



# Dom-sub Lifestyle

**NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2002**

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November/December 2002

## According to Cléo



by Cléo Dubois

Cleo Dubois is a renowned BDSM educator, personal trainer in the kinky arts, Domina, ritualist, and BDSM educational/ play video maker. Having begun exploring the SM frontiers in the San Francisco Leather Community in the early 80's, she sees fantasy/mind/body explorations as powerful venues for intimacy, erotic fulfillment and self-discovery. Her Academy of SM Arts, created in 1995, teaches bondage and Her Academy of SM Arts, created in 1995, teaches bondage and SM to couples, Dominants, and switches both privately and in regularly held seminars.

Her first documentary film, *The Pain Game*, toured alternative film festivals nationwide and abroad after popular screenings at the San Francisco Frameline Film Festival 2001, LadyFest 2002, the 2nd Annual N.Y. S/M Film Festival and Festival de l'Etrange in Paris. It received an award from the Society for Scientific Study of Sexuality.

Her second video (2002), *Tie me Up!*, has gotten enthusiastic reviews in *Skin Two*, *On Our Backs*, *Blowfish* and elsewhere. Both are being noted for their authenticity and capture of the energy, spirituality and joy of SM.

She has been published in *Different Loving*, Random House 1993; *Bitch Goddess* by Pat Califia, Greenery Press 1997; *Sex Tips and Tales from Women Who Dare* by Jo-Ann Baker, Hunterhouse 2001. She is also a contributor to alternative publications like *Skin Two* and *On Our Backs*. Her Academy of SM Arts with Sybil Holiday, will offer in January 2003, "The Erotic Dominance workshop for Women", a 3 Day BDSM Intensive.

Her motto is : "I believe in the Magic of S/M". Visit her website at [www.cleodubois.com](http://www.cleodubois.com)

# SCENEprofiles Interviews



by **Sensuous Sadie**

## **Dorothy C. Hayden, CSW, Author & Psychotherapist**

By Dorothy C. Hayden, CSW  
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Dorothy Hayden, CSW, is a Manhattan-based psychotherapist specializing in the scene, fetishes and sexual addiction. Ms. Hayden is a prominent lecturer on the psychology of erotic masochism in both the therapeutic and the New York S&M communities. She writes an ongoing column called "The Black Leather Couch" for Prometheus Magazine and for "Dom/Sub Lifestyles." She has been interviewed by 20/20 and The New York Post on the psychology of sex addiction and has appeared on numerous television shows such as "Jenny Jones," "Ricky Lake," and "Lifetime Live."

Ms. Hayden received her M.S.W. from New York University and her psychoanalytic training from the Post Graduate Center for Mental Health. She is currently enrolled in an advanced analytic training program at the Object Relations Institute in New York.

**SENSUOUS SADIE:** What is your approach to treating people in the BDSM scene? How is treating BDSM people different from treating non-BDSM people?

**DOROTHY:** "What comprises successful treatment for people in the scene is, to a large extent, what comprises successful treatment for everyone. Good therapy facilitates the achievement of a more vital, whole, cohesive sense of self and makes you use your abilities and talents. It helps you find ways to connect meaningfully with people and to exercise intelligence in productive/creative activities. With that as a psychological foundation, interest in the scene can be pursued in a balanced, playful and non self-destructive way.

"Of course, issues of dominance, submission and power-exchange are elements of all human relationships. Some level of S&M is present in all sexual activity. Longings for passionate attachments, for feeling deeply understood and responded to, of being cared for and having our pain and loneliness lessened by an idealized other, or wanting to be admired by an appreciating other are ever-present in human affairs.

"People who identify themselves as being in the scene, however, are somewhat different. They tend to be those who are always looking for ways to expand the confines of everyday, moralistic, culture-sanctioned reality. They go against the grain of the status quo. This, of course, is what the great creative discoveries in the arts, sciences and humanities are also about. If a 'pervert' is someone who 'perverts' the status quo, well, I guess you'd have to say some of the greatest minds and talents of our times have been perverted."

**SS:** What are your views about the relationship between the therapeutic community and the BDSM community? Why do you think so many people in the scene are wary about psychotherapists?

**D:** "Therapists are often in denial about their own deepest erotic longings. These split-off and unacknowledged fantasies are defended against and result in therapists often viewing scene activities as misbehaviors that represent weakness or childish indulgences that are subject to moral condemnation. Seeing non-normative sexuality as 'deviant,' the therapist often contributes to the psychological symptoms of the patient who already lives with shame and guilt as a daily companion. Furthermore, if a therapist tries to remove the BDSM activity, it may remove an important outlet for relieving fear, depression, shame and isolation and create more psychological distress than it cures.

"Mental health professionals in the West criticize Chinese and Soviet therapists for pathologizing people who hold political beliefs that are not normative. Western clinicians, however, make a similar mistake when they pathologize people who have unconventional sexual predilections and interests."

**SS:** Submissives sometimes speak of a quality of liberation and freedom they experience during a scene. How do you account for

this?

D: "Yes, people often feel that they're truly alive, or truly themselves. They often feel a sense of expansion in the acute vulnerability they experience in their scene.

"A famous psychoanalyst once wrote that one way children stay connected to emotionally fragile parents is to develop a 'false self,' or a self that embodies the qualities they think their parents need them to have. I believe that good scenes allow a person to yield this false self. A scene can sometimes allow for years of defensive barriers that support the false self to be broken through. The longing for the scene is a longing for the experience of the true self. Deep down we all long to give up, to 'come clean,' as part of a general longing to be known or recognized. Being known by an idealizable dom is part of the sense of relief or even ecstasy that many people experience.

"Scenes can also, for doms and subs, give expression to peoples' need for play. People take delight in fantasy production. Disneyland isn't just for the kids. Scenes have tremendous potential for expressing fantasy. Costumes, rituals, scenarios, sex props and elaborate sets can reveal the richness of the creative inner life and speak to the very real human need for fantasy play. These fantasies are carriers of a full spectrum of human feelings: to control, to be controlled, to tease, to be teased, to play, to please and to achieve solace from the confines of the mundaneness of everyday life. They represent the suspension of normal reality that is an occasional necessity for all healthy people.

"Finally, the submissive achieves a sense of balance from a good scene. The experience of receptivity and sensitivity counters the Western imperative to be strong, rational, unfeeling and constrained. Strength can be a terrible burden. People want to let down and let go."

SS: What elements of the scene, if any, can be psychologically problematic?

D: "In certain individuals, psychological processes such as impairment in reality testing and a split in the integrity of the personality can occur."

SS: What in the world does that mean?

D: "Enslavement to a fantasy script that is repetitively re-enacted is a subversion of truth. The individual can begin to have a lessened ability to function optimally in the real world. An appreciation and acceptance of sensible limits can be eroded. Denial of the truth of the fact that problems and conflicts need to be resolved within the self, not through the infusion of someone else's magical power or through having control over someone else's behavior, can be deleterious to a person's ability to make good choices.

"We see this kind of reality-sense impairment all the time in the scene. A female submissive divorces her husband and takes her children across the country to move in with a man she meets on the net. He holds out the hope of being a benign master who will intuit and satisfy her deepest submissive wants and needs. However, the stronger the need, the more potential for distortions exist. Six months later, she returns home, alone and dejected, because her hope for the perfect master resulted in psychological and, perhaps, physical abuse.

"A male submissive gives his credit card to his mistress who racks up frivolous charges on American Express then sends the bill to his wife, and he's in for a kind of punishment for which he had not bargained.

"This enslavement to an unreal vision can rend the personality in two – the part that believes what's real (present) and the part that believes what's unreal (past). This 'split' results in a failure to achieve a unitary vision of the self. The person harbors opposing and mutually exclusive goals, judgments, feelings and thoughts in different sectors of the personality. The mind of a woman who is a high-powered executive during the day and a meek submissive at night, if not housed in an integrated self, can begin to exhibit paralyzing indecision and self-defeating compromises. Energy available for creative/productive endeavors is siphoned off, resulting in relationships without depth and in the participation in activities without zest. A sense of having an integrated sense of self is particularly critical for people who walk the line between the scene and vanilla worlds.

"In addition, if an individual is involved in a frantic search for aliveness through scenes, it's possible that he/she is seeking to hide from feelings of inner deadness. If a sense of aliveness is achieved exclusively through scenes, the issues that give rise to this sense of inner emptiness can go unresolved and the rest of the person's life can be negatively affected. Oddly enough, sometimes a person experiencing depression in the course of psychotherapy can be a positive development because it can mean he/she's beginning to experience the inner emptiness they've been running away from."

SS: You have written, "Ritualized suffering seems to be a way of giving meaning and value to human infirmities." I assume you mean the suffering a bottom feels in a scene. Can you say more about this?

D: "There seems to be no dearth of suffering in life. The pain of helplessness, disappointment, loss, powerlessness and limitation is a part of the human condition. It is my hunch that there is something like a universal need, wish or longing for surrender to the totality of life, including its more unpleasant aspects, common in the human psyche. Submission, losing oneself to the power of the other, becoming enslaved to the master, is the ever-available lookalike to surrender to the inevitabilities of living.

"The writer who has most influenced my thinking about the need to embrace the suffering of life is Carl Jung. Submissiveness can be imagined as cultivation of what Jung called the 'shadow' – the darker, mostly unconscious part of the psyche – which he

regarded not as a sickness, but as an essential part of the human experience. The shadow is the tunnel, channel or connection through which one reaches the deepest, most elemental layers of psyche. Going through the tunnel, or breaking down the ego defenses, one feels reduced and degraded. Embracing the shadow provides a fuller sense of self-knowledge, self-acceptance and a fuller sense of being alive. The experience of the shadow is humiliating and frightening, but is a reduction to the fullness of life: to essential life, which includes suffering, pain, powerlessness and humiliation."

SS: What is a "sex addict" and what do you think that BDSM practitioners are "addicts" or are "sick?"

D: "I don't presume that I have any kind of inside track on what's 'perverse,' 'sick,' or 'addictive.' My approach does not include a unilateral diagnosis of what's 'got to go' in a person's behavioral repertoire and then ferreting out the causes and reasons of the behavior with the aim of eliminating these 'unwanted' sexual practices. The question of whether or not a sexual activity or behavior is an 'addiction' or 'sick' can't easily be answered. 'Addiction' or 'sickness' is very much determined by the individual's own inner subjective experience. The only thing that matters is whether the client experiences himself as sick and in need of help.

"One common definition of addiction is 'continued (compulsive) use despite adverse consequences.' Only the individual can determine what constitutes adverse consequences and whether or not one's chosen erotic expression is rigid and compulsive.

"If I'm 'against' anything, I guess it would be compulsion – of any kind, really, even if it were only eating raw carrots. My own personal value system includes the belief that it is only the ability to choose that separates us from animals. Freedom is an important value to me, and I suppose I can't help but pass that particular value system on to my patients. The importance of relatedness to others is another part of my personal value system that influences my work. Closeness to others is, to my view, part of the sweet fruit of living.

"That being said, I see a healthy sexuality as emanating from a healthy mind. A person who's relatively free from compulsion and who's open to identifying and empathizing with the needs and wants of others can't help but have healthy, non-perverse sex.

SS: How would you define a sexual "compulsion" and how can a person get free of one?

D: "When a fantasy relocates a person into the world of his childhood for the purpose of mastering an historical conflict or traumatic relationship, the quality of his/her scenes will probably be rigid, fixed, imperative and not related to the wants/needs of present-day partners.

"If a person is unconsciously seeking reparation of a childhood relationship by looking for an idealized, omnipotent parent to replace the one who failed, or is seeking to control a person who couldn't be controlled in his/her childhood, his/her scene serves symbolic, historical, and unconscious needs rather than real, present-day, conscious ones. These scenes often fail to satisfy; they merely trigger the recurrence of a need. The script, while it affords a temporary feeling of strength and self-esteem, has to be repeated again and again with rigid compulsivity because it doesn't resolve problems within the self. While a 24/7 'Daddy/Little Girl' script may provide enormous satisfaction through meeting certain mutual needs, a 45-year-old woman isn't really a four-year-old girl and must, ultimately, take care of herself in real life. The satisfactions that a real four-year-old girl gets from having a daddy who loves, nourishes and cares for her are similar but not the same as those that a 45-year old woman receives from her scene 'daddy.' If certain needs weren't met back when, they're gone forever and need to be mourned before the person is free to love the person's who's in front of her (rather than the historic one who's behind her). People need to distinguish between role-play and reality.

"When the unconscious goal of sex is something unattainable (to get historical daddy to give her what she didn't get), compulsion sets in and begins to take its toll. With its misery and desperation, its insatiable craving for that which can never be satisfied, the scene represents a goal that cannot be attained yet cannot be relinquished. The inevitable result of the failure to attain impossible goals is depression. The scene never quite satisfies.

"Such an individual may paradoxically have an impoverished sex/fantasy life. His erotic freedom is inhibited, limited by his mandatory, rigid script. Sex can only be imagined from one perspective.

"What's needed is for the individual to be willing to undergo the hard work of personal healing. Emotional blockages and perceptual distortions need to be resolved, understood or transcended. As he learns to lessen unwanted self-states through psychological processes, rather than through resorting to compulsive behaviors, his scenes become less driven and less anxiety-ridden. With healing, the person can begin to re-invest energies into real relationships with real people, rather than continuing to populate his world with ghosts."

SS: How would you characterize your personal involvement in the scene?

D: "My relationships are a series of playful power-exchanges. As for the 'role' I play, I try to pick up my cue from the dynamics of the individual relationship. If I'm hot to spend time with someone and that person wants to be a passenger, well, I have a license and know how to drive. If someone is eager to be in the driver's seat, I'm happy to go along for the ride. As long as the quality of the relating is good, the roles can be interchangeable at different times and with different people."

SS: Thank you very much for chatting with me!

visit her website at [www.sensuoussadie.com](http://www.sensuoussadie.com). Sadie believes that the universe is abundant, and that sharing information freely is part of this abundance, so she allows reprints of her writing in most venues.

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# Life Under the Three Moons



by Michael

There is a saying that goes, "The only difference between a sea story and a fairy tale is that a fairy tale starts with "Once upon a time" and a sea story starts with "Now this ain't no shit."". I will ask the reader to decide how the following story should start but it goes like this.

There were three girls. Whether they knew one another is not known. Two of the girls were named Cynical and Bitter. They lived behind a computer keyboard in the Kingdom of VirtualBDSM. From their vantage point they would watch over the daily goings on of the other people that lived their lives and they would impose their negative views on others. No master/dom/top was good enough, no slave/submissive/bottom was worthy. In their travels through the kingdom via their keyboards they happened upon a Gorean house that was seeking a second girl. Their first reaction "What would be in it for me/her?" "Sounds bleak", "Just want a babysitter", "What would that do for the slave".

These girls lived out their days before the keyboard, posting their "glass half empty" negativity.

