

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt and a black tie, is looking down at a person lying on a surface. The person lying down is wearing a dark, ornate mask with gold-colored details. The background is dark with a bright, out-of-focus light source. The text 'alex jordaine' is written in a large, yellow, sans-serif font at the top of the image.

alex jordaine

dark desires

FEMME DOM EROTICA

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Dark Desires: Femdom Erotica
by Alex Jordaine

DARK DESIRES

Femme Dom Erotica

By

ALEX JORDAINE

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A Sizzler/B&D Edition

Dark Desires: Femdom Erotica
by Alex Jordaine

To my beloved Mistress G

"Poor fool! If he had only left that shutter alone."

—Joseph Conrad, 'Heart of Darkness'

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HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW?

Vicky thought Michael's confession to her was downright pathetic. If he wants to be punished THAT badly, she'll give him a treat he'll never forget!

"I simply *must* have it." Vicky remembered saying that to herself as a child, her face pressed up to the window of the pet shop, and her birthday money clutched in her small hand. Now she was having the exact same thought, standing outside a very different kind of shop and looking at one particular window display that couldn't help but put her in mind of that very special time in her life. When she'd been a young girl she'd loved her puppy dog with all her heart. That little dog with his cute waggly tail had been the center of her world from the moment she'd set eyes on him in the pet shop and she'd been utterly inconsolable less than a year later when he'd been run over by a truck and killed. Was she, she wondered vaguely, starting somehow to fetishize that early childhood experience? Was that what this compulsion she felt right now was all about?

She gave herself an instant response: Who gives a fuck? Get back in your box, Doctor Freud. She walked through the entrance of Fettered Delights, knowing exactly what it was she was going to purchase. She'd find out what it was going to cost first, though, just as she'd done all those years ago at the pet shop.

* * * *

Vicky thought Michael's confession to her was downright pathetic. As far as she was concerned, he didn't have anything to confess. She'd told him he was allowed to have sex with slave Zoe yesterday evening before she'd left them on their own together. If Zoe hadn't got Mistress Caroline's permission, that was a matter between her and Caroline, who'd doubtless give her merry hell for such flagrant insubordination. The point was, she was the miscreant, not him; so why was he so anxious to *confess*? It was almost as if—perish the thought!—Michael *wanted* to be punished. That was okay, though; she'd been to her favorite fetish store that day and bought some new toys, all with the same distinctive theme, and she was dying to try them out. Michael had given her the ideal excuse, not that she needed one. He was feeling guilty, convinced he'd been a bad boy. Was he? He so much wanted to be punished, did he? Fine, she wouldn't disappoint him ... but she would surprise him.

Vicky was seated, naked, in her black leather armchair and Michael was on his knees before her. He was naked, too—but for his puppy restraints, that is: his wrist and ankle cuffs were linked by lengths of chain through rings on a tight leather ball strap. He was on all fours and his cock was fiercely erect and throbbing. In actual fact, he had no alternative but to be on all fours, either kneeling, as he now was, or on his back. This was because his current restraints rendered any other option out of the question. Michael tried to keep his breathing steady as he waited for his mistress to make a start. He was singularly unsuccessful. There was no getting away from it—he was panting like a dog.

"I've heard about some degenerate women using their pet dogs for self gratification," Vicky said, running her fingers through her short dark hair. "Let's see how I get on with my little doggie." She spread her legs wantonly apart, revealing her freshly shaven pussy in all its splendor, and gestured to him to scramble forward a little and go down on her. Michael brought his lips to her sex and immediately she began to groan with pleasure. He started licking her pussy until she was squirming with delight, both of them all the while imagining he really was a dog involved in this perverted act.

After a decent interval—well, an indecent one anyway—Vicky told Michael to stop what he was doing. "That's too depraved for words," she said, although she did remember a weird incident with her little dog when ... but let's not go there.

"Use your fingers now," she ordered, leaning forward and unbuckling his wrist cuffs so he'd be able to kneel up and comply with her instruction. Michael first sought out her clitoris with the fingers of one hand and began gently circling. Then he worked two fingers of his other hand in and out of her wet pussy while continuing to massage her clit. He carried on pleasuring Vicky in this way until her body trembled to a powerful climax.

"No canine could do that," Vicky said, her eyes aglow, adding briskly: "And that's the last time you'll be able to either." She leaned over to a side table and took hold of two of the pile of leather items on its top, some of which Michael recognised, most of which he didn't—like these. She put the black leather fist mitts over his hands and padlocked them

into place. "That should give you *paws* for thought," she laughed, then constrained him still further by re-buckling his wrist cuffs, which as with his ankle cuffs were still attached by chains to his ball strap.

"Now, you've admitted to me you've been a bad dog," she said, putting a leather puppy head harness with a muzzle over his face—Oooh, she liked that. "Yes, you've been a bad dog and it's time for you to be disciplined, isn't it, boy?" Michael the doggie wagged his doggie head.

"I'm going to start by giving you a hard paddling." Vicky got to her feet and picked up a red leather paddle from the side table. "This is not going to be easy for you. You're going to have to be dogged to withstand the pain. Get it? *Dogged!*"

Oh, the hilarity! Vicky the punster paused briefly to admire the muscular curve of his bare backside—Michael had a really nice ass. She lifted the paddle high and swung it down forcefully. It landed with a resounding *Thwack!* and he jolted forward as the stinging pain bit into his rear. This caused an echoing flash of pain in his groin when the chains pulled on his tight ball strap—but that was just the start. She went on to paddle him ever more harshly and did not stop until his rear was as red as her paddle. By the time she'd stopped paddling him both his backside and his groin were in agonising pain, and he was trembling convulsively.

"Calm down doggie, everything's alright," she said, giving a good imitation of someone who actually gave a shit. "Good boy, good boy." She stroked his neck almost tenderly before buckling a puppy collar around it and attaching a puppy dog lead with a leather hand loop to that. She took hold of the

hand loop and led him, crawling around the room for what she called his "walkies."

Michael was taking this like a man ... well ... like a dog actually. In truth he found this completely unexpected new experience of abject humiliation at the hands of his cruel mistress intensely erotic. She was treating him now not even as the lowliest of humans—as she usually did—but as a dumb animal. And he loved it, loved the sheer degradation of the experience. He was acutely aware of the pain he was still suffering from the brutal paddling, but he was even more aware of the aching hardness of his cock pressing against his belly.

Pain was about to take precedence again, though—and with a vengeance, because Vicky picked up an outstandingly vicious instrument of discipline. It was a cat-o-nine tails made of heavy leather and—wait for it—pieces of bone. "This is the only bone this pooch will be getting," she announced, waving the newly purchased whip in front of his muzzled face, tauntingly, and noting with gloating pleasure the way his eyes widened in terror.

"After your excesses with Zoe last night, Michael, we know just how much you love pussy," Vicky continued. "But here's the reason dogs don't like cats one little bit." She swung the cat-o-nine tails through the air with a sadistic flourish. When it landed, excruciating pain seared across his backside and his body burned like fury. Vicky brought the implement down again. It was just as excruciating. She carried on thrashing him like this until the agonising pain he was suffering was

almost unendurable, then, to his immense relief, she put the cat to one side.

"Roll over and lie on your back like a good doggie," Vicky told him next and when he did—on all fours, of course, because of his puppy restraints—his hugely erect cock reared obscenely in the air. She took hold of two savage nipple locks and when she attached them to his nipples the pain he experienced was acute, a lightening flash of agony. At the same time, though, it sent a pulsating tremor of pleasure to his hard cock, which began to drizzle pre-cum all over his belly in a constant stream.

Vicky told him to remain where he was on his back and to present his anus to her. He reached his leather paws down as far as his chains would allow and held the cheeks of his backside apart. Vicky knelt down, lubricated a particularly large puppy tail butt plug and eased it skilfully into his pouting anal hole. She pushed the formidable intruder slowly, but surely, deep into his body, causing him to groan with pleasure-pain as the muscles of his anus squeezed and released around it. "Doggie obviously likes that," Vicky commented gleefully. "His little tail's wagging ... and so's his big cock."

The puppy tail anal plug in place, she alternated between using a small but savage flogger and the leather tip of a riding crop to beat the head of his achingly hard cock until he was yelping constantly with agony beneath his muzzle. Then it happened: excruciating pain suddenly turned into all-consuming ecstasy as Michael became overwhelmed by a massive orgasm, sticky wetness leaping and leaping from his

punished cock until he was spent. Only then did Vicky stop beating him. "Good boy," she said soothingly, rubbing his cum-splattered belly. "Good boy. Your mistress is all finished now."

Vicky was extremely sadistic at the best of times, as anyone who knew her as Mistress Victoria on the local fetish scene would have readily confirmed. But, she had to admit to herself, she'd been excessively ruff, sorry, rough on her slave, Michael, on this occasion. Then again, Michael had wanted to be punished, craved it in fact, and she'd only given him what he'd asked for—even if she'd done that in proverbial spades. No, all in all, Vicky reasoned, she and her pooch were a pair well met: he such a submissive masochist, she such a sadistic bitch. Anyway, life itself was a bitch, wasn't it, and then you died ... And then you died, little doggie, didn't you, and then you went and died.

Michael looked up over his leather puppy muzzle at his outstandingly cruel mistress and saw that her eyes appeared momentarily to have become spiked with tears. No, that made no sense. He must surely have got it wrong. It had just been a trick of the light or something. It was either that, he said to himself, or he was starting to go mad, *barking* mad. Oh for God's sake, she'd got him at it now.

MISTRESS SARAH'S FETISH FANTASIES

Slave Andre learns he's at the centre of Mistress Sarah's nastiest S&M fantasies

The night was calm and quiet, the noise of the waves on the nearby shore tempered and discreet. This soft sound reached the slave's ears but didn't lull him to sleep. "Mistress Sarah," Andre whispered into the darkness, but there was no reply. "Mistress," he whispered again. There was still no answer. He tried to look at Sarah, but all he could see was her bluish outline in the moonlight. "Mistress," he repeated, this time a little more loudly. "Are you asleep?"

"Yes, Andre," Sarah replied with a laugh, "I'm fast asleep. Why aren't you? When we went to bed half an hour ago you told me you were tired out."

"Well, I am. It's just I can't seem to relax. I'm all restless and, well, sexed-up."

"All sexed-up, eh? Just by way of a change!"

"Yes, Mistress," he chuckled.

"Actually, I'm the same way myself tonight," admitted Sarah. "What do you think we should do about it?" She edged over to her slave and gently caressed his hard cock. "Apart from the obvious, of course."

"Or, perhaps, as well as the obvious?" responded Andre mysteriously.

"What do you mean, 'as well as'?"

"Well, Mistress, you know I told you all about my sexual fantasies the other night," Andre reminded her.

"Yes, my horny house-slave," Sarah said. "They confirmed you have a deeply depraved mind—I'm pleased to say!"

Andre laughed. "I've told you about my fantasies, but you've never told me anything about your own. Will you ... please, Mistress? I'd be fascinated to hear about them."

"What's it worth?"

"Whatever you want, Mistress."

"Well, I know what I want, and it seems to coincide with what you want, too," said Sarah. "You've got yourself a deal."

"So, what are your sexual fantasies like, Mistress?"

"In a word—exotic."

"How so, Mistress?"

