intense and special and for others just as harmful. The possible harm in the online world is mainly emotional harm, though physical harm can happen when a submissive follows directions from one who claims to be a Dominant who is either uneducated or not a dominant at all, but a player.

What I wish to speak of now is emotional harm. Where most physical harm will heal, emotional harm can last a lifetime. I have seen so very often where a submissive is harmed because he/she gives all their trust to one not worthy of it. Submissives have several desires...a desire to please...a desire to be owned...a desire to be loved...and a desire to be treasured. These desires can leave a submissive quite open to being harmed emotionally. These desires are very intense, but they are very much part of them. And it is important that a submissive understands these needs and how to have them met properly. For an abuser, it is easy for them to become prey, if the submissive does not understand. An abuser takes these desires and carefully uses them to harm another. So please understand... understand yourself, understand your needs, and understand that with patience, you will find what it is you seek and your desires will be met.

Abusers use these needs to trap a submissive. They are very careful, they know how to manipulate the desires of another. They act as though they desire them...make them feel as though they are loved, but the one who is being targeted knows in their heart the relationship is not a good one. What the abuser has done, is draw the one so deeply in, they feel they cannot back away. Even though they know it is a bad relationship, the abuser meets just enough needs to entwine them. The abuser makes them feel as if they are the one who is at fault for any problems in the relationship and in doing this, the abuser sucks the life from them, but does not allow them to be free. Often, it is said, when online, the "Off" button is a safety measure, and that can work for a time, but once one is drawn in deeply by the manipulations of an abuser, it is hard to hit that button, but you can be free of abuse.

I am going to express in points things one should watch for and consider. If these things are occurring, please seriously consider what is going on with your relationship...

**Isolation** - Are you regularly kept from talking to others, be it in a chatroom or any other venue? Are you not allowed to have input from others? Are you with no real cause not allowed to talk to others who were your friends? Temporary separation from others does happen, but it is only for a limited time and only to give a submissive time to consider things and learn. But, it is this important to consider, is this one who claims to be a Dominant so insecure about himself and your relationship he cannot allow you to talk to others? A true Dominant is not insecure and will not keep you from openly talking with others, so that you also are secure in yourself and the relationship you are building with Him/Her.

**Belittlement** - Do you feel as if you are put down? Do you feel like less of a person than you did before you met this person? Do your insecurities grow as you have gotten more involved with this person? A true Dominant desires to build up and help to make others the best they can be. If it is the one they claim as Their own, that desire is even more intense. To a true Dominant, this possession is a treasure and will be treated with great care and love.

**Terror** - Are you afraid to speak openly to the one who claims to be a Dominant? Afraid that your words will not be respected? Afraid you will be screamed at or made to feel guilty for expressing yourself? A true Dominant will not do that. you should feel and you need to know you have a right to express your concerns and that they will be listened to. A true Dominant will listen to you and allow you to express yourself and then the Dominant will talk with you. Does this mean the Dominant's view is right or your is...no...but a true Dominant will respect you, just as you respect that Dominant.

**Lack of trust** - Do you feel a lack of trust for the one claiming to be Dominant? Are there many questions in your mind and heart which cannot be answered? In any relationship questions do arise, especially as two begin to learn of E/each O/other. But are you not allowed to discuss them? Or the answer, if you do raise a question from the other is a question, "Why do you doubt Me?" A true Dominant will desire to build your trust and security. As I said, in any relationship questions arise, a true Dominant understands this and will allow you to express yourself. The Dominant's desire is that you have absolute peace and trust, first in yourself, then in the relationship Y/you B/both are building and living.

Submissives...you have a great reason to respect yourselves and the gift you offer another. If you respect yourselves, the gift is even greater. And I will say this, you have a great reason to expect that you and the gift you offer will be respected. Please, be wise, do not allow yourselves to be harmed and do not give the gift lightly.



November/December 2001

## The Biochemistry and Pleasure and Pain

by Mary Dante

One of the most challenging and most satisfying aspects of S/M play involves dancing along the blurry line that separates pain from pleasure. For the uninitiated, the ability to experience pleasure from a stimulus that should produce intense physical and/or emotional discomfort is unfathomable. But, like most mysteries, knowing how (and why) makes things appear simple.

### WE ARE CREATURES OF SENSATIONS

All sensory input (touch, temperature, sound, vision, taste and pain) enters the nervous system by stimulating specific receptors or specific nerve cells. When a receptor is activated, it causes changes in the membrane of the nerve cell to produce a current similar to an electrical current. This signal can be conducted for long distances in the body, allowing the brain to know what is happening to the fingers, toes, etc. Pain is a sensation produced by the input of a noxious or damaging stimulus that can injure the skin or an organ. It is the nervous system's way of telling the body that it is being damaged unless things change. It's a highly evolved system of body sensation that involves both the lower nervous centers of the spinal cord and the higher centers of the brain. Pain can be seen as either an objective or a subjective experience, due to the complexity and multiple areas of the nervous system involved.

### "OUCH-OUCH-OUCH-AHH..."

The body has a pain reflex. This response is similar to the kneejerk reflex that happens when the doctor taps your knee with a rubber hammer. When a body part is exposed to something that causes tissue damage, such as extreme heat or a puncture, pain nerves are stimulated. This input goes to the spinal cord and, without any help from the brain, information from the spinal cord goes to the muscles in the affected area, causing that body part to immediately draw closer to the body and away from what caused the pain. Because this is an automatic response, it is objective pain. The body reacts to obvious injury without thinking. Sometimes, however, the body reacts to a stimulus that does not produce an injury but still feels painful. In this response, the nerve cell is stimulated and the input goes first to the spinal cord, then up to the brain. The input is transmitted to the thalamus (a part of the brain that integrates the pain input with other sensory input) and then relays it to other parts of the brain, including the cerebral cortex (the consciousness), the hypothalamus (the unconsciousness), and the limbic system (the id). Because this allows the higher centers of the nervous system to interpret the stimulus, it is subjective pain. The body reacts due to thought, conscious or unconscious.

### DIFFERENT STROKES...

Some people respond pleasurablely to stimuli that others find painful because their higher centers do not interpret the input as pain. When pain input enters the brain, it goes to the hypothalamus, a region of the brain that controls body functions. These functions include heart and respiratory rate, temperature, hormone release, sexual arousal and genital erection. In some people, the pain input stimulates nerves that provoke sexual responses. These people are sometimes called "hard-wired" masochists. It is unconscious perception of pain as pleasure. On the other hand, some people do not respond reflexively to stimulation which causes tissue damage because they directly and consciously inhibit the body's response to the input. Because pain input enters the cerebral cortex, it enters the realm of consciousness. Individuals who through experience have been able to associate a painful sensation to another sensation that is pleasurable such as the caress of the Master's or Mistress's hand or sexual stimulation can develop connections between the cerebrum and the nerve cells in the spinal cord. Through these connections the cortex can inhibit nerve cells that receive pain input from relaying that information any further. These people often speak of "turning the pain into pleasure," but it is actually the conscious decision to misinterpret pain.

### ENDORPHINS: NECTAR OF THE GODS

The human body may also unconsciously decide to misinterpret or deny pain. This is accomplished by the release of opioid peptides produced by the body itself. These include enkephalins and endorphins, released by the brain centers that process pain information in response to pain or stress. Because they bind to the same

receptors as opiate drugs like morphine, they produce a similar analgesia. They are usually produced in very small quantities, but some people can release enough opioids to cause a "high" or euphoria. During this "endorphin rush," a good Top will take greater care to prevent inadvertent injury to the bottom.

### KEEP DRUGS OUT OF THE PLAYROOM

Pain is an extraordinarily important way for the body to gauge its safety and integrity. For safe and sane play, it is of ultimate importance that the body be awake, alert and fully functioning. Only in this manner can both the Top and the bottom insure that the body (and the emotions) respond appropriately to the stimuli applied to the bottom. For this reason, drug and alcohol consumption before and during play should be avoided. Drugs and alcohol affect the transmission and reception of nerve impulses, altering sensation and judgment. This could not only potentially allow play to go beyond what the body can physically take without serious damage, it could also deaden the pleasure derived from play. It is vitally important for Tops to know the physical status of their bottoms. Certain diseases, including diabetes and AIDS, cause spinal nerve pathologies called neuropathies. People with back problems, especially slipped discs, may have compression of spinal cord nerves. In such cases, the nerves may not be able to collectively transmit impulses to the central nervous system, or the injury may cause an over-response to a pain stimulus. Tops playing with these individuals must take extra care to monitor their bottoms for bruising, abrasion, etc., since they may be unable to monitor themselves.

### THE PLEASURE BOND

The best, most enjoyable scenes occur when the bottom is physically and mentally healthy, alert and relaxed. The body can then respond to both objective and subjective pain. As any experienced Top knows, it's no more fun to have a tense bottom that overreacts to sensation any more than it is to have one who responds only to injury. But when the two are balanced, the S/M magic occurs, and the exchange between Top and bottom grows greater as they dance together along the edge -- safely.

November/December 2001

## Guide to Genital Shaving

by Unknown

One of the most discussed subjects, when it comes to BDSM, is genital shaving. Go read any popular discussion list or newsgroup - every so often the subject will pop up again. There are many different ideas and opinions on shaving. In this section we'll try to outline what can and cannot be done, and how to do it safely and manageably.

### The very basics first

There are various techniques to temporarily or permanently remove pubic hair. We'll describe all of them in this section, but let's start at the very beginning. (Note: there's very little difference between the male and female genital area when it comes to shaving, with one major exception: shaving the male genital area is a lot more work and - especially when doing it yourself - the risk of self-inflicted cuts is higher.)

### For starters, let's dispel a few urban legends:

When you shave your hair, it will grow back faster - Nope, the growth process will neither speed up, nor will it slow down, it'll just grow as it did before. And by the way, especially in the genital area, hair breaks and is pulled out all the time as a result of friction. The follicles (where the hair grows) can't see or feel if you shave. A hair - no matter what commercials may try to tell you - is dead material. It doesn't feel, it doesn't register anything and it doesn't keep records of previous treatment. The fact of the matter is that as you grow older the body hair in some areas may grow a little faster - and longer - but that's only the result of redundant genetic encoding.

When you shave your hair will become thicker - Also not true. Again, this may be the result of the aging process (between 20 and 50).

Shaving creates ingrown hairs - If this was true, the vast majority of men would spend half their lives treating ingrown hair, since they shave every day. Ingrown hair is the result of poor shaving (not close enough), poor maintenance (not frequent enough) or regrowing it on purpose but with insufficient care. Yes, you do need to care for pubic hair in the event you want to grow it back.

### Why is genital shaving so popular in the BDSM Scene?

There are various reasons for the fact that genital shaving is probably one of the most widespread habits in the BDSM community. In fact, in some countries and areas, shaving a submissive is almost general custom. First of all this: bear in mind that there are no general rules. You and only you are the master of your own sexuality and as always: if you don't want it, don't do it. And if you want to do it "differently"? Do it differently.

The main attraction in shaving is the sense of vulnerability. The human skin - especially in the genital area - suddenly becomes very soft and the feeling is totally different. Plus: the view is totally different. Another main attraction is the fact that to many submissives a shaven genital area is a secret sign of submission. Both partners know about it, the sub feels it every day, maintaining it is an act of submission and a powerful reminder, and you can do it without anybody else knowing about it.

Quite a few people do it for hygienic reasons. Especially if you have genital piercings shaving the area is a very good idea.

Finally, to many people there is the aspect of subtle humiliation. In ancient Egypt and Greece prostitutes were obliged to shave, both for hygienic reasons and as a clear signal of their profession.

### A few things to consider before shaving the genitals

Every body is different and hence all body hair is different. Some have a lot, others have less, colours are different and growing characteristics are different. What this means is that in your individual case things may not always be as the general aspects described here. For example, some people will grow their body hair back very fast, while, for others, it will take a long time. For this reason, efforts to remove pubic hair in a more permanent way may not be easy and sometimes even entirely impossible. One thing is obvious though: unless you opt for

permanent removal, shaving is something that you will need to do regularly - sometimes even daily - if you're planning to keep the surface smooth. As every 14 or 15 year old boy knows: once you start to shave there is no turning back, unless you're planning to grow a beard.

The other thing is that you'll need to invest in special shaving equipment and care products. What's suitable for other areas, such as face, legs or armpits, won't always be suitable for the genital area. And that goes for both men and women.

The basics for male and female shaving are largely identical, we'll do the female part first.

### **Razor shaving**

This option is very likely to set you up with a daily task. Of course there are many reasons why such a task can be a lot of fun - but there are a few other things to consider. What may be appealing now may not be after three, four or five weeks. Especially people with online relationships quickly get bored with a daily time consuming shaving task.

### **The first time**

There is of course the option to either self-shave or the dominant doing the first shave. No matter what your choice will be, the technical stuff is identical:

Step one: Don't even try to remove pubic hair with just a razor. You need to clip it first, using a pair of sharp scissors. Make sure you remove as much hair as possible with the scissors. If you don't you won't be shaving but only pulling out the longer hairs during the actual shaving, which is painful and quickly blunts your razor. That again will make the shaving process more painful and less effective.