The third girl on the other hand was less editorial in nature. Her name was LaVida Kajira (Spanish for "The Life Kajira"). She did not find satisfaction involving herself in the lives of others but instead sought to bring fulfillment to her own. During her journey through the kingdom she happened upon the same Gorean house. She read about how they bring the Gorean traditions, customs and practices to their lives. She read about the children in the house. The legend is unclear as to whether she herself had a child or two. She had experienced the online Master/slave relationships and remained dissatisfied. She may have even experienced a long distance relationship and was never really sure where she stood with this man that would be Master. Was he married, did he have another? She may never know. She read about the Gorean house and wondered how it would be to live in a situation such as that. She read as much as she could about the house and contacted the first girl of the house to establish communication. They discussed many things. They chatted about what was to be expected and about life would be in the house. LaVida learned of the beautiful serves and how the first girl would be at the left side of the master and she would be at the right hand of the Master. They discussed private things. Arrangements were made to visit the Gorean House for a couple of weeks to get a taste of how things would be. She arrived at the house to find a five-bedroom three-bath house. She was given a room that would be her own space but she spent most nights on the furs to the right of the Master. The Master of the house and the first girl both worked outside the home and between them brought significant funds to the house and she was assigned duties within the house. She would use transportation the master provided to shop during the day. When the children of the house arrive home in the afternoon she would supervise their activities and insure that they would perform their chores. She soon became an "Auntie" to the children and a "sister" to the first girl. She and her sister would plan together to bring happiness and harmony to the house. Monthly on the day that is the anniversary of her collaring the master would bring small gifts and take his girl to dinner at a favored restaurant. Weekends were often spent on the road at places like Sea World or the Grand Canyon. Every other weekend when the children were with their other parents she found herself kneeling with her sister naked and nadu, leather or steel cuffs on her ankles and a collar on her neck. She and her sister chained in the furs ready for the master's use. The master not wanting a dull or ignorant girl sent her to school during the day or perhaps it was in the evening and she would often find herself doing her homework while the children of the house did theirs. She would go out the door in the evening with her sister, giggling, having planned some naughtiness that required their temporary disappearance and the running of an errand. The master would call home to find that his girls were on the phone scheming about how they were going to serve a feast during an upcoming child-free weekend. In a short time LaVida became a beloved member of the house. Over time the children one by one left the house and the master and his two girls traveled extensively and lived out their days in happiness and harmony.

There will always be people like the girls Cynical and Bitter. They have no foresight and can not understand how anyone can find happiness unless they are in charge and there is something in it for them. Fortunately however there are those that are different. Like LaVida there are girls that can see an opportunity to become a member of a house that will allow her to be taken aboard the silver ship if only just as often as real life allows.

I once had a girl visit that we had spoken to about becoming a second girl in my house. I have enclosed a copy of a statement she wrote to be included here:

#### My visit to Master Michael's House

I would like to share my experience as a potential second girl to Master Michael's House. I met Master Michael when I joined his yahoo group, Life Under the Three Moons. I was met his girl, mika from the list. The three of us talked for while through yahoo messenger and got to know each other. I felt a particular connection to mika, she and I would talk for hours about anything and everything. I experienced a profound respect for Master Michael right away. Some time had past and the three of us were growing closer and closer; and it was decided I should come for a visit. There had been talk of me being allowed to join Master Michael's House and now it was time to see if I was a good match face to face.

My sister, deidre, had a plane ticket that needed to be used before it expired so I packed my bag and with some trepidation I boarded a plane to Arizona. I have to tell you, I my nervousness was growing with each passing mile. Master Michael was there to meet me at the gate. I knew him right away. I was so nervous I didn't know what to do with myself. I was packed into the van and taken to meet mika and the rest of his house. Mika was just as wonderful in person as she was on the net. It wasn't long before I was made to feel comfortable and very relaxed.

The highlight of the weekend was the Feast held at Master Michael's Home. I was asked to serve at this Feast but was quiet content to hide in the kitchen and cook. It was with ease I seemed to have found my niche in his Home. The other girls would serve the Masters and I would stay in the kitchen prepping the next course for them to serve out. ~smiling~ I would sneak tidbits of food to the girls as they came into the kitchen for the plates and platters.

Master Michael and his mika made me feel warm and a welcome addition to the Home. For a time, I seriously contemplated the offer of join his House, but due to constraints in my home state I was unable to move. There are times I sit and wonder how my life would have changed had I moved. I will always look back on that experience with fondness and with love.

Insofar as joining any House as a second, I would offer it is imperative to understand and respect the position of the First Girl. It is natural for her to be jealous and a bit weary of you as an interloper to her world. Yes, bottom line it is up to the Master to make the decision for his House of who he wants there, but keep in mind the objective is harmony in the House. Bickering slaves will only bring the wrath of the Master down upon you both. Remember, you are there as a second. You will not take the place of the First, she was there before you and will most likely be there after you. The attention you will receive as a second will be different then what the First gets, that is the natural way in the lives of slaves. Take the time to get to know your First, she can be your best friend if you both work together for the betterment of the Master's house.

Steel's snow.

At the writing of this article I am still seeking a second girl to join my house. This is not to complete a set of kajira or fulfill a shortcoming that the existing kajira has. I seek a second girl because in my house it makes sense. I have the resources to afford it and a desire to have a second girl. I am a firm believer that the girls need to be close and should work together for the common good of the house. If I was asked by Bitter and Cynical "What is in it for me?" My answer would be simply that " there is nothing for you here!" Girls like this are not desired in my house and could never be kajira. Now a girl like LaVida Kajira would be very welcome. So for now I will continue to look and interview. When I find that special girl that is a fit we will all know.

If anyone has any questions or comments please contact me at [Michael@desertvista.com](mailto:Michael@desertvista.com).





## From a Dom's Perspective



by Dennis Burns

**“Forgive her - for she knows not what she does -  
A cross upon - her bedroom wall,  
From grace she will fall,  
An image burning in her mind  
And between her thighs!”  
“Christian Woman” - Type O Negative**

**“Just when you think you got me figured out,  
the seasons already changin’  
my fingers cool, you do what you do,  
and don’t try to save me,  
I’m a bitch - I’m a lover,  
I’m a child - I’m a mother,  
I’m a sinner - I’m a saint,  
I do not feel ashamed,  
I’m your health - I’m your dream,  
I’m nothing in-between,  
You know you wouldn’t want it any other way.  
I’m a bitch - I’m a tease,  
I’m a goddess on my knees,  
When you’re hurt, when you suffer,  
I’m your angel undercover,  
I’ve been up - I’m revived,  
Can’t say I’m not alive,  
You know I wouldn’t want it any other way...”  
“Bitch” - Meredith Brooks**

**I’ve come to a time I have secretly dreaded,  
The time when you ask me to take you -  
To a place that your soul screams for,  
A place my own, yearns to have and explore.**

**This position is one you crave and implore,  
Humiliation, deeply needed lies behind that door,  
Intensities that I crave and can do -  
But with any one but you, you who shares my hearts bed.  
“Quandary of Loving S/M” - Dennis Burns**

Interrogations, Golden showers, Humiliation, Degradation, Toilet Servitude and what ever may be a trip or trigger for you and yours. Intensity is a relative thing; subject to the interpretations each and every one of us uses to define the varied gradations as our personalized reference point or measuring stick. Now when we are playing (working) with another we understand that no matter how many times we may have done a thing, each time will be unique in some manner, one of the reasons we like to do similar things (I never consider them the same for this reason). Each time we explore another with the intent to take them and our selves to new levels or

sensations we usually do so with great care in preparations but also with great excitement for the upcoming journey. We relish this time and some times can barely contain or enthusiasm to begin.

But wait, Murphy the scourge of every Dungeon and Dom/me raises his scaly head and drops something into the soup of your fun, this small little something changes the taste and the texture of the play you are planning, the more personally intensive the scene is to be for either of the parties, the more it twists the flow and convolutes the flavor of the energetic soup. Not all Dom/me's or Master may experience this quandary that Murphy places before them, but alas it has been dropped in front of me and a few others at times. This strange ethereal substance, this essence of something so small that it is not physically tangible, yet can be one of the most powerful of experiences one may encounter is called: Love! Or for some it may even be just a strong sense of caring and concern. (Not all of us can admit to a commitment as strong as the "L" word...grin.)

Last week you could have easily had yours on all fours becoming the perfect ottoman, or scrubbing the bathroom tile with only a toothbrush and a smile, or when doing an interrogation scene the thought of not slapping a face or yelling in the face would have been unthinkable, till that bastard Murphy dropped that tiny little nearly invisible drop into your well tended pot of whoop ass, full tilt boogie, let's freakin' play soup. Now your plans become a tangled mass, a jumbled ball of rope, in the Navy it is called a bird's nest. You know - when your nice rope was not stored correctly and it took you an hour to untangle it.

If you are in a loving commitment and this has never happened to you, then count your blessings. Some of us though have had to cross this rickety bridge or risk losing much that makes us who we are. This is not like those times that some go through, where they say they'll sell all their toys and retire to a very mundane and vanilla enclave in some remote corner of an obscure state. Or live on the banks of a river called De Nile. It is not as blatant as Top/Dom/Master drop at all. Nay-dear reader it is an insidious bestial virus that creeps slowly behind you and gnaws at the very edge of your core self. It slides between the cracks of your confidence and like a weed that will crack the mighty concrete with its constant unrelenting pressure, causes one to start to hear things like, "are you ok? ... You seem to be off center, ... you hit like a sub!! How come you can give them your inner beast but all I get is your bunny foo foo?" (Well maybe not that drastic but you get my drift.)

One day you begin to notice that you are not releasing your beast within as much, in fact you may find with some deep searching that instead of your little one being bound and trussed up like a delightful sack of squirming lust, it is in fact your inner beast that is bound and gagged, chained to your core and you may even find that it's feeding has been woefully lacking. It may come to your attention that you and yours are having more difficulty in communicating wants and needs or achieving them. Abrasive verbal contacts between the two of you, stilted or stunted rapport, even disagreements over the most minor minutiae. That silly assed drop of love, has thrown your whole world off its axis, now you and yours are plummeting into the fiery sun. You are off center and all those whom you love are as well.

Ironic isn't it, you find that you can not find it within you to give to those you love the very thing that their require and they require it from you. Yet you can not make the one you care so much about to do those type of things that you may have had them doing two months ago, before you fell in love with them. Though you may have fallen in love with them precisely because they would do those things for you, because they love you or wish to serve to the best of their ability by giving you those things you most want.

You can do those things to another but not to them at this juncture of your relationship. It is the Madonna-whore syndrome.

Relax it seems that this virus only occurs in the Dominants gene pool. Your little one(s) may not refuse to serve because they feel it is not right for you because they love you. Hell they usually get better because they do!

Relax there is a cure to it as well, for those afflicted with this virus:

You are not alone in this.

The first step is to notice that you are off center and not taking what is yours.

And that you are not giving your beast to the little one(s)

If you find that your beast is hungry, feed it, a little bit at a time, inner beasts with upset tummy's suck royally.

Understand that you are the center to others as well as your self.

If you are not working towards insuring the well being of yours then you should not have others to take care of.  
(A Master must master themselves before they can control another)

If you are not taking your little ones where they need to go, ask yourself why?

If it is because you have not yet mastered a skill say single tail, no problem and no shame, ask another whom you both trust to share that experience with yours. With you observing and handling the after care. (yours will get what they need and you will not lose face, quite the opposite is true, plus you learn as well.

If it is the Madonna-whore syndrome: my wife is a saint so she could never give me head, unless I made her look like a hooker. (Funny but a very real thing for some folks) then realize that what they want from you is what they want, you are not sullyng your canonized mother, father, husband or wife here. You are giving a needed aspect of their very core, you are taking them exactly where they need to be, and didn't they ask for it? Why are you punishing them and yourself by denying both of your needs?

Do it, but understand why you are doing it, that little piece of essence that Murphy dropped is not really love, it is a bit of your upbringing a bit of your core ethics formed as a child... "Boys don't hit girls, only bad girls do that, couples always have separate beds and one foot on the floor... huh? ... etc"

So when you find that you are not giving to yours because it is not right for they are your ... Precious ... my Precious ... (sorry Golum came to mind, and you know how he faired.) remember you are not doing them or yourself any favors by denying your beast within the pleasures of your little one and the pleasures that they receive from your attentions. It is a cold cruel thing that those moral lessons from childhood though well intentioned as they maybe, can cause so much havoc with us as adults.

Again for those of you, who have never had to cross this flaming bridge, count your blessings, but for those of us who have; just like fire walking, you feel the heat and the fear and aft the other side you feel the growth and warmth within. (Though I suspect those who have not are very similar to those who participated in a study a long time ago. 90% of the men and 20% of the women admitted to masturbating; the remainder lied!)

So always strive to be yourself and true to that individual and those within your sphere of influence, those outside will see you as you are.

Until we speak again. Take Care and be well, and as always remember to take what you like, leave what you don't.

Dennis "DragonDiver/Dragon~Lord" Burns

**"What colour is a Dragon my son?"**

**"Crimson, Master, Bloody crimson, no matter what doth the eyes say"**

November/December 2002

# The Sadist With A Mean Streak

by John Gault



Hello Readers!

A new columnist for your favorite E-Zine here.

Name: John Gault

A little about myself:

I'm sadistic, not very dominant but certainly an 'A' type personality. My outlook is generally humorous (I don't take life seriously), safe play is an option not a rule, sanity is an illusion, consent is always assumed even up to the point where the other person is running out the door screaming. I hold a graduate degree in math (statistics), a second in business, a third in psychology, and a Ph.D. in philosophy. Yes, over educated sadist is the correct assumption. My writing is best read with a sense of humor and light hearted with a twist of rapier wit. Some have described my writing as:

- Blunt
- Offensive
- Egocentric
- Arrogant
- Pithy

Those who meet me and know me have defined me as:

- Blunt
- Offensive
- Egocentric
- Arrogant
- Funny

Close enough I say! Laura, my wife is married to me. Ponder that thought! We have a detailed slave contract that binds our relationship of the few years we have been together. She is masochistic, submissive, confident in herself, and very proud of her accomplishments and family. She is my only slave, and she fills many roles for me:

- My best employee
- My house keeper
- My cook
- My pain slut
- My whore
- My most valued property

When she gets a little over weight, I make her diet. She follows a strict routine of weight lifting and she runs/jogs a minimum of 5 miles a week. When she is ill I send her to a doctor, when her teeth need repair or cleaning I send her to the dentist. Her glamour appearance is a must and it is her up-most priority to stay fit and healthy. My income and my lifestyle demand she do so.

Several years ago I started a couple of websites which featured a place for folks to post pornographic pictures, mostly SM related. Once I finished college I let those sites go since I no longer had access to the university servers: that's another subject though. Four years ago I got back to the business of porn websites and currently own and manage 83 domains. The sites feature various porn niche content including models, bondage, SM, and swinging. The common thread among them all is amateur (no stages, no professional porn stars), no simulated - implied young girls, and they are for the sole purpose of generating income. Granted the bondage and SM sites are directed more toward the kinky mainstream consumer than to the hard-core SM or bondage crowd. That's because hard-core SM and bondage websites don't sell. Following my desire and instincts for SM and kink has none-the-less provided dozens of successful sites. The business continues to thrive and revenue is on a steady upward growth.

The business is my wife's full time employment though she doesn't get paid, of course! For god's sake I'd never let her own a thing much less have money, or a bank account, or credit cards. She does have a driver's license as I insist she chauffeur me wherever I need to go. Most of the content found on the sites feature her as the hostess. When I tie her up, stick needles through her labia and nipples, devise bizarre contraptions to torture and/or penetrate her, share her with my friends and strangers for sex, and pretty much what ever I do to her or have her do, I video tape it all. The video-tape is then used for content on the websites. I also do professional porn photography. I solicit would be and want to be porn stars to perform for me and my camera and use that content for the sites as well, and I occasionally do photography for popular porn periodicals.

My experience with SM and bondage began early in my life. At 14 years of age I had left home and experienced my first love. She was a 24 year old sadist who loved to torture every inch of my body and mind. Sadly, I was not a good masochist for her and our relationship was always a struggle. When I was older I realized my inability to be what she needed was due in fact to being opposite of my nature. My early college years found me with a reputation as the guy who would take you out to dinner followed by a trip to the woods to be tied down and whipped, waxed, or fucked with a cue stick (one of my favorites: it has the 8 ball fixed to the side that goes inside her). I wasn't popular with the guys, but I had a fairly steady stream of girls who wanted a chance to experience something twisted. In my mid-twenties, I was taken in by an organized SM group. The group was well staffed and a careful process was in place for taking in new people. They put you through many months of group meetings, training in anatomy, nerves, torture techniques, bondage techniques, and mental analysis. At each step along the process the new people were evaluated. If you passed the evaluation you graduated to be invited to low level organized parties. Eventually, if you remained in good standing with those who evaluated, you proceed up the ranks to be eligible for the full play party gatherings. I stayed with that group for just over 8 years when I moved to another state and over the years I've lost touch with all but a few of the members. Since that time my public scene with regards to SM has been very limited. I have occasionally demonstrated bondage techniques and moderate torture techniques for organized groups, and I invent or duplicate and manufacture SM furniture and devices. Mostly however, I mix with private groups and a few close knit friends.