"Let me explain," said Sarah, giving his cock a last squeeze before lying back and putting her arms behind her head. "They occur in a sort of dreamscape—a time and place that never existed where all is sex, bondage and discipline. My *fetish fantasies*, I call them, although they're real enough to me when I conjure them up."

"They sound intriguing, Mistress. Do I ever figure in them?"

"No, you never do."

"Oh."

"Only kidding. Yes, you do—all the time—ever since you became my sex-slave. In fact, you and I are the main protagonists in these fantasies of mine."

"Please tell me more, Mistress," said Andre. "You've really got me interested."

"Okay, and perhaps I should start by saying that in these fantasies we're both even more fantastic looking than we are in real life."

"Can this be possible, Mistress!"

"Neither of us wear any clothes, nor have any body hair."

"So far, so realistic," said Andre, letting one of his hands stray over his smooth naked torso to his freshly shaven pubic area before taking hold of his erection.

"The same applies to all the main characters. We're all these completely sexual beings. When we're not in some dungeon or other, we occupy this lush and exotic wooded landscape."

"A kind of perv's paradise?" suggested Andre.

"You could say," Sarah replied. "Anyway, in these fantasies you and I wander about, having all sorts of erotic adventures, involving lashings—and I do mean lashings!—of sadomasochism and other kinky sex."

"It sounds great, Mistress. Why don't you give me a typical example of one of these fantasy adventures?"

"Sure," replied Sarah. "Are you lying comfortably?"

"Yes, thanks, Mistress," he said and began rhythmically stroking his hard-on.

"Then, I'll begin.... It's dusk and I'm all alone. I've spent my day roaming the woodland paradise that is my home, communing with nature, and feeling increasingly horny as the day goes on. My pussy's now really wet and I'm aching for sex. I sit on the grassy bank of a lake of deepest blue, its surface faintly reflecting the last of the day's sun, and I begin

to pleasure myself. I spread my legs wide and rub my clit while pinching my nipples.

"I feel I'm being watched and, scanning the watery landscape before me, I see the most beautiful face I've ever seen—so beautiful, it takes my breath away. A lovely woman is looking straight at me. Her luminous blue eyes stare right at me as she swims languorously in my direction. Her mouth is provocative, her lips wide and full.

"Staring into the hypnotic eyes of this vision of loveliness as she gets ever closer, I continue to play with myself, plunging first one, then two fingers into my wet pussy. I spread my labia with the fingers of one hand while teasing my clit with the middle finger of the other, all the while gazing lustfully into her beautiful eyes. She seems as hypnotised by me as I am by her, and she swims ever closer.

"When she gets near the water's edge she stands waist deep, revealing her perfect breasts. They are prominent and full and her nipples are erect. I reach out my arms to her in a beckoning gesture and she moves closer to me. Still remaining partly submerged in the water, she brings her face between my thighs, presses her full lips to my sex and begins gently licking my labia and clitoris. Her tongue on my clit becomes ever more insistent and it feels heavenly. Then she stops licking my pussy and, moving to my side, eases herself out of the water. I admire her shapely backside as she crawls sinuously up the grass bank on her belly. Then, this gorgeous woman turns onto her back to reveal ... a lovely hard cock! To say I'm surprised would be the understatement of the

year. The shock and intense thrill cause me to climax there and then.

"But I want more—I swing my hips over her face so she can eat my pussy and lick my anus while I suck her beautiful cock, and I very quickly tremble to another orgasm. I climb off her but remain on all fours and she kneels behind me before thrusting her big cock into my aching sex. She goes on to fuck me hard, her rhythm strong and fast. Finally we sixty-nine one another in an ecstasy of delight until we climax together. At the same time as bringing me to a tumultuous orgasm with her tongue, she comes copiously into my mouth—I swallow all her cum, which tastes of nectar. It also seems to be some kind of sleeping draught because I soon become very drowsy. I watch her dark form gently slip back into the water and begin to swim away, and as the disc of the sun finally disappears over the horizon and night falls, I drift off into a deep, blissful sleep.

"I awake the next morning at daybreak and watch the sun come up. At one end of the sky, a line of blue appears and spreads slowly across the horizon. When the sun first appears, that blue is swallowed up by bright transparent morning light. I feel invigorated by this beautiful sight. A new day has begun.

"I'm also thoroughly refreshed from my long and dreamless sleep, but I feel even sexier than before. I'm talking *really* horny—I feel like I want to fuck the world! I wonder to myself, *What was in that nectar?* I also wonder what this new day will bring.

"I have a wash and a swim, then dry myself in the gentle morning sunshine. After eating some nuts and berries and quenching my thirst, I decide to resume my travels. As I wander off in search of further sexual adventures, little do I realise I'm about to meet the person who's going to be both my partner in these sexual escapades and the love of my life.

I'm to find him just around the corner, in fact, which is where I first set eyes on you and, let me tell you, the sight is overwhelming. You're a vision of naked splendor, the most gorgeous person I've ever seen—and that includes my beautiful hermaphrodite lover of the previous evening."

"Thank you so much for saying that, Mistress," said Andre, genuinely taken aback by this effusive compliment. "I feel exactly the same way about you, as you know. So, where do you discover me, may I ask?"

"Lying on your back on a soft grass verge, and with the most gigantic erection, the head of your cock swollen and glistening with pre-cum..."

"And what am I doing, Mistress?" Andre interjected

"What you're doing right now—masturbating."

"And what do you do?"

"I walk over to you and briefly interrupt your pleasurable reverie by saying, 'Let me help you with that.' I then lie flat on my stomach in the grass before you, stretch my lips and wrap them around your cock.

"After blowing you for a while I get up onto my knees and tell you to do likewise, with your back to me. I proceed to give you the most vigorous of hand spankings, not stopping until your backside is the color of an angry sunset. I sit in the

grass and you lie between my legs, licking my pussy. I arch upward, my knees up and legs spread wantonly apart as you expertly tongue my sex. Finally, you lie on your back, I shift over and sit on your cock and, fucking joyously, we bring each other to an incredibly intense mutual orgasm.

"Mmmm, lovely," said Andre. "That gives me an idea, Mistress. You're just as sexed-up as I am, you've already said so. Why don't we..."

"I know what your idea is," Sarah interrupted, "and the answer's no—not yet, anyway. Carry on masturbating—I insist you do, in fact—but don't allow yourself to come. You must leave that until later when I'll permit you to fuck me. I promise it'll be worth the wait."

"I'm sure it will be, Mistress," said Andre.

"Back to my story," Sarah said. "Want to know what you and I do next?"

"Please."

"Well, talk about lust and love at first sight! After barely exchanging a few words (and some bodily fluids!) we recognise that we're made for each other, and decide to continue on our travels together. We're wandering hand in hand down a mossy track deep in the forest, when an unexpected sound intrudes on our companionable silence. At first it's almost indistinguishable from the other noises of the forest. But as we draw closer it becomes more distinct.

-swish-swish-swish

"Then it becomes very distinct.

-Swish-Swish-Swish-Swish

"As we enter the clearing where the noise is coming from it becomes immediately apparent what's causing it. There on her knees masturbating feverishly, while awkwardly beating her own backside with a bamboo cane, is none other than our friend Rosa."

Andre really liked Rosa. She was drop dead gorgeous and as kinky as they come. He could just imagine her going in for a bit of masturbatory self-flagellation. "Oh good," he said.

"My sentiments entirely," Sarah replied. "Lots of familiar faces crop up in my *fetish fantasies*!"

"What do you do, Mistress?"

"Well, as in life, I'm a woman of few words..."

"Yeah, sure!"

"Do you mind? Impertinent slave," Sarah smiled. "As I was saying, I'm a woman of few words and I introduce myself to Rosa in the same way as I'd so successfully done in your case. 'Let me help you with that,' I say as I remove the cane from her hand, telling her to carry on masturbating. I tell you to kneel beside her and masturbate as well. I beat both of you mercilessly on your backsides until you and she both climax. Rosa is the first to succumb, panting and trembling in rapturous agony, then you achieve orgasm too, your throbbing cock sending out rope after rope of pearly cum. After that, again on my instructions, Rosa goes down on me while you lick and play with my breasts until I, too, shudder to a powerful climax."

"As the three of us relax together in the afterglow of our lovemaking and enjoy our verdant surroundings, I tell you both about the beautiful hermaphrodite I'd made love to the

previous day. Rosa in particular is fascinated—you less so, seeing as, understandably, you're thoroughly smitten with me! I agree to show Rosa the exact spot by the lake where I discovered her and off the three of us go.

"And, to be sure, when we get there, standing at the water's edge is a lovely naked figure, beautifully erect. But it's not a she male this time. This one's all male. It's none other than your hunky pal, James."

"He'd be pleased to hear that," Andre said. "He's had a thing about you for ages."

"The feeling's mutual," Sarah replied. "And do you know what I say to him?"

"Don't tell me, Mistress, let me guess," laughed Andre. "You say, 'Let me help you with that!'"

"Right first time," said Sarah. "Well, I thought I'd give him a helping hand."

"I'll bet you did! So you got to have sex with James, eh?"

"In his dreams! Well, in mine actually and I thoroughly enjoyed it, but then so did you and Rosa. 'Share and share alike,' that's my motto, as you're about to find out.

"James accepts my kind offer and remains standing as I masturbate him for a while, then I hand him over to you, and you get onto your knees so you can work on his stiff cock with your mouth."

"God, what a pervert I am!"

"You said it," Sarah agreed. "Rosa and I remain standing so I can kiss his lips and she can caress his chest while you continue sucking his cock, as if to the manor born. You stand and he masturbates you energetically for a while as I carry on

kissing him, and Rosa tongues your anus, your anal muscles squeezing deliciously around her probing tongue.

"As James continues to vigorously masturbate you with his right hand he pinches one, then the other of your nipples with his left, and what with that and Rosa continuing to lick your anus with her eager tongue, you're, by this time, absolutely beside yourself with lust.

"James tells you to turn round and when you do, he pushes you down onto your knees so he can butt fuck you. You play with your cock while he's fucking you in the ass with practiced skill. Rosa kneels before you and kisses you over and over while I beat James's backside ferociously with Rosa's bamboo cane.

"Then I stop caning him and tell you all to stop what you're doing. Why? Because it's my turn to get fucked, that's why! You sit on a smooth rock and I ease my pussy over your shaft while kissing you on the lips, pressing my tongue into your mouth. I open my legs wide to grip you harder, drawing you layer upon layer ever more deeply inside me.

"As we fuck like this, James kneels behind me and prises the cheeks of my backside apart. I feel one of his fingers nuzzle against the tight ring of muscles at the entrance to my anus. I can feel the small negotiations of those muscles as he pushes inside me, oh, so gently, so skilfully, and what starts as a prickling ache in my anus soon becomes a tingling throb of pleasure, which intensifies further as he replaces his finger with his busy wet tongue.

"When I'm ready, I climb off you and tell James to sit in your place on that smooth rock. I straddle his thighs with my

back to him and allow him to push his phallus deep into my anus. It feels great, sending tremors of delight through my body. Rosa gets onto all fours before me and licks my clit while you kneel behind her and fuck her. We carry on like this until James has buggered me just about senseless. James comes massively and the sensation of his hot cum gushing up my anal channel pushes me over the edge. I climax in great shivering spasms, you and Rosa quickly following suit."