Step Two: After the hair has been cropped as much as possible you need to prepare for shaving. In order to both achieve a very close shave - i.e. a smooth surface - and prevent pimples and irritated skin later, you'll do well to prepare yourself before you shave. The best idea - if you have a tub - is to take a long hot bath now and make sure the area - and the hair - is soft and smooth. Your next best option is a hot shower with a lot of attention for the soon-to-be shaved area. The more water you use, the better. After bathing or showering, dry yourself, including the area and wait a few minutes in order to allow the skin to recuperate a bit.

Step Three: the actual shaving. GENEROUSLY apply shaving cream. Forget about all of the male shaving creams. If you cannot find specialized creams for female shaving (there are lots of them available for almost all skin types) resort to the mildest - non-perfumed - male variety. Don't even try just using soap (as is customary in many medical environments. It is a totally unsuitable method for genital shaving). As you can see, you need to prepare - and probably do some dedicated shopping prior to the first shave. That goes for the razor you're planning to use as well. Warning: appealing or not, the old fashioned switch-blade razor is totally unsuitable for genital shaving and in fact dangerous. The same goes for disposable razors. What you need is safety razor, designed for female use. The Wilkinson Sword female razor is your best choice by miles. Not only is the design tailored to the curves on the female body (and the grip tailored to use in a "wet" environment since female shaving always requires a lot more water than the male - facial - shaving process), also the blades itself are protected by thin steel wires, which will make it next to impossible to cut yourself. Pull the skin straight with your free hand and shave without applying pressure. Move the razor slowly over the skin, preferably in the counter-direction of the hair. Just one pass probably will not do the trick. You may want to shave the same area two or three times before it is totally smooth. Keep applying shaving cream, as much as you can and have some alum readily available, just in case you draw a little blood.

Step Four: When the shaving is done again wash generously with a lot of warm water. Make sure you wash all the hair and soap away.

Step Five: No you're not there yet - you need aftercare. Soft baby oil will do wonders if you want to keep your skin smooth and soft and prevent pimples from coming up. If you have tender skin, aloe vera cream (preferably with Vitamin E added to it) or a dedicated aftercare product (for women - male aftershave usually bites terribly and will only make things worse). Once shaved, make it habit to protect your now shaven mons and labia (outside) with creams or baby oil. NOTE: If you're planning to have sex and need to use a condom to protect yourself, you will now need to protect the condom. The oil used in the genital area will make the rubber deteriorate and hence unreliable,

so you need to wash prior to having sex.

## **Maintenance**

Once shaven you'll do yourself a big favor by making it a habit to shave daily. That way maintenance will be easy and a relatively simple job. It's entirely possible that your skin will need to adjust to the regular shaving and the area may be irritated for awhile. Once accustomed, the skin will adapt to the "abuse" and the irritation will go away. Use creams or oil daily and always be generous with water and shaving cream.

Oh, before we forget: your LadyShave or a male electric razor are NOT suitable for use in the pubic area. Not good for you and not good for your shaver either.

Besides razor shaving there are of course other options. So here we go.

## **Hair removal creams**

Not all hair removal products are suitable for use in the genital area. Most of them are simply too aggressive. A mild form, like Veet Mild, may do the trick but not all women can handle that and will show allergic reactions in the genital area. If you have no problem with hair removal creams in other areas, you may want to give it a try. The main advantage is that it requires less intensive maintenance.

Always test hair removal products on a harmless spot, to check for possible allergic reactions. The inside of the elbow is a good spot to test. If your skin turns red or if the spot stays itchy longer than it should (most hair removal products will cause an itchy feeling for ten to twenty minutes when used in a tender area), don't use it in the genital area.

After using a hair removal cream in the genital area, wash generously, using lots and lots of warm water and apply aftershave products or baby oil. Again, you'll need to care for the now soft skin daily.

Other hair removal products, such as waxing, are not suitable unless you're a real pain freak. Some women have had good experiences with a new product called Epil Stop, but again, the results are determined individually. Epil Stop is a semi-permanent hair removal cream. The effect will last longer than other hair removal products and eventually the hair is supposed to stop growing entirely, but that will not always be true for everybody.

## **Electrolysis**

Electrolysis is a permanent form of hair removal through - very mild - electric shocks,. The method itself is totally safe but has various disadvantages.

First of all, there are different methods: one - done in salons only - is to use a needle shaped device that is put into the follicle and will kill the hair root there. The other is a pincer that grabs an individual hair and sends a very mild shock through it. The effectiveness of the method is individually determined but there is a huge price difference. A professional salon treatment (done in a series of treatments) is expensive and may have to be repeated several times. Buying a personal device yourself is a lot cheaper and if you're looking for (semi)permanent removal you may want to opt for the latter first, simply for financial reasons.

It's hard to give a good cost estimate when it comes to salon electrolysis, simply because different salons have different prices. However, don't be surprised if the entire treatment costs well over a thousand dollars. The advantage of course is that you can do it in sessions, hence you do not have to come up with the entire amount up front. Good advice if you're planning electrolysis is first of all check out a few different salons, and second, start with the bikini line first and work downward. This way you won't be stuck with a rather awkward half-bald mons.

Both methods are not completely painless (in fact the professional methods are frequently painful) and some women may need several repeat treatments before the hair growth is stopped. Also, it may lead to red irritation spots that will last for a long time.

Electrolysis requires pre- and aftershave. If you're planning to opt for a salon treatment, ask about creams that help reduce the pain and that will make the hair softer, hence easier to remove. Good aftershave after each treatment will help the healing process of the skin. Ask the salon about aftershave. It's important.

## **Pulling**

If you have a patient dominant, pulling the hair out one by one certainly is an option, but be aware that it will take several sessions and that it's not exactly painless.

### **Fun designs**

Especially if this is your first time, you may want to think about trying a "design shave," i.e. not a full genital shave but instead just something creative, such as leaving a single top to bottom streak or a small triangle. It really isn't that difficult to do and can be a lot of fun.

### **Male genitals - shaving differences**

As we said, what applies to women largely applies to men as well. That goes for methods too, although very few men will opt for electrolysis, mainly due to the sensitivity of the scrotum (the penis doesn't really care). It's not impossible, just a bit more painful and the process takes a lot longer, hence will be more expensive too.

### **Razor shaving male genitals**

Shaving the male genital area is a LOT more work and difficult, especially if you've never done it before. It might take you up to an hour to do it the first time. You need a special razor (the male version of the Wilkinson Sword again is your best bet) and either a female or very mild shaving cream. Don't be unnecessarily "macho" and make sure you invest in aftercare. And no, don't try using your electric razor. It won't work and it WILL hurt.

The easiest way to shave your scrotum is to start at the bottom. Pull up everything with one hand and start shaving from in between your legs upward. Be very careful around the center of the scrotum, since your skin is exceptionally tender there. Next do both sides and finally concentrate on the top of your scrotum, preferably before working on and above your penis. By doing it this way you'll have the most difficult parts done first. (Note: men, same as women, will be wise to make the shaving process a daily task, which will keep maintenance a lot simpler.)

Worth considering: most men - as opposed to women - will have a lot less trouble using a mild hair removal product such as Veet Mild.

### **Two more hints for everyone**

DON'T try coloring your pubic hair. Most of the time it won't work very well anyway and it can also be unhealthy. If you want a 'color-for-the-night,' try using hair mascara or glitter instead.

You can make your pubic hair softer by using conditioner in the same way you would use a conditioner for your head hair. This is worth doing for at least a week or two before your first shave.



November/December 2001

## Humiliation

by dark whisper

“Worthless whore, you’re not fit to wear that collar.”

This an example of degradation. A grouping of words taken in context that are designed to tear one down emotionally, and make one feel like they are powerless/stupid/ugly and cannot necessarily think or react on their own. An abusive situation that has no place in BDSM or any relationship. This is completely different than humiliation play.

Humiliation often plays a major part in a D/s situation. Now, before you tell me how wrong I am, please consider the following: “Who’s whore are you, My precious slut?” How many times have you seen or heard these types of words, and felt their power? Does it make a submissive angry? Hurt? Or does it pretty much melt the submissive, or possibly even makes them wild with the need to do just about anything to please the dominant? Can it be a positive statement that engenders excitement and a feeling of power? I know that for me, it surely does.

So why is the first thing said when discussion comes up about humiliation: “Oh, I don’t like humiliation,”? Because there is a huge misunderstanding about what humiliation really is. I found myself explaining the difference the other night when several submissives I know shook their heads and flat out said they hated humiliation and it was a hard limit for them. “

Basically, degradation is used to tear one down... make them feel or look stupid/clumsy/worthless. It’s never a positive thing..

Humiliation on the other hand... can allow one to look waaaay down deep inside.

Things like saying: “what a beautiful slut you are” or “that’s My little bitch” - doing things that are embarrassing, but making you feel like you’d crawl through broken glass if they asked...

It’s empowering... not engendering powerlessness. Does that make sense?”

A friendly acquaintance was there, and spoke of the differences in the types of play that includes degradation and humiliation. She often uses degrading words in topping - a stronger form of humiliation “play”. Some people really draw to hearing those terms, because they know the dominant does not really believe that about the submissive. It’s about context, and using it as a tool to strip away the masks and the protective shell to reach the person within. This can be VERY dangerous if it is used indiscriminately, or by one who doesn’t understand what the submissive could be feeling as those masks are stripped away.

I cannot stress the difference strongly enough here. If there is any question in the submissive’s mind that the dominant might really see the submissive as worthless or stupid - it can cause real emotional damage, and should be stopped immediately if it is determined that the submissive is truly feeling the words/activities in a negative manner.

Degradation play (versus humiliation play) is considered a form of edge play, and if it is undertaken, PLEASE make sure that: a) both parties are aware that it is play, and b) that there is a huge amount of trust going on between the top/bottom.

Humiliation play, on the other hand can be such a turn on for both parties, and is used, to some degree, by quite a good percentage of Dominants and submissives. I, personally, enjoy being called nasty names - but ONLY by One I trust enough to know that he really doesn’t believe that about me, but knows that it excites us both. Anyone else dares to call me nasty names is very likely to find themselves either alone, or limping quite badly for the next few days. ~a slow grin spreading over full lips~

Humiliation

I guess the point comes to trust. Do you trust your dominant to the point where you can safely go to these places, because you know, deep inside, that the words are brought about not to hurt, but to excite and perhaps to go a bit deeper into the person inside? If no... then this might not be the type of play for you. ~a soft smile~

Safe travels, dear visitor.

November/December 2001

## The importance of focus for a submissive

by gayden

What is "focus"? According to one definition in Webster's, it is "to produce a sharp clear image." That's a pretty good definition, but sorely lacking for use in the BDSM community. To circumvent any misunderstanding, these views are my own, so take them as they are intended -- to assist the submissive in understanding the importance of focus in her/his relationship with their Dom/me.

"What is your focus?" This sounds like it could have many answers: to reach deep inside myself; to be everything i can be; to learn and absorb; to rise above the mundane and become who i want to be. Those are good things for a submissive to think about, and strive for -- but they shouldn't be one's focus. As a submissive, one should have only one focus: to please their Dominant. That's it.

Now, pleasing one's Dominant can take many, many forms - and should, for each relationship to grow. No one thing can be pleasing to every Dominant. It is the submissive's job to know what their Dominant finds pleasing. Ask questions, learn what One likes, and especially dislikes. Focus...focus on One. The submissive has made a choice to serve his/her Dominant -- so serve them.

When a submissive loses focus, that's when things start to go wrong and mistakes are made. In every action one takes, stop and think about how one's Dominant would view an action, as if the Dom/me were there. If it doesn't feel right, or if one can't be absolutely sure that the action won't cause concern/anger/disappointment, then for goodness' sake, don't do it. Keep focused.

Communication, trust, and respect are so very important in the D/s lifestyle. These are the tools that both Dominants and submissives use to enrich T/their relationship. Each has a different focus, and as long as it is kept in the forefront of O/one's mind, then the journey forward has far fewer potholes.

And if one loses one's focus, stop. Take some time to find it again - if that means having a long discussion with one's Dominant and clarifying issues, then that's all the better. It takes a strength of character to maintain focus all the time, that's a given, but growth demands it...and so does one's Dominant.

November/December 2001

## Masochism as a Spiritual Path

by Dorothy C. Hayden, CSW, CAC

It has only been in the last hundred years that masochism has been seen as a perversion. When the nineteenth-century psychiatrist Krafft-Ebing placed the term masochism under the rubric "General Pathology" in his famous book "Psychopathia Sexualis", masochism began to get bad press. A few decades later, Freud wrote about masochism as a function of infantile sexuality, incomplete development, stunted growth, and childish irresponsibility. Since then, masochism has been irrevocably allocated to the ghetto of "perversion" and the clinical community has viewed it as a pathological aberration that must be cured.

In the thousands of years before that, however, a masochistic-spiritual connection prevailed throughout most of civilization. Whereas psychology considered masochism as a disease, pre-nineteenth century religion regarded it as a cure. The ancients were in touch with the spiritual, physical and emotional value of masochism. For them, it was an essential part of reality; a combination of the soul in a tortured state, rapturous delight, exquisite pain and unbearable passion that brought them closer to experiencing union with something greater than their individual egos.