My experience as a columnist:

From 1991 to 1996 I wrote a regularly appearing column for Forbes and Fortune magazines. This was a result of a popular training program, which I had developed for improving business techniques and profits for executives and managers. The program further inspired me to publish two books which then led to me being hired as a consultant by several of the top 500 businesses in the U.S. and a few European companies. Sometimes I miss those sadistic lectures and training seminars! In the later part of 1996 I resigned from the blue collar world's hustle and stress to the hustle and stress of establishing my own enterprise in my true passion for SM and porn.

My Column Here:

In the process of establishing the Internet e-commerce business and at the same time a Master slave married relationship it is hoped. by the editor of this fine E-Zine, that I can provide some interesting contribution by way of a column. In the coming articles I plan to be a lot less wordy than I have been here and hope to get feed back from you, the readers. If you have questions regarding what I have written here, topics you'd like me to address, hate mail as well as fan mail you'd like to send in, I will address them all in my next column.

<http://www.gaultsgultch.com>

# Trubled Times



## for those times when you're having troubles by Celeste aka Bitruble

### Water Sports

Disclaimer: This article is intended as an educational tool for ADULT leather folk who wish to engage in the activity of Golden Shower play but may be unsure how to proceed in a safe and sane manner. It in no way implies that this is a risk free activity or that anyone should indulge in drinking of human urine.

Water sports. Some people call it pee play. The correct term is Golden Showers (also G/S). A number of people partake in this kind of play. Some limit themselves to simple urination over their submissive; others get a little more intense and actually have their submissive ingest their urine. The ingestion of urine can be very dangerous. The body filters liquid waste products naturally, however; too much of anything is never good. There are ways to minimize the risks of ingestion and that's what we will discuss in this article.

When I first started on my journey of BDSM, I met a Master who was a Pisces male. I'm not saying that all Pisces enjoy water sports, but there does seem to be a preponderance of those that partake in the wetter sports of BDSM to hail from that particular sign. Yes, I'm a Pisces, too and one of the first forms of play I was exposed to was the Golden Shower. The thought of ingesting a Master's urine is a limit for a number of submissives and it is a limit that should never be pushed unless both parties know and desire to proceed with it... much like any other limit. You may have read stories in recent publications about people getting sick from coworkers peeing in their coffee or water containers. This is true, however, keep in mind that these people were exposed to the practice without their knowledge and on a daily basis. It is not my intent to sway anyone's' thinking that the ingestion of urine is safe if done in this way. It is not. Just as daily fisting can be dangerous to delicate vaginal and anal walls, daily ingestion can make you very ill. It can kill you. It can kill you. Yes, I said that twice. I want everyone to be fully aware of the consequences of the actions they may choose to take. Indulging in occasional fisting is more than likely not going to cause any permanent damage and indulging in the occasion internal water sports will 'probably' not cause any damage either. I'm certainly fine. (I use the term loosely.) This article is intended to educate those that desire to train their submissive who may be reluctant, but still wants to give Golden Showers a try or for the submissive that may have the fetish and desires his Dom to experience this highly erotic form of play. There are few things that show in such a way, the trust and love of a submissive than to drink from the body of their Dominant. I call it, "drinking straight from the faucet."

### THE RELUCTANT BOTTOM

Golden Showers are considered a form of humiliation play. No one person engages in every activity in BDSM, so do not feel left out if the thought of water sports leaves you cold. Practice SSC, know yourself and your sub and proceed with knowledge for the best kind of lifestyle: kink, gay, vanilla or otherwise.

If a submissive is willing but reluctant to engage in G/S, there are a few things that the considerate Dominant can do to ease the stress of the submissive and make the experience enjoyable for both parties. The adage, "you are what you eat" rings especially true for those engaging in Golden Showers. Save the liver, onion and sardine sandwich for another time. What the Dominant puts into their mouth is going to have a direct effect on the taste of their urine. (This also holds true for the taste of sperm for the male of the species.) If you are one of those that believe that alcohol is best left for non-play times (and if you are not, then I will never play with you), don't be fooled into thinking you can get rip roaring drunk the day before play then expect your submissive to fall over your putrid left over stench. I hope the graphic description will dissuade you from over indulging with any form of alcohol for at least 3 days before you decide to do any form of water sports. A simple thing to remember is that it takes the body at least two full days to react to chemical changes in the body. The extra day is for recovery of the body so there are no 'taste' traces as opposed to chemical traces left.

### RECIPE FOR FIRST TIME GOLDEN SHOWERS

(3 Day Method)

This takes a commitment on the part of the Dominant. If done properly, the first experience with Golden Showers can lead to many

more wonderful experiences where both parties will look forward with eager anticipation to the event.

\*\*\*\*\*NOTE: THIS IS NOT A DIET - IT IS NOT NUTRITIONALLY SOUND AND SHOULD NOT BE FOLLOWED FOR MORE THAN THREE DAYS. THIS IS SIMPLY PREPARATION FOR FIRST TIME GOLDEN SHOWER PLAY. CONSULT A DOCTOR IF YOU HAVE NUTRITIONAL QUESTIONS OR MEDICAL ISSUES THAT WOULD PROHIBIT YOU FROM ENGAGING IN THIS ACTIVITY.\*\*\*\*\*

## DAY 1

Dominant eats no strong foods. (No onions, garlic, fish, dairy products, alcohol, red meats, eggs, etc.)

Acceptable foods:

Poultry (baked, broiled, boiled - not fried)

Fresh sweet fruits (avoid citrus like oranges and pineapples)

Drink at least a gallon of water (no coffee)

Drink all the sweet juices you like (the best is apple juice)

Breads and unsalted crackers are good (peanut butter is bad!)

Sweet muffins

CANDY! Hard, sweet candies like butterscotch, cherry and the like are wonderful for this preparation. Avoid the chocolate. (I know. I know.)

Keeping yourself well hydrated is important for your own safety. You may love your submissive, but you will do neither of you a favor if you just forgo eating. The purpose here is to change your body chemistry so that your urine is palatable. No eating is not going to sweeten you up!

## DAY 2

Follow the same regime as Day 1, but cut the water intake to ½ gallon and drink a gallon of sweet juices. Continue with the fresh fruits and vegetables and make sure they are sweet. Brussels sprouts don't cut it for this preparation. Corn is good, potato's (remember, no dairy, that means, NO BUTTER!), lettuce etc. Stay far, far away from eggs during the entire preparation. (You will notice that you are peeing a lot. That's a good thing. You are starting to change the flavor of your emissions already. You may notice that if you engage in an activity which makes you sweat a lot, you don't smell! That's a benefit that no one will complain about, especially people on the elevator with you.)

## DAY 3

This is to be done the morning before play.

Eat a light breakfast of breads, crackers or muffins. Drink plenty of juice throughout the day. (I can't stress enough that apple juice is far and away the best for this particular prep.)

A chicken or turkey salad for lunch with a light sweet dressing is good at this point. No creamy or vinegar based dressing.

You really want to eat lightly the day of play. (If this sounds like too much work for you, as a Dominant, just remember what the rewards will be at the end.)

TAKE A SHOWER!

## OPTIONAL

On Day 1, the Dominant can be given a soapy enema.

On Day 2, the soapy enema is repeated.

On Day 3, the Dominant does a fresh water enema with 2 drops cherry extract and 2 drops of pure honey in the water.

## GOLDEN SHOWER PLAY

You have spent the last three days preparing your body for your bottom. You will be nice and sweet by now if not in nature or temperament then in taste. That's what this is all about.

Start off your play by placing a rubber or plastic sheet under your submissive. (You can also play in the bathtub if you don't want to have a hassle cleaning up afterwards.) Have them lie down on their back, eyes closed and mouth open. You stand over them and slowly release your bladder. If you start at the belly button and work your way up, you will have emptied about half your bladder by the time you reach the sub's mouth. (Bladder control is very important here. Practice for a few days shutting your flow off.) You don't want the beginning or the ending of your flow to be ingested. Something in the middle is best. Your aim should be fairly accurate if you kneel over the chest of the sub by this time. Start with just a few drops into your sub's mouth. Let them get the taste of you slowly. If they say the word STOP. The activity may just be too intense for them. You can try again another time or it may be that it is not meant for you to engage with that particular submissive. If, however, the submissive seems to be okay with what is going on,

you can gradually add a little more to the stream. Resist the urge to let go with your full force flow. You can scare the hell out of your submissive if you do! By now, you should have a fairly good idea of how the submissive is reacting to the play. Keep in mind that the sub's body is your responsibility at this point, but no less so than their mental state. Keep your eyes on every nuance of what you are doing and how the sub seems to be doing. If the sub ever seems to be distressed, STOP. Talk about what's happening. Reassure the sub that if they can't go on, it does not make them less in your eyes, but more because they have the courage and intelligence to know what they can't handle. By the same token, the Dominant also needs to keep their mental facilities at full. If the Dominant is not really enjoying the activity, if they feel repulsed by the willingness of the sub to engage in it or for any other reason are not completely comfortable with it, then they need to STOP as well.

#### AFTER CARE

It's now the sub's turn to drink plenty of fresh, clear water. Keep hydrating for a few hours so as to clean your own system out and spend the next few days overindulging at the water cooler.

After play, a hot bubble bath in a tub just a bit small for the two of you can be a great way to relax, get clean and talk about the experience. Lots of cuddles and kisses will go a long way in assuring the sub of the pride and love you have for them. And don't feel bad if you want your sub to brush their teeth first. After all, it's one thing to ingest your Master's urine, it's another to ingest your own! Bon Appetite.

Bitatrouble



# Inside a Rogue's Mind

by Rogue



So, you want to know about me? I don't like talking about myself much, so I will give you a quickie bio and if you have any questions, you can just write me.

I am 31 years old and was born in June of 1971. I am a typical Gemini in most ways, as my personality seems to be quite dual, though many have said that my personality changes with my various moods. I was born and raised in Kentucky was living in Florida, but am back in Kentucky temporarily while HARD is overseas.

I have been a masochist since birth, in my opinion. I have very early memories of my inflicting pain on myself. I grew up playing the Houdini in bondage games with my sister and have had a love of bondage ever since. It took quite awhile for me to come to grips with my sexuality though and I did not become officially active in the scene until 1998. I have been around the scene, hanging around with my sister who was a lifestyle mistress and dominatrix, since 1989.

I was associated with TN Leather (a group now defunct) in North-Western Tennessee for over a year and learned more than I could ever write about. They were a great group of people that gave me a space to explore and educate myself. It was not uncommon to find me at most of the gatherings, participating in demos (from the top and bottom), talking to the newcomers about our rules, and DMing dungeon parties.

I also was a member of the WKyDs munch group in Western Kentucky. They are definitely a great bunch of people and if your in the area, I suggest you check them out.

My relationship with my Owner actually began in 1998. We met on a list called BlackDom and immediately became friends. Our friendship has been unique and wonderful. I never thought that I would be able to say that I met my very best friend in all the world over the net, but that is exactly the truth of the matter. He has stood beside me through thick and thin! At times he was the only person in the world that I trusted and I am forever grateful for the strength he gave me when I needed it most.

On September 29, 2000 at sunrise, in a cabin in the woods, HARD collared me. It was beautiful and will be a day that I forever hold dear in my heart. It took me a long time to finally get up the nerve to flirt with the man that I had come to hold in such high regard and has shown me so much. But, after many growing pains as a slave, I finally found the ONE that I know I can serve from a place of joy within myself.

I am the Webslave of Exchanging Power. HARD and I also moderate the Florida Leather Folk and the Exchanging Power discussion lists. I also am founder of the BDSM Copyright Alliance.

I am also an Individual Member of the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom and the ACLU. I strongly urge you to become one too.

This is a prayer I wrote after reading the Slave's Prayer and thinking that it was way too damn mushy and nothing like the Lord's Prayer which it was supposedly inspired by. Also, it is just not me!

**Master, grant me the latitude  
to screw up, make mistakes, and learn my lessons;  
courage to accept my punishment with a minimum of yelling;  
and the wisdom to not manipulate you to get what I want.**

**Like those delicious ass-spankings you give! ;)**

**The Hard House**





by MsTurandot

### Poor Form to Self-Mastery

I spent time trying to write this article from a Domme point of view. What I found after much soul searching is that the issues I find of greatest importance to address come from a human point of view not necessarily of a Domme. I feel that when we overcome our frailties as humans we find ourselves in a better position to work on the issues specific to our Dominant nature or Dominant Role. I also find that the thoughts I have most often, transcend any specific nature or role.

Over the course of my travels in this lifestyle, I have met a great many people. Not nearly as many as I'd like to meet but most of these people share a common thread and are very sincere about learning and working on the BDSM path that suits them. I have also on occasion met the few that seem more intent on making a name for themselves at the cost of others. These latter persons are the ones I wish to address. They spend a great deal of time demeaning others, both in public and in private, in order to feel more self important or stronger than they really are. They also set an example to their subs and slaves, that talking behind another's back is OK and that demeaning a person to the core is good for their own benefits. This behavior goes on in Chat rooms, Discussion lists, Groups, Parties, Munches, semi private affairs and even behind closed doors with their significant other and sooner or later filters out to the masses. It certainly isn't constructive discussion. Whether the intent is malicious or not, it is meant at tearing apart someone else, mainly due to the fact that these people pose some type of threat or perceived threat to these individuals.

I don't recall near as much of this phenomenon as I started my own BDSM journey. Yes there were a few naysayers and 'backbiters'. Years ago I learned to steer clear of them rather quickly. But as a co-founder of a BDSM support group a while back, I found myself in a new place. You can't just simply remove yourself from the situation as easily as you once could. You can however, set the example for the new comers and be very direct in telling them that their behavior is not appropriate. Then teach them what is appropriate and give them alternatives to their errs. Too oft I see many just casting an uneducated new comer aside, after they've made some error, expecting them to know all without spending the time to educate them. These people are then outcasts while the reasons are spread as rumors about their transgression and sometimes without so much as the offenders even knowing what they've done. I'd say this is very poor form especially from a more experienced Lifestyler.

The majority of the time, this behavior is perpetuated by the people who are still wet behind the ears. They're still in what I call "the competition mode". I'm a better Domme because I demand high protocol or I'm better because I'm a slave and not a submissive. They don't yet understand that there is no 'BETTER THAN YOU'. They're generally the ones that are saying things like ..." I just don't get switching so switches aren't real" or "You're nothing more than a wannabe." Well you know what? You don't have to 'get' switching, but I would encourage your acceptance of it. Also, it's those 'wannabes' that someday may make the great Dominants/Tops or the most wonderful subs/slaves and Bottoms. I wouldn't be discounting people so fast and throwing them off your personal list so easily. You may be tossing out your future Mistress. It always amazes me that we can tout acceptance to the transgendered or the M/s or the gay and lesbian communities, but we cannot tolerate a Domme/Dom that 'appears' weak. We call them 'wannabes' or 'a sub in Dominant's clothing'. Give me a break! Can't we see past our need to puff ourselves up and see that they may be no less Dominant, but possibly need more tools of the trade? Are people so intent on tearing down another Dominant because they are perceived in your mind as competition?