"Oh my God, that was some foursome!" said Andre, feeling his cock pulse and flex excitingly within his ever-stroking hand. "So, do we all stick together from now on, Mistress?"

"Sadly not," replied Sarah. "Rosa soon leaves our party to swim off in search of that beautiful hermaphrodite lover of mine she finds so fascinating."

"And what about James, Mistress?" Andre asked. "What becomes of him? Come to think of it, what was he doing in the forest in the first place?"

"Questions, questions! Just be patient, slave. I was coming to all that. I ask him the self same thing and it turns out he'd previously been held captive and used as a sex-slave at a convent on the edge of the forest. He tells me the nuns there are stunningly beautiful, Amazonian in strength and horribly cruel. It's their practice to torture slaves like him in their dungeon, using the utmost sadism. So, he's run away."

"A dungeon, eh, Mistress," said Andre. "Fully equipped, I hope."

"We are about to find out," replied Sarah, "because soon after our discussion, he's recaptured by those depraved nuns."

And since you and I are with him at the time we're taken prisoner as well.

"Once they've got us to their dungeon, several of the nuns drag James off to take their terrifying revenge on him, while a number of the others lock the two of us into adjacent wooden stocks with our nipples and genitals clamped agonisingly.

"When they eventually release us from the stocks and remove our nipple and genital clamps, it's only to put slave's collars round our necks which they attach by chains to the dungeon ceiling."

"Mistress Sarah in a slave's collar," Andre said. "How the mighty are fallen!"

"Not really," Sarah said. "Don't forget, I used to be Mistress Carol's sex-slave before I became a dominatrix, so I'm no stranger to being submissive to dominant members of my own sex. What I've never been, nor ever will be, is submissive to a man. The very idea's complete anathema to me. Now, slave, do you want to know what happens next, or do you just want to keep interrupting?"

"Sorry Mistress," he replied, duly chastened. "Yes please, do go on."

"The nuns expertly tie us up with bondage rope—torsos, upper arms, wrists, thighs and ankles. I'm tied up flat on my back, my legs splayed wide apart, while you're placed in a kneeling position. Your back's arched, your rear high in the air, and your stiff cock's stuck up next to your belly. We buck and thrash against our bonds, but to no avail.

"One of the nuns takes a giant lit candle and pours molten wax onto my breasts and pussy and your back and rear, all

the while intoning, 'Repeat after me, sinful perverts—*O my God, I am heartily sorry for my sins ...* '

"We repeat this incantation, but I'm not convinced she's interested in our Acts of Contrition, certainly not yours because she goes on to kneel behind you and play with your cock until it's dripping constantly with pre-cum. She uses this to lubricate your anus, then, remaining on her knees, takes off her wimple and removes her voluminous habit to reveal she's naked underneath, apart from a leather harness with a large strap-on dildo attachment. The other nuns in that part of the large dungeon also divest themselves of their religious clothing and are revealed in all their nakedness. They watch the nun who's wearing the strap-on proceed to push it into your gaping anal hole. Several nuns begin masturbating as they watch you being sodomised.

"While 'Sister Strap-on' is buggering you for all she's worth, four more nuns—they're also stark naked—drag James over. Like you, he's sporting a huge erection. They order him to put it into your mouth, telling you to suck him off as you continue to take it up the ass from the nun, and you of course obey enthusiastically, like the cocksucker you are. What are you, Andre?"

"A cocksucker, Mistress," he replied cheerfully.

"Correct. Your tongue laves his shaft, licks its thickness, and tastes the beads of fluid seeping from its slit. He comes copiously in your mouth and you swallow down the very last drop of his semen, wallowing in your degradation.

"After that, 'Sister Strap-on' withdraws from your anus and James is dragged away kicking and screaming by the same

four nuns who delivered him, to withstand who knows what further awful torture at their sadistic hands. You and I are freed from our rope bondage and I'm told by one of our captors to help her strap you to a St. Andrews cross. She picks up a flogger and starts to whip your rear. Picking up an identical flogger I say—yes, that's right—'Let me help you with that.' The two of us vie with one another to see who can inflict the most devastating pain on your back and rear (I win by a mile!). We whip you relentlessly until a fierce red agony burns into your body. You turn toward me and catch my cruel eye. I can see from the ecstatic look of martyrdom on your face that you're in very great pain but, being the true masochist you are, your agony is exciting you to a state of bliss even as you suffer it.

"When the nun and I finish whipping you, I help her free you briefly from the cross, only to turn you round and tie you to it on your back. She tells me to masturbate you to orgasm and that's what I do, turning brazenly, proudly, to face my audience as I do so. I notice all the nuns are now masturbating, and furiously too. Every eye is on us and the nuns pleasure themselves ever more frantically as they watch me wank you to a frenzy. You finish with a positive cum-fest, squirting an endless stream of pearly jism into the air, which lands on the dungeon floor with a splatter. I free you from the cross and make you lick up all your ejaculate from the ground.

"The assembled nuns watch and wank in admiration and lustful awe as it dawns on them who I really am—Zahra, the

magnificent Goddess they have devoted their lives to worshipping idolatrously, at last made glorious flesh.

"And there, I'm afraid, we must leave our intrepid heroine and her trusty sex-slave," concluded Sarah, "in a dungeon full of naked, masturbating nuns, where we have engaged in all manner of sadomasochistic activities, and in the most sordid and sacrilegious acts of debauchery. Now that I'm about to take my rightful place as the supreme head of that order of sadistic, salacious nuns, we know there will be even greater depravities to come for us both to revel in."

"Just as we would wish it," Andrew said, "Mistress *Zahra*."

"Exactly," Sarah agreed. "Anyway, slave, I've now given you a good idea of what my 'fetish fantasies' are like. Did you enjoy the experience?"

"Hugely, Mistress."

"What sort of state's it left you in? I'm pleased to note you're still masturbating like the obedient slave you are."

"Do you need to ask, Mistress?" Andre replied, his voice raspy with arousal. "I mean ... Goddess, you suppose ... can we please ... I'm desperate..."

Sarah laughed. "Oh, I think I can help you with that!"

THE CONFESSION

Mistress Catherine's slave has to swallow more than his pride when he confesses his guilty secret to her

Mistress Catherine and I, both naked, were in her living room that balmy evening. The gentlest of winds was pushing the curtain in slightly, revealing the dark of a starless, moonless sky outside. Catherine was seated on a black leather easy chair, one hand languorously caressing her sex, the other holding the handle of the rattan cane with which she'd just beaten me. I was kneeling on the floor by her side, gazing up at her adoringly. My backside was covered in smarting welts, my cock stiffly erect.

"Confess to me something wicked you've done in the past," my mistress demanded. "I will then punish you for it."

"What sort of punishment, Mistress?" I asked nervously.

"I don't know yet," she replied, giving a slight flick of the shiny dark fringe that hung over her forehead. "It depends what you confess. I'll make the punishment fit the crime."

"I see, Mistress," I said, my voice hesitant.

"Come on, slave," Catherine pressed, a little impatient now. "There must be something you did in your guilt-ridden Catholic past you felt was particularly wicked, something that's contributed to those occasional bouts of angst I have to beat out of you. Get it off your chest."

Thinking for a brief moment before replying, I said, "It goes back to when I was a teenager, Mistress. At the time in question I had hardly any experience of the opposite sex. I

was also years away from recognising my submissive and masochistic nature.

"I was a real late developer sexually, and had only recently discovered masturbation, but I found it a guilty pleasure because, as you say, I'd been raised as a Catholic, a religion that teaches that self-pleasuring is sinful. What I'm about to confess would certainly be regarded as wicked by the Catholic Church. In fact they would call it a mortal sin."

"Go on," said Catherine. "You're beginning to interest me." She put the cane to the side of the chair and started to pleasure herself in earnest, working her fingers rhythmically between the lips of her sex.

"It all started on a Sunday, Mistress," I continued. "I was looking forward to the week ahead as it was a half term holiday. I was attending Mass as usual, but instead of worshipping God I was on my knees worshipping the pretty blonde altar server who was assisting the priest with the service.

His name was Jerry and he was a year older than me. He lived nearby with his widowed mother. She and my mother were friendly through their involvement with the church, but Jerry and I were only passing acquaintances. On this occasion, though, as our mothers talked to one another after the service, Jerry and I also got into conversation and were getting on really well.

'What are you doing this week?' I asked.

'I've nothing planned,' he replied. 'How about the two of us going swimming tomorrow afternoon?'

I said I thought this was a good idea and we made arrangements to meet.

That night I couldn't resist the temptation to masturbate as I imagined what Jerry might look like without clothes—I was about to find that out, and a hell of a lot more besides.

We got together the next day and made our way to the nearby open-air swimming pool. As we walked along, chatting about this and that, I allowed my gaze to wander up and down his body. I couldn't help thinking how good he looked in his tight jeans. I admired the perfect shape of his rear moulded into the denim, and the impressive bulge at the front.

Although the weather was reasonably mild that day, there were a lot of wet-looking clouds in the sky, and when we arrived we found the pool was only sparsely attended. There was a slight breeze that ruffled the water, which looked downright cold. We went into the changing rooms and, at Jerry's suggestion, shared a cubicle. As he stripped off, I was surprised, and turned on, to notice he hadn't been wearing any underwear beneath those tight jeans. I was aware that my cock was starting to swell when I slipped into my swimming trunks, and found it a decided relief—an embarrassment averted—to run on ahead and plunge into the chilly water of the swimming pool.

Jerry and I stayed in the pool for about an hour, splashing about, and it gradually warmed up. Every once in a while the sun even deigned to reveal itself through a break in the clouds, allowing reflected light to dance on the rippling blue water. Jerry and I swam and played in the pool—and, okay,

maybe we did make physical contact a bit more than was strictly necessary in our games there.

When we got out of the water the changing room was empty apart from ourselves. We dried off in the same cubicle, still in our swimming costumes. However our bulges were becoming increasingly pronounced and when I took off my swimming trunks my cock sprang out erect.

'Mmm, that looks very nice,' said Jerry, who pulled down his trunks to reveal his own lengthening erection. 'Come on,' he said, his member now as full and stiff as my own. 'Let's jerk off together.'

Feeling light headed and extremely excited, I encircled my erect cock with my fingers as I watched Jerry bring a hand to his own erection. We both rubbed our cocks up and down vigorously, climaxing at pretty much the same time—and equally lavishly too, spraying out streams of sticky wetness onto each other with great force. It was an amazing feeling, it truly was—my first time masturbating with anyone else, and the most intense sexual experience I'd so far had in my young life.

We showered, dried ourselves, dressed and headed for home, both of us more than a little subdued. We said very little as we strode along, lost in our own guilty thoughts. Just as we were about to part, however, Jerry brightened. 'Fancy coming round to my house tomorrow?' he said. He told me his mother would be at work so we'd have the place to ourselves.

'That'd be great,' I replied.

'It's a date, then. See you around eleven.' Jerry's face suddenly broadened into a grin. 'Hey ... and no more jerking off until then.'

That proved easier said than done. I tossed and turned uneasily in my bed that night. My mind was in a whirl going over and over what Jerry and I had done together, and what might happen tomorrow. According to my Church all these 'impure thoughts' were a sin, but the feelings of guilt this caused just seemed to make my cock harder. I was excited as much as anything by the intoxicating shame of my own arousal. Even so, although it took a deal of willpower, I didn't touch myself that night.