In the Western religious tradition, the desire to be beaten and whipped reflected the desire for "penance" which often involved humiliation, shame, pain, worship and submission. In monasteries and churches, bowed heads, bent knees, folded hands, covered heads and full-body prostration reflected the basic masochistic posture. The writers of the New Testament made frequent mention of flagellation and physical pain. The entire "passion play" of Christ, a narrative that has been embedded in our collective psyches for thousands of years, involves bondage, flagellation and crucifixion as part of being subjected to the will of a higher power and the subsequent resurrection to a transcendent consciousness. The Psalmists were in the practice of lashing themselves every day. It was part of the Jewish tradition, 500 years after Christ; to lash one another with scourges after they had finished their prayers and confessed their sins.

Flagellation in monasteries and convents were the order of the day. Saints such as St. William, St. Rudolph and St. Dominic would routinely order their disciples to lash them on bare backs. From flagellating themselves, priests began to flagellate their penitents as part of their penance. It came to be regarded as a necessary act of submission to God. Some holy men maintained that whipping had the power to rescue souls from hell. They believed that humiliation and physical pain provided a way in which one could become fully human.

All of the early Christian orders used flagellation as part of their spiritual discipline. St. Theresa, founder of the Carmelites, used severe flagellation as part of her daily practice. Through the birch and the scourge, she entered into states of ecstatic mysticism. The Carmelite nun, Caterina of Cardona, continuously wore iron chains which cut into her flesh. She flogged herself with chains and hooks as often as possible and would sometimes flagellate herself for two or three hours at a time. It was said that through these practices, she was subject to mystical ecstasies and visions of heavenly grace. Similar stories abound among the Franciscans, the Dominicans and the Jesuits. Apparently a heavy dose of masochism was an essential part of Christian monastic life.

In the early eleventh century, monastic hermits in Italy took up the practice of self-flagellation and fled the monasteries to take to the public streets and churches. Called the sect of the Flagellants, and organized by St. Anthony, these monks would work themselves up to frenzied desire and could reach consummation only in torn flesh and self-degradation. The Flagellants marched from one town to the next in procession, picking up new penitents as they passed through. Sometimes numbering in the tens of thousands, they would march to a church, form a circle in front of it, and perform a highly ritualized penitential ceremony. Stripped to the waist, the penitents would chant hymns and prostrate themselves in contrition. The ritual culminated in severe flagellation of all the participants, sometimes lasting for hours. In the end, these gaunt figures, faces pressed to the earth in shame and rapture, their backs beaten to raw meat, their whips dyed blood red, were lifted into ecstasy. It seemed to work a spiritual transformation in those who participated.

Western culture does not have an exclusive hold on the use of subjugation and pain as part of spiritual discipline.

Zen Buddhist monasteries are known for the master's use of the rod on disciples and for the Zen "slap" which is said to awaken a person to a higher level of consciousness. Zen students often sit crossed-legged on a cushion for 14 hours a day, seven days a week, submitting themselves to the physical agony of staying completely still in the face of unrelenting pain for long periods of time. Hindu disciples subjugate their wills to the will of the Guru; Tibetan Buddhists unquestionably follow the will of their Lama. An early Tibetan saint, Milarepa, was forced by his prospective teacher to undergo hard, painful and arduous physical labor without questioning the master's will before being accepted as a student.

If, in fact, the history of civilization is filled with stories of a masochistic/spiritual connection, how is it that the masochistic attitude is connected to spiritual transformation? What exactly has been the appeal of masochistic submission to spiritual personages throughout the ages?

One possible answer is that modern society has been heavily influenced by the Horatio Alger "rugged individualism" mentality. The goals of contemporary psychotherapy have been aimed at building strong, coping, rational, problem-solving egos. Take responsibility, Take control. Assert yourself. But at what cost? Building a strong ego is only one side of the coin. To experience the fullness of human experience, we need passivity and receptivity as well as assertion. We need a sense of mystical wonder as well as rational problem solving. We need to be in touch with what the psychoanalyst Carl Jung called "the shadow" -- the weak, limited, degraded, sinful side of ourselves as well as the strong, loving, compassionate, competent side. We need to move out from under the onus of our egocentric way of viewing life; to abdicate control as well as to take it. Masochistic submission, in centering on lack, inadequacy and weakness, puts us in touch with the entirety of our humanity. Full humanity requires surrender to the down side of life as well as the upside. Religious penitents knew of the soul's need for suffering. They knew that it keeps us from having hubris, or the pride that keeps us in the limited perspective of having too much faith in our competence and abilities. The Christian and Eastern mystics knew that. "Humiliation is the way to humility and without humility, nothing is pleasing to God," says St. Francis of Assisi.

A scene strips the ego of its defenses, ambitions, self-consciousness and successes. The ego become subservient to the master, the dominant, the soul, or God. Whether we call it submission to the dominant or to the will of God, it nevertheless remains submission - one of the hallmarks of the masochistic posture. The masochistic components -- the longing to serve, to submit, to abandon oneself sexually, emotionally, and physically makes one a slave either to a man, a woman or to God. Submission to that passion is divine degradation.

Another similarity between masochism and mystical ecstasy is that both are motivated by the desire for oblivion and liberation; for getting rid of the burden of self with all its conflicts, burdens and limitations. In former, less secular times, this might be called a striving for mystical ecstasy in which the individual is so taken out of himself that his individual identity is extinguished in sublime union with something higher.

In submission, one is taken out of one's personal limitations and transcends social sanctions while at the same time being reduced, weakened and humiliated. With noses pressed against the ever-present reality of human suffering, it is both an agonizing defeat and a magnificent spiritual journey.

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## Truth, Trust & Honesty: Their Roles in D/s Relationships

by FineArt

I find the starting point for a discussion of the importance of trust and honesty in BDSM & D/s relationships should start with the scene. In many situations, the "relationship" is defined by or limited to the scene. At one end of the continuum, people often enter into one time scenes for the purpose of meeting their own personal needs, with minimal concern for the satisfaction of the other (a prime example might be the use of a professional Dominatrix). Here, the meaning to the word trust roughly relates to confidence in the abilities and intent of the Dom/me... are they able to deliver the pleasures promised, will they be safe. We talk about bottoms/subs placing their well-being, their very lives in the hands of Tops... frankly, we do the same thing with the mechanic who repairs the brakes on the car, the mental health professional dealing with depression, the medical staff dealing with serious illness or accident. It's just a bit more difficult to establish credentials! As to honesty... in such situations, the need is minimal... only what is necessary to proceed safely and to meet the goals of the negotiated scene.

At the other end of the continuum is the long term, serious, growth oriented D/s relationship. Here, trust and honesty define the long-term quality of the relationship. Lets be honest... there will always be secrets within relationships... for a variety of reasons. However, on things of real substance to the well-being and growth of those involved in the relationship, the greater the trust, the more open they can be in their communications, the stronger the relationship can become, the more growth can be achieved.

We also must recognize that trust is not an absolute! It is not something where we just flick a switch and move from not having it to having complete trust... it builds over time... the nature and quality of the communications each has... the ability to not only share deep things with our partners, but to look deeply into ourselves... to engage in personal growth and understanding... being honest not only with our partners, but with ourselves.

And finally, few things are more fragile than trust. What can take months, years to build (deep trust, based on experience and knowledge... not the trust built on original impressions), can be undermined by things as simple as a careless statement, a thoughtless action. Continuous communication is not the sole answer. What is communicated must grow in depth and understanding... and must be honest... but without it, trust can never move beyond the level given to your friendly, certified neighborhood mechanic!



November/December 2001

## Violence in BDSM

by Raven Shadowborne

Violence is any act which causes physical harm to another person. Hitting, slapping, punching, biting, scratching, whipping and many others are violent acts. Violence is indeed a part of BDSM. It falls under the S/m part, or sadomasochism, the giving and receiving of pain for pleasure. There are some differences between criminal violence and violence in BDSM.

The largest difference between criminal violence and the acts which are done in BDSM is consent. In criminal violence, one does not have the informed consent of their victim. It is an act done usually on an unsuspecting person. In BDSM, the violent acts which are done are consented to by both participants. This consent overrides the moral issue of whether or not the act is criminal. By giving consent to the activities, it is understood that the people involved are aware of what is happening and accept it. Even, in many cases, crave it. Criminal violence is not wanted, craved nor even expected. BDSM violence is wanted, needed, craved and expected in many cases.

Another difference is criminal violence is usually not controlled. It is done on the spur of the moment, with premeditated hostile intent, or any other number of non controlled means. Criminal violence does not take into consideration the permanent physical harm it causes, instead that is what it seeks to do cause permanent or temporary physical harm. In BDSM the violence is controlled. The strength behind the blows, the items used, the areas which are struck, the intensity of play and the length of time are all controlled by the dominant in the situation. This control is used in such a way to keep the experience pleasurable overall for both participants. This control is what prevents it from becoming an out of control act of violence. This control is what keeps the actions pleasurable and not torture. (be that pleasure physical or mental, or both)

Another difference is the intent of the person being violent. A criminal's intent is usually one of causing the most damage they can, or furthering their own interests with any means necessary, subjugating their victim, or any other number of harmful reasons. A dominant's (or sadist's) intent for using violence is not to subjugate or harm the recipient. Instead it is to bring the recipient and him/herself pleasure. Through the violent acts inherent in pain play, the participants find a great physical and emotional satisfaction. The intent is to please each other, not harm each other.

Another difference is the emotional state of the people involved at the time the violence occurred. In criminal violence, often the perpetrator is not emotionally stable, nor psychologically stable. Many times the violence comes about as a result of anger, fear or jealousy. All emotional states which can result in very irrational acts of violence. In BDSM, the emotional state of those involved usually contains some level of caring or love. The dominant and submissive are usually emotionally and psychologically stable. The violence comes about as a result of their bond and physical or mental needs. The violence becomes a way of sharing "love" with one another. A dominant or sadist, usually will not strike their partner when they are in the throes of anger, jealousy or fear. Many of the sessions are pre planned by the dominant, not just a grab em and beat em attitude.

When many think of BDSM, all they see is the physical violence inherent in it. They dismiss it, ridicule it, or decry it as a criminal act. They say those who enjoy the s/m part of BDSM do so because they are psychologically unstable or psychotic. Recently the psychological community changed it's definition of sadism, masochism, dominant and submissive to reflect the clearer understanding of the mentality behind those in the lifestyle. They are no longer defined as a psychosis or psychological illness. Instead, they are defined as mental and sexual acts which can be quite healthy provided they do not interfere with the normal functioning of the person involved on a daily basis. (meaning, the person can't function at their appropriate age level) If people take the time and look closer, they will see that the violence is just a means to an end in BDSM. The end result being a physical sensation that is more powerful than standard sex. An emotional bond that is all encompassing, and a psychological satisfaction that is quite healthy. They will see that many use the physical sensation of pain play to enhance their relationships, not destroy their partner.

With the differences in intent, consent, and control clearly pointed out, one can see that BDSM violence is not a

criminal act but one of enjoyment for those involved. As well, if one takes the time to truly discuss violence with those in BDSM they will see that most of us in the lifestyle abhor criminal senseless acts of violence. As well, we refuse to associate with those who are prone to such acts. Abuse in any form is looked down upon by those in the lifestyle.

November/December 2001

## A Story

by pet\_one

Master comes in my room. I am sprawled out on the bed reading. He starts rummaging through my drawers, and picks clothes he wants me to wear. He chooses a maroon bra and panty set, and a simple black dress I wear around the house. He tells me to get myself ready. I go to the bathroom and draw a bath. I wonder what he has in mind. I have done nothing wrong, so this is not punishment or discipline. I take a long bath, hoping, he will come tell me to hurry up. Finally I rinse off and dry my hair, add makeup to please him. I dress and I approach him. I just kneel and wait. He tells me "get comfortable pet, this will be a while." I just sit on my butt and wait, hands folded in my lap. I feel my pussy moisten, and my rock hard nipples. My body betrays me once again. He runs his hand across my breasts, and a twinkle comes to his eye. He stops what he is doing, and starts tying me with my dress on. I wonder why he is doing this, and ask "Master, don't you want to remove the dress?" quickly I am gagged with an O ring gag, and he growls about topping from the bottom. He slaps my ass so hard I think I have flown across the room. I wait in silence, whining a bit in my gag. The noises I make when I wear it distract me. I can't believe it's me making them. He interprets them well. He rubs my ass and says "pet, I want to watch you while I work." He puts me on my butt. I am saying "please No Master" but only muffled sounds come out.

He has my ankles, knees, and thighs bound under my dress. He has my breasts bound very tightly, ropes going all around me. The rope looks wonderful against the black dress. My arms are secured behind me, but he has been gentle. I am still whining a bit when he says, "pet, I am working." I silence myself and try to think about something else. My mind wanders, what will Master do today, he is always so creative. What will Master make me do that I don't want to do. I am afraid I know the answer already. I always want to please him, so I know it is useless to think about resisting. That will come naturally with me anyway. Master always makes it feel all right to please him. I smile a soft smile and then shake my head. I can't stand the drool, I know Master is watching while he works, it runs constantly and is soaking my dress. You can see the marks of my bra through the dress, it is so wet now.