A line from the movie, Down Periscope (isn't it amazing where we come up with our quotes J) goes something like this... "You're career is in the hands of those very assholes!" This line made me think about my time, not only with my boys, but the time I spend with people that attend our group functions. We make time for each and every one of them if they wish. We give them choices as to what path they may take, whether that's the path of a Top, bottom, D/s or M/s relationship, Daddy/boy, Mommy/boi etc. You can't expect behaviors and protocols from people if you haven't taught them what they are. You also can't assume that just because you teach your boys a high protocol that every Domme does as well. If I walked into a play party situation... I feel it is MY responsibility to explain my protocol to others in the room and I would expect my sub or slave to do the same if the need arises. I don't get upset if a less experienced Domme makes a mistake or two (Obviously the people not learning from their mistakes are in a different category than what I'm referring to). Even in our own household the protocols that my Dominant husband expects are far less rigid than my own. He likes it that way. I don't. We don't sugar coat it when letting people know how our home functions and to some on the outside they probably scratch their heads in wonderment and say something akin to ... What the hell? I say GOOD! Let's shake them up! Let's give them something besides the 'norm' (whatever that is) to think about.

Ascolta!

I watch people at parties, at meetings and I watch what people say on lists. Maybe it's just me but I feel that the Dominant that feels they have to put on a front or don the hard Dominant persona are doing the new comer an injustice. The sub/slave comes to think that Dominance is only about that rough, cold, bitch like, uncaring exterior or that a good Dominant is one that knows how hard they can whip a sub. When a sub starts broadening their horizons, coming away from that hard image and starts looking for their 24/7 relationships, they are generally stuck in that mindset and can't see the forest for the trees. They see compassion from a Dominant as weakness, or a quiet Dominant on the sideline as a wannabe. They will completely overlook the best of the best in favor of the loud, arrogant, or perceived sadist. This type of sub is just waiting for the abuser in my mind. They are looking for a "bitch Domme" to make them look like the "best slave" they know themselves to be. Or I've seen those who just want to be "taken". Predators eat this up. They use this persona to bait would be slaves to their lair and then convince them that they have to take it in order to be their best slave.

There is plenty of time for the cruel bitch in a scene but can you imagine living with this on a regular basis? Ladies...if your sole purpose is to degrade or humiliate your male at his expense or your purpose is to constantly beat the snot out of him when he derives no pleasure from it, I would say you need to reevaluate your reasons for being a Domme. Can we say Man hater? Quite frankly I'd be surprised if you can keep a slave very long if those are your motivations. But abuse can produce a staying effect in a slave that, in turn, makes it very hard to break and leave the situation. Obviously I am not talking about the males who enjoy humiliation or love to get the longest hardest beating they can take. All the lack of power to them!

On the flip side I think it's necessary for the males to get out of this fantasy mindset that think we're going to spend all our time hovering over our slaves on a constant basis. Watching every move and screaming at them or punishing them every time something's amiss. Very few Dominant's have the time or the drive to do this. If you want that, go find a possessive control freak cause you're sure not looking for a sexual Dominant in my opinion!

A Dominant is one that spends a great deal of their time working on their own issues as well as that of their subs or slaves. As you spend time working on your faults, and yes we all have them to spite the perfect fantasy Dominant image, you learn a great deal about others and start to realize that walking a mile in someone else's shoes just might make the difference in how you perceive others. I call this part of the Dominant journey "Self Mastery". Of course I also call the journey made as a submissive or slave "Self Mastery" as well.

Be well and play safe!

MsTurandot

Looking in her own mirror

October 2002

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\* Italian for Listen!

November/December 2002

# Consideration in a Lifestyle Relationship

by Caliann

We often speak of the components necessary for a successful BDSM relationship. We discuss discipline, safewords, contracts, experience and protocols, etc. These and numerous other elements make up our lifestyle and the relationships in which we engage. The formula seems to be different for everyone even if the ingredients are the same.

Yet we seldom discuss the more basic elements of relationships and how they might be applied or disregarded in our lifestyle. We don't discuss companionship, humor, mutual interests or compassion as they might be insinuated in WIWD.

For the purposes of this article, consideration will be defined as thoughtfulness of others. This may also be taken as solicitude toward the well-being or comfort of another. Also for the purposes of this article, bottoms, submissives, masochists, slaves and any other word you may have for that element of the lifestyle will be grouped under "slaves". Their opposite number will be grouped under "Dominants". This saves me a lot of time, makes the article shorter and does not stick me with the job of finding the genderless BDSM pronoun.

Is consideration necessary to maintain a lifestyle relationship? In a single word: No. A slave has no need to be considerate of their dominant; the only actual need is for them to be \*obedient\* to their dominant. As long as a slave honors the terms and agreements of their relationship, consideration does not need to enter the picture.

As most dominants will tell you, they do not have any obligation towards consideration either. A dominant's obligations are to the safety and health of their slave; and to also honor the terms and agreements of their relationship. No more, no less. Consideration does not need to have importance in this arrangement.

So when does consideration enter into the lifestyle relationship? It is when shared affection also enters into the relationship. Consideration is a symptom of caring for another. Without caring, whether that caring is for a friend, lover or even one's fellow human, consideration is almost impossible. When caring enters the relationship, the comfort, happiness and well-being of another becomes a much stronger force. Consideration becomes an emotional desire. We can see this in slaves that go beyond the basics of obedience and take the time to learn the likes, dislikes and preferences of their dominant. The obedient slave has dinner on the table at the required time. The considerate slave prepared it to the very best of their ability and might have made their dominant's favorite dessert to top it off.

Most of us know a few considerate slaves. In our culture, consideration is almost a requirement in a slave. Very few dominants desire their slave to \*only\* be obedient. They desire a slave who truly wishes to please them. However, what about the considerate dominant? Emotion and caring are supposed to be a two-way street, right?

I don't know what the rationales behind it are, but many dominants treat even the lightest forms of consideration as if it were a crime and they need to come up with an alibi for it. I have heard such remarks as: "I have ordered my slave to bed for the day. She is sick and....eeerr...uuuhhh....slaves don't serve well when they're sick and I dislike my property not being at peak performance." I have to admit that I have been guilty of similar remarks. I have been known to say things such as: "Drive carefully. I do not want my property to be damaged." as if it would be some sort of strike against myself and the entire dominant community to admit I care for and worry about my slave.

It has only been recently that I have come to question such an attitude. It is not that I believe that such an attitude has no place in a lifestyle relationship; only that such an attitude is a hindrance in a lifestyle relationship in which shared affection is, at least, one of the primary considerations. We, as a community, like to pride ourselves on our honesty and sense of responsibility in our relationships, yet we will adamantly refuse to admit that that our consideration of our partner(s) wants, desires and comforts stems from our care and affection for them rather than our responsibility to them.

Where is our grand sense of honesty when it comes to things like this? We have even been known to say such remarks as the previous to ourselves to preserve the integrity of our attitudes. Again, I am not saying there is not a place for such attitudes. I have been involved in relationships that were based *\*only\** on the lifestyle dynamics without mutual affection. In these relationships, such an attitude was honest.

I tend to prefer those types, probably due to my own selfish desire not to be emotionally vulnerable. However, when the relationship moves beyond lifestyle dynamics to include shared affection, one needs to learn how to adjust one's attitudes to the change. While lifestyle dynamics involve honoring one's obligations, mutual affection involves thoughtfulness and consideration on how your actions (or lack of them) are going to make your partner *\*feel\**. This is when honesty and attitude can become sticky points, at least for me.

The very thought that, through some action or inaction of mine, my slave would feel emotionally hurt, or worse, in doubt of my feelings for him, turns my stomach into knots. I am just as attached to my slave as I am to my master, although I am much more capable of showing my feelings and being considerate towards my master than I am to my slave. Slaves seems to have the upper hand when it comes to showing consideration within a shared affection lifestyle relationship. While a slave will actively seek out many ways in which to show thoughtfulness towards their dominants, dominants don't seem to have the same diligence. How many dominants can name their slave's favorite color, flower, food or even what they like on a cheeseburger? How many dominants can tell when their slave is cold, hot, uncomfortable, stressed, worried or unhappy *\*outside\** of a scene? How many dominants would know what to do if they *\*could\** tell?

Which brings the interesting question: Does a slave have the *\*right\** to consideration from their dominant? I would imagine that if a dominant desires historical slavery and that, as property and nothing more, then the slave would not have the right to consideration... or anything else for that matter.

However, I also imagine that if the dominant shares affection with their slave, and desires to continue to share affection, that it will be very difficult for the slave to do so without also sharing mutual consideration.

Perhaps these will be points to ponder on your slave's next birthday. What did they do for you on your birthday?

November/December 2002

# Dominating vs. Domineering

by Chrystal

**[What follows is not written using the "he/she", "his/her" format; however, please understanding it as applying equally to both genders, Dommies and Doms.]**

Being a Dominant is not about acting in a domineering manner.

A domineering person is smugly convinced of his own important. His manner is often harsh, self-centered, and uncaring as he arbitrarily asserts himself in an irritating manner over others. His presence is often disruptive and encourages disharmony in a group.

A dominating person has an aura of strength and power. He exercises his authority discreetly and has no need of pretensions. He is both self-contained and self-controlled. In contrast to a domineering person, he is usually judiciously reserved in his speech and conduct.

When I think of a domineering person at a social event, I picture a rather boisterous, pushy person interjecting himself where he is not wanted and quickly wearing out his welcome. He comes across as someone who desperately wants to be a "somebody" but who is a "nobody." His remarks and opinions are not taken seriously.

In contrast, when I picture a dominating person at a public event, I envision someone discreetly controlling and influencing what is happening around him. People are naturally attracted to him and feel reassured in his presence. He is composed and unperturbed yet quietly and keenly alert. He is a person in control and a person of influence. A few words of praise or encouragement from him are received with great satisfaction and taken as a measure of success. His views and advice are sought and heeded.

Dominant wannabes, and some newbies who haven't quite figured it all out yet, can come across as pathetically (almost laughably) domineering. Their "victims" are all too often sincere, eager fledgling subs who are painfully uncertain of themselves or still pitifully clueless. ::sigh:: An extreme (classic?) example of the domineering-type "Dom" is the one whose first words upon meeting a new sub are "On you knees, bitch." <<Unfortunately, there are sorry wannabes out there who behave like this.>>

Now of course we all know what a "real" Dominant is and how he acts, so there is no need to elaborate. ;-) Needless to say he has \*earned\* his submissive's full devotion and respect. In complete contrast to "Master On-Your-Knees-Bitch," instead envision the Dominant whose uses discreet gestures to command his trained submissive, who remains attentive in readiness to serve her Master with schooled grace and ease. With subtle hand signals he commands her to kneel at his side, fetch him a drink, mingle with the guests, and so on. His raised eyebrow immediately causes her to assess and, if called for, correct her behavior. With what subtlety and absoluteness he exercises his control over her! A pleasing sight to behold indeed.

How can anyone confuse masterful artful dominating with clumsy brutish domineering? They are at opposite ends of the continuum of commanding and controlling behaviors. Now exactly where along that continuum does a wannabe "Dom" become a "real" Dom???



# Fear or Respect

## A lesson from my Father

by FineArt

### FEAR

As in other facets of life, there are those who rely on fear to gain the upper hand, to control those in their environment. In some cultures today, some governments, even in some business, those in power rely on the knowledge or perception that swift and severe consequences will follow if someone "crosses the line", disobeys or fails to follow the rules or does not meet expectations. Fear often has a legitimate place in BDSM and D/s. However, the Dominant must carefully examine the methods he uses to establish this fear.... and his motivation in doing so.

The two faces of fear

There are two distinct forms of fear... each of which should be clearly understood.

The first is the fear of the unknown or the knowledge of what could happen. It is often associated with trying new and different things. It is the anticipation of the unknown or untried... or simply something one feels very uncomfortable doing. For example, many people "fear" public speaking or venturing on their own into new surroundings. Or it can be a "fear" of being taken to the edge... such as with knife play or being bound for the first time or asphyxiation. Like riding an exciting roller coaster or seeing a horror movie, such situations can bring on the adrenaline, create a tremendous rush... and enhance the pleasures of both the Dominant and submissive.

Such fears are often accompanied by great anticipation, anxiety, even dread. Many times, these fears define limits to be explored, pushed by the Dominant in order to help the submissive grow as a person, to experience new things. In other cases, these fears offer opportunities for reaching emotional highs or to experience extremes of sensual pleasures.

For the competent Dominant, these represent opportunities to push the limits, to drive the relationship to new highs or to derive the maximum amount of pleasure, most often mutual pleasure, from the sensual aspects of the chosen lifestyle of those involved. The competent Dominant will measure the reactions, the progress, in order to push the limits over the edge or beyond the previous boundaries... WITHOUT going too far or fast. The goal is to experience new things, or to conquer fears, to assist the submissive in gaining new capabilities or experiencing new highs... without having the fear become terror! And without breaking the spirit of the submissive.

The second form of fear is the fear of unjust, unfair, perhaps irrational actions on the part of the Dominant. Some, only a few, feel the need for others to know that they are "in control and powerful", that in their position of Dominant, they can reach out and do whatever they want to their submissive, and perhaps others as well, simply because they are Dominant! Occasionally, we see Dominants who work hard to establish this perception of "fear" in others... promising swift and severe punishments to others for even the most minor of infractions, or perhaps for no reason at all... other than their own will. Some even attempt to intimidate their peers through their actions.

When these actions are effective, they do not result in the adrenaline rush or the heights of pleasure. Most often they do not tear down barriers to the submissive's willingness to do new things or overcome anxieties of doing some things. Instead, they build walls, cause others to simply avoid doing those things that will "set the Dominant off". Like the actions of an abusive spouse or schoolyard bully, these tactics may lead others to cower or result in trepidation or terror instead of growing and prospering in the relationship... certainly not a basis for a healthy relationship.

When these methods are ineffective, the wielder not only loses the respect of others... but also looks a fool!

### RESPECT



Few things are more pervasive in the realms of D/s and BDSM than the concept of respect. While respect may easily be given for "position or status", respect for the individual must be earned. To be respected is to be held in a position of esteem or high regard. Those who are respected in our community receive particular attention, often their guidance is sought.

Respect is earned in many ways... how the Dominant treats others, the soundness or wisdom of what they do or say, the consistency of their actions, the perceived quality of their experience or their ability to assess and influence their environments. Respect also comes from how they administer discipline or punishment or how they push others, especially their submissives, to explore new things.. to move past some of their limits. (Recall the "wisdom" of King Solomon!) Included is how the Dominant utilizes the emotion of fear, if it is used at all!

## **THE LESSON OF MY FATHER**

As a curious, ambitious, adventuresome, headstrong and often mischievous boy and young man, I spent a great deal of time with my father. He taught me to think for myself, but equally important, beyond myself... to the impact my actions and decisions would have on others. Through him, I established my own values... strongly influenced by his own, of course, yet they were my own. He taught me to question things, to make sure that the important things in my life fit together, supported each other instead of tearing me in different directions. Through him, I established strong values and beliefs like hard work, the importance of achievement and contribution, independence and integrity. He guided me to be a risk taker, to explore new things, to go where others would not. Like him, I learned to stand firmly for those things I believe in where others might falter.

Many times, I stood before my father for discipline or punishment. (Chuckling as I recall how very many times I incurred his disappointments... but never his disapproval of me as a person.) On these occasions, he was strict... and many times I thought, harsh. But I always understood why I was standing before him. And always it was my learning and growth that he sought. Never once did he seek retribution or his own satisfaction of "securing a pound of flesh" from me, although I am sure there were many times he was sorely tempted!

As I look back on those times, so long ago, they were never fun times for me... nor, I suspect, for him either. But they are some of my clearest and, in hindsight, fondest memories of the man who shaped me to become a man myself. Now, more than three decades since his passing, there is seldom a day goes by that I do not call on him... his wisdom, his methods to live a life that would make him proud that I am his son.