The next day I killed time earlier in the morning trying to decide what to wear for my 'date'. A clean white T-shirt and one of my pairs of jeans, I thought. On a whim, I removed my underwear, taking a leaf out of Jerry's book, and squeezed into the tightest pair of jeans I possessed.

I set off, slightly nervous but very excited, the knot in my stomach no competition for the throbbing of my shaft. My growing sense of anticipation and the rough feel of the tight denim against my cock meant I was in a high state of sexual arousal by the time I arrived at Jerry's house.

When he answered the door I was struck anew by how devastatingly attractive he was, with his blonde hair falling over his forehead; that pretty face and lithe, athletic body. He was wearing nothing but the jeans he'd worn the day before, which clung to his form like a second skin.

'Hi there, you're looking good,' he said, reaching over and squeezing the bulge in my jeans. I did the same to him, feeling the warmth of his cock beneath the skin-tight denim.

'Would you like a coffee or anything else to drink?' he asked.

'No thanks, I'm fine,' I replied.

'You sure are,' he said with a laugh. 'Follow me, we'll go up to my room and fool around.'

Once in his bedroom we hastily stripped and were soon on his bed mutually masturbating, our excitement growing and growing. We climaxed simultaneously in great bursting spurts, then lay together in the afterglow, the cum on our bellies intermingling.

We washed ourselves and put on our jeans, then went and had a snack and just hung out for a while. It wasn't long before our lust erupted again and our swelling members were straining once more against the tight denim that covered them. We were soon naked and erect again, masturbating each other feverishly, and for most of the rest of that afternoon we simply couldn't keep our hands off each other.

'How about tomorrow?' asked Jerry, as I was about to leave.

'You bet,' I replied eagerly.

It seemed like an eternity to me until we met the next day. I reckon Jerry must have felt much the same way because as soon as he'd let me into the house he pulled me toward him and kissed me hard. I kissed him right back, savoring the slick, demanding feel of his lips and frantic tongue, and reciprocating for all I was worth. Jerry and I carried on kissing

passionately while rubbing our bulging cocks together, getting more and more turned on. We then went up to his room, stripped naked again and began mutually masturbating once more. Then the mood changed...

'Kneel down,' he said suddenly, his tone chilly with command. I obeyed in an instant. 'Now suck me off,' he added, 'and make a good job of it.'

I was determined to do just that. I engulfed his stiff cock with my lips (it tasted so good, I can't tell you) and swirled my tongue around its swollen head. My tongue laved his cock, licking the thickness, my lips kissing and rubbing against it so it flexed and strained against my mouth. Next, I began sucking on his shaft with slow regular movements, then faster, then slower, then faster still. I felt as if I was born to give blow jobs. It made me feel deliciously wicked, thoroughly debauched and perverted, and *sinful*.

After I'd been blowing him for a while he announced, 'I'm going to climax real soon now.' His voice was full of sexual tension, but just as commanding as before. 'When I do,' he added, 'I want you to swallow my cum, every last drop.'

I wanted to do that too, craved it. I could taste the beads of liquid seeping constantly from the slit of his cock and knew they would soon be a gushing torrent. Then it happened. He emitted a strangled moan and erupted to a shuddering orgasm, his cock gushing wad after wad of creamy cum deep into my mouth, and I did exactly as I'd been told. My head still furiously pumping, I drew down every ounce of the semen that spurted onto the back of my tongue, taking it deep into my throat.

"There's not a lot to add, Mistress. We carried on meeting in the same way for the rest of that week, and the following Sunday saw me at Mass on my knees again, my cock pulsing constantly as I worshipped that beautiful blonde altar server. As a devout Roman Catholic I knew what I was feeling and what I'd done was sinful and wicked in the extreme, utterly depraved, but I just couldn't help myself. That, Mistress, is my shameful confession."

Mistress Catherine had been pleasuring herself constantly throughout my account, her fingers making an increasingly liquid sound. She now removed those fingers, wet with love juice, from between her swollen pussy lips and stood. "That certainly was *extremely* wicked, slave," she said, her eyes shining. "Now remain on your knees and prepare to receive your punishment."

Catherine picked up the rattan cane again and gave it a practice swipe. She went on to cane my already punished backside, beating me severely, one fierce stroke after another in swift succession, until the pain lacing through me was excruciating. I felt as if my body was ablaze as I tried frantically to contain the furious pain. At last I could take no more. "Mercy Mistress, I beg you," I cried out, hot tears running down my cheeks.

She stopped caning me immediately at that point and moved to my front. She placed herself on all fours, her rear splayed open, the pink opening of her anus twitching invitingly in my face. "Lick my asshole while I go back to pleasuring myself," she instructed, looking at me briefly from over her shoulder.

Needless to say, I obeyed and licked her pulsating anal hole for all I was worth. I darted my tongue in and out, feeling her anal muscles contracting around it as she continued to masturbate ever more furiously.

"Now bring yourself off," she demanded, her voice throaty with desire. "I want you to come over my asshole and then lick it all up, swallow the lot."

Again I did exactly as my mistress told me, and as she used her fingers to bring herself, trembling ecstatically, to a violent orgasm, I too shuddered to a powerful climax. Convulsions shook my body as my cock erupted, pumping out a stream of ejaculate over her beautiful anus, then, obedient slave that I am, I licked up and swallowed all that cum—every last drop.

TOUGH LOVE

Gale's lesson in obedience for wilful Rosa turns into an epic battle of wills

Sophia ushered Jim, or 'Master James' as he was known on the local fetish scene, into her lounge. The room was light and airy. It looked comfortable, which was more than could be said for its visitor. Sophia fixed Jim a drink and gestured for her guest to sit with her on the couch. She looked at him enquiringly.

"Thanks for seeing me," he said, a worried frown creasing his handsome features. "I didn't know who to turn to for advice about the problem I've got with my slave, Rosa, but you seemed the best person." Jim knew Sophia well and liked her. She was intelligent, funny, warm and sexy; brains as well as beauty. He thought her as redoubtable a 'switch' as you'd find anywhere.

"No thanks are necessary," Sophia replied. "What's the problem?"

Jim took a quick sip of his drink. "In a nutshell," he said, "I'm finding Rosa increasingly difficult to control."

"Well, I've known her since long before she became your slave and I'll grant you she can be feisty at times."

"Yes, and obstinate, argumentative, truculent, opinionated, disobedient..."

"Okay, I get your point," laughed Sophia. "But don't you perhaps think by behaving like that she's just trying to goad you into disciplining her more sternly."

"You think?"

"It seems a distinct possibility." To Sophia's mind Jim was a rather unconvincing dominator. Not exactly the type. He was a pleasant sort, never exactly pushy, an altogether nice man.

"Distinct possibility, you say. Really?"

"Yes," Sophia replied. "In fact, if you want my honest opinion, Jim, I think you're probably too nice a guy to keep a stormy character like Rosa under control. I hope you don't mind me saying that."

"I've had a lot worse insults," said Jim with a wry smile. "But I must admit being too nice, as you put it, isn't exactly an ideal trait in a master!"

"The way I see it, you've got some of the best characteristics of a great dom," Sophia said, "You're brilliant at bondage—especially Japanese rope bondage—and you can certainly administer a good whipping. But you don't have that fundamentally cruel streak the most effective masters seem to have."

"You're right, I have to admit," he acknowledged. "The trouble is I can't make myself into something I'm not, I know that. Yet I'm genuinely worried that the whole situation could lead to Rosa and me splitting up. You're probably her oldest friend, Sophia—what am I going to do? I love her very much, you know, and can't stand the thought of losing her."

"Does she feel the same way about you?" Sophia asked. "I guess that's the big question."

"Yes, I think she does," replied Jim reflectively. "For all our ups and downs, yes I do believe she does."

"Then, there must be a solution," said Sophia, pausing to think for a few moments, "and ... yes ... I think I know what it is."

"Go on"

"Tough Love."

"Tough Love?"

"Yeah. You know, being cruel to be kind."

"So, what exactly are you suggesting in our case?"

"Well, this might sound a bit off the wall," said Sophia.

"But what if Rosa could be handed over to someone who's a real sadist, but also a person you can trust. This would only be for a brief session so she can be given a 'short sharp shock.' That might well bring her to heal, don't you agree, and make her realise just how well off she is with you as her master."

"I think you might very well be onto something," said Jim, brightening. "What you're suggesting's got quite a ring about it. Anyway," he added, "what alternative is there really?"

"Exactly," said Sophia, adding with a straight face, "You're between your cock and a hard place, aren't you?"

"I certainly am," agreed Jim with a rueful smile.

"Also," Sophia continued, "there'd be an added bonus for you if you go ahead with my proposal."

"That being?"

"You could threaten her with further sessions with the person concerned if she gets out of line in the future. Wouldn't that be a good way of keeping her under control, don't you think? The net result of my brilliant idea—harmony returned *chez* Master James and slave Rosa—QED!"

"I don't know about that," laughed Jim. "But the whole idea sounds good to me. Did you have somebody in mind to discipline Rosa in this ingenious way?"

"Yes, my domme—Mistress Gale. There's a total sadist if ever there was one!"

"No argument there," said Jim. "I know her."

"Excellent choice, eh?"

"Not another master?" queried Jim. Sophia had to smile to herself. *Typical male arrogance*, she thought.

"I honestly don't think so," she said. "I believe that would just complicate matters. No, it should be a dominatrix—that particular dominatrix—in my opinion."

"Alright, you've convinced me," said Jim although his face still wore a slightly anxious look.

"You don't look entirely convinced."

"It's just, well, how do we organise all this? I'm pretty sure I can get Rosa to come along—knowing her, she'd see it as a challenge! But what about Mistress Gale, would she actually agree, do you think?"

"I'm almost certain she would," said Sophia, "particularly if we see her together and put our case. I think we'll be pushing against an open door when it comes to it," she added. "Rosa's not the only one who enjoys a challenge!"

To cut a long story short, Jim and Sophia made their request to Gale and she was persuaded to agree. This is what happened.

* * * *

Mistress Gale is seated in an imposing black leather chair and Rosa stands before her. The room they're in is spacious, elegant and simple. It's stylishly furnished, with a suite of soft black leather and an antique mahogany table and desk. An impressionist painting hangs on the wall.

Mistress Gale is a woman of hypnotic beauty, with brown shoulder length hair, a strong jaw, generous mouth and large blue-green eyes. She is perfectly proportioned and has silky skin that is as pale as alabaster. If that were not enough, she absolutely radiates charisma. It's those luminous green eyes that do it. They seem to pull you into an orbit all their own once they fix on yours.

Wearing only a chain bra that leaves her breasts bare, a tiny side-split leather mini skirt—no underwear—and high-heeled shoes, she looks magnificent.

Rosa, the expression on her face as blank a mask as she can make it, stands before the formidable dominatrix so she can inspect her. Gale notes the stubborn set of her jaw and the glint of disobedience in her big lustrous brown eyes. She's also struck by the almost perfect symmetry of her features and how lovely looking she is.