Finally Master comes over, he manages to feel through the ropes, and my tight legs if I am wet. Whispers in my ear "what his good little fuck toy I am." his voice sends me to another place, a very compliant one. He kisses me through the gag, and teases me. He takes out his cock, and runs it around the dress, lets my drool fall onto it and shows me. I start begging for his cock, moving my head and tongue to get at it. I manage to get myself turned around on my belly, and Master rubs his cock around my nose, my mouth, and the smell makes me so horny. He moves back a little, and I wiggle and try to follow. I can't move. I cry out through my gag. Master gets up and walks to the drawer, walks back with scissors. I get very upset, I know what he will do, and I love this dress. I roll on my back and am trying to fight him. He is laughing and toying with his prey. He knows he will win, he always does. He finally gets a hold of the top, growls at me to "Not Move" and starts cutting. Then he tears the rest to expose my breasts. He pops my breasts out of the bra, and they are huge already from being tied so tight. I can hardly breathe from the excitement. Master slaps both breasts very hard. I can only lay back down and take his pain. I moan for my Master, he knows I love this. He suckles my breasts and they are wet from my drool. He starts slapping harder. I love the feeling of the wet, mixed with his hand. God, I need to suck on his cock so much. Sucking on his cock while taking pain at his hands, is what I love.

Master straddles over me, and starts teasing me once again. He places tweezer-clamps on my nipples, not too hard, just enough so he can control me with them. So I know there is more to come. He once again teases me with his cock. I have drool everywhere, I have forgotten about that, but he uses it now to wet his cock. He lets me lick it through the O ring gag, and I am begging for more. He takes it away, and slaps my face gently with it, teasing me unmercifully. Finally he starts playing with himself slowly. I am shaking my head NO, I want him in my mouth. He can hear me begging and this increases his speed and pleasure. Finally he cums all over me, in my mouth through the O ring, on my breasts, on my face, in my hair and he growls so loudly when he cums, I am floating in heaven. He removes the gag, and has me clean his cock, which I do gently and lovingly. I tell him how much I adore his cock, and I know I do worship it. We don't say it out loud like that, very often so I tell him, "Master, your slave adores your cock." I know princess, he says as he strokes my head. He starts untying me,

and I am panicking inside.

I want more. This is not enough...

Master removes my dress completely, and attaches a leash to my chain of my clamps. He removes my panties and stuffs them in my mouth. Places me on my hands and knees, ties a piece of rope around my mouth, and walks me around by my nipples. Sometimes fast, sometimes slow, I don't like the leash and he knows it. I love it because it pleases him. He brings me to a bowl of wine with ice, and does not let me drink it. I slap my hand on the floor because I want it, and he slaps my ass much harder because he does not want me to have it. It is very clear who is in control here. My Master! He takes a piece of ice from the wine, and shoves it as far up my pussy as he can. I am so hot, all I feel is water drip out a bit. I don't care, I am where I belong, in my Master's control.

Master walks me into the bathroom, and helps me to my feet. He kisses me and murmurs in my ear, how much he loves the drooling, and my love for his cock, how happy I make him. I can only lower my eyes and blush. He brings my eyes back to him, and kisses me hard. Then he just waits! Stands there. I know what is next. I decide to try something new.

"Master, may I be excused to use the toilet please?" I know there is desperation in my voice. Master says "no pet, you have not learned yet." I try to turn and stomp to the toilet and I am yanked back to him harshly, by my nipples. I beg forgiveness and put my head in his chest. He knows I want to please him. He turns me gently and I just quickly use the toilet. He hands me a warm rag. I notice that he is letting me take care of myself. I like that better. I finish and thank my Master. He puts the gag back in my mouth and turns me to the mirror. He says "you'll need the gag pet." he fingers my pussy for a bit and I am still running wet, I start bucking on his fingers, I don't care and he stops. I open my eyes and he quickly removes my clamps. My Master is right, I scream out loud into the gag. Master rubs my breasts and soothes them. Master knows his pet can take more.

Master walks me back to the living room, removes the gag and lets me drink the wine. I no longer care it is from a bowl on the floor. Then Master gently inserts my butt plug, and places me on a wide chair. I am not worried, because I think we are going to do more right away. He has me bend forward first, and ties my breasts tight, he binds me to the chair spread eagle. My embarrassment soars because my pussy lips are so wide from the plug. I strain to close my legs to no avail. Master puts on a blindfold, puts in a ball gag, and ties my hair so I am not straining my neck but I can't move my head. I hear him sit down and go back to work. I get very upset, I do not want to play anymore, I need my Masters mouth and cock. I struggle hard and wear myself out with a hissy fit. Then I hear him next to me, in my ear. "slave, did I say you could move?" I still myself, I know I am in trouble. I feel the trouble too late. There is an unmistakable feeling when you are struck by a cane. Master struck swiftly!

With one blow and caught both breasts. It takes a moment to register, time stops, then from the inside out, the cane works it's magic. I scream painfully into my gag. I buck wildly as I feel another lash under my breasts. They are tied so tight, there is no mistaking the target. Quickly.. one more stroke directly on both nipples. I can hear myself screaming inside my head, someplace, I hear my Masters voice, "I am working, be quiet!" I try to settle down, I am whimpering and the pain lessons with time. I don't know how much time goes by, but I feel the welts rising, I long to feel Master touch them. It seems like hours go by, I have no idea, but it could not have been that long, and I feel Master inserting something into my wet pussy. Then he inserts a small egg vibrator and turns it sideways so whatever he has inserted won't come out. Quickly I feel the ginger working, it is hot, I can feel my pussy lips working, I am moaning and begging into my gag for relief, I feel Master's fingers on the marks he made. I had forgotten them. Now they spring to life. I am begging Master through my gag, to let me cum. He brushes his fingers across my clit and then takes them away. I literally scream into my gag. Master "whispers, "I own you, and the rule is Do what Master says, Do it now. " "do you understand slave?" I can only nod yes, a little, and I am screaming into my gag, more like a crying noise. I don't care. Master takes away the vibrator, and the ginger, hich has stopped working, and puts the egg back in. It teases me and he knows it. I groan into my gag begging my Master to make me cum. He just goes back to work and I have to wait.

I am still, but moaning a bit. My Master ignores me and he knows my need. He continues working for what seems like an eternity. I know not to interrupt him. He comes over, and spansks my breasts again, turning them a bright red, on top of the cane marks. I am crying into my gag, I love this pain so much it scares me. Master seems to know how much and when. He removes my gag, and looms over me with his large cock. I suck greedily, I make loud noises for him and I try to make him cum inhaling his cock. I can tell he pleased, and then he just takes his cock away. I practically scream and find myself quickly gagged again. I am angry he took what I

need from me and it shows. He yanks on my hair and tells me "I am his slave and he owns me." I take comfort in his words and calm down. I love sucking my Masters cock more then anything. He just turns and leaves me there wiggling, and trying to catch up in my mind with what just happened.

From the beginning I have been his slave, and I know this is part of it, the waiting. In pleasing him and him teaching me, I am pleased. Mostly being a good girl is the way to his heart. I am getting restless, my breasts burn for more attention, my pussy is humiliatingly wet, I wonder what he has planned next. He stops working and looks at me, just watches me for a long time. I try to turn away but there is no place to hide. I can not tell what he is thinking. He is deciding something,.. that I am sure of. My nipples get rock hard. I see in his eyes he notices. The feeling of him just looking at me exposed, sends chills through me. By now I should not feel ashamed, but I still do. I wonder if I will ever get used to him watching me. He gets up and approaches me, I know he has decided. He just runs his fingers around my pussy, sucks on my nipples, soft then hard. I can't help but respond. I am my Master's fuck toy and I know it. It has been a long day today and promises to get longer. He asks me questions: am I his fuck toy, am I his slut, do I like when I am this wet,, do I want more pain, do I know who owns me, am I going to be a good girl, how much do I want to suck on his cock, do I know how big my lips are and how beautiful Master's pussy is. He looks directly at me and I can only nod my answers at him. He owns me completely. Meanwhile his fingers work their magic and I am on the verge of cuming. He can read it on my face and in body movements, he moves away from the area that arouses my pussy the most. I moan and want to scream. I don't know what sounds I making with the gag in, I don't care. Finally I hear my Master ask me "if I am ready for more humiliation." I just go limp. I know I am and so does he. I am frightened of everything we do, but he makes me want it. Master runs his fingers on the marks from the cane, I groan out loud from the touch.

You will do what I say to cum slut? I cringe at the word and nod yes. Master unties one hand and whispers in my ear, "touch yourself, pet." I notice he has gone to the gentle word pet. I shake my head "no" I am already trying to escape and begging him through the gag, Master I have not done this before, you know I haven't. We have talked about it, I am not ready. I look deep in my Master's face and I know he understands all my fears. I see I will do this for him anyway, the time has come. My tears fall and he just waits. He wipes them off and murmurs softly "I want to see you cum my pet." he releases one of my hands and waits and watches me. He plays with the marks from the cane, pours drops of wine on my breasts and licks them. I know he is being patient. He looks at me and removes my gag, tells me don't speak. I mutter a soft "Master please." he places my hand on my pussy and starts my hand, he whispers in my ear, he goes between sweet murmuring, like I am his princess, and fuck toy to his slut and whore. How much he loves me, and when I please him, what a good little cock sucker I am for him. His voice sends me to a subspace and he knows it. Meanwhile I have started rubbing my pussy and am so hot I don't care anymore. I knew this would come someday. I start to moan, I don't even know the gag is gone, I respond to his words, but I don't remember what I say. I am getting ready to cum and I hear Master say "you have to ask for permission pet." I growl very loudly, it is too late for that, I can't talk, I am cuming and Master inserts two fingers and uses them inside me and fucks me with them. I can't take anymore and try to get away, he just holds my hand and keeps my orgasm going. I am begging him "no more Master, please....." finally he stops and I feel like passing out. I tell him I am very hot, and he unties me and brings me to the couch. He whispers, "that wasn't so bad, not was it pet?" I say "no Master." the next thing I know I am over his knee being spanked, I am begging him to stop, asking what have I done Master? No more please? He stops long enough to tell me "I did not listen to him, and he is not going to coax me. It is His pussy and when he tells me to touch it I will!" I tell him "I am sorry" over and over, then he tells me "I did not ask permission." and starts spanking again. We have talked about this, bringing me to tears, this time it is easy. The excitement of the day, and my love for my Master is more then I can take. I am crying and he brings me close to him. Holds me tight, whispers in my ear that "I will learn." all I can say is "I know Master, I am learning."

I fall asleep on my Masters chest feeling a contentment I have never known.

November/December 2001

## The Hot Tub

by FineArt

Gregory and Catherine had finally been able to purchase their own home, getting away from apartment life. They had saved and searched until they found what they wanted, a house in a quiet neighborhood, in an outstanding school system, that offered them the room and privacy they needed. The two-story, 4-bedroom house was on a fair sized lot backing to a golf course. Gregory also had plans for how they would use the unfinished basement... building a room that would accommodate the dark side of their relationship.

Gregory and Catherine, with the assistance of friends, had spent two weekends during the summer building a large deck. Since the back of the house faced east, the deck would be perfect for catching the morning sun... and for evening relaxation in the shade of the house during the hot mid-west summers. One of the unique features of the deck was a sunken portion, in the L-shaped corner of the deck where the family room extended beyond the kitchen. This was the area where they eventually placed the hot tub! Large enough for four, the hot tub was just 2 steps from the door to the family room. With the location of the family room to the north and shrubbery to the south, it was open only to the quiet golf course at night... very private!

Later that year, in the dead of winter, Gregory and Catherine had spent a fun day playing with the kids. It was the day of the first significant snowstorm since moving into the house, with several inches piling up in the yard... perfect for building snowmen and making snow angels in the back yard. Both Gregory and Catherine had laughed until they hurt at the efforts of their young children, Jason and Allison, helping to clear the driveway and walks.

The combination mud/laundry room off the garage was piled high with wet gloves, hats, boots, scarves, coats and snowsuits. Catherine had tried to get the kids to hang their stuff up, but had finally had to do it herself! Allison had helped Catherine fix the hot chocolate while Jason, under his father's watchful eye, did the "man's work" of building a fire in the family room. No one saw anything unusual when Catherine brought the four steaming mugs of hot chocolate, piled high with melting marshmallows, into the room and knelt beside Gregory's chair, offering him as she extended the tray to him with both hands palms up. This was one of the simple things that she often did when she could. Gregory recognized the signals that she was feeling amorous, anxious to submit to serving his dark needs. Before taking his brimming mug, Gregory had gently stroked her cheek with the tips of his fingers as she knelt before him, his eyes shining as he gazed at her. He had spoken softly, "Thank you, little one. I am very pleased with you." She was there only a moment before moving to help Allison, making sure she did not spill her chocolate on the carpeting. Later, after a vigorous, noisy 4-player game of Chutes and Ladders on the rug in front of the blazing fire, Catherine had sat at the foot of his chair, eating the sandwiches she had fixed for the four of them while they watched The Wonderful World of Disney. Jason kept moving from his plate to a tower of blocks and back. Allison sat on daddy's lap, leaving partially eaten sandwiches for him to finish. Frequently, Gregory would reach out to stroke Catherine's hair or her cheek as she leaned against his leg. Gregory was not paying much attention to the dancing elephants in tutus in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", instead just appreciating all that he had in life. The fact was that his life was good... very good!