Never once did I stand before him in fear. I never cowered in his presence. With his guidance, what he taught me, I never stood in his shadow, but was able to come from under the umbrella of his care to be what I am today. Whatever I did with my father, who was also my closest friend in so many ways, whether standing beside him or before him.... it was always with the utmost admiration and RESPECT.

As I view the actions of some in our community, seeing how they conduct themselves, how they administer punishment or how they attempt to establish themselves through the installation of fear, I am thankful for this lesson from my father.

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November/December 2002

# Rough Sex, BDSM and other Mushy Delininations

## by Sensuous Sadie

My first summer in Vermont I discovered Alberto selling collectible books at an outdoor flea market. Even as we flirted in the bright summer sunshine, he impulsively grabbed me and kissed me. I was astonished by a stranger kissing me, and took him as a lover that very weekend. Alberto was a lady's man, a man who loves women, who loves to please, and that pleased me.

I hung with Alberto because he liked rough sex, or at least he liked rough sex with me. I knew he did the slow hand thing with other women, but his dalliances didn't distract me any. He was the closest thing to BDSM when BDSM was just wishful thinking for me.

I have another lover now who is a lot like Alberto, although discovered under the aegis of the D/s community. Jeremy is one hell of a lay, and likes to please, too. More rough sex. Sometimes play rape scenes on the livingroom carpet. Sometimes the "39 steps" where I get a flick of tongue, a pat on the fanny, or a soulful kiss each time I took another step up. A lot of positions and a lot of hair pulling; a bit of rough and tumble as they used to say.

I like it well enough, although it doesn't seem much like BDSM to me. Jeremy thinks it is, though because he's a novice Dominant, and for the novice, moving from regular sex to regular sex with a spanking is BDSM. I don't argue with him. Let him have his delusions, as my mom used to say. They'll be forfeited soon enough.

Jeremy is also laboring under the misconception that after six months in the lifestyle, he has graduated from novice to intermediate. Maybe ten rolls in the hay with me plus some on the side. But does this a Dominant make? Perhaps, perhaps not. Depends on his state of mind I suppose. As I see it he was a great lay as a novice, and he's still a great lay as an "intermediate." But this still ain't BDSM.

I hope I'm not being too hard on him. I suppose some of my confusion stems from the night I first met him at a party. Just before we all went home, he knelt and laced up my party boots. His own submissive side is so close to the surface that I cannot easily see the Dominant he says he is. He's a switch, but to me his submissive side is what resonates. Maybe I'll always have that image of him in my mind, his soft grey eyes, bedroom eyes, gazing up at me.

His dominant style is not too different from his submissive style, pleasure oriented. He does whatever he can to make me happy, focussing wholly on giving me pleasure. The result is my feeling his submission to me, even though technically he's dominating me. He may be tossing me over the kitchen table to do me, but he's doing it because I want it. I'm not really sure what he would do if left to his own devices.

I wonder if there is a such a thing as "dominant" dominance and "submissive" dominance. In theory, if Jeremy wants to caress me all night long, it's my job as submissive to go along with it. Not to mention it would be ludicrous to complain about too much. But somehow, something is missing and I'm not sure what that something is. There are touches of bondage, pain, control, but all hesitating, not followed through to someplace where I might forget myself. Never beyond lighthearted. There is more, but he's not there yet.

Rough sex can morph into BDSM, but where does one become the other? Fuzzy, very fuzzy. A novice or an intermediate? Depends on who's doing the measuring. A dominant Dominant or a submissive Dominant? Both or neither in the novice explorer. Is pleasure enough? No, not enough.

What is refreshing about Jeremy is that he is joyful and unfettered by "shoulds." He is a welcome change from some of the lifestyle folk who take BDSM so darn seriously. Together we gossip, we tickle, we giggle. Yes, we fuck. A lot.

Jeremy has no philosophy, no construct, no style. Not yet. Rather, he is present and rapt with passion. He kisses me impulsively, slides his hand into me, leaves me breathless. Maybe not BDSM, but enough to take him as my

lover this weekend, and maybe longer.



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# The Submissive Slave: Thoughts, Reflections... Recognition

by dark whisper

There seems to be an ongoing debate within the world of D/s, particularly the online world of D/s, about the difference between a submissive and a slave. This particular topic comes up time and time again in the chat room I frequent, and so far... it has eluded real definition.

Semantics often plays a major role in these discussions -- often moving the focus from the thoughts... to the wrangling over word usage and pigeon-holing. Recently, I found myself speaking with a dominant that I trust and respect, about this very topic, and found that the discussion began to capture some of my own ideas, and I thought to share them here with you.

We all know the common definitions as pertains to BDSM~D/s:

A slave:

A person owned by another -- without rights, without choices, without the ability to drive their own lives and directions. A person whose very existence is at the whim and desire of another. Property. Cherished and loved, but still... given over to another to make all decisions for this person. The slave makes one choice, and one choice only. To become a slave. After that, they accept, without question, every decision the dominant makes. The only "out" is if the slave leaves the relationship. There is no negotiation after the initial guidelines have been set up, and the slave must accept everything the dominant decrees. Including being "traded" or accepting new people into their lives.

A submissive:

One who gives over their own personal power and control to another voluntarily. One who accepts the guidance of a dominant and gives the right of their own decisions/directions/growth to another in most aspects of their relationship. An exchange of power occurs, with both the submissive and the dominant giving equally of their time and emotions. A choice, or gift, that can be withdrawn at any time by either the dominant or the submissive. A submissive has many rights. Including: the right to be respected; the right to negotiate; the right to have levels of control over aspects mutually agreed upon in everyday life; the right to say no; the right to feel equal as a person.

It came to me, during this discussion, that there are many crossovers in these two seemingly different types of submission. The term slave has caused more hackles to rise than many other terms that are bandied about in the world of D/s. Definitions seem to change and move, depending on who is speaking, and their own ideas. Often, those who consider themselves slave, or those who consider the one who serves themselves to BE slave, equate "slavery" with a deeper level of submission. Conversely, those who are submissive (and by default, those who have submissives in service to them), often feel that being a submissive requires a deeper sense of submission than that of a "slave."

The emergence of "Gor" and "Gorean" activities has muddied the waters even more. In Gor, a slave is literally property, with no rights. He/she is owned and is (hopefully) treated as a prized possession. The Gorean slave serves any dominant or "free person" whether they want to or not, whether they like the person or not -- if it is the whim or desire of their master or mistress, and in the case of an un-owned slave, any free person. As close to true slavery as is possible in the modern world.

This separation of slave and submissive is what causes the problems with definition. Most equate the term "slave" to the Gorean idea of slave, and forget about the very real life choice of consensual slave. And a new term came to mind: submissive slave.

I am a submissive slave. The dynamics of my own relationship give me so much freedom -- the freedom to do as I like in most cases. I maintain the rights of the submissive as detailed above, but with one major difference. I am owned. I have given him ownership over me, and he has accepted that ownership. Wow. Stop and think about that for a moment.

I am a very strong woman -- emotionally and intellectually. Yet, I am finding that I am not whole unless I give away the control I hold in my private life to my Master. Reaching deeper within myself to the core of who... I am.

It's funny in a way, because I thought I had a pretty good idea of what real submission was. I looked to all the "activities" that I had engaged in, and thought of those things as proof of my submission. Recently, something happened with my Master that pretty much blew all of that right out of the water. I was being "disciplined" for failure to realize that by not communicating with him, I was showing him that I wasn't thinking of him, and only considering my own needs. I didn't realize that. I truly didn't. I did not complete an assignment, and the reasons I did not were valid... yet, rather than telling him of those reasons and explaining why I was unable to complete his instructions, I simply waited for him to ask. Thereby giving the impression that I didn't care that the assignment was not completed. Which was far and away opposite of what I truly felt, but didn't realize... just how it appeared.

During his rather unique way of disciplining me (He doesn't tell me what I've done wrong, rather, responds in a way guaranteed to cause me to think and feel -- struggling with the concepts until they are clear, and THEN helping me to understand even more

clearly), I, for the first time, truly -- mind and soul -- surrendered to him. I gave up everything. I cannot describe what happened to me other than saying it was an epiphany. I had submitted to him many times before, but it was always a bit of a struggle. This time, it simply came. All control was given to him, and he took that control... and then gave it back to me in a way I cannot describe.

Later, I began to put the pieces together, and began to understand more fully this concept of submissive slavery. I knew that I was slave to him. There was never any doubt of that in my heart or mind, but I wasn't able to actualize the concept beyond the feeling of what that meant to me.

Complete emotional surrender. That is, I think, the crux of the submissive slave. It's not about the activities, rather, it is all about the emotions. Surrendering, not submitting. Giving up that tightly held kernel of emotional control, and allowing someone else -- one's dominant -- to take that gift onto themselves, and then... give it back. Stronger and deeper than ever before.

This raises the question of dependence. Does it mean now that the submissive is dependent upon his/her master/mistress? To the degree that there is interdependence within most relationships, yes. But in this context, it is not necessarily dependence as a form of clinging -- an unhealthy aspect -- but surrender. A good dominant will take that surrender... as a gift... and then give it back as strength -- allowing the submissive slave to become stronger in who she is... and who she serves. The entire time... using that surrender to move deeper... and open doors that have been locked tight... with steel walls protecting a bruised soul.

Dependence can become unhealthy when it becomes a manic grip borne of fear and insecurity on either part. If a person (submissive or dominant) feels that they have to hold on, in order not to lose what they have, then something is missing -- most likely real trust. In a submissive, it might be categorized as clinging... in a dominant, it could be viewed as manipulation.

~realizing I have rambled, once again, away from the initial thoughts... returning to them~

So, having said all that, let's go back to the difference between submissive and slave, hmm? Honestly, I think (and this is my own definition) that a submissive can be a slave under the right set of circumstances, to the right dominant for him/her. Not all want to be slave, nor should anyone expect this of themselves or of another. I believe it is a naturally occurring movement from submissive to slave under certain circumstances that only occurs when all the pieces come together in certain ways.

A "slave" holds a mindset of total obedience and control, and submits within those guidelines to a dominant, and in the case of Gorean slaves, submits to any dominant (the Gorean philosophy gives the impression that slaves are simply chattel, not much different than any expensive livestock). A submissive only submits to those she/he chooses to submit to -- on any level, and only under agreed upon activities/time. A submissive slave may not wish to give up control over every aspect of their lives, wishing to maintain some sense of identity and independence, but goes deeper inside to that place of total surrender.

This is not to say that any of these "types" are better, or a "higher form of submission" than the others, only that there are different ways to look at the common labels. I usually don't like using labels, but there are times when they are useful to give a general idea of a concept or idea, and help clarify one's own ideas and thoughts.

And at the end of this rather rambling article, it all boils down to this: A slave is one who feels, inside, that they are slave to their "One" no matter the activities and permutations that brings that revelation about. That is all that really needs to be said.

November/December 2002

# Sweet Memories of a slave

by Baron

Letting Go

For the better part of the past week, I have been going through a number of issues in my private life that directly effect every waking moment of my life.

These are ramblings, s.b. will never see, yet I needed to put them in a place that has changed my life, given it some direction, and put me in touch with some slave girls, who despite the fact that there are many demands on them and that they have Master's in their lives, find a way in email to remind me I am not alone and never will be.

This post deals with a female slave friend of mine, that is the best way I can explain the relationship with her. This slave girl was at one time a member of this group and started writing to me because I was somewhat local to her area. I remember the first time I met her, I remember the sound of her voice, the car she drove, the first submissive thing she ever did in my presence and what it felt like to hold her the first time she cried in my arms.

I was her Mentor in the beginning, yet, with that special talent she has within her, she "touched" me in a manner I had not ever allowed any other slave to do. I allowed her to see and know parts of my personal life I never allowed any other slave to see before. I was deeply touched by her presence in my life and yet because of the nature of the relationship, was not able to ethically or morally tell her so.

I shared notes with her, met her in person on several occasions for lunch and we developed into best friends. I did caution her that the nature of the information I was teaching her would eventually cause me to remove myself from her life and she told me it would never happen. I shared the secrets I know and taught her exactly what a slave needs to know in order to give her mind, body and soul to a Master. I gave her the tools she needed to make her dreams come true. There was nothing that went on in her life I did not know about because she wanted me to know, that was acceptable as a Mentor to know about a slave girl and still have the professional distance one needs to with a student of the lifestyle.

She got busy as a slave girl should, with job and family and all those other things real life brings into ones life. September 11th changed her dramatically as she found this need to spend it with her kids and husband, which is something I often told her she needed to do.

Time went by, she learned, she grew and then came the day she approached the Master of her dreams. He was presently surprised by her protocol, her sincere desire to give herself completely to him and I do mean that exactly as it is written. I knew it happened when her last letter to me, dated September 30th of last year, told me. I still have it. That letter was where she came to me, for a final moment, as my best female friend, and not the slave girl I had watched graduate into the collared slave girl. I told her I needed her to be assertive and she gave me that, in no uncertain terms, in that letter. I carried it in my wallet until yesterday. Inspirational in words, still to this day, it touched me deeply. I found myself for a moment the student in the capable and loving hands of a trusted and dear female friend of mine.

While the letter did not say good-bye, the writing on the wall became noticeable shortly thereafter. I taught her the rules of the lifestyle. I was not destined to be the one to own her heart. I knew where this would lead and I had to be true to my word and I did so. The last meeting was tough. I did not know at the time it was really the last meeting forever. She came to me for breakfast. The style with which she walked, the mannerisms were all there, those of a slave girl in high protocol and she made it known in the span of a few seconds the Master of her hearts desired owned everything about her. There was nothing showing that I could see of the s.b. I once knew. She was still in the same body and I told myself I could, on occasion, see glimpses of the person on the inside. I was completely respectful of her at all times as she told me she would have liked to feel my touch or be able to allow herself to feel my friendship but could no longer do so because of the collar she wore around her heart.

That folks is exactly what I taught her.

Problem is she had no idea that was the last meeting. I knew it every mile I drove back to Newark, De. My own life was in serious need of a change and I was given a chance to have one last attempt at making something good happen to me. I had to leave her behind, and many others as well, the people that made up my world had gotten busy in their own lives. I did the best I knew how and now it was time to pack my bags and go. A few days short of Christmas, I made the trek to a place far away from anything and anyone who knew me, and I landed in Phoenix.

I was never any good at letting go. I never could tell any sub goodbye because in my mind those are the words they will send me to my grave with and write on my tombstone.

I deeply regret having to leave from her life. The need she had for me was gone the moment that collar touched her neck. I waited for a few months just in case she needed someone to talk to, those calls never came. I watched email and the postal mail for

anything of a sign and it never happened.

I had to let her go and I knew damn well one day she would get a letter to me and tell of her wonderful life. Yesterday that letter came from her sister slave. In it she spoke of how life is tough on s.b. how she spoke of me on occasion and had regrets I never said goodbye or any parting thoughts. I had but she was not in the right mindset to understand what needed to be done. She enlisted the aide of a Mentor who because of his word had to leave her side and let her go. She made a wish and I did my best to see she got it.

I know often my time is limited with any slave girl, I know it matters to them for that moment in time and no one will take me out of their hearts. They do have a path to take and it is always in a different direction than I am going. It is comforting for me to know that for a time, be it mere seconds in the course of one's life, I have some good effect on another living person in this world. That is who I am and that is exactly what I do. I mattered then, and in some small way I would like to think I still matter to her. However I shall never know, for no one, not me or any other can, with any sense of ethical reasoning, break the rules I taught her to follow.

This slave girl touched me deeply. Since that time I have had a difficult time letting anyone into my life. She is the one who supported me in my toughest moments. When it looked like the website I have online now might never have become a reality, it was her help that made it happen. She was my best female friend.