Rosa has dark hair, which is shiny and straight and hangs to her shoulders. Small earrings glitter at her ears. She has full breasts and tight tan legs. Her beautiful figure is enhanced by the mini dress she's wearing, which leaves nothing to the imagination. Her nipples are plainly visible beneath the dress, and she's obviously nude beneath it. As well as being low cut, showing a large expanse of bosom, the

dress is miniscule and diaphanous. If anything, it seems to make her more naked.

"That's a nice dress you're nearly wearing," Gale says with a throaty chuckle. "Mind you, I'm one to talk!"

Rosa, keeping her expression impassive, thinks, *'What's she trying to do here? Just be friendly? Break the ice? Lull me into a false sense of security?'*

"Rosa, I know what you're thinking," Gale says suddenly, unnerving the slave. "Just stop it, alright." She gets out of her chair to stand in front of Rosa and her shining green eyes bore into her.

"Undo the top of your dress," she orders brusquely. "Take your breasts out and be quick about it."

"Yes Mistress," says Rosa and does just that.

"They're nice and full, it's true." Gale strokes and lifts Rosa's breasts approvingly. "But I see no sign of any recent discipline. That concerns me."

"These are lovely too," she continues, pinching Rosa's pinkish-brown nipples, which protrude urgently in response. "Tell me, do you by any chance have sensitive nipples?"

Rosa does not at first reply and keeps a poker face, but Gale sees the defiance that flickers in her eyes.

"Well?" Gale asks again, an edge to her voice. "Do you have sensitive nipples?"

"Yes Mistress," Rosa replies apprehensively, "I do—very".

"Good," says Gale, viciously squeezing the slave's engorged nipples, "Then you won't like me doing this." Rosa gasps with pain and hunches forward, her head bowed, her dark hair falling across her face.

"Don't slouch like that, Rosa. Stand up straight," Gale tells her as she returns to her seat. "Now lift up your dress at the front. I want to examine your pussy."

"Mmmm, very nice," Gale comments. "No pubic hair at all ... labia distended—lovely, like two petals ... clitoris pronounced. Tell me, I've been reliably informed you never wear underwear and keep your sex clean-shaven at all times. Is that so?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Well, at least you're doing a couple of things expected of a good slave, but little else I'm given to understand."

"But..."

"No buts, slave. The only butt I'm interested in is this one." Gale gestures with an impatient twirl of her hand that she wishes Rosa to turn her back to her. "Lift your dress again."

"Yes, Mistress"

"You have a lovely round, comely backside. It's eminently spankable."

"Thank you Mistress," Rosa replies, looking over her shoulder engagingly and smiling for the first time.

"That doesn't mean I'm happy with it," says Gale sharply. "Where's the evidence of recent punishment? The bruises, the weals, and the welts? I'll have to put that right *tout de suite*. Come across my knee, slave, now."

Rosa bends over Mistress Gale's lap, placing her hands on the floor in front of her. The cheeks of her backside tense as Gale flicks her insubstantial skirt out of the way to fully reveal

her lovely rear again. Gale strokes its beautifully soft globes with one hand and moves her other to Rosa's sex.

Her fingers slip inside her slippery wet vagina, and as she moves to touch the pink thorn of her clitoris, Rosa lets out a moan of pleasure.

"You're extremely wet down here," says Gale. "I hope that doesn't mean you're expecting to enjoy this." Gale suddenly squeezes Rosa's clit hood viciously, causing the slave to cringe in startled agony.

"You must understand something, Rosa," the dominatrix explains, moving the hand that has been stroking the slave's rear to her breasts and squeezing hard on both her nipples for a second time until she squeals. "We're here so you can be severely disciplined, not for you to derive pleasure. Understood?"

"Understood, Mistress," Rosa replies, shivering with pain.

"On the other hand," Gale goes on, plunging her fingers into Rosa's dripping pussy and starting to masturbate her, "if at any time you find yourself on the verge of climaxing, you must get my permission to come. Clear?"

"Clear, Mistress," replies the slave. She becomes increasingly frantic as Gale's fingers work more vigorously between the lips of her sex.

"I ... ah ... oh ... permission to come, Mistress," Rosa cries out suddenly.

"Say 'please'" Gale taunts, increasing even more the rough finger fucking she is giving the slave.

"Permission to come, please, Mistress, oh please..." Rosa begs.

"Permission granted," replies Mistress Gale, and the slave climaxes in great shuddering spasms.

"See how good I am to you," says Mistress Gale. "Here, lick." Gale puts her fingers, sticky with Rosa's love juices, across her lips, and she kisses and licks them. "Now suck them." She slowly pushes two fingers into Rosa's mouth and she sucks them greedily as Gale slides them back and forth between her lips.

"Look, Rosa, fair's fair," Gale says, withdrawing her fingers from her mouth. "You've just enjoyed some real pleasure. Now you must endure some real pain. Agreed?"

"Yes, Mistress," the slave replies uncertainly.

Gale pauses for a moment to admire Rosa's backside again, all bare and vulnerable, before beginning her spanking. Smack! The crisp sound announces the spanking has begun and the red palm print on Rosa's backside bears witness to the cruel accuracy of that first stroke. Smack! Gale's hand cracks down again on the curved cheeks with another harsh spank.

After many more robust smacks, when that elegant room rings with the sound of hand on naked flesh, Gale tells Rosa that her backside is reddening impressively. She then increases the frequency and harshness of her blows. She continues unremittingly, cracking her hand down onto Rosa's backside with relentless vigor, following one smack after another in swift succession. The cheeks of the slave's rear smart with a fire that makes her tense and squirm in pain, and with each slap her tensing and squirming increases.

"A nice rosy glow now," Gale says, pausing briefly to admire her handiwork before returning to her task with a will. When she increases the momentum of the spanking still further, Rosa reaches back with a hand, trying to protect herself.

"Oh no you don't," snaps Gale, brushing the hand away. She does actually stop beating Rosa for a short time and gently strokes her backside, but only to quickly resume spanking her, this time with even greater ferocity. She also includes her upper thighs in the thrashing and does not stop until that whole area of her body is coloured an even red. Rosa lets out an involuntary wail of pain as the full effect of the spanking spreads through her body.

"Ooh, poor baby," Gale coos in mock solicitude. "Does that hurt?"

"Yes, Mistress," comes the halting reply.

"Tough shit," says her tormentor. "For goodness sake, girl, we've barely started!"

Gale suddenly pulls Rosa off her lap by the hair. "Stand up and take off your dress and shoes," she demands. Gale gets to her feet once Rosa is nude. She instructs her to turn round so she can examine her punished rear. When she's done this, Gale tells her to turn back and face her. She looks the slave in the eye.

Rosa looks back at Gale, still trying to keep any emotion from showing on her face. Inside she remains defiant, repeating to herself over and over her own chant, *I won't let her win, I won't let her win, I won't let her win, I won't...*

Gale interrupts this inner mantra: "You know, Rosa," she says shooting her a look, "I can tell you—having myself just carried out an inspection—that you now have two lovely red cheeks." Gale has again noted the gleam of rebellion in the slave's eyes that her expressionless face is unable to disguise. "No, sorry, *three* red cheeks" she adds, suddenly slapping Rosa's face hard.

"Look, I've told you before," says Gale in a patient tone as she watches the red rose of a bruise begin to bloom on her cheek, "I know what you're thinking. So, please don't kid yourself you can beat me. Oh, and talking of beating..."

Gale takes hold of a heavy red leather paddle and weighs it in her hands. "See my paddle, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," replies Rosa, visibly shaken by the unexpected slap to the face.

"I'm now going to use it to beat your backside an even brighter shade of red—until it's as red as this paddle. No, thinking about it, redder still—as red as the reddest rose in a bunch of red, red roses. What color would you say I'm aiming for, slave?"

"Red, Mistress," Rosa mutters.

"Well spotted! Now I want you to go over to that wooden table." Gale gestures with the paddle. "Lean over it with your arms in front of you, your back arched, legs parted and backside in the air. That's right ... Prepare to be punished further. But Rosa," she adds, "before we re-commence, please note that I've thoughtfully left a cushion on the table for you to rest your head on. You see, I'm not entirely cruel, now am I?"

"Yes, Mistress ... I mean, no," responds the flustered slave, who finds she can't stop trembling.

When she bends forward, the cheeks of her quivering backside are stretched open. They present Gale with an exposed view of her puckered anus and the open lips of her sex. Her rear bears all too clear evidence of her punishment so far, and her anus and pussy, just as clear evidence of its effect on her. The one is pulsating uncontrollably and the other is swollen and wet. Trickle of love juice run down her thighs.

"I'll start by beating your backside twenty times with the paddle," Gale says. "I want you to count off each strike and thank me for it in the proper respectful manner. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress"

Gale raises her arm up to shoulder height and brings it down vigorously.

Thwack! That first blow nearly knocks all the breath out of the slave.

"One, thank you, Mistress," Rosa manages to pant.

Thwack!

"Two, thank you, Mistress."

Thwack!

"Three, thank you, Mistress."

Thwack!.... And on and on.

"Alright, Rosa, you can keep quiet now," says Gale once the slave has gasped her way through the full twenty. The scorched cheeks of her backside are now flushed an even deeper and angrier shade of red. "I don't want to hear

another word out of you. From this point on, you are to be obscene, but not heard! *Comprenez?*" Rosa nods her understanding.

Gale carries on using the red paddle on her backside and upper thighs, beating her ever harder, until she raises her back as an involuntary reflex action. "Down, slave, down," commands Gale, placing a hand in the small of her back and pushing her firmly down.

She continues paddling Rosa until she feels as if her backside and thighs are on fire, and then stops.

"That makes a lovely picture, slave. You can take my word for it," Gale comments. "But we don't want just a uniform red. Let's introduce some variety into the picture," she adds ominously. "I've just the thing—my braided leather flogger."

Gale picks up and raises the vicious black and red whip. It hisses like an angry snake when she swings it through the air, and when it lands with a crack on its target the sudden pain that sears across Rosa's backside nearly overwhelms her. She is still trying to draw breath when Gale brings the whip down again. It is even more agonising. A third, fourth and fifth stroke follow in swift succession, then down comes the cruel implement again. As the savage whipping continues, Rosa tenses and relaxes her thighs, desperate to contain the furious pain. When it's becoming unbearable, she raises her head and is about to register a protest.

"Stay put, you little bitch," Gale demands, pushing Rosa's head down before she has a chance to speak. "I thought I'd already made it clear you're to suffer in silence. You've got nothing to say I want to hear, unless it's to beg for mercy or

ask for permission to come. Otherwise, just shut the fuck up and take your punishment."

Gale continues to thrash Rosa's backside mercilessly causing numerous welts to spring like fresh cut flowers.

"Now I'm going to use my most vicious cane on you," she announces maliciously, showing her the thin length of smooth rattan. She gives it a couple of experimental strokes through the air. "Listen to the sinister swishing noise it makes as it slices through the air, and feel its painful sting." Rosa does, indeed, hear the low swish as the cane is drawn back and the louder one as it descends, and, oh, how she suffers the sharp sting of its first searing stroke as Gale brings it down hard across the punished cheeks of her backside.

"Ow!" she squeals.

"Silence," Gale snaps. "Be warned, I shan't tell you again."

For a long time that stylish room resounds once more with the sound of punishment, this time the swish and crack of cane against flesh. Gale canes Rosa's backside with unrelentingly hard rhythmic strokes until it is criss-crossed with clear stripes and the slave's eyes are welling with tears of pain.