The show over, the simple dinner finished and things cleaned up in the kitchen... with assistance from the kids, of course... Catherine took Allison upstairs for a bath and jammies. When she came back down, Allison in her arms, Jason was riding on Gregory's back as he crawled around the floor. "You make a GREAT pony," Catherine had said mischievously. "Where's your tail?" She knew she would pay for that later, when they were alone!

Gregory had laughed when he looked up at her from his position on the floor, on all fours. "You'll find the tail soon enough, my dear. Yes, plenty soon enough!" He winked at her as Jason slid off of his back. Together the guys picked up the scattered toys while Catherine watched. Then a very sleepy Allison was transferred from Catherine to Gregory to be taken up and tucked in bed. Catherine took a protesting Jason by his hand and led him up to take his bath. He was a big guy now, and did not need help... at least that is what he was telling his mother.

Gregory sat at her bedside while Allison said her prayers, tucked her in, kissed her forehead. Catherine sighed as she closed the bathroom door, meeting Gregory in the hallway. "Your son," she said in exasperation. "He can't have a woman see him naked anymore." She giggled, lowered her voice and repeated the drawn out "mawmmmm" Jason had given her because she was still there filling the tub while he undressed.

Gregory laughed, popped her butt with his hand as he kissed her and said "Speaking of naked, I'll get him down and meet you in the family room as soon as I can."

"Yes, master." Catherine giggled again, scooted so he could not pop her again, looking back over her shoulder, smiling as she went into their bedroom. It was not long before she slid back downstairs, wearing only a light housecoat.

Gregory went into the bathroom and sat on the toilet beside the tub as Jason played in the bubbly water. Finally, Gregory scrubbed behind his ears and pulled the plug on the tub. It wasn't long before he had repeated the bedtime ritual with Jason, the only difference being that he left him reading a book. Gregory would come back and turn the light out a bit later.

When Gregory came back downstairs, he found his Catherine in the family room. The housecoat was gone, and she was kneeling beside is chair. There were crackers neatly spread with a cheese topping and an unopened bottle of white zinfandel on the table beside the chair. There was a single wineglass. Gregory paused in the doorway from the kitchen, just admiring her for several moments. Yes, his life was very good indeed! He crossed the room to stand before her, reaching to lift her chin so he could kiss her, dropping the hand to cup her breast as he did so. His fingers slid along the underside of her breast and the hardened nipple slid between his spread fingers as he stood back up and then moved to sit in his chair. "I am very pleased with you little one. This has been a fine day."

"Thank you, Master. Yes it has."

Gregory opened the wine. They spent the next hour talking about the day. Catherine turned so she could drape her arms across his lap, resting her chin on her forearms as the talked. Occasionally, he would feed her a cracker or offer her a drink from the wineglass. Twice, he got up to feed logs to the fire, once opening the wide wooden slatted blinds to look out into the back yard. "Snow's stopped and the moon is out." He said when her turned back to her. "Great night for the tub. I'll check the kids, you get another bottle ready, two glasses."

Catherine's eyes were shining. "Yes, master." She stayed at the foot of his chair until he had started up the stairs.

When Gregory returned, he was wearing only a heavy terry robe, a matching, smaller one draped over his arm. In his left hand he held things that Catherine had originally resisted, but had come to love... her collar and leash. "Kids are sound asleep, little one." His smile was a wide one; his eyes were shining. They had waited for a night like this one for a long time!

Catherine was kneeling near the door to the deck, the opened bottle of wine, cork loosely replaced, two glasses sitting on the entertainment center built into the wall. The lights had been dimmed and only the dying fire illuminated the room. She just looked up at him and smiled. Reaching back to lift her long hair off her neck as Gregory crossed the room to attach her heavy leather collar. They both smiled at the sound of the "click" was the leash was attached to her collar.

Gregory tuned the stereo to a soft jazz station, switched the speakers to the ones he had installed on the deck. Then he used the leash to coax Catherine to her feet, nodded to the tray with the wine and glasses as he slid the robe off his shoulders. Catherine smiled when she saw he was already quite aroused. Gregory left both robes on the rocking chair near the door, opened it and led his submissive, this beautiful woman, out into the moonlit night.

The temperatures were in the mid-teens, the air calm. The clouds had moved away, and the landscape was sheathed in the light of a nearly full moon, which shed long shadows from the trees lining the boundary with the golf course. Gregory had not allowed anyone on the deck that afternoon, and they marred the snow for the first time as they stepped onto the deck. Both got quite chilled while Gregory fought to get the snow-laden cover off the hot tub, and he soon wished he had at least done that earlier. The cold was... deflating! However, it was not too long before he entered the tub, took the wine tray from Catherine, and, leading her with the leash, and taking her hand, helped her to straddle the edge of the tub. He could not miss the opportunity to press a finger along



the slit between her legs as she stood, one long leg in, and the other out of the tub. Catherine squealed and said, "It's cold out here." Reluctantly, he let her into the tub.

Gregory settled back into what had become "his" spot in the tub, with his back to the house, looking out over the golf course. He removed Catherine's leash, setting it on the edge of the tub as he turned on the jets and the light that turned the water a luminescent blue. Catherine lowered herself into the middle of the tub, dipping to shoulder depth for a few moments to warm herself, then raising back up so that her breasts were just at the surface. She allowed her arms to float on the surface, spread more than shoulder width in front of her. In the shimmering light, she was absolutely beautiful!

Gregory reached out to caress her breasts, and to slide his foot between her legs, finding the flower of her womanhood with the big toe of his left foot. It was not long before Catherine was moaning; biting her lower lip as Gregory explored her... enjoyed her and all that she made available to him. Later he poured the wine, and throughout their time in the tub, they consumed the entire bottle.

For the better part of the next hour, he enjoyed this amazing woman, using his hands, feet, his mouth... even the jets of the hot tub. He had her stand, steam rising from her wet, warmed skin as he pulled her to stand before him, bringing her to a moaning orgasm with his fingers and tongue. He allowed her to play with him, to bring him to the brink several times.

Finally, Gregory stretched out, his head resting on the special pillow, his chin near the water. He stretched his legs to the other side of the tub and braced himself as he directed his Catherine to straddle him, then lower herself until she was impaled on his swollen shaft. Pressing against both of the tub walls, he forced himself upward, deep into her, raising her nearly all the way out of the water... and together they began the coordinated, rhythmic motion of lovers with long experience together. Gregory watched Catherine's full breasts bounce and sway as he drove himself into her again and again and together they rose to higher and higher level of passion, always slowing just before either reached the apex. Gregory had her play with her breasts, pinching and pulling, twisting her nipples. Finally, able to control his desire no longer, Gregory gave her the command she was anxiously awaiting, to do what she had been fighting to hold back.

"Let it go now, Catherine. Yes! Let it all go now, little one!"

"Yesssss, oh yesssss!" Catherine moaned as her body immediate began to convulse. She had to fall forward, arms outstretched to maintain her balance. She could feel herself gripping, milking him as his passion continued to build, his pace quickening, nearly bucking her off until he finally exploded in her, feeling all of his passion and strength pass through his manhood into her.

Finally, both spent and exhausted, Catherine slipped off of him, and each sat on the benches on opposite sides of the tub. He watched her heaving breasts moving in and out of the water as she caught her breath... steam rising off of her skin in the cold night air. With his foot, he coaxed her legs apart, and with the big toe of his right foot, he played with her again, quickly bringing her to one more orgasm.

After a few more minutes to rest, Gregory retrieved the leash from the side of the tub and scooted across the tub to attach it to her collar. He stood and coaxed her to stand with him. They both stood out clearly, lovers in the combined light from the tub and the shimmering moon.

Catherine turned to get out of the tub, toward the tree line along the golf course and stopped dead still. There between two of the tress, in silhouette, were the stark shapes of a woman and large dog. Catherine recognized them immediately... Cheryl and her dog Max, a neighbor from two doors down.

Catherine turned to Gregory as she reached to cover herself. "She was there when I poured the wine little one" he chuckled and shook the leash for her to get out of the tub. Catherine groaned and her head dropped to her chest. Gregory knew she was blushing. As they climbed out of the tub, Cheryl quietly turned and walked with Max back toward her home.

The cold did not phase them as they put the cover back on the tub, Catherine grabbing the tray with the glasses and wine bottle just before Gregory folded the lid clear down, taking the time to latch the cover securely.

Steam rising from their bare bodies, Gregory lead Catherine to an unblemished part of the deck, where he had

her lie face down in the snow, making a snow angel. In the morning, they would still be able to see the perfect imprints of her full breasts in the 8" of snow!

When finally they went back into the house, each used the terry robes to towel the other off, but they were much too hot to put them on. Gregory turned off the stereo, and led Catherine into the kitchen on the leash, so she could put the glasses into the dishwasher. He then led her upstairs, where they checked on the sleeping kids before he led her into the bedroom. Gregory removed her collar, putting the collar and leash in the closet. Soon, they were entwined together, uncovered and hot, in their king-sized bed. A pleasantly exhausted Gregory was thinking of enjoying a night with Catherine in the tub when large snowflakes would be falling. Wrapped in Gregory's arms, pressed against him, sharing the warmth of their bodies, an equally exhausted Catherine went to sleep wondering how she could ever again face Cheryl!

November/December 2001

## Retribution - Part One

by dark whisper

"What??" I asked. My voice sounded unnaturally high.

"I said that things are going to change around here." The look on her face left no doubt that she meant it. Things WOULD change. "I'm taking control. You've fucked up our marriage with your little affair," she spat, "and if you want to save it, you'll do everything I tell you."

Her eyes still showed the hurt and anger of the night before, when I'd finally confessed that I'd been unfaithful. I guess I should have just kept my fucking mouth shut, but I had this crazy notion that if I got it all out into the open, she'd forgive and forget, and that would be the end of it.

"I see. What are you going to do?" I kept my voice even, despite the churning of my stomach. She had every right to walk out the door, and as I was no longer filled with the virtuosity of confession, the guilt pressed down on me.

"Ah shit, Dave. I don't know yet, but you'd better be prepared. I'm not ready to just pat your head and tell you 'thank you for screwing up our lives.' I can't believe you did this to me."

She sounded bitter and confused, and I felt like a complete ass. Why is it that you can justify just about anything to yourself while you are on an emotional high, then, when the truth sets in, you plummet to the depths of your depravity .

"I know. I'm so sorry, Carrie." I tried to hold her, but she yanked out of my grasp, and walked quickly away.

The next three days were hell. Carrie would hardly even look at me, and the misery and guilt piled up even higher. I tried to make it up to her by bringing her flowers, but the look she gave me made it plain that my effort was wasted. I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I hoped I'd wake up one day, and everything would be the way it had been before - before my conscience got the better of me, and I confessed my unfaithfulness. How stupid.

The next day, Carrie looked at me strangely. I could almost see the wheels turning in her head. She smiled at me gently, and I felt an immense relief spread through my body. It would be okay.

She spoke quietly, but with every word, the relief seeped out and dread took it's place. The affair had lasted three months, and as Carrie revealed her plan, I realized that she wanted revenge for every single day of that period.

"Okay Dave, here's the deal. I've arranged to work from home for the next ninety days. I've also contacted Dwight Belmont, and they've given you an equivalent leave of absence." My jaw dropped open, and I stared at her in complete shock.

Dwight Belmont was the law firm I'd been working at for the past eight years. I was very close to making partner before this whole debacle, and now I saw my entire professional life swirling down the drain.

"What the fuck did you tell them?" I roared.

Carrie looked at me coldly and snapped, "Shut up, Dave. You made this mess, I'm cleaning it up. From now until these three months are over, you will defer to me in every decision. You will not question my motives, nor my actions. Is that clear?"

This was a new side to her, one that I'd never even suspected existed. Her eyes sparkled dangerously, and there was a cruel little curve to her lips. The little bitch was enjoying this. The strange thing is, so was I. She looked so sexy. I felt my cock stir in my pants at the way she sat, looking every inch the boss.

"Carrie, I understand that I really screwed up, but I can't take three months off. I'd be ruined."

She just sat there looking at me. She didn't utter another sound. I started to squirm, while she looked fresh and totally in control. I'd always wondered what it would feel like to be on the receiving end of the silent treatment - it was a favorite ploy of mine in the court-room. It was horrible. The ticking of the wall clock seemed louder as we sat across from each other; she calm and collected, me getting more uncomfortable with each jerky movement of the second hand.

Finally, I broke. "Yes, dear. I understand."

She smiled with only the tinniest indication of arrogance, and continued as if the silence had been a figment of my imagination. "I assume you felt the need to play around because the excitement had gone out of our own sex. You were right, of course. It wasn't satisfying to either of us."

I was stunned. Our sex had always been exciting, I'd just been stupid and wanted a little fling. She felt it was lacking? Why the hell hadn't she told me?