So many times find myself wondering if anything I ever wrote here made any kind of difference to someone who needed to read the words I've written. I don't need to wonder anymore. I don't need to be concerned or worried or anything. The slave girls I've spent time with all went on and found what they needed to find because that's how it works. I can't stop them from coming and I can't stop them from going, I can only for a few seconds in a lifetime make a little difference with a joke or something that they need, that they believe I have and I eagerly share it because they make a request of me to do so.

Being a member of this group has brought many happy memories into my life. I have seen and met some in mere words and been inspired by s.b.'s September 30th letter to go on..travel and meet others and share the things I think that a slave girl needs to know about herself and her heart's desire even if it means leaving her once she finds Him.

I was often told by a wise Master, there will always be a slavegirl watching me, and she will make herself known to me, WHEN and only when I need that kind of support. \*Someday\* a femsub will find Me, she will touch me and become mine for the period of time. Past that I have no idea what will happen and it would be good for me to feel and know the touch of her inner slave girl's desires. I have my sights set on a femsub I plan to meet at the end of this year.

<http://www.dsrail.com>



November/December 2002

## Variations on Our Themes

by Jack Rinella

I think it's safe to say that we usually consider that those we first meet in the kinky scene are the truest representatives of that subculture. Certainly I did.

When I met Gay Leathermen in the early eighties, I had no conception that anyone else was in any way involved in that kind of activity. OK, I was naive and I admit it but without an opportunity to meet any other kind of kinky person it was natural to think that Leathermen were all that I would find.

Eventually, of course, I discovered that there were a few, and here I should emphasize very few, Lesbians in the scene as well. Then I met a few het women who were friendly with Gay men. Slowly my field of vision was expanded.

Vision, though, expands only slowly and myopia, "shortsightedness or lack of discernment in planning," lasts much longer than we might wish. So it was only many years later that I began to sense there were others who played as I did, even if they didn't play where I did and with whom I did.

The first non-Gay group that came to my attention were the professional dominatrices, then the local het players such as those in the now-defunct Chicagoland Discussion Group. Only later did I meet those involved in pansexual groups and munches. Those facts prove that I'm a slow learner but, hey, I do learn eventually.

I begin with these thoughts more as an explanation than a criticism. There's little wrong with being comfortable in your own niche and for most of us there is no need to venture further than our comfort zone and our close circle of friends. On the other hand there is much to be said about knowing the extent of the horizon and sampling the opportunities that await those who are willing to reach across fences and ford streams to make new friends and explore new territories.

As some of you know, a little more than a year ago I began exploring outside my comfort zone, attending events in distant states, and meeting people into a wide variety of alternative sexual practices. So wide in fact that I have to use the euphemism "alternative sexual practices." We're not, after all, uniformly into the same things. Our SM varies, as do our role-playing, our degree of involvement, our polyamory, our Ds, our fetishes, our communities, our genders, and our orientations.

My venturing out has gone a long way to destroy the stereotypes that line the pathways of my thinking. I am continually amazed at the diversity of our communities. In fact I have come to learn that we are communities, nowhere monolithic, nowhere homogenized, everywhere disparate. I have also learned that we are a very friendly, welcoming, and willing-to-learn group of people.

Many of us, of course, haven't met the other variations in the scene and therefore still hold the idea that our expression of kink, fetish, or lifestyle is either predominant or purest. We don't, happily, often hold those thoughts too tightly and so are generally able to conceive of manifestations of kink that differ from our preferences, even if we've never met anyone who was that different.

On the other hand, there are subtle biases that linger in our subconscious. A master, for instance, might think that his or her form of domination is nearer the standard than another's. The myth of the Old Guard plays into this, as does the typical Doms (myself included) egocentricity. In outlining some ideas for my next book, for instance, I came up with seven types of slaves, each reflecting a different kind of master: Greco-Roman, Sexual, Sissy Maid, Gorean, Manservant-Butler, Handmaiden, Domestic (this may be a duplication) and plantation. One could also add guardian masters, mentors, and Daddies of both genders.

This diversity is making itself known as pansexual groups reach out and welcome Gays and Lesbians, as Hets begin attending Leather events in increasing numbers, even to the extent of becoming contestants and judges. The lines of demarcation, once clear, are becoming blurred as men and women find themselves plural members of different clubs and organizations.

There was a time when one was permitted membership in only one club, for instance. Now there's room on our vests for multiple patches. Leather/levi clubs, long bastions of Gay male fraternity, are increasingly open to membership to both Het men and women of any orientation. The newest variation on the theme, boys' clubs, are routinely pansexual. Orientations, too, are becoming blurred for some. A good friend of mine recently admitted he called himself a "Gay man with Lesbian tendencies," since he had both male and female sex partners.

Adversity, too, brings us closer together as we find ourselves facing the same kind of threat from the Right. Here the experience of working for Gay Rights can be an educator for those seeking kinky rights. In many ways the present assault from the "Decency in America" crowd merely echoes the struggles Gays have had since the seventies. Sometimes it looks like Anita Bryant all over again.

Regional and national organizations are beginning to exercise a greater influence. Whereas in the past they generally reflected the aims of more specific target groups, we now see them embracing diversity. The Leather Leadership Conference, for instance, includes the widest possible array of kinky types. It is amazing to see pro-Dommes, Queer tops, Butch bottoms, and married



couples, to name just a few, all sharing and learning one with the other. The process can only enrich us all.

If my own experience holds true there is a remarkable future ahead of us as our diversity magnifies our opportunities for growth, for partnering, and for success. At the same time I find that experiencing different modalities enriches my thinking and my playing, though not to the detriment of my own home turf. It's for that reason, for instance, that I joined Chicago Hellfire Club, thereby reinforcing and strengthening my ties to my "Gay" roots, even as my branches stretched forth to embrace other arbors.

Rather than diminishing the love I have for male homo-erotic side of my kink, contact with straight men and women has increased my appreciation of our spaces and our styles. I hope to say, too, that the "our" means all of our styles. I've learned to appreciate professional Dominatrices, married men and women, bisexuals of every age and size, etc., as they have individually and collectively enriched my life.

It is incredibly satisfying as well to know that I am able to enrich theirs. Sure there'll be bumps, ruts, and pot-holes in the road ahead, but we couldn't find better co-travelers than the kinky folk of America -- whoever and wherever they are.

Have a great week. You can leave me email at [mrjackr@leathermail.com](mailto:mrjackr@leathermail.com) or visit my website at [www.L LeatherViews.com](http://www.L LeatherViews.com)  
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November/December 2002

# What are some basics of safe SM, emotionally and physically?

by Johnson Grey

SM is often play, and as such is fun! But SM can also get intense and powerful. Here are some useful tips for people just getting started.

## Emotional safety

First of all, communicate. Let your partner know what you want and don't want. Keep the dialogue going; watch your partner, be aware of what she or he is feeling and thinking, and respect his or her limits. Establish a safeword, and make it very clear that it will be taken EXTREMELY seriously if used. DON'T assume that your partner shares a fantasy of yours unless you've EXPLICITLY discussed it with them; just because someone likes being blindfolded doesn't mean they'll enjoy being tied up. And most important, give full permission to both people playing to stop at any time for any reason; respect each other enough to commit to call a halt and work things out if something goes wrong.

Be sensitive. SM play, which can (doesn't have to! but can) involve helplessness, intense sensation, and psychological domination, is strong stuff; it can reach deeply into someone's soul and bring up childhood traumas or hidden fears, without warning. Be aware that you are swimming in deep waters, and be respectful, loving, and careful. Don't let this reality scare you away from SM, though, if you want to experiment; let it make you more aware and open to what both of you are feeling. Most of all, decide for yourself whether SM (or elements of SM) has a place in your sex life; don't listen when someone else tells you "SM will be OK for you" or "SM will not be OK for you". Only you can make that decision.

Be honest. If you do not want to do something, don't let your partner pressure you into it. When you begin exploring SM, you may often find yourself with a partner who wants something more than you have experience giving, or who's right now in the mood for something that you're not in the mood for. In my experience, it's generally better to say, "Whoa, I think we're wanting different things. Let's talk." Doing a scene when you don't really want to can result in anything from a lukewarm scene to something you just wish was over. There is plenty of time... honesty, and not pushing, will lay a foundation of trust that will stand you in good stead later.

One especially charged kind of D/S play is dominance and submission, in which the bottom gives up some of their freedom of choice to the top, who can command them. Though many people with strong boundaries can play like this perfectly safely (and indeed derive enormous happiness and satisfaction from doing it), this kind of play can carry some real emotional risks for people with low self-esteem. The risk is that the dominant will wind up abusing their power, using the D/S dynamic to make the submissive feel ever more worthless and powerless, and hence willing to let the dominant take over more of their independence.

If you have issues around your personal sense of self-worth, and if you feel that being submissive (albeit perhaps an enticing idea) might serve to confirm and consolidate your negative self-image, you would do well to think hard about whether D/S play is for you at this stage of your life. The answer may well be "no." (And conversely, if you are considering topping someone who wants to submit because they deserve no better, you might consider whether you want a partner who thinks so little of themselves.) In general, it's imperative for everyone who does SM to look hard at their motivations and their boundaries, and to be clear on whether the SM (whatever form it may take) is self-actualizing or self-destructive.

It may not be all black-and-white, either; there may be some particular activities or roles or words that will make you feel unsafe, scared, or worthless, and you may well want to avoid those activities/roles/words. That is exactly what negotiation is for; you have the right to do what feels good to you and avoid what does not, and you have the right to insist your partner respect your boundaries. (This goes for any relationship, of course, BDSM or no.) The discussion of "when do dom/sub relationships become excessive or abusive" is an ongoing one on s.s.b-b, and for good reason; it's an important topic.

BDSM may at times be therapeutic, but it is in no sense a substitute for therapy. It's been said that "you can't take power from the powerless." A healthy D/S relationship is grounded in mutual respect, and in the knowledge that both partners are choosing this life in a fully informed, non-coerced manner; the submissive is proud to submit, and the dominant is proud to receive the gift of their submission. It is a very different thing from an abusive relationship in which one partner controls the other partner's entire world, with the goal of making that partner irrevocably and helplessly dependent.

## Physical safety

Back to the physical plane: If you are the top, and you are tying your bottom up, keep your attention on what you're doing. Your bottom is going to be blissing out; it's up to you to see that they're comfortable and kept amused. The "amusement" can be as nasty as you please, but see that they don't get bored; that's seldom fun.) Indeed, if you as top really are displeased with your submissive for breaking an agreement the two of you had made, ignoring them or sending them away may be the harshest

What are some basics of safe SM, emotionally and physically?

punishment you can administer. But that's pretty advanced.)

Remember AIDS. Almost everything beyond closed-lips kissing and bare-skin contact is potentially unsafe, unless some kind of latex barrier is used. No unprotected contact between any combination of fingers, genitals, mouth, and anus; use a latex dam (or saran wrap) for cunnilingus or rimming (i.e. oral-anal contact), gloves for manual penetration, condoms on dildos and dicks. Use water-based lubricants such as ForPlay, Astroglide, Wet, KY Jelly; if the lube has nonoxynol-9 in it (which kills HIV), all the better (but some people are allergic to nono-9, and Lord knows it tastes FOUL!). OILS AND OIL-BASED LUBES DISSOLVE LATEX; keep the mineral or massage oil away from your gloves and condoms (and latex clothing for that matter!).

Blood, semen, female secretions, urine... all can carry HIV. Play hard, but play safe. (One interesting thing about SM is that it expands the range of safe ways for people to pleasure each other! But it also expands the range of unsafe ways to play....) There are more safety tips, but if you want the in-depth skinny check some of the books at the end.

Disinfect your SM equipment after play, by washing with a disinfectant solution. Betadine is probably the most commonly-used disinfecting agent, followed by Hibiclens. Definitely disinfect dildos, sharp things, anything that penetrates or that could come in contact with blood. Disinfect whips and canes, if the scene has gotten heavy enough to bruise. Rubbing alcohol is not as good at cleaning things as it is made out to be; use an agent with antibacterial properties.

Many tops come up with an SM safety kit, containing (among other things) such items as a flashlight, duplicate keys for \_all\_ locks, bandage scissors (with one flat blade) for speedy bondage removal, a first aid kit with all the standard first aid items, disinfectant (such as Bactine or Hibiclens) for toys which come in contact with bodily fluids, safer sex supplies (sometimes including several varieties of lubricant--different people like different sorts), and so on. See \_SM 101\_ (a book listed in the Resources section) for an excellent description of such a kit.

And there are some things that are commonly regarded as potentially too dangerous to do unless you've been taught by someone who knows. Suspension is one: there are lots of things that can go wrong, and many of them can result in severe injury. Crucifixion is an especially hazardous form of suspension. And body piercing is also not for the novice; it takes know-how and precision, and a mistake can result in a really big mess.

Fortunately, most SM activities, such as bondage, spanking, and teasing, are not nearly so severe; you can start out light and build up the intensity as far as you both want to go. Pay attention to what you're doing and use common sense and you'll likely be fine. In general, start out slow and PRACTICE! You will learn quickly and you'll have fun all along the way, and soon you'll be places you'd only dreamt about!

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## A New Voyeur (Donna & George, Part Three)

by dark whisper

Donna turned over in the bed and curled tightly against George's back. His body was warm from sleep, and she smiled as she came more fully awake. Her thighs were sticky from the night before, and her limbs felt heavy and slightly sore. She lay in bed for several minutes re-living their bedtime antics. She had never had a partner like George before--he knew what he wanted, and took from her everything he knew she could give. Just the thought of the masterful way he fucked her brought a flush to her face, and a warmth to her crotch. Her eyes closed as she remembered the way his cock felt as it filled her aching pussy, while the dildo he rammed into her ass pushed deeper and deeper. Her breath started coming in little pants as she thought about his cock thrusting into her.

George came awake more slowly--feeling Donna's breasts flattened against his back while her hips bumped gently onto his ass. He knew she was horny, and he marveled at her stamina. He felt her turn away and heard her soft sighs as she slid her hand down her tummy to disappear into the thick mat of curls between her thighs. He pretended to sleep and turned over in bed to face her. He could tell she was watching his face, and he forced his breathing to stay deep and even. After a few moments, he felt the subtle jiggling of the mattress, and knew that Donna's fingers had resumed their touching. He opened his eyes just a tiny slit, and what he saw was almost enough to make him abandon his pose. Donna's face was slack with pleasure as the fingers of her left hand stroked slowly up and down her pussy. Her right hand cupped her breast, and her thumb brushed back and forth over the swollen nipple. He could see how the skin of her areola had puckered and tightened, and her nipple stood straight out like the eraser at the end of a child's thick pencil.

Donna moaned very softly as she slid her fingers down her slit. He could hear how wet she was in the silent bedroom. Her fingers made a soft sucking sound as she dipped first one finger, then two, deep into her opening. He watched as her knees drew up to give her more leverage, then trembled slightly as her thumb began to circle her clit. George thought he'd never seen a woman as sexy as Donna was at that very moment. His cock apparently thought so too, as it rose up of its own volition. George gave up pretending sleep and watched Donna unabashedly pleasuring herself. Her lips were parted, and the tip of her tongue poked out from between her even white teeth. Suddenly, her back arched up and her hips raised several inches from the bed. Her hand was almost a blur as she fucked herself with her first two fingers. Her thumb was banging against her clit with every thrust, and she was whimpering deep in her throat. George curled his right hand around his cock and began to slowly pump it up and down, enjoying the look of pleasure on Donna's face.

She came with shuddering gasps, her body arched up off the bed and she gave up trying to be silent. She started shrieking with pleasure as she rocked back and forth on her hand. The hand holding her breast began to squeeze, her fingernails digging into the soft pale skin while her body bounced and writhed. George watched her body gradually lose its rigidity. She was still panting slightly with gratification as her fingers pulled from between her pussy lips.