Gale stops and strokes the cane gently over Rosa's rear, admiring the well-striped cheeks. She carries on, rolling it tantalisingly over her backside and legs before recommencing the beating. This time the swipes of the cane she inflicts on her rear are less frequent, but also much harsher as she brings her arm right back before striking. Three final vicious swipes in swift succession leave Rosa whimpering in agony.

Gale examines, with satisfaction, the red painful-looking blooms that now cover her backside and thighs.

"Onto your knees, Rosa," demands the pitiless dominatrix, "That's right ... like that ... kiss the cane ... good ... keep your backside in the air..." Rosa's rear is burning ferociously and her breath is coming in little gasps as she puts her lips to the hard rod.

"You've been exceptionally wilful and stubborn, Rosa," Gale says. "But I trust you've learned your lesson now."

"Yes, Mistress," she responds meekly.

"I hope you're truly sorry for the disobedience and lack of respect you've shown to Master James," Gale continues, leaning down and gripping her by the hair, so she can look her directly in the eye.

"Yes, Mistress. I'm truly sorry."

"And I really hope I don't have to see you here again" adds Gale, staring at her with a gleam of menace in her green eyes.

"Yes, Mistress," says Rosa softly as she grovels at Gale's feet, her severely punished rear in the air, but what she is actually thinking as she looks up adoringly at her tormentor is that she can't wait to see her cruel new mistress again.

"I *keep* telling you, Rosa," rasps Gale, harshly interrupting the slave's reverie, "I know what you're thinking and, frankly, it simply won't do." With that she lifts the cane high above her head and rains blow after ferocious blow on Rosa's backside, breaking the skin in numerous places.

"Mercy, Mistress, mercy" screams the distraught slave, weeping uncontrollably. "Permission to come ... please,

Mistress ... oh permission to come," she begs in desperation. Gale gives consent and Rosa is utterly overwhelmed by an orgasm that is long and violent, the most savage climax she has ever experienced in her life.

"I don't think you quite understood me," Gale says calmly, looking down at the thoroughly chastened slave. Rosa's face is stained with tears and she whimpers and shakes pitifully at her Mistress' feet. "I really—and I do mean really—don't ever want to see you here again. Do you understand me now?"

"Yes, Mistress." Rosa looks up at her with her large, dark eyes. They are tear-filled and thoroughly remorseful and, at long last, contain not even the tiniest glimmer of disobedience.

And that was the end of that. Clever Sophia. Cruel Gale. Poor Rosa.... Lucky Jim.

SNAP!

Who will end up the winner in Catherine and Sophia's kinky competition?

The bathroom was luxurious, all gleaming marble and chrome. Mistress Sophia wallowed in the large bathtub, a circular, semi-sunken creation big enough for three or four people. Stretching out full length in it, creamy with suds, she beckoned over her naked slave, Anthony, with a snap of her fingers. She'd loaned him to her closest friend, Mistress Catherine, that day to use and abuse as she saw fit, and he'd just returned.

"So, how'd you get on?" she asked, indicating he should sit on the edge of the tub.

"She beat the crap out of me, Mistress" he replied. "It was just like being with you!"

Sophia laughed. "Catherine's a girl after my own heart, that's for sure."

"There's a really intense bond between you two, isn't there, Mistress," Anthony remarked. "I assume that goes back to when she trained you as a dominatrix." Sophia had originally been a submissive and it had been Mistress Catherine, another 'switch' like her, who'd seen in her feisty look-alike the potential to be an excellent dominatrix, and had trained her in that role. Their relationship had become extremely competitive, obsessive even, but that was then. It had settled into an enduring friendship, although the bond

between them remained peculiarly intense, Anthony was right about that.

"We have something more between us than the fact she trained me," Sophia said. "We share a secret."

"Really?" said Anthony. "What's that, Mistress?"

"I'm not going to tell you. A secret's a secret."

"Fair enough, Mistress." Anthony wondered whether it had something to do with the fact the two women looked so alike—the same short dark hair, the same exotically high cheekbones, the same swimming pool-blue eyes. Were they perhaps related?

"She and I vowed we'd never tell anyone about it," Sophia said, "not another soul."

"I see, Mistress."

Sophia lay back and squeezed her eyes shut. She silently wished her slave away and Anthony duly obliged. Luxuriating in her exotic bath, Sophia went off into dreaming and reverie as the memories came flooding back: The rivalry between Catherine and her had got thoroughly out of hand during her training and Mistress Gale, mentor to them both, had strongly suggested they bury the hatchet. Have a meal together, make it up, was what she suggested, and that was what was agreed, *officially*. When it came to it, though, the two women couldn't resist having just one last training session together, and what a memorable one it proved to be. Sophia could remember it as if it had all happened yesterday. The images began to play through her mind as if she was watching herself in a film, and that insistent word started to echo in her head ... ?

* * * *

"Snap!" exclaimed Sophia as she entered Catherine's apartment. Both women were surprised to be confronted by a virtual mirror image when they looked at one another. Catherine and Sophia were so strikingly similar in appearance they could have been twins; people were always commenting on it. The similarity was exaggerated further on this occasion because they were both wearing almost identical skimpy black outfits, comprising of short crop tops and even shorter skirts.

"Sorry?" asked Catherine, temporarily non-plussed by the coincidence.

"Snap!" repeated Sophia. "You know, that card game kids play. When you turn over a card that's the same as your competitor you say, 'Snap!'"

"Yeah," replied Catherine distractedly, ushering her into the living room. "I remember."

"Look," said Sophia, suddenly serious, "about last time in Mistress Gale's dungeon."

"When you thoroughly humiliated me," Catherine cut in, "and in front of my slave too, just to add insult to injury."

"Yes. I wanted to say sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Yes, sorry."

"Sorry?" Catherine asked again, giving a lovely exaggerated blink.

"Sorry."

"Sorry?" There was an edge to Catherine's voice now.

"Eh, sorry?" asked Sophia, looking bewildered. "You've lost me."

"Sorry what, you silly bitch."

"Sorry, Mistress."

"That's better. Show me how sorry you are."

"I'm so sorry, Mistress," said Sophia, plunging to her knees in full frontal grovel. "I'm sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry!"

"So, what you're trying to say," suggested Catherine, a sardonic smile playing across her lips, "is that you're sorry."

"Yes."

"And do you really mean it?"

"No," replied Sophia, looking up at Catherine with a wicked grin.

"You're incorrigible," laughed Catherine. "Look, crawl over to the leather couch, will you. There's something I want to say to you."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Sophia, crawling ahead of her. Catherine admired the way her short skirt rode up over her naked rear.

"You have a beautiful ass," she commented.

"Snap!" replied Sophia, smiling over her shoulder.

The room they were in was stylish. Apart from the large black leather couch, there was a low antique table on which there were some interesting looking 'toys'. There were, in addition, two chairs also of black leather and a desk of heavily polished dark wood.

"Now then, Sophia," said Catherine seriously, gesturing that she should join her on the couch. "I think it's high time I put my cards on the table. Are you willing to do the same?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Number one," Catherine started, "I think you're gorgeous. I'm seriously in lust with you."

"Snap!" replied Sophia.

"Two," Catherine continued, "In my opinion, you're a great natural dominatrix—one of the best I've come across."

"Snap!" Sophia said again.

"Three, I've been guilty of turning your domme training into some kind of kinky contest."

"Snap!"

"But I want to draw a line under all that," Catherine concluded. "I want to simply concentrate on passing on specific domination skills to you at this last training session of yours, without any of the other baggage. Better late than never, I suppose you could say."

"Snap!" said Sophia. "I want that, too."

"And is that true?" asked Catherine.

"Nah," replied Sophia with a straight face. "I still want to win."

"Yes," sighed Catherine resignedly. "I have to admit, so do I."

"I see you're all prepared," remarked Sophia, looking at the low table next to the couch. It was covered in an array of toys—various instruments of correction, two sets of chained clamps, a metal dildo and several lengths of black bondage rope. "I must say the rope interests me in particular."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," Catherine replied. "It's useful for a dominatrix to have some skills in rope bondage."

I'm no great expert, you understand, but I'd be pleased to pass on what knowledge I have."

"Thank you. That'd be great. I know next to nothing about rope bondage, but I'd sure like to learn."

"Okay, we'll start your first lesson now," said Catherine. "Go and sit on that leather chair and put your arms in front of you with your wrists together."

Catherine used the bondage rope to tie Sophia's wrists. She told her to put them above her head so she could attach them with a further piece of rope to the back of the chair. She tied her legs together above the knees and wrapped rope around each of her ankles before attaching both to the base of the chair.

"How's that feel?" Catherine asked.

"I really like it," replied Sophia. "It makes me feel sexy"

"You certainly look incredibly sexy, tied up like that. You're a total turn-on."

"So, you really are in lust with me?" Sophia asked.

"Yes, I am. It's kind of an obsession really," replied Catherine. "Take yesterday, for example..."

"What about yesterday?"

"I was on my own at home all day."

"Yeah, me too," said Sophia.

"Know what I spent the day doing?"

"What?"

"Masturbating," said Catherine, "thinking about you the whole time."

"Snap!"

"No kidding!"

"No kidding," replied Sophia with an impish grin. "I spent the day masturbating and thinking about me the whole time, as well!"

"Sophia," laughed Catherine, "you're such a tease."

"Seriously, I did spend all day pleasuring myself and thinking about you."

"And is that true?"

"No..."

"Oh," replied Catherine in disappointment. "That would've been one ultra-sexy coincidence if it'd been true."

"You didn't let me finish," said Sophia with a mischievous look. "I wasn't playing with myself thinking about you all day, just most of the day. I do have a life, you know!"

"Well, if you're going to be pedantic!"

"God, you make me so horny," said Sophia.

"Snap!"

"Want to get naked?"

"Does Pinocchio have wooden balls?"

"I'll take that as a 'yes'," Catherine smiled.

She untied Sophia, admiring the rope marks she'd left on her body; and the two women removed the few clothes they were wearing.

"Crawl back to the couch," instructed Catherine. "Now sit on it with your arms either side of the top of the headrest and your legs spread."

She tightly encircled Sophia's breasts with bondage rope and also used further lengths of rope to tie up her wrists and attach them to the back of the couch. She tied each of her ankles to its base.

"So, Sophia," she said, gently caressing her breasts, "you spent most of yesterday playing with your pussy and thinking of me. Is that right?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"You can't do that now, can you?" taunted Catherine, running a hand up and down Sophia's thighs teasingly.

"No, Mistress."

"Bet you wish you could."

"You're not wrong," said Sophia, wriggling in her bonds.

"I've a better idea," said Catherine. "See that metal vibrator on the table?"

"Yes."

"Want me to use it on you?"

"Yes, please."

"Okay," Catherine agreed.

"When you use the vibrator on me," Sophia remarked, her aqua eyes glazed with lust, "you won't need to use any lubricant, not if the amount of love juice I'm oozing onto your beautiful leather couch is anything to go by."

"No doubt true. But I'll need to position you differently," said Catherine. She untied Sophia and told her to lie flat on her back on the couch with her arms above her head. Catherine used one length of bondage rope to attach Sophia's wrists to the side of the couch. She used another to encircle the back of her neck, her breasts, torso and either side of her labia. She also tied her legs together above the knees and at the ankles.