"So," she continued, "we are going to add some spice to our lives. Well, mine anyway. Strip."

I looked at her dumbly. "Strip?"

She sighed and repeated, "Strip. Get naked. Take off your clothes. Is that a difficult concept?"

Once again I felt my cock stir at this new side of my wife. I stood up and began removing my clothes, piece by piece. When I finally stood naked before her, she got up from her chair and circled my body. Her eyes raked over every inch of my skin, her gaze lingering here and there. My shaft twitched and rose as she concentrated on my rapidly growing erection.

"Hmm, you like this, do you?" She lightly scraped her fingernails down my stomach, then dug them sharply into the fleshy skin just above the base of my cock. My heart pounded furiously in my chest as she moved her hand farther down. By this time, my cock was very hard. Damn, this was sexy. Why hadn't I known she could be so commanding?

She cupped my balls in the palm of her hand, then closed her fist. Not gently, but hard, crushing them in her fist. Stars exploded behind my eyes and I felt lightheaded from the arch of agony that spread through my entire body.

"Jesus!" I cried out, and tried to move away from her punishing grasp. She responded by another spasm of her hand on my rapidly swelling balls. I dropped to my knees in excruciating pain and the sudden onrush of fear.

I whimpered as the pressure eased, and she began a slow massage. She stood above me, fully dressed and in total control. My eyes were level with her slim hips, and I could smell her musky scent. Oh no, she was getting turned on.

I reached out to touch her stocking-clad thigh. It was smooth and warm to my fingertips. I trailed my hand upward, slipping it under the tight black material of her skirt. As I reached the moist crotch of her panties, I was pushed violently backwards by her foot. I felt a blossom of pain on my right nipple from her sharp stiletto heel.

"Did I give you permission to touch me, Dave? I don't recall doing so. Just lay there like a good boy. You wanted something a little different, a little exotic perhaps? Well, you're getting your wish."

I watched in stunned silence as Carrie went to her purse and pulled something thick and black out of it. My heart was pounding erratically as she knelt beside me, and fastened a thick dog-collar around my neck. Next, she clipped a leash to the back and pulled me to my feet.

This was incredible. My cock was throbbing painfully as Carrie led me around the living room. Thick drops of moisture ran down the length of my shaft and seeped slowly down the inside of my thighs as she paraded me before the open windows of our home. I was buck naked, with an enormous hard-on, and anyone that happened up the sidewalk in front of our house would see me.

Abruptly, she stopped in front of the big bay window. My body was turned sideways to the glass, and my prick stood out strongly. Carrie dropped into the chair in front of me, and opened her legs. I saw the way her pubic hair curled around the elastic of the wet crotch of her panties. I started to move toward her.

"Stop!" She snapped the leash hard against my chest. "You stay right where you are, Dave. You may watch, but you can't touch me. You aren't allowed to touch yourself either, unless I tell you that you can."

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them slowly down her hips. Carrie has a beautiful pussy, and watching it glimmer with her wetness is really arousing. The moisture coming from the tip of my cock kept steadily dripping. I was so fucking turned on. I wanted to plow into her, pummeling her until she begged for mercy. But she wouldn't allow it, and that thought turned me on even more.

"These are the rules," her hand slipped lightly up and down the inside of her thighs, moving from stockings to damp skin and back again. "You will not wear clothing while you are at home." She slipped a finger through the tight, wet curls at the apex of her thighs. "You will always wear your collar, if not around your throat, then around your thigh. The ONLY time you will touch me, is if I invite your touch specifically."

I heard her voice, but the words really didn't register. My whole body was tingling with need and desire as I watched my wife play with her pussy. Her hand dipped between the folds of her pussy and slid back and forth. My lips felt dry, my throat swallowing convulsively as her voice began to shake while she continued the list of rules.

"You will be my pet, my slave. You will fulfill my every wish, no matter how much it may embarrass you, or how uncomfortable it makes you. Is that understood?"

Her fingers moved faster, swirling around her clit. I felt myself panting with lust as I watched her eyes roll back. I nodded mutely. I would have agreed to anything by this time.

"Come here."

She yanked hard on the leash, and I stumbled toward her. She stopped my momentum with her foot. She was still wearing the stilettos, and she ground her foot into my crotch. Oh God. I almost came the moment I felt the delicious pressure of her heel in my groin.

"Kneel."

Her command was accompanied by another yank on my leash, and I dropped to my knees. The urge to touch myself was almost overpowering, and my hand went toward my cock. She jammed her heel into my crotch again and hissed.

"I said," she emphasized each word with a little jab of her foot, "don't... touch... yourself. Lie back."

Another little push, and I found myself on my back in the middle of the living room floor, with Carrie standing over me.

Her skirt was bunched up around her hips, and her pussy was open and gleaming. She moved up so she was directly above my face. She squatted down, until her cunt was mere inches from my nose and mouth. Her scent was irresistible: strong, musky, and so uniquely hers. My tongue flicked out and lashed against her clit. She moaned, but pulled herself away from my lips.

"No. Don't fucking touch me, Dave. Not unless I give you permission." This was nuts! I was squirming on the floor, my cock felt like it was on fire, and every single move she made, had me wanting more of her abuse. I groaned, but kept my tongue inside my mouth.

"Carrie... please?" My voice was husky with need, and I saw Carrie shudder. She shot me a look that I interpreted to mean she recognized how tightly I was controlling myself, and the thought pleased her. I felt exhilarated and ashamed at my guilty pleasure at the same time. Where was the macho guy who was always in control of our sexual encounters? The man who set the pace and only cared whether it was satisfying for me? Jesus, if only I'd known how hot Carrie was, things might have been different.

Finally, Carrie moved back down my body, dragging her sopping wet pussy across my chest. I realized that she was grinding her clit on my ribcage as she went, and I had to clench my teeth to stop the onrush of orgasm. This was getting to be too much to handle.

She reached my hips, and stopped. I could feel the steady drips of her pussy juice splash against the tip of my cock. I leaned up and watched greedily as she positioned herself over me, and sank slowly downward. Ahhhh, Christ she was so hot, so wet and tight.

She took me hard and fast. Every time I tried to raise up and meet her thrust, she uttered a sharp, "No," and stopped moving until I stayed completely still. I was in agony. I wanted so much to fuck \*her\*, to take \*her\*, instead of the other way around. She was using me. She was using me for her pleasure, and it was so damn arousing. I loved seeing her this way. She was like a tigress, taking what she wanted without giving an inch.

My fingers dug into the pile of the carpet as she gyrated on top of my cock. I could see the hem of her skirt growing wetter and wetter as she rocked and bounced. The contrast of her fully clothed body and my completely naked one was humbling, especially as I was still wearing the leather collar and leash. I truly was her pet, and I was in ecstasy.

"Is this the kind of excitement you wanted, Dave?" The words were interspersed with little grunts as she fucked me.

"How do you like the new Carrie? The one that is going to tell you every step you are allowed to make for the next three months."

"Oh God, Carrie." My words were barely audible over the wet sounds of her pussy coming down on my swollen cock. "I'll do whatever you tell me. Just don't fucking stop."

Carrie started moving faster, grinding herself on top of me. I tried once more to thrust my hips upward, but this time, Carrie slapped my hip with a stinging blow.

"Don't move, damnit!" I whimpered.

The slap hurt, but it turned me on even more. I bit my lip to stop from grabbing her and fucking the shit out of her. I felt her hands dig into my shoulders and I saw the cords of her neck stand out in sharp relief against her strained muscles. She was coming. I couldn't move. This was pure torture.

Her movements slowed, then stopped completely. I was still hard and throbbing inside of her wildly convulsing cunt. I needed to come, but without the ability to thrust, I couldn't. Carrie must have seen the pain in my eyes, because she pulled off of me and stood over me again. She looked down at my dark-red cock and placed her foot against the underside, pressing it forward, until it lay stiffly against my heaving stomach. Then she started massaging me with her shoe. The heel dug into the base of my cock, and the sole pressed hard on my shaft. She applied more and more pressure, sending jolts of mixed pain and pleasure up my spine. Finally, she stepped fully on that foot, driving her heel deep into my balls.

Fuck! I saw stars exploding as I screamed. My cock started spewing thick globs of come all over my face and chest. Carrie laughed as a thick jet coated my eye. I felt a hot rush of humiliation that she'd made me come this way. Carrie stepped back and picked the leash up from the floor. She tugged on the leather, and I got shakily to my feet.

"You did well, my pet. Now come give me a bath, and get me all clean for tonight."

"Yes ma'am." I replied, the whole time thinking that these three months might not be so bad after all.

November/December 2001

## The Rent

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

Caution...the story Y/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 R/readers. It is not intended for the squeamish of heart...

Tis the 2nd of the month...and the rent has not been paid...this is the third time this year the peasant has been late...no longer will I tolerate this disregard for his obligations... "tomas... saddle My Steed"...after a short time I walk out front...the servants appear to be staying out of My sight...My anger spills from within Me...I climb upon the trusty Stallion...girded in a beautiful black leather saddle...golden stirrups...sliding in the foot of My thigh-high black leather boot...raising My left leg over the saddle...My black leather pants seating themselves firmly in the saddle...My eyes twinkle with rage...a curl of My lips displays the excitement pulsing through My veins...thoughts of eviction for non-payment if he's not willing to give to Me that fair young maiden daughter of his as payment...as I ride off...the wind causes My black silk shirt to billow as My shoulder length jet black hair blows freely in the wind...as I arrive...I see the fear upon their faces...inside I burst with an evil laughter...I look at him...shaking...scared... lost... knowing not what to do...his wife's head lowered...broken P/people...bled dry by My high rents...with nothing left to give...but the maiden...as I stop and dismount...he cowers as I approach..."you are late again...I have told you I will not tolerate this...this is the third time this year...do you have the money"...watching as his head lowers and shakes back and forth...indicating he does not have the money...My heart glows with excitement...looking to the maiden..."there is one thing you have that will save you...I want your daughter...give her to Me and I will forgive this lateness and allow your family to work this land rent free for 12 more months"...as he looks at Me...his wife also looking at Me...their heads shaking back and forth as they plead...he drops to his knees begging for mercy...there is none...the maiden walks forth and begins to speak...

Watching my family cower at His words...i tremble with fear...knowing what must be done... knowing that i am the only chance they have to survive...for winter is coming...i smooth my tосseled hair from my face...smooth the wrinkles from my worn tattered gown as best i can trying to make myself look more presentable...more desireable...my deep blue eyes lowered to the ground as i meekly step forward fumbling with the hem of my shirt...my mouth is dry and my throat is parched...speaking in a voice so very soft it is barely audible..."Yes Sir...i will go...i offer myself to You as payment...do with me what You will"...a tear rolls down my cheek as i bite off the last word...choking back the sobs that swell up in my throat...for i have heard of Him...from O/others...what He does...what He has done...and i Know...i am to be next...

Seeing the selflessness of the maiden...I smile at her..."fair beauty...you have nothing to worry about...you will come with Me to My castle...and join the other servants...tending to My home...and My needs"...pointing to her parents...I smile..."bid your parents farewell...it will be some time before you see them again"...watching their farewell...My heart racing with excitement at their torment...and thinking of the torment this new victim has in store for herself... mounting the great Steed I patiently wait...when she has finished...I reach down and hoist her up with Me...setting her in front of Me...her warm body pressed tightly back against the inside of My loins...My arms reach around her...one to her waist...one to the reins...My heels dig in... and off down the road to the castle W/we go...I can smell her sweet scent... mixed with the scent of fear...My soul relishes in her fear...as W/we approach the castle...I dismount and then help her down...placing her hand in the waiting hand of dominique..."take her to the servants quarters...bathe her...scent her...dress her...then bring her to Me in My study...I will then tell her of her future here"...walking away...tomas...ever faithful...leads the Stallion to the stable to be cared for...