"Mmmmm, that was nice to watch, Donna...you're a very sensual woman." George's voice was thick with desire as his words broke the silence. Donna twitched with surprise when she heard his voice, she'd become so wrapped up in her own pleasure, she'd forgotten he was there for a few moments. She blushed slightly as she met his eyes, but the lust that swam deep in their depths left her smiling in satisfaction. She looked down at his body, and watched his fingers stroking up and down on his engorged cock. The head was a deep purple, and blue veins stood out in sharp relief on his thick shaft. A drop of clear pre-cum clung to the small slit at the tip of his cock. While she watched, he reached for her hand...the one that had been buried deep in her pussy. Very slowly, very deliberately, he brought her hand to his mouth and began to lick at her fingers. She watched as he sucked each finger in turn, cleaning it of her juices. Her mouth lowered and she flicked her tongue against the tip of his cock, catching the thick drop of pre-cum and tasting him as he tasted her. He released her fingers as her mouth closed over the head of his cock.

Her mouth was incredibly hot and wet with saliva. She used her entire mouth to bring him pleasure. Her tongue was slightly rough on the underside of his shaft while her lips were soft and smooth on the velvety smooth skin of his cock-head. She began to exert a gentle suction, and he felt his cock being pulled deeper into her mouth. Her teeth grazed lightly over his skin as he pushed his hips closer. He groaned as he felt her warm breath stir his thick pubic hair and her chin press against his balls. George reached for her hips and pulled her so her knees where straddling his head. He plumped two pillows beneath his neck, and his face was bare inches from her soaking wet pussy. His tongue reached for her clit just as she pulled her mouth off his straining cock, and reached for his balls. She felt his groan vibrate her clit as she licked his balls gently.

His tongue was sliding up and down her sopping wet slit, concentrating on her clit whenever he reached the top. She was moaning and rocking her hips back and forth as he licked and flicked. Her lips closed over one of his balls and she mouthed it cautiously, taking care to only give him pleasure...not pain. Her right hand reached back to her pussy, playing with her clit as his tongue delved deep into her vagina. She was so wet that her finger slid easily. She brought her finger back up and began to circle his ass with the wet tip. She felt his muscles contract, but she never stopped swirling around his tight little hole. She sucked his other ball into her mouth and curled her tongue around each in turn, sucking it in, then pushing it back out with the tip of her tongue. George was

bucking his hips and she could feel pre-cum trickling out of his cock as it brushed her cheek. Finally, she pressed the tip of one long fingernail into his ass. His cock surged and twitched against her face as she pressed. His muscles clenched tight around her finger, and she just let his body become used to the intrusion. When she felt his muscles relax a bit, she pressed in a little more. This time his body accepted her, and she smiled in gratification.

His hands reached up to hold her pussy lips spread wide open. He saw how pink she was inside, and his tongue slid up to lash against the thick nub of her clit. She felt another gush of moisture as his tongue swirled around it over and over. Donna kept pressing her finger deeper as George sucked on her clit, both were moaning and wriggling on the bed with excitement. Donna gave his balls a little nibble, then brought her lips back up to his dripping cock. She took his entire length with one downstroke. The tip of his cock hit the back of her throat and she felt it pulse inside her mouth. She began bobbing her head up and down, slowly at first, then faster as his hips began to thrust up to meet her downward strokes. She curled her other fist around the base of his cock and jacked him in time with her wet mouth. Her finger was still fucking his asshole, and George thought he would explode with pleasure. She twisted her finger, and George felt his balls pull up into his body and fill with seed. He'd never had his ass played with before, and he couldn't believe the sensations it caused throughout his body. He was sweating with desire, and his tongue was moving fast and hard over Donna's clit. He knew he was about to cum, and Donna was right behind him. He let out a huge moan as his white-hot cum jetted up his shaft and exploded into Donna's sucking mouth. Spurt after spurt coated her teeth and tongue as she sucked him in and swallowed him greedily. He felt her body tense and she ground her pussy onto his face, hips bucking wildly as her own orgasm swept over her.

Slowly, their bodies ceased their thrashing as they lay panting side by side. Heartbeats slowed to something approaching normal as they caught their breath and returned to earth. George knew that he'd finally found a woman that could keep up with him in bed, and he smiled in satisfaction as they both drifted off to sleep

© dark whisper - A Dark Whisper of Sound

# The Dog

by Michelle

Boots sounded firmly on the brick floor, the echoes bouncing off the walls on their way to the inner chamber of the business office.

"Good morning, Ma'am, there is a new applicant waiting inside," Troy announced politely as he handed her the morning mail. She gave his thick, long brown hair a stroke, igniting a low, rumbling purr.

"Good morning, Troy, thank you. The one from New Jeri? Good, I've been expecting him. First impressions?" She could always count on her assistant for an honest opinion in this atmosphere of courtiers and toads.

"Subby," he said with a slight twist of distaste to his lips. "I suppose we could use someone to clean the showers."

Clare chuckled and tsk-tsk'ed. "They have their uses in other areas," she said with a gentle reprimand to the tip of his nose. "Yes, Ma'am."

"The litter-box," she heard muttered as she went into her office.

Cats, she thought with another chuckle. Such snobs....

Glancing at the applicant kneeling in the middle of the floor, she could tell immediately what set Troy off; the boy had a definite dog sense about him. Looks like a boxer, she thought, wondering if this new boy had discovered his inner animal yet. Probably not, if he came in from New Jerusalem.

"Good morning, boy," she said, tossing the mail on her desk and turning to stand in front of it, facing him. "I am Madam Clare. You may call me Ma'am."

"Yes, Ma'am, good morning, Ma'am."

He remained in formal Presentation, his eyes fixed at her feet. Clare gave a small nod of approval. She had taken a month to decide if she wanted to take him on. His previous trainers had given up on him, declaring his wall of pride was too thick for them to pound through.

"Stand," she ordered. He stood in one fluid movement, a small surprise for such a compact body. "Inspection." His hands went behind his neck.

"You were trained at Evedim h'Beit," she commented as she moved around him. His skin colored slightly. "Why have you come here? You would fetch a pretty price in a private household." She took a nipple between two fingers and gave it a harsh twist. He grunted but didn't move. She gave his taunt butt a pat in approval.

"My Masters felt that I had too much pride, Ma'am," he confessed after a moment. Honest. She nodded. And Troy saw a submissive in this boy? A titanium wall was what she saw.

Clare didn't always approve of Evedim's methods, they had no imagination, tending to treat everyone the same instead of playing on individual personalities. Clare tended to see animal souls in people and used that to her advantage. So they offered the boy to a public house -as punishment? There were still plenty of noses that went into the air over public pleasure houses. Hmm... dogs... dogs....

She pulled her chair from behind the desk and sat, pointing at her feet. He dropped back into Presentation.

"My boots are new," she commented. "They got dusty on the way in. Clean them."

He hesitated. "Does Ma'am have a preferred method, Ma'am?" he asked politely. Point..

"Use your mouth."

Starting at the tip of the toe, he began with small licks and then extending into lapping over her ankles. She could feel the warm moistness of his tongue through the new black leather. His lapping grew into slurping as he sucked at the toe of the boot, low growls of pleasure emerging from his throat. Clare raised an eyebrow. What's this? She noticed that his hips were moving in small rutting motions. Reaching over to her desk, she quietly took the newspaper and rolled it up.

Smack!

He jumped as the paper hit his ass.

"Bad dog!" she snapped. He hid his face in the floor and whined. That was fast, she thought, congratulating herself on the guesswork.

"You were not given permission to hump. Turn."

He scrambled, keeping his face to the floor as he turned, presenting his butt to her. She smacked it a few more times, the flesh reddening nicely as he whined. He tried to pull away. Clare put the toe of her boot against his hole, grinding his hips to the floor and continued to beat his ass and the backs of his thighs with the newspaper.

Satisfied that she had his attention, she tossed the paper back onto the desk and watched his quivering form for a moment.

"Hips in the air," she commanded. "Not that high." She slid her boot under him, digging into his balls. "You will come when I want you to come. Your cock and balls belong to me. Under no circumstances are you to masturbate without my permission. You should have learned all that under your previous owners."

"Ma'am, yes, Ma'am," she heard muffled from the floor. His previous owners probably didn't know there was a dog lurking inside of him, she thought.

She rubbed her boot on his balls and he grunted with a small quiver of his hips. Suspicious, she used her boot to flip him over. His belly and her boot were covered in a sticky, whiteness. He whined, paws in the air as he presented his belly to her.

Clare sighed.

"Clean my boot, dog."

She made a mental note to herself to tell Troy to order more newspapers.

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November/December 2002

# Mr. Smith - The Weekend

by FineArt

She was thinking as she walked to her car through the crowded mall parking lot, thinking about her day at the clothing store and of the weekend, about the week she had had at home. Although her car was parked far away from the buildings, it was well lit and there were many people about. She was not too aware of or concerned about what was happening around her. She was a striking woman, elegantly but conservatively dressed. She did not notice as several admiring heads turned to watch her walk though the parking lot, a coat draped over her arm.

She had been very troubled when she left for work that morning. Her husband had left on what was supposed to be a week long hunting trip... up in the mountains, away from everything. They had not had words, but neither had they made love all week. And unusual things had been happening of late. Odd hours phone calls; once a hint of a strange perfume on his collar. She had dismissed it as her imagination... but thoughts were creeping back as she contemplated a weekend alone, off work.

Then she thought about the customer who had taken a good part of her afternoon. An unusual man, not handsome, but tall, quiet. His most distinguishing features had been his eyes... piercing, almost cold... and his voice... quiet, but firm... demanding attention, respect. He had come into the men's department where she worked, and had sought her assistance, even though two others had approached him first. He had asked her advice as he selected 4 ties and 2 shirts. She thought it unusual that he would ask her input on white shirts... but each item had been conservative, tasteful... expensive.

He then asked if she would help him select some other items throughout the store.... She had replied that she was not familiar with the merchandise in the other departments, but he had insisted... saying it was a very special weekend ahead for him and he wanted her input to assure the items would be just right for the special lady who would be in his company. She had gotten permission from her supervisor who had insisted that she help this gentleman in every way requested. That he was an important customer.

They had spent nearly 2 hours in the various women's department, selecting mostly toiletries and intimate apparel. Only twice had he given a small smile or chuckle... once when she had told him how much she loved a particular perfume, one she could not persuade her husband to get her... and when he had commented how much the blue of some lingerie complemented the blue of her eyes and her natural blonde hair. She knew he was an important and unusual customer when she processed his purchases, on a store credit card, which read only Mr. Smith. He had thanked her and wished her a most enjoyable weekend before leaving.

She was thinking about what this lucky woman would have in store for the weekend compared with the loneliness of her own... the uncertainty that was creeping up on her. She was very deep in thought as she dug into her purse for her keys and then inserted the key in the door lock...

She was startled when she felt someone gently grasp her elbow... and looked up into his piercing eyes. "You will join me" he said softly, firmly. It was not a request, but a command. "I have further needs for your assistance."

\* Blushing\* "I. I am not sure." she stammered. "I am off work" "This is not work" he replied. "My needs of you are more personal." And with a firm, yet gentle turn of her elbow, he began to steer her away from the car.

"But my car" she started to say. "Leave it, leave the keys where they are, in the door. It will be taken care of" his voice even firmer, the grip on her elbow tightened as they started toward a black Townecar parked nearby, the motor running, a rear door open.

Nearly in a whisper, calm yet afraid, her eyes falling to the ground as he directed her to the car she replied "Yes, Mr. Smith." He let her enter the car first and with his hand indicated she should scoot to the other side of the car before he also entered. "We can go now" he said to the driver, then pushed a button at his side... a dark glass partition coming up between them and the driver. It was then that she noticed all the windows in back were darkly tinted. She could not see out and she was again very afraid.

Leaning to open a small cabinet in the back of the front passenger seat, he took out two crystal wine glasses and a bottle of a deep red wine... as he opened the wine, without looking at her he said, in a firm, calming voice "do not worry, my dear. You are in no danger. And you will find your weekend to be one of great pleasure." With that he handed her a glass, and raised his own in a toast. "To our pleasure" he said.

"What are you going..." she began to ask before he raised his hand to stop her.

"All your questions will be answered, my dear" he replied, his voice now cold, spoken very firmly. "But for now, just know I have great need for your company. You will not be harmed. And if you do exactly as I say, you will be richly rewarded."

"Mr. Smith, I am NOT..." she blurted... stopping as she saw the hand come up again.

"My dear, have faith. I assure you, you will not be harmed. This weekend will answer many deep questions that are troubling you. But you are not to speak to me unless I have given you permission, asked you a question, or you are expressing appreciation for



something I have done for you.. " His eyes piercing hers. "Do you understand!" Again, it was not a request or question, but a command.

Dropping her hands to her lap, holding the still full wine glass, eyes downcast she replied "Yes, Mr. Smith, I understand." The fear was still there, but the calm of his voice, the look in his eyes were also calming to her.

They did not talk while the car sped down a highway, going for well over an hour before turning onto a side road, a twisting road. Each of them had had 3 glasses of wine by the time the car pulled to a stop, and her door was opened... outside was what appeared to be an old English butler in white gloves and tails...

"Go with Edgar, my dear. He will tell you what must be done. I will join you in one hour." Again, a soft, but commanding voice.

"Yes, Mr. Smith" she replied softly, eyes downcast until she stepped out of the car, onto the drive under a high portico of what was a large mansion. Edgar led her through a spacious foyer, furnished with genuine antiques and fine paintings, down a long, wide hallway, spacious rooms to each side, to a heavy door.

Opening the door, and leading her in, she could see that it was a bedroom, much larger than most rooms in homes, dominated by a four-poster bed. Her eyes moved only to the bed as Edgar led her to the middle of the room. "Milady, the items you are to wear are on the bed. You may place what you are wearing in this closet" opening the door to a huge walk in, empty on one side, but filled with colorful, tasteful if exotic women's clothing on the other. "And this is your toilette" Edgar said, pointing to another door. "Master will be here in one hour. Do not keep him waiting." With that, Edgar turned and departed, closing the door as he left... the solid click of the door locking echoing through the room.

Alone, again afraid, .she looked around the large room. An unusual room... The bed was the centerpiece, but there were a number of dressers and cabinets. And to one side of the room was athletic equipment, including a trapeze hanging from the solid beams of the ceiling. Slowly she moved to the bed and turned crimson as she saw what was laid out for her. It was a part of the lingerie she had helped him select that afternoon. The sapphire blue he had commented about... a lacy, filmy see through bra, the very brief panties, a garter belt, dark seamed stockings and a pair of high heeled shoes. She blushed even deeper when she realized that all of the items were exactly her size... and realized that this was not a random selection. She had been carefully chosen for whatever was ahead for her. She was afraid, but suddenly excited, anxious to see what was happening.

She picked up the items, thinking of what she should do... knowing she was captive. Almost in a daze, she walked to the bath Edgar had pointed out to her... and was surprised when she opened the door. The room was larger than most bedrooms, and was obviously a woman's room. The décor was light and tastefully flowery. There was a large, stand-alone tub, and a shower to the side... she noticed the clear glass enclosure. And a bidet... she had seen pictures of them, but had never actually seen one.

On the counter were a number of personal items... still holding the lingerie in both hands, she smiled when she saw, among the powders and other items, the perfume she herself had selected earlier into the day. Again, she blushed when she saw, among the items, a woman's razor. She was embarrassed when she thought that it had been several days since she had shaved. She actually turned away when she thought about this and that it was a complete stranger who would be coming to this room soon... and dropping the lingerie to the floor, she ran to the door, trying to open it... and felt panic when she realized it was indeed locked. Leaning against the door, she tried to collect her thoughts... and thought not only of this stranger, but of her week with her husband... closing her eyes, taking a deep breath, she moved slowly to the bathroom... and turned on the water to draw a bath...

As the tub filled, she looked at the items on the counter... and was surprised to find that each was a new jar, bottle or tube of the very items she normally used. Or the companion items to the perfume she had selected...