"You have such beautiful blue eyes. I could gaze into them forever," she said.

"Snap!" replied Sophia.

"You have a lovely body, too."

"Snap!"

"I love to caress it," Catherine continued, doing just that.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"How're you feeling?" asked Catherine.

"Horny as hell."

"I did say I'd use the vibrator on you," Catherine reminded Sophia. "I bet you'd really like that."

"I'd love that."

"Your pussy is so wet," said Catherine, lightly touching Sophia's clit, easing a finger into her sex, but quickly withdrawing it.

"When you said you'd use your vibrator on me," asked Sophia, her eyes narrowing with suspicion, "were you telling the truth?"

"No," Catherine shrugged.

"Please, Mistress."

"No," replied Catherine emphatically. "There'll be no pleasure for you, I'm afraid. But I can offer pain. Interested?"

"Yes," whispered Sophia.

"I didn't hear that."

"Yes."

"Yes what?" asked Catherine sharply.

"Yes, Mistress."

"How much pain would you like me to inflict on you, slave?"

"As much as you like, Mistress," Sophia replied.

"I want to inflict a lot of pain on you."

"That's fine by me, Mistress."

"I don't want it to be just fine with you," Catherine said sternly. "I want you to beg for it."

"Please inflict a lot of pain on me, Mistress," Sophia pleaded. "I beg you."

"Well, if that's what you really want," replied Catherine cheerfully, "who am I to deny you?"

Catherine untied Sophia with the exception of her wrists, and told her to stand. After attaching a length of rope to a ceiling hook she secured Sophia's wrists to it and tied her ankles together again. Catherine also attached chained clamps to Sophia's nipples and labia, sending shudders of pain through her body.

She used a sturdy leather paddle to beat her backside until it blazed bright red. Catherine replaced the paddle with a spiked mitt, which she put over her right hand. She used it first to run over then spank Sophia's punished rear hard. Her body stung all over, each smack to her backside echoing through her until it jarred on her nipples and labia as the chained clamps shook.

Next, Catherine picked up a heavy leather flogger and whipped her back and rear until they were both a mass of angry-looking welts.

"Do you want me to beat you harder or softer, slave?" she asked, taking hold of a riding crop.

"Harder, Mistress."

Snap!

Snap!

"Harder or softer?"

"Harder, Mistress."

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

"Harder still?"

"Yes, Mistress," gasped Sophia, tears of pain filling her eyes.

"Sure?"

"Yes Mistress."

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

...And on and relentlessly on until Sophia, sobbing uncontrollably, could stand no more agonising pain and begged for mercy. Catherine immediately stopped beating her, untied her, and gently removed her nipple clamps and the ones attached to her labia. She took Sophia into her arms and kissed her passionately, forcing her tongue between her quivering lips.

"Okay, Sophia," said Catherine eventually breaking their clinch, a string of glistening saliva still unifying their lips. "You all right?"

"Yes."

"Good. It's your turn now," she said, taking a length of bondage rope and handing it to Sophia. "Let's see what you've learned."

"Put your arms in front of you, wrists together," said Sophia, switching into her new role remarkably quickly. "Now,

let's see if I can remember this right." She wrapped the rope around Catherine's wrists and knotted it expertly.

"Hey, that's good," Catherine encouraged her. "You were obviously watching closely what I was doing."

"I was," agreed Sophia. "And I'm a quick study, even if I say so myself."

"How'd you want me, now?" asked Catherine.

"There's a question!" Sophia laughed. "Let's have you flat on your back on the couch, with your arms behind your head and your legs spread apart."

She attached Catherine's wrists to the side of the couch with another piece of rope and wrapped two further lengths round each ankle. She tied one to the back of the couch and the other to its base.

"So, you spent all day yesterday playing with your pussy and thinking of me," said Sophia, kneeling on the floor beside Catherine.

"Pretty much."

"Where did this solo debauchery take place?"

"Some of the time on my bed," replied Catherine, "and some of it right here on the couch."

"How're you feeling right now?"

"Incredibly horny."

"How's this feel?" asked Sophia as she sensuously caressed first Catherine's breasts then her thighs.

"Beautiful."

"How about this?" she asked as she licked and kissed Catherine's inner thighs, stopping just short of her sex.

"Incredible," said Catherine. "So near and yet so far!"

"You have a lovely pussy," Sophia said.

"Snap!"

"Thank you," replied Sophia "There's a fundamental difference between them right now, though, I have to say."

"Really?"

"Really, yes."

"What's that?"

"Simple. I can do this," said Sophia, caressing her own pussy with exaggerated languor. "But you can't."

"I wish I could, though."

"Do you want me to tie you so you can?"

"Yes, please."

Sophia untied Catherine before re-tying her, this time with rope around her breasts and either side of her pussy.

"Lie flat on your back on the floor," she ordered. "Bend your knees and open your legs."

She encircled Catherine's right wrist with rope and attached it by a short piece of rope to the length she wrapped around her right upper thigh, which she in turn attached by another short length to her right ankle. She repeated the process on Catherine's left side.

"You told me you knew next to nothing about rope bondage," Catherine reminded Sophia, looking very sceptical. "Were you telling the truth?"

"No," replied Sophia matter-of-factly. "Of course not. I don't know if you're aware of it, but I'm a good friend of Mistress Kay."

"I didn't know that, but I do know Kay," said Catherine. "She's an expert in Japanese rope bondage, isn't she?"

"She is indeed," confirmed Sophia. "And she's been training me in it."

"God! You probably know a lot more about it than I do."

"Probably," agreed Sophia nonchalantly. "In fact almost certainly. I would apologise for the deception, except ... I'm not sorry."

"Never mind that now," Catherine told her. "You did say you'd let me pleasure myself."

"I did, didn't I. Thanks for reminding me. Why don't you try?"

Catherine attempted to stretch her fingers to reach her pussy, but the lengths of rope between her wrists and thighs were not quite long enough. Struggling in her bonds, she rolled onto her front, her side and onto her back again. It was all to no avail.

"Hopeless isn't it," said Sophia in mock-sympathy.

"Look," Catherine said urgently, "you definitely said you'd let me pleasure myself. Were you telling the truth?"

"Nope."

"Oh, please," pleaded Catherine. She swung herself onto her knees, displaying the beautiful cheeks of her backside. They were stretched open, presenting Sophia with an exposed view of the open lips of her sex and her anus within their black rope frame. Both were pulsing invitingly and her pussy was swollen and wet. Rivulets of glistening love juice ran along the ridges of her parted labia and down the top of her thighs.

"That's just the most beautiful sight," enthused Sophia. "Know what I'd like to do right now?"

"What?"

"I'd like to spank that lovely quivering backside of yours while tonguing your anus and finger fucking your pussy. Does that idea appeal to you?"

"Is the Pope a Catholic? Will you please do that? Please, please, please."

"No."

"Oh!"

"But I will play with your pussy with that metal vibrator over there," said Sophia. "Okay?"

"Okay."

"Let's get you into a different position, though," said Sophia.

Sophia untied Catherine while she was still lying on the floor, only to immediately re-tie her. She tied her arms behind her back and attached the ropes that were around her wrists to those around her ankles by two further lengths. Catherine's knees remained raised. Sophia put a further length of rope around her waist and brought it up tight between her labia, ensuring the knot pressed against her clitoral hood.

"You look incredible, all trussed up," said Sophia. "How'd you feel?"

"Incredible."

"Roll onto your front. I want to admire you from another angle."

"God, I feel so horny!" exclaimed Catherine, now on her belly. "Please bring me off. I'm going crazy here."

"That knot's really pushing against your nub," remarked Sophia, as she gently stroked Catherine's rear. "Roll onto your back again."

"I'm so close to coming right now," gasped Catherine as she rolled back.

"I'll bet you are," replied Sophia. "How would you like it if I were to pull that rope back and forth so the knot rubs constantly against your clit?"

"I'd love it."

"What if I tapped my fingers against the knot?"

"Even better ... hurry up!"

"Or switched on that vibrator and held it right next to the knot?"

"Better still," replied Catherine, now decidedly wary. "But are you actually going to?"

"No."

"Oh God!" she exclaimed in frustration. "What are you going to do?"

"What you actually want me to do," replied Sophia.

"But I..."

"No, Catherine," said Sophia, her voice suddenly harsh, "what you really, in your dark heart, *long* for me to do."

"What's that?"

"You know full well, don't you?"

"Yes," Catherine replied softly.

"Say it, then."

"I want you to punish me."

"What, you mean—inflict pain on you?" asked Sophia.

"Yes," she whispered.

"How much pain?"

"Lots."

"What do you mean by 'lots'? Agonising pain, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Beg me."

"Please, Mistress, I beg you to punish me and cause me agonising pain."

"Your wish is my command," said Sophia in a tone of bland good-humor, and immediately began to untie Catherine.

"I think we'll retire to your bedroom now," Sophia added.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Your bedroom," she continued, "where you engaged in so much self-abuse yesterday."

"Yes Mistress."

"You're a randy whore, aren't you, Catherine?"

"Yes Mistress."

"What are you?"

"A randy whore, Mistress."

"Before we make our way to your *boudoir*, I'll need a couple of instruments of correction from this fine selection you have here on the table," said Sophia, taking hold of a cat-o'-nine tails and a riding crop. "These will do nicely, I think."

Once they were in the bedroom, Sophia led Catherine over to the large bed. It had a carved mahogany head board, a number of pillows and leather cushions, and bed covers of black satin. "Lie flat on your back on the bed with your arms and legs spread, bitch," Sophia commanded. She ran the cat-o'-nine tails sensuously over Catherine's body before whipping

her with it several times on the breasts, thighs and pussy with rapid-fire cracks.

Next Sophia pushed her onto her front and hand-spanked her vigorously before licking her backside. She then buried her tongue in Catherine's pouting anus, causing her body to shiver uncontrollably with delight.

Sophia turned Catherine onto her back again and took hold of the riding crop. She beat her inner thighs with its leather tip...

Snap!

Snap!

...And her clitoris

Snap!

Snap!

"You know, Catherine," she said, alternately using the crop on her breasts, inner thighs and pussy, "we've so much in common, you and I."

Snap!

Snap!

"We look alike."

Snap!

Snap!

"We even dress alike."

Snap!

Snap!

"We enjoy sex with guys."

Snap!

Snap!

"And with girls."

Snap!

Snap!

She turned Catherine onto her front and beat her backside ever more savagely.

"We both like to be disciplined."

Snap!

Snap!

"Particularly by our adored Mistress Gale."

Snap!

Snap!

"And, boy, do we both love to dish out the discipline."

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

She turned Catherine onto her back again and beat her clitoris with the leather tip of the crop with ever-increasing ferocity.

"We both love pleasure."

Snap!

Snap!

"And we both love pain—and how!"

Snap!

Snap!

"We both love pleasuring ourselves."

Snap!

Snap!

"In fact, Catherine..."

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

"Isn't this session with me like just about the best wank you ever had in your entire life?"

"Yes, Mistress." Catherine was now in agony and her reply was frantic. "Mercy, Mistress, please," she cried, tears raining down her face.

Sophia instantly stopped beating her. "Make me come now and I'll make you come," she said as she straddled her tear-covered face. At the same time she pushed Catherine's thighs apart, pressing hard to spread them, and brought her own lips to her sex.