As my eyes are lowered...i listen to Him speak...my stance softens a bit...as i hear His words of reassurance to my parents...i look up as He mentions i will not see them again for quite some time...once again fighting back tears...i run into the arms of my father...his face filled with grief...kissing him softly goodbye...walking over to my



mother...not wanting her to worry...i tell her all will be alright...kissing her gently...not wanting to go...but knowing it is what must be...i look around once more at what was my home...smiling weakly...at my family... walking over to His Steed...i take the offered Hand...my knees weak...my eyes looking up into His...feeling as if i should dare not look at Him...He mounts the magnificent Horse... pulling me up to sit in front of Him...pressing my body back against His...i feel His body lean forward into mine...His breath hot upon my skin...as He inhales me...He inhales my soul...i look around once more as W/we leave...feeling a bit less tense...knowing there is now nothing that can be done...i relax...observing the scenery of the countryside...the green fields and valleys...the last flowers blooming in the fall cool breeze...i wipe my long raven tresses away from my face...to better see the marvels of this area i have never seen before... having been warned never to travel in the direction of the Landlord's castle...for He is very dangerous...as W/we grow closer to the castle i am in awe...i have never before seen a castle...so beautiful...so grand...as the Steed slows to a stop in the front courtyard... there are servants there to greet Him...as He lowers Himself down...He helps me to the ground...i smile softly at the woman who is addressed by Him...He offers my hand to her...and she takes it...she takes me without a word...listening to His instructions as do i...as we walk to the servants quarters...i am in awe of the grounds...the beautiful flowers and the wide open meadows... reaching the small quarters...the woman whom i have come to know as dominique... takes me to a small room...undresses me...and places me into a tub of warm water... soaping my body up with a soft sponge...i cringe slightly at her touch...albeit gentle... it is one unknown to me...i relax after a while...knowing this is what is to be done...after washing my hair and rinsing me off...she helps me out of the tub...wrapping me up in a large black towel...carefully drying my hair...opening the towel to dry off the rest of my body... standing once again before her naked...my body slightly chilled in the cool fall air...i await her choice of clothing for me...handing me a pair of black silks and black silken blouse that barely covers the tops of my firm full breasts...she tells me to put them on...and quickly...i do as i am told...she then hands me a pair of simple black laced sandals to wear...i once again do as i am told...as i pull my long raven tresses away from my face i am told to leave them... as He prefers my hair to fall wet around my face...i do as i am told releasing my hair...it cascades around my face...she then finally mists my hair and body with a soft sweet scent... one i assume He prefers all His servants to wear...i inhale the intoxicating fragrance deeply... as she leads me out of the servants quarters...into the castle...down the hall where so many lovely woven tapestries hang long and low against the dark stone walls...we walk into the study...where i see Him sitting there in His black leather high back chair...i lower my gaze awaiting His word...

Looking up as I hear the approach of the maiden...My eyes sparkle...My heart races...I stand and beckon the maiden to Me...as she approaches...I sit..."kneel here in front of Me and I will tell you of your future"...watching her approach...so lovely in her new clothing...her eyes... although lowered now...still show much beauty...as she kneels...back straight...breasts pressed forward...eyes lowered...knees at shoulder width...palms face up upon her knees...I look for a moment longer and then begin to explain..."you will be here a year...you will leave this place only if I take you out...you shall live in the servants quarters unless told otherwise... you will be given work assignments which you will fulfill completely...you will be treated fairly... as I see fit...do you understand?"...watching her nod her head in the affirmative...I rise and take her hand...raising her to her feet...taking her out to the hallway I hand her to antoinette... "antoinette...you will take her on a tour of the castle...she will assist you in the kitchen work for two days...return her to Me...bathed...scented...and dressed...evening after next"... I turn and walk away...back to My study...

Seeing Him watch me as i enter His study...i remember what dominique has told me...how i am expected to kneel as i am addressed...He motions me to come towards Him...i do so... He tells me to kneel before Him...i lower myself to the ground...thighs parted at a shoulders width...back straight as an arrow...breasts pressed forward against the willowy fabric of the silks...my hands resting palm side up gently upon my knees...my eyes are still lowered as He watches me...as i feel Him stare right through me...i do not raise my gaze...for i have not been told to do so...His voice is stern as He speaks to me of what is to be expected of me...i listen as i choke back tears...hearing i will be here in this place for no less then one year...i will leave only if He sees fit to take me...biting my lower lip as He tells of how i am to work for Him...to be what He wants me to be...do what He tells me to do...to serve Him and only Him... unless He sees fit otherwise...as He speaks...another maiden...one i learn is antoinette comes for me...He offers out His hand and i take it...as i am lifted up to stand...i am then given over to antoinette to be taken on a tour of the castle...looking around there are so many rooms..so many beautiful things that catch my eye...the paintings...the sculptures...so many beautiful things...i think to myself...perhaps this won't be too bad after all... He seems to be a good Master to His servants...and hopefully to me as well...i relax my gaze... looking out all around me...as we finally reach our final destination...the kitchen... antoinette introduces me to the cook her name is katarina...and she puts me to work... helping with the

preparing...cleaning and serving...telling me the proper way to serve the Master...and how He is pleased with such...as the days pass...antoinette comes once again for me...taking me back to the servants quarters...where she and dominique once again bathe and clothe me...only this time...the clothes laid out for me are of a somewhat different attire... i am placed in a tight black corset and laced up very tightly...so tightly that i can scarcely breathe... my breasts peering over the top of the garment...sheer seamed black silk stockings are placed on my feet and pulled up...making sure the seams are straight and fastened to a garter on either side...a stiff black flowing skirt is placed over my head and pulled down around my now tiny waist...fastened snug in the back...i am then sprayed once again with the sweet fragrance...my hair brushed till it shines and pulled back and up in a twist... while tendrils fall around my face...blood red lipstick adorns my full soft lips as i am once again taken back to the study...to await my future instructions...

Hearing the approaching maiden...I look up...she is dressed beautifully...she will make for some fine entertainment this evening...having worked and lived in the castle for a few days she has been lulled into a false sense of security... "come...kneel here"...I point and she does as she is commanded...in perfect form..."tonight...fair maiden...you shall see a place in the castle you have not been taken to as of yet...it is a place of entertainment...of pleasures of the darkness...you probably do not understand Me as of yet...but soon you will"...rising...I take her hand and raise her...offering My arm for her to hold...the servants are no where to be seen...but I know where they are...they are in the Dungeon...lighting the torches...feeding PIERRE... sweet PIERRE...hard leathery skin...hiding the last vestage of the age of dinosaurs... razor-sharp teeth within powerful jaws...My Friend and Companion in the disposal of the carcasses of the dead...as W/we walk closer to the door to the Dungeon...I begin to scream inside of excitement...anxious...for I have waited patiently for this vested virgin...I open the door...the sweet pungent aroma rising to fill O/our nostrils... slowly W/we descend the well worn cobblestone stairs...slowly moving to the light within the darkness...down into the bowels of the castle...where darkness reigns...and debauched pain and pleasure rule...as W/we turn...the view that spills forth before her eyes strikes terror into her soul...she screams and struggles to escape..."HAHHHHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAH"...an evil laugh bursts forth from within Me...My eyes glinting...My veins filled with fire...I release her slightly then grab her tight by her hair as she tries to run...jerking her to a halt...then quickly wrap My hand around her throat... drawing her face close to Mine...looking into her terror stricken eyes...oozing out fear... utter terror...laughing...tomas and dominique take her into their hands...holding her fast..."the table...leave her clothes on"...watching as they drag her struggling body to the table... laying her face down upon its rough cut top...quickly binding her wrists and ankles to the legs of the table with leather binding straps...I walk close as they move away...enjoying her screams and struggles...like her father...pleading for mercy where none exists...I move to the front of her...and smile..."please...relax...it will only hurt for a little while...then you will come to know pleasure born of fire...pleasure only acheived through a journey through darkness"...

As i enter the study once again...i feel a bit more relaxed...more calmed...more settled...i raise my gaze for the first time...looking upon Him...His eyes filled with a gleam unknown to me...i smile demurely...feeling a tension in my body never before known...flushed...i quickly lower my gaze as to not show Him my blush...hearing Him speak...directing me to kneel before him...i do as i am commanded...the tight corset assuring that my posture is perfect...i take a deep breath...the pain of the whaleboning pushing into my ribs...the stiff slip under my skirt lays long and flowing around me...causing me to look like a night iris in bloom as i kneel before Him...Hearing Him once again speak...i listen with great attention...not yet noticing that the servants have gone...that W/we are alone...He tells me of what is to become of me... startled...but still having a sense of calm about me...for i believe that He will cause me no harm... as He has promised my parents...as He has promised me...He comes close...offers His strong hand to me...i take it with assurance...rising up...He offers His arm...i wrap my hand around it...thinking to myself...what a Gentleman He is...to be so very kind to me... W/we walk through the castle...to a place unknown to me...thinking i have seen all of the castle... until now...i look around...my sense of assurance now slowly begins to drift away...i fight to keep it with me...however false it now may be...a door opens...and i peer down to see a well traveled cobblestone staircase dropping off into the darkness of nowhere...the dank smell of must and something else unknown to me...i take a deep breath trying hard to discern the aroma...i cannot...but it brings to me a feeling of fear...i take my hand away from His arm as He speaks to me...a different tone then He has ever used with me fills His voice...an evil presence takes over His once softened features as He tells me of the darkness...of the pain He is to offer to me...that i must take...that i must experience...i scream...pulling away from Him... knowing now that there is no comfort here...no softness in His demeanor...that i have now realized what my true purpose is...that i am here at His whim...His pleasure...that my horror is His joy...i try to escape...He grabs me by my hair...stopping me with an excrutiating yank...as dominique and tomas quickly and quietly have reappeared...grabbing firmly onto me...i writhe at their touch... begging...

pleading... "please... Sir... Your promise... to me...to my parents...nnnooooo...Sir...please"...thrashing as i am lifted upon a table...pushed down... my face laying against the rough surface of the device...the tender flesh of my breasts rubbed raw as i try in vain to pull free...hearing Him speak so calmly to the servants terrifies me further...for A/all here this night know of my fate but me...the leather straps bound quickly and so very tight around my wrists causing my hands to grow cold...as my ankles are bound even quicker...i whimper as cries of pleading for mercy fall on deaf ears...i raise my head one last time...looking to Him with dark blue eyes...eyes that once shown with the brilliance of a thousand stars...now dim with the realization of the pain and agony He is to bestow upon me...begging quietly once more..."Please Sir...no"...

Looking into the begging eyes once more...then turning away...reaching out to tomas...he slides a very sharp thin knife into My hand...handle first...it feels like part of My body...part of My hand...I walk close behind the maiden...slipping one hand to the back of her neck...sliding her hair out of the way...slipping the knife beneath the material of the beautiful garment...I begin cutting it away...slowly down her back...exposing her sweet soft flesh to My eyes...My heart beating fast as a bolt of lightning breaks through the night sky...I continue...and when I reach her waist...I slide the garment off her back and down around her arms...cutting down the arm material until it falls away from her...her back now bare...I look to dominique...she stands close with a lit black candle...I take it and stand near...looking now into the maiden's eyes as she gazes up to Mine...tears pouring forth...I smile...and tip the candle...moving My arm so the wax drips slowly in streams upon her dainty flesh...watching her wince...struggle to escape its burning pain...as I continue to pour...pour...pour...her back seemingly coated black with the hot wax...her cries echo throughout the Dungeon...her body writhing...laughing inside I throw the candle to the side...again taking the knife and beginning to cut away the lower part of her garment...displaying before Me her panty clad ass...her lush legs...covered with her black seamed stockings...I slide the stockings down...caressing the flesh of her legs...as My hands move upon her body...as I finish...I walk to the rack on the wall and retrieve a large wooden paddle with a metal covering...many holes are drilled through its flat surface...its long handle fitting well within My hands...I draw it back...aiming toward her ass... then without hesitation...I slam it hard against her ass flesh...her body lurching in agony...the bindings cutting into her wrists and ankles...slight droplets of blood begin to seep from beneath them...again and again I pummel her sweet flesh...each pounding drawing redness from her flesh as it becomes covered with welts...her body wretches out cries of pain in demonic proportions...her soul on fire with pain...her mind reeling in a journey through darkness she could never have imagined...I toss the paddle to the side...her head now hanging limp...I walk to the front of her and grasp her chin...raising her eyes to Mine...they are empty...yet deep within...there is a fire growing...

Laying limp on the table...my cries and whimpers for mercy now gone...for i know they will do no good...i silently wait...the waiting that tears at my soul...for what is to come...seeing once again tomas...a face not well known to me...i look up into his eyes...they stare straight ahead... emotionless...blank...the Master approaches him and takes what seems to be a knife from him...in the dimly lit dungeon...my eyes have a difficult time focusing through all of the tears that i have cried...i feel the strong hand that once lifted me up...offered me a security as i walked down to this place...this terrible place...now brush against my neck... chills run through out my flesh at His touch...as my raven hair is placed aside...i wince at the feel of cold against me...the feeling of a knife's blade...i am afraid to move...for fear of Him cutting me...the thunder outside cracks...as i jump...trying so hard to remain still...as the material of my beautiful corset is cut away...the eyelets giving way to the sharpness of the steel...with great precision...He continues to slice away my garment...only the blade do i feel...for His skill keeps me from being cut...the blade is removed...and i sigh...thinking this is all that is to be done to me...until i feel the cold metal once again under my arms as He slices away the material...tossing the knife to the side...my eyes closed...for i wish to see no more... and my eyes are the only things i have left that i may control...i hear footsteps moving close to me...another pair...not His...as i relax momentarily...my back exposed and the crisp air caressing it...but only for a moment...within seconds of Him removing my garment...i feel a hot fluid being poured upon my flesh...i scream out...it burns...my god does it burn...again...and again...more of the searing hot liquid is applied to my flesh...i open my eyes... as He smiles with a look of pure evil...a black candle flickers in the dim light...the liquid being applied...the wax...is slow to cool...the burning sensation clouds my thoughts... never before have i experienced such agonizing pain...i bite my lip...as i try in vain to stifle my screams... my horror increases as He burns me over and over again...and as quickly as it began... it finishes...i lay limp...spent...hoping...praying...that He is done with me...that there is no more...i look up...to find Him reaching for the knife once more...my gaze falls away...too weak to scream...for it will do no good...once again the blade is cold against my flesh...He is cutting away now at my skirt...pulling it apart...exposing me to A/all...my ass covered only in the panties that were laid out for me...the stockings once held fast by beautiful garters now cut away...He moves closer...i wince at His touch...how could He touch me...His hands are so gentle...i hate the way they feel...as He slowly moves my

stockings down...He caresses my legs...my thighs with such tenderness...could this be it...nothing more...no more pain... have i endured all that He wants from me...He moves up before me...lifting my chin...looking into my eyes...i cannot break His gaze...but my eyes are empty...He moves past me...i am worn... limp...i hear Him move...but i dare not try to look...until it is too late...a searing smack of a paddle tears into my flesh...my soft ass welts immediately as the voice lost moments ago now is found...screams...sobbing uncontrollably...as i am beaten...time and time again... pounded into me...as i pull...thrashing wildly i feel the tightness of the leather straps remain fast...they will not yield to my pulling...as they cut into me...the droplets of blood coat the restraints...i pull...harder and harder...screaming until my throat burns...looking up at Him with eyes begging...pleading for mercy...as He looks into my gaze...a deep feeling begins to swell inside of me...it scares me...as i cannot look away from Him...O/our eyes fixed...