Now decided, she moved quickly to bathe... and was very careful as she shaved herself... making sure that her most intimate parts were silky smooth and clean.... Leaving the tub, she found the towels to be large, luxurious... and a fluffy, white, terry robe...

Quickly, she sat at the counter and redid her makeup and hair, tastefully applying the perfume...

Noting that the time was growing short, she retrieved the lingerie from the floor... starting with the bra, then the panties, the garter, then the stockings... then, pausing ... she moved the straps of the garter to inside the filmy panties... thinking she could be a bit erotic herself... then blushing at the very thought of what she was thinking... looking into the full mirror, she was again embarrassed when she saw how much of her buttocks were uncovered by the panties... the stocking coming to her mid-thigh... the seams were straight... then, as she turned and looked face on to the mirror... and realized that the lingerie really only accentuated her figure... the full breasts, the aroused nipples very evident through the fine lace of the bra... the slit of her womanhood minutely concealed by the panty...

Closing her eyes and swallowing deeply, she wondered if she could go through even the next few minutes, much less the night... or weekend... she panicked... she did not know....

Grabbing the robe, she put it on. And went into the bedroom... looking about... looking more closely at the athletic equipment... thinking it was so strange being here... and noticing that there were tapestries on the wall behind...

For a few moments, she wandered the room... looking at the furnishings... but not daring to open another door or any drawers...

Quickly, she took her clothing and hung it in the closet. Wanting to examine the other things in there more closely, but hearing

voices outside, she had only seen the first item, a long, black, velvet gown, with a low cut bodice, noting it was exactly her size... before she went into the bedroom... and looking about, decided to sit on the side of the bed... in the robe and lingerie...

Quietly, she sat, her hands folded in her lap as the voices outside continued... her eyes fell to her lap as she heard the click of the lock... and heard rather than saw the heavy door open....

She raised her eyes and watched as Mr. Smith walked across the room... he was now dressed in a pair of silk pajamas and a rich purple robe... her eyes again dropped to her hands as he turned to look at her as he sat in a large, overstuffed leather chair across the room. He gazed at her for what seemed a long time, but was only seconds before he spoke. Again, cold, commanding... firmly, but softly. "My dear, come, stand before me... I want to see you... to examine you... My dear, did Edgar leave that robe on the bed? Was it there when he said this was what you were to wear for Me?"

Flushing under the intense gaze, hearing the words, she slipped the robe off her shoulders... letting it fall to the bed as she demurely stood and, eyes downcast, moved slowly, hands clasped in front of her womanhood, to stand a few feet in front of Him. "No, Sir" she whispered. Raising her eyes, she began to ask "Mr. Smith, why have y..."

Raising his hand, his eyes flashing "woman, were you given permission to speak? Did I ask you a question?"

"No, Sir" she whispered. Suddenly afraid again, dropping not only her gaze, but her head toward her chest, feeling more embarrassed than she ever had in her life... realizing she was dressed to be fully exposed and that she had had moments of wicked excitement while she had prepared to meet this complete stranger...

His voice again soft "My dear, did you find everything here to be satisfactory... to your liking?"

Looking up, eyes meeting his "Yes, Mr. Smith. Everything is wonderful. But why me? What do you..."

His eyes flashing again "Woman, I told you all your questions will be answered. But you are to do NOTHING... not talk, not ask questions. You are not even to attend your personal needs without my permission... do you understand, woman!" Again, it was not a question... it was a command.

Her eyes dropping, her face flushed... wishing she could hide from his appraising eyes "Yes Sir. I will do as you say."

"Good, my dear. Do not try my patience nor my good will to you. Another indiscretion and I will have to punish you. And succeeding punishments will be even more harsh!"

Feeling her anger rise. "But you said you would not hurt me" she blurted.

His face flushed, fire in his eyes. "On your hands and knees, woman! Now!"

Afraid, confused, excited... she slowly lowered herself to her hands and knees... her jaw set, her eyes determined to meet him head on... to beat him at whatever game was being played...

"Yes SIR"... she spat out as she raised her head... "As you command, SIR!"

Rising and walking slowly around her, glaring down at her. "Woman, you will treat me with respect. I have not mistreated you. In fact, I have gone to great lengths to be certain that things were just right for you... especially for you... and you mock me, you show me contempt... is this the gratitude I get? I offer you escape from your troubled life... I offer you excitement, adventure... things you would otherwise never see or experience... and you treat me with disdain... I should pack you on your way... back to your lonely weekend... while he frolics... you can fret... is this what you want woman... the shelter of your fears... the comfort of your insecurities... the loneliness of your inhibitions... is this what you want, woman... I will send you now if this is what you want."

Closing her eyes, dropping her head,, taking a deep breath as she thought before responding. Then whispering "No Sir... that is not what I want."

"Then, woman, you must for now, have faith in me... And learn to trust me.... You must do exactly what I ask... nothing more... nothing less... do you agree to this, woman?"

"Yes, Sir" whispered softly, as a tear slides down her cheek.

"What, woman. I could not hear you!"

Spoken more loudly, a quiver in her voice... "Yes, Sir. I will do as you ask, Sir. Thank you, Sir"

"So it will be, my dear. Now, stand again... and do not cover yourself... how can I appreciate all of your beauty if you act the shy virgin... as I have told you... please me and you will be richly rewarded."

Rising slowly, head bowed, hands at her side, she replied.... "Yes, Sir... thank you Sir... but Sir, I am not a whore!"

Moving to stand before her, taking her chin in his hand, holding it a bit too firmly to raise it so he can look into her eyes... "Woman, will you not learn... again you speak out of turn. I will not pay you... but if it pleases me to use you as a whore... as a slut... I will do

so... and you will thank me and ask for more... for your reward will be in kind to my pleasure... if you please me, your reward will be pleasure... pleasure like you have never known... disappoint me and I will send you back to what you know... what you have always known... where you find comfort in your misery... disobey me and I will punish you... do you understand and accept what I say, woman?"

Dropping her voice and eyes.. "Yes Sir... I will do so. Thank you for your kindness, Sir."

"Good. We will speak no more of this then, woman. Now, stand straight. And spread your legs. Lace your fingers behind your neck and put your shoulder blades close together... I will examine what you offer me... explore what you will make mine... what you will ask... even beg me to use..."

"Yes, Sir" she replied, moving to be as directed... only the slightest hint of defiance in her voice... her eyes flashing for only a moment before again falling to the floor...

His hands clasped behind his back, slowly he walks around her... his eyes looking everywhere.... On the second pass, reaching to gently caress exposed skin... her side, the back of her left thigh... the underside of an arm... her shoulder and neck, her cheek... each touch soft... but exploring her... getting to know her....

Then moving to stand before her... his eyes moving all over her... appraising her... and coming to rest on her breasts... rising and falling with her breathing... the transparent blue of the bra showing her aroused nipples....

Then moving to the "v" atop her thighs... his tongue slowly crossing his upper lip, as he looks at the bare mons under the sheer panty... the flower of her womanhood protruding already from the lips of her sex....

"Woman, you are pleasing to the eye... and soft to the touch... you will serve me well, woman.. . and, chuckling, you seem to be prepared to be rewarded.." his eyes moving to obviously gaze at the nipples, then return to her aroused sex.

Turning her head to the side, slightly, embarrassed by her obvious arousal, she whispered "Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. I hope you find me pleasing in ever way, Sir."

"Yes, my dear. That is much better. Now, remove the bra so that I may explore you more closely."

"Yes, Sir... for your pleasure, Sir" Reaching behind to unclasp the bra... but feeling the embarrassment again, covering her breasts with her arm as the sheer material fell away.

Reaching for her wrist, gently moving the arm back behind her head "Do not be shy, my dear... be proud of your beauty. But offer it to me with respect and humility..."

"Yes Sir." whispered very softly as the hands are laced again behind her neck...

Then, without warning, the very first contact he has with her breast... his forefinger snaps from his thumb... sharply flicking the aroused left nipple... and with a gasp she stands straighter. A tear forming in each eye... "Th.... thank you Sir..." she finally gets out...

Then, cupping the breast, he leans to place a kiss on the abused nipple... circling it with his tongue, the sucking on it for a moment then, standing back, gazing into her eyes, he rubs the nipple with the pad of his thumb....

"Beautiful, my dear... beautiful..."

"Thank you, Sir"

He then turn retrieved something from the drawer in the table beside the chair, keeping it in his palm, he returns... caressing and kissing the right nipple... then, as he gazed into her eyes, she feels the cold of a metal chain pressed against her breast... and gasps as she feels a clamp close on the nipple... clinching her jaw as the clamp is tightened... and gasping loudly when the chain is dropped, hurting as it pulls at the nipple....

Through clinched lips..."Thank you, Sir..."

"Lovely, my dear... so lovely." as his thumb caresses the left nipple... and a clamp soon is attached there... a heavy chain connecting her full, marvelous breasts...

"Thank you, Sir... I hope to please you Sir..." a tear rolling down her left cheek, the lower lip quivering.

"Now, my dear... remove the panties... and do not be shy when you have done so... open yourself to me... so that I may get to know you... learn you... explore you... and find my pleasure in all that you offer to me..."

"Yes, Sir... as you desire, Sir..." as she bends to slip the panty down... gasping as the chain swings out, tugging at the nipples... her long legs do not bend as the panties are slipped down the long, shapely legs... past the high heeled shoes... and she stepped out of them... now clad only in the garter, stockings, high heeled shoes and nipple clamps... With her hands at her sides, she spreads her legs to shoulder width... and drops her eyes in embarrassment as he moves back in front of her... his right hand moving slowly to

cup her sex... the flower of her womanhood swollen and exposed... already wet from her anticipation... the excitement of what is happening....and, knowing what he has found... deeply embarrassed at being so open, so aroused at the hand of a complete stranger... knowing this is just the beginning of what he will do with her... to her... that she will no longer resist... she bites her quivering lower lip... stifling a moan... wondering what he thinks of her.. of her arousal... feeling ashamed to be so anxious for him to make her his... to use her to his will...

Then, as his finger suddenly plunges deep into her... wet, hot womanhood... her chin drops, mouth opens... her thighs and shoulders involuntarily tighten... and a low, almost growling moan escapes her lips.... And she struggles not to drop her hands to clasp his... to push him deeper into her....

"Oh, yes..." she moans... "Yes..." and suddenly the hand is gone... she is left empty... wanting... as he lifts the wet fingers to his nose... smelling the essence of her passion... running the fingers across his pursed lips... tasting her for the first time...

"woman... do you give yourself to me... to use as I wish... to seek my pleasure in you... to grant you pleasure if you are pleasing to me?"

Her body alive, yearning... feeling the mixtures of excitement and embarrassment... lust and shame... her eyes glued to the floor, unable to meet his intense gaze... "Sir, please... don't tease me like this. If you want me, take me. i am yours... but don't build these feelings in me and leave me... please..."

Laughing wickedly at her pleas... "woman, have you not listened? your pleasure is not foremost... it is not a given. your pleasure is to be your reward... a reward for bringing pleasure to me... and we have only barely begun. My dear, my needs are deep and dark... I am not sated by a quick coupling and I regard you much too highly to treat you as a common woman... a woman to be used and discarded. Follow me... give yourself to me and I will help you to grow, to learn the pleasures you have never known before... My dear, this journey will not be easy... and our time is short... follow me, do exactly what I say... EXACTLY... immediately and without question... and your faith will turn to trust... and you will find the rewards I have promised...." as his right hand moves to the chain connecting her breasts, pulling it to bring her a step nearer... the erect nipples stretched, the breasts lifted, a gasp as the pain turns to pleasure.... his left hand reaching to again cup her womanhood, his finger caressing the flower of her sex.

As she stumbles a step forward, her legs now shaking from the intensity of the sensations, the eroticism of the surroundings, the command of the voice of this stranger who is violating her, arousing her in a way she has never known. As the finger presses her womanhood, she gasps and her muscles from thigh to chest tighten to prevent her release, she manages to stammer "Yes, Sir. i will do my best to do so, Sir."

With a deep chuckle, the finger slipping into her, probing deep and forcefully..."My dear, I will remind you... you will know when you have pleased me... and you will know when you have slipped." Feeling her quiver and tighten in lustful arousal as he probes her, seeing her close her eyes and clench her jaw, fighting her own passion... "My dear, you will release only on my command... when I am ready for you and when it pleases me.... whether I am exploring you, learning you as I am now... if I am plying you with implements of pleasure... if I am filling you with my seed or even if I give you to the enjoyment of another, you are to await my command" As his finger probes, his thumb rubbing the swollen clit, his voice, cold, firm, the words barely audible, but echoing in her ears... her fingers clenched into her hands, biting her lower lip, her thighs pressing together to keep from flooding his hand with her approaching orgasm...

"Yes, Sir... ohhh, please..." as the hand falls away and again, her body trembling with desire, she is left standing in front of him... embarrassed by her lust, ashamed that she has, almost without question, opened herself so intimately to this stranger...

Turning, walking toward a chest of drawers beside a heavily padded weight lifting bench. "Follow me." He commanded.

"Yes, Sir." spoken softly as she collected herself... placing her hands together in front of her womanhood, elbows and upper arms pressed in to support her breasts, relieving somewhat the weight of the heavy chain connecting her breasts. She stops 2 feet behind him when he arrives at the cabinet... her head lowered and turned away so he will not see the mixed emotions in her eyes when he turns to face her...

A drawer opens and closes, and he turns to face her.. in his left hand is a chain.. a leather loop at one end, a clasp at the other... in the other hand, a dark, soft leather strap... with a clasp and 3 heavy "D" rings attached to it. "My dear, these will help keep you close to me as we move about the house" he spoke firmly as he reached to put the strap around her neck.. a loud click as the clasp closes...

"Sir!" Her hands reaching to pull at the collar, panic in her eyes... then her hands falling to her sides, her head dropping as his eyes turn even darker, colder... glaring at her... his jaw set... whispering "Thank you, Sir."

"Much better, woman." His voice softening only a little as the chained leash is attached to the collar.

"Now, my dear, for the first time, you have worn these quite long enough." And she gives a loud, deep gasp as the clamp is remove from her right nipple... and she fights the urge to grasp, comfort her throbbing breast...

"Thank you, Sir" she gasps. As the other clamp is removed...

"You will feel the bite of the clamp again, my dear... when it pleases me... but as I have said, I will not harm you"

Her voice shaking, breasts throbbing, her sex yearning for attention, fear and uncertainty over the collar and leash... managing, in a wavering voice, to whisper "Thank you, Mr. Smith. i hope to please you."

He smiles to her, the corner of his eye upturned as she speaks. Then, letting the leash out, steps back to the chest... removes something from a drawer, and returns to stand immediately before her... "My dear, as soon as I have you prepared, we will take a walk through the house... there are a few things needing my attention, and I desire your company... his hand moving to again caress her womanhood... fingers gently rolling and pulling at the flower of her sex... then he lowers himself into a deep knee bend... and she fights the urge to turn away as his eyes reach the level of her sex... the other hand caressing the smoothness of her . and she hears a soft chuckle... knowing he recognizes that she has prepared herself to intimacy.... He leans to place a gentle kiss on her bare mons... and....

She gasps and staggers as he stretches her clit... and gasps again as she feels a clamp being place on her most intimate, sensitive part.... her chin drops, and she moans as his finger flicks the small weight attached to the clamp... and it brushes the inner thigh...

"Now, my dear, we shall go to the study..." turning, shortening the leash and pulling it tight, he starts for the door... and she gasps as she takes the first step... the clamp stimulating her.... the leash.... fear of what ... or who is outside the door... remembering his words about others... blushing at her nudity...confused and shamed by her lust... she hesitates only a moment before the leash pulls her, stumbling, forward... and he does not look back as he leads her toward the heavy door of the bedchamber...

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