Knowing that it is time to revive this little one in a way that will bring her back to full awareness of where she is...and who she belongs to...looking to dominique...I see she turns the iron in the fire...the letters blazing white...turning...I see tomas is bringing a bucket of cold water from the pond where PIERRE resides...a smile graces My face as memories of the exhilarating scent of burning flesh fills My soul...it has been far to long since one has been freshly branded with My initials...I walk back behind My sweet victim...looking at the reddened ass...running My hand gently upon its welted skin...caressing it...absorbing its heat... My body filled with desire for the rending of her body...the stealing of her soul... knowing well that soon the pain will race past its threshold into the land of pleasure...in a way that can be wrought in no other fashion...a journey like no other...I nod to dominique...she quickly walks to Me...the letters MDS gleaming bright...white-hot in the flickering torch-lit darkness... as she hands the branding iron to Me...tomas stands ready...bucket in hand...I position the iron quickly near the right cheek of her ass...and press forward...holding it fast against the writhing flesh as her body spasms with pain...arching...lurching...an agony so unbearable it rips the mind and soul asunder...the bellowing screams emitted from within her shaking the very foundation of the castle...the blood flowing freely now from the bindings as her body unknowingly tears at them with every bit of strength she can muster...but still she is held tight...the sweet scent of her burning flesh filling the air...I suck it in furiously...savoring every wisp...I pull the iron from upon her as her flesh immediately festers and grows black like My soul...tomas tosses the water upon the brand...and then moves back as I kneel behind her tortured body and lean close...to begin the healing process by licking the burnt offering... on and on I lick as her screaming diminishes...her body spent...her mind broken...her soul now one with Mine forever more...as I feel her body acquiesce to My tongue's deft touch...I move lower...sliding it between the slightly parted lips of her sex...to find that as I had known would happen...a coating of the sweet juice of the sexual being within her has covered the petals of her hidden flower...I slide My tongue deep within the petals...lapping up the tasty syrup... like a nectar sent by God to sooth the passions of Man...stirring My stiff tongue deep within her as she begins to stir once again...but this time with a fire raging within her very depths... as her muscles begin to clasp My tongue and press hard back against it...

Feeling i can take no more...laying stretched out...feeling more vulnerable than ever before in my young life...i am weak...weak from screaming...weak from trying to move...knowing my fate is sealed...laying still...my gaze breaks free of His...cast down upon the ground...yet deep within...a pain aches...not one of the flesh...for my flesh aches...a low dull throb continues from my ass...weltd...mirrored through out my entire body...up to my head...the dull throb beats...i can feel my heart pounding...can hear it...pounding...the Dungeon is so very quiet...so quiet that it deafens me...i shake my head slowly...as His feet move once more... move to walk behind me once more...what can be next...more beatings...i try to steady myself...stay focused...try to prepare myself for the blows that are most assuredly about to begin once again...then without warning...i feel His caress...i wince...then something new... heat...it is close...so very close...my mind races to pinpoint the heat so very near to me... my mind once clouded now clears...as the sweltering heat is pressed hard into my flesh... into the right cheek of my ass...my god the pain...the deep scalding heat and pain... with every bit of strength i have left i fight as i pull...harder then ever before...the restraints cut deeper into me...the flesh of my ankles and wrists gives way and the blood pours out like rain... still i fight...my screams cut into my parched throat...as i cannot take this anymore...wailing.. "Oooohhh... Ggggodd... nnooo... please...nnoo"...gasping for air as it feels as all of my breath has been sucked out of me...it is hard to breath...everything dims... as i lose focus...on the brink of darkness...the iron is removed...a bucket of water is poured onto my flesh...it does no good...the pain swells deep...i can fight no more...i cannot move... my arms and legs feel so very heavy...the leather bites my bloodied flesh...i am on the verge of unconsciousness...still the deep pain inside of me builds...a tension that begs to be released...His tongue reaches out for my flesh...the charred flesh bleeds below His mouth...as He licks me...i wince...too weak to move...His mouth lapping at the marks left by His hand...He moves lower...licking and caressing my battered skin so gently with His tongue that a heated passion burns within me...i relax to His

touch...want it...need it...crave it...He moves lower...offering His mouth to my heated sex...glistening wet with the nectar caused by Him... for only He has brought me to this level of understanding...only He can release this desire in me...my legs tremble as i try to spread them wider...the tip of His tongue finding my flower... tasting and exploring every part of my sexual being...each part tasted unknown to me before now awake and alive with the shock of electricity that courses deep inside my soul... His soul...for i now completely belong to Him...i writhe now not from pain...but from desire... wanting Him to suck...taste feel every inch of me...to make me shudder and squirm in ecstasy... His tongue probes inside of me...as i clamp around Him...wanting to never let Him go...

Licking endlessly until she presses back hard against My tongue...her aching apparent both in her actions...and her gushing juices...spilling upon My face...coating My lips and chin profusely with its sweetness...I pull away from her and watch her ass and sex churn away at the air...her need great yet left unattended...I walk to the rack on the wall and bring forth a double wooden prod...two phallic devices set close to each other protruding off a smooth board of black cherry wood...I also bring a container of a jelly like substance...opening the container... I dip in My fingers and coat both phallics...then move close to her...sliding both devices against her churning openings...the smaller of the two prods at the entrance to her ass... the larger at the gaping entrance of her seething sex...pressing forward...I move them deep within her...looking to dominique...she quickly comes to My side...holding the handles at the ends of the outer board...moving the device in small circles as I walk to the front of her... reaching down and taking her hair in My hand I lift her face to look into her eyes...and see a mind controlling desire...I reach to My pants...undoing them... pulling out My hard pulsing cock...moving it close to her face as her mouth opens...aching to feel Me inside her... I place the tip of My cock on her protruding tongue...as she stretches to engulf My cock... when I see she can stretch no further...I slam forward driving My cock to the back of her throat... passed the gag point...and hold it buried within her...her breathing stopped by the flesh in her mouth...her eyes bulge...begging for air...dominique continues to work the phallic device around...in and out of her aching body...I look to tomas...he slides beneath the table and begins licking her pulsing clit...I pull back and allow her to breathe...then begin rapidly pounding in and out of her throat...on and on it goes...

Pressing hard against His tongue...sweet moans of immense pleasure escape my blood red lips... pushing down against His mouth...feeling the textures of His tongue against my pulsing clit... the warmth and wetness mingled with my own juices...the fine taste buds that move against my heated sex...as He suckles and bites my open flower...i strain for more...loving the new found feeling that He has given to me...as i lift my body up as much as i can... grinding deep towards Him...He pulls away...i continue to grind against a nonexistent tongue... slowly...as He walks away... returning only moments later...teasing my sweet ass... charred... blackened burned flesh yielding to Him...the welts from the pounding of the repeated paddling now red and very raised...He gently caresses my ass with something completely unknown to me...yet i crave it just the same...for He has meant it only for me...i lift up and back...as He presses the device slowly into my ass and sex...both at the same time... i moan once more...louder...deeper...for this feeling is so exquisite...slowly He moves it inside of me...as dominique passes to the rear of me...continuing in His place...i no longer care that it is not at His hand...for He moves closer to me...pulling me up by my hair...my eyes drinking Him...as He controls my every passion and desire...as He smiles...i watch Him undo His pants...reaching in to grab His cock...i look upon Him with great attention as my mouth opens automatically...my tongue slowly moving out of my mouth...as if in offering...He feeds me the tip of His cock...He teases me with it...as i strain to reach closer...to further lick and taste Him...needing it now just as much as He does...moaning so very often as dominique continues to manipulate the device buried deep with in my ass and sex...when i can stretch towards Him no further... and He sees that i am as far as the leathers will allow... He pounds into me...i gasp...the last breath of air in my lungs spent...i cannot breathe...i look up to Him... eyes pleading for breath...i can't choke...i can't gasp...with each pounding thrust into my mouth...the air depleted from me...as He continues to thrust deeply against the back of my throat...my eyes begging for air...He pulls back...as i take a breath...He continues in and out of me as a muffled moan escapes my lips...feeling the mouth of another upon my burning clit...licking feverishly...i continue to suck my Master's cock...as He continues His pounding into me...

As the night's pain and pleasure begins to culminate into an erotic release of unknown sexual bliss for the fair young maiden...I feel the pressure building deep within My soul...My body craving release...My balls churning...My cock pulsing...her body a pit of desire for My demon seed... aching to devour all I have to give...I drive forward deep into her throat...the soft curly hairs pressing against her lips and nose...I look as the device wielded by dominique disappears and reappears endlessly into her body...the aching nether muscles grasping at the withdrawing phallic...pouting outwards...not wanting it to escape her...feeling her body begin to stiffen as her mouth clamps down upon My swollen flesh...sucking Me feverishly as if I will take away her prize...the treasure at the end of the rainbow she needs so desperately...I grab her head and begin slamming deeper into her throat

then ever before...triggering both her and My release...as her body spasms with release...a surge of hot viscous fluids explodes raging up the length of My cock...shooting deep within her gulping...wanton mouth...devouring each load of seed as it spurts hot against her throat...her moans of pleasure fill the air as I scream My orgasm to the heavens..."YYYYYYEEEEESSSSSSSSSS.... OOOOOHHHHHH... GGGGOOOOODDDDD... YYYYYEEEEESSSS"... on and on it shoots as each drop is swallowed with a desire born only of the fire wrought on a journey through darkness...

As the night continues...the passion inside of me builds to new found heights...my breasts are raw as my nipples press tight against the table...churning with every stroke of the mouth upon my clit and the device pressed deeply within my ass...i swallow my Master's cock whole as the hair around His groin teases and tickles my lips and nose...the muscles of my throat open up and relax with each thrust that He pounds in against me...feeling Him throb... quake... knowing He will soon find release in me...that i will receive my prize...i grind deeper against the stranger's tongue against me...as i moan continuously so very close to the brink of ecstasy...as i feel Him grab a hold of the back of my head...pounding with a maniacal drive that overwhelms my body and soul...as His seed spills forth...my cries muffled by His flesh.. as i reach beautiful surrender...His seed shooting into my mouth...down my throat as i swallow every last drop...my sex throbbing in release...my clit aching as it is finally satisfied...

Feeling spent after the sweet pain and pleasure given to the maiden...I withdraw from her mouth... place Myself back inside My black leather pants...I look to tomas and dominique... "untie her...clean and bathe her...scent her...dress her in the finest silken sleepwear...then take her to My bedroom...place her in My bed next to Me...then you two may enjoy the rest of the night"... I squat down in front of the maiden...look into her eyes..."so M'lady...have you enjoyed your journey into darkness?"...with the last vestiges of energy she can muster...she smiles... I stand and walk up the stairs to My room...I undress and move the black gossamer shroud that surrounds the...black silk sheet covered canopy bed...I climb in and wait... relaxing... savoring the memories of this journey into the darkness...

Feeling spent...as He slowly removes Himself from my mouth...the last drop of His demon seed resting upon the corner of my mouth...my tongue reaches out to lap it up...not wanting to waste a single bit...sighing sweetly as tomas and dominique move closer to me...untying my wrists and ankles...lifting me up off of the table...i look at Him with eyes once again shining with the brilliance of a thousand stars...so thankful to Him and all that He has given to me... shown me...as i am lead back to the servants quarters to be cleaned and bathed...i am reminded of the evening with each careful caress of the sponge against my wounds so perfectly inflicted by Him...wincing as they burn...the soap on my charred flesh stings as i cringe... happy in the thoughts of the beautiful pain He has bestowed upon me this night... hoping He will choose to pleasure Himself with me once again soon...lifting my bandaged arms up as tomas places a white silken flowing gown down around my head and body...as dominique tends to bandaging the wounds around my ankles...my wet hair left free around my face as He prefers...the sweet scent applied to my hair and body once more as i am led back into the castle...up the stairs to His bedroom...the covers pulled back as i join Him there... laying close next to Him...the pain of the brand still throbbing...i carefully move as close as i can to be next to Him...gently closing my eyes...as i drift off to sweet slumber...dreaming of the many wonderful tortures yet to come...