The two frenzied lovers flicked and tongued and rubbed as a mad hunger flowed through them. They made love for a very long time. Locked in the climax of their mutual desire they brought one another to orgasm after orgasm.

After what seemed a blissful eternity of passionate lovemaking, they lay contentedly in one another's arms in the afterglow. "Okay, Sophia," said Catherine with a sigh, "you win. You can dominate me any time you like."

"Snap!" replied Sophia. "You can dominate me any time you want as well."

"So, when you said you were determined to win this kinky contest of ours, was that true?" asked Catherine.

"No," said Sophia, grinning broadly. "I just wanted to fuck your brains out!"

"You know you just said I could dominate you any time I liked," said Catherine, her face betraying a glimmer of concern. "Was that actually true?"

Dark Desires: Femdom Erotica
by Alex Jordaine

"Yes," replied Sophia emphatically. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!"

"So that's an affirmative, then?" laughed Catherine.

"Yes."

"Snap!"

SLAVE TO LOVE

Gale and Alex experience the ultimate power exchange

Part one

—Bondage—

He lay on his front on the big four-poster bed, naked apart from his slave's collar and wrist and ankle cuffs, which were of black leather. He was blindfolded and gagged. His arms were crossed in front of his chest and held in that position by the metal clip attaching his wrist cuffs together; his ankle cuffs were also clipped together. Secured in this way, he was at the mercy of Gale who stood above him wielding her leather flogger. Waves of pain swept through him as she whipped his backside relentlessly.

That had been Alex's favorite fantasy for years. It helped him relax when he couldn't sleep and lay there trying not to disturb his beautiful lover, Gale, as she slumbered peacefully by his side. Ironically, the more trapped he felt by the circumstances of his life—specifically the daily grind and relentless pressures of his high-powered job—the more comforting he found this masochistic bondage fantasy.

The scenario had become different over time: He was still on his front, naked, blindfolded, and gagged and wearing the same slave's collar, but this time his wrist cuffs were clipped behind his back and his legs were splayed apart, his ankle

cuffs secured by chains to the corners of the bed. Mistress Gale was flogging his back and rear ferociously with a heavy leather flogger. She stopped periodically to masturbate, the sounds urgent and liquid, and each time she returned to beating him she did so with even more savagery. Agonising pain laced through him and he luxuriated in it. It was what he craved. He couldn't do without it, lived for it. It was his only reality now, complete pain-slut that he was.

Suddenly Gale stopped whipping him and he heard her leave the room. Where had she gone and when would she be back? Alex couldn't ask her because he was gagged. In any case, it wasn't his place to ask. He wasn't allowed to speak to Mistress Gale unless she spoke to him first; she'd made that absolutely clear.

You can see how Alex's original fantasy had developed very considerably ... Except it wasn't a fantasy any more, but the real thing. That was because he had become Mistress Gale's sex-slave, to be held in bondage or disciplined or fucked or simply ignored, according to her whim. He was the chattel of this highly sadistic dominatrix to do with exactly as she saw fit. He existed only for her pleasure and she required complete abject obedience from him at all times. He had always to do exactly as she told him without question, no matter how humiliating that might be for him. He wasn't allowed to masturbate or have an orgasm without her permission.

To be clear from the start, we're not talking here about some kinky middle-aged couple enjoying the psychodrama of a few hours a week or even, for that matter, a few weeks a

year of sadomasochistic play-acting in order to spice up their sex-lives. No, this was the ultimate power exchange: a full lifestyle relationship. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred sixty-five days a year, Alex was Mistress Gale's sex-slave. She disciplined him repeatedly and he spent his days and nights in a constant state of anticipatory arousal, trying to second guess what his next punishment would be. When it came, he experienced the most exquisite ecstasy in the dark ritual of that punishment.

How could this be so? How could harmless fantasy have become complete reality in this bizarre way? How could such a drastic change have happened in the life of this ostensibly normal middle-class man? How could it all have come to this?

Alex was asking himself these very questions as he lay in his painful bondage awaiting Mistress Gale's return. "I've just been lucky, I guess," was his answer—and he wasn't being fatuous. He put pretty much all of it down to luck. He couldn't stand those smug people who complacently announced they made their own luck. That was bullshit as far as he was concerned. Had his brother made his own luck when he'd died of a brain haemorrhage in his early twenties? Had Gale's father made his own luck in succumbing to Parkinson's disease? Were two of their closest friends making their own luck as they watched an out of control container lorry career in their direction seconds before it wiped them into oblivion? Of course not.

Alex knew he'd been lucky in all sorts of ways. He'd been lucky to have been born to parents who had the wisdom to allow him to grow into who he really was, rather than try to

force him into a conventional mold—and, what he was to the depths of his being was a submissive masochist. Some submissive masochists are born, some are made, and some have submissive masochism thrust upon them. Alex felt lucky that he fell firmly into the first category. There were no psyche-scarring incidents in his childhood or adolescence to account for it; he was just made that way.

He felt lucky—indescribably lucky—to have found Gale, the woman he worshipped and adored beyond all measure. She was the love of his life, his reason for being, the centre of his universe. She was also a born domina if ever there was one.

He felt lucky they had discovered the world of BDSM and the fetish scene where they'd been able to associate with fellow aficionados of sadomasochism and bondage and make a number of wonderful friendships over the years.

He felt lucky they'd found a house that was so well suited to their BDSM lifestyle. It had felt like home as soon as they'd set eyes on it. It still did after all this time—and a good thing too, since he now spent nearly all his days within its walls, often within those of its basement dungeon.

He felt incredibly lucky to have survived a life-threatening illness and to still be on the planet. It could so easily not have been the case. It was luck, too, nothing to do with an indomitable 'never say die' persistence that was so much a part of his character.

Not that he sold it short, not in the least. He felt lucky to have been born with an innately persevering nature, sufficient intelligence and imagination to have been able to forge a successful career for himself. He felt even luckier he'd been

offered a means of escape from the same career when he'd become all but burned out.

He'd been lucky to have been made redundant on terms that had given him financial independence so he no longer had to walk within the walls of workaday conformity and could at last live exactly the way he wanted to live.

And the way he wanted to live was as Mistress Gale's slave. She had put no pressure on him whatsoever to do that. He had elected to be her slave 24/7. He'd decided to totally submit himself to her and had made the decision entirely of his own free will.

That had been a momentous decision whichever way you looked at it and couldn't have happened if the couple hadn't been well advanced down that route already. Yet, when Gale and he thought back, neither of them could remember how their love making had come to change quite as radically as it had. All they could say for certain was that it had happened in a gradual way and with every change it had become even more intense and passionate.

It all started the first time Gale suggested she tie up Alex and blindfold him before they made love. "It'll be a real turn-on," she told him, but it proved to be much more than that for Alex. He found the exercise in helplessness involved in his first experience of bondage, to be intoxicating. It caused his spirits to soar, taking on his wildest masochistic fantasies.

Gale started to take on those fantasies herself. "Over my knee," she ordered her naked lover one day. "I'm going to spank you hard." The harsh sting of the spanking combined with the delicious humiliation of this further exciting new

sexual experience ended up exceeding his wildest imaginings. It not only gave Alex a colossal erection, it actually caused him to ejaculate during his punishment.

In the months that followed Gale progressed with the inevitability of night following day to disciplining him with a paddle, cane and flogger. From there, she moved on to nipple clamps, hot wax, anal play and genital whipping. Before very long it became all too clear that Alex was profoundly masochistic and Gale was equally sadistic.

The couple also came to realise that their mutual love of leather—specifically black leather—had grown to be considerably more than a mere penchant, or a passion. It had become a positive fetish. They both adored the look, smell, and feel of leather. It was dark, sensual, and pagan. It made them think of sex. They found they couldn't get enough black leather: clothing, fetish-wear, instruments of correction, furniture, you name it.

Tempus fugit and before they knew it, months turned into years. Eventually the inevitable happened and they began to feel a real need to come out of the closet—even if it was by that time full of leather! They wanted to associate with other people who shared similar sexual tastes and started going regularly to fetish clubs and parties.

Up until then their involvement in BDSM had been strictly private. Entering the local fetish scene was not exactly going 'public' about their deviant sexual orientation. Far from it. Given society's taboos, that wasn't ever going to happen as far as they were concerned. It was more like entering an exciting secret society, but it was a major turning point for

the couple. It was an acknowledgement that sadomasochism had now gone beyond a mere sexual preference for them and would from then on be an active part of the way they lived their lives.

Gale in particular was well aware she had a lot to learn if she and Alex wanted to progress in the BDSM lifestyle. Indeed, she realised she'd be jeopardising Alex's physical and psychological wellbeing should she not take the trouble to learn. So she did just that, obtaining the guidance of an experienced dominatrix she'd become friendly with. She learned all about safe domination, including the use of certain hard-to-use implements of correction like the single lash whip and the bullwhip. She also learned about different types of bondage such as rope, plastic wrap, handcuffs, leather body bags and suspension machines.

She learned, too, about such diverse topics as the importance of respecting the slave's limits, safe words and gestures, ritualized positions for inspection and punishment, the significance of the slave's collar, orgasm denial, face sitting, foot worship, topping from the bottom, switching, and edge play, to name a few. In no time, Gale had advanced from neophyte to experienced player, becoming a formidable dominatrix in her own right.

Spool forward five years. Gale and Alex needed either to move out of their apartment into something bigger or carry out a ruthless cull of their substantial collection of fetish-wear and BDSM accoutrements. No contest. There was so much about their new home Gale and Alex loved: the wonderfully natural flow to its layout, the graceful winding staircase, the

kitchen which was cheerful and welcoming, oh, and the large basement. Now, what on earth could they do with that?

Alex's job had become off-the-chart demanding by that time and he was stressed out, the cracks beginning to show in his workaday veneer even then if they had but known it. Gale decided it would be best to leave him out of this particular equation and made the creation of a dungeon her own personal project. She arranged to have it fitted out with all the equipment she and Alex would need for their games. This included a whipping bench, torture chair, a cage and St. Andrews cross. She had an open cabinet of dark wood fitted against one wall upon which she hung her large collection of disciplinary instruments. They ranged from simple straps to tawses, crops, whips, paddles, canes, gags, chains, handcuffs, and a variety of clamps. Once completed to her satisfaction, the whole play space gave off the wonderful aroma of leather, and screamed out sadomasochistic sex. It went on to get *plenty* of use.

Fast forward a decade. Alex arrived home one day and found to his initial bemusement that net curtains had appeared at the windows. All was quickly revealed—literally. "Strip off," Gale ordered him. "From this point on, unless I instruct you otherwise, when you're at home, either on your own or with me, I want you to be completely naked at all times. Should someone knock at the door either ignore them or, if you must respond, slip into your track suit—We wouldn't want you arrested for indecent exposure!"

Alex had no hesitation in obeying her in this or, for that matter, in anything else she told him to do. As the years had

passed by with ever-increasing velocity, total unquestioning obedience to Gale had become second nature to him. Being already in the nude meant when he submitted to her discipline, he became even more naked. It wasn't just his clothing, but all his inhibitions that were stripped away, leaving him exactly where he knew Gale wanted him to be and where, to the depths of his being, he wanted to be himself—powerless and under her complete control. And that is the most important thing to remember about Alex. When he was submitting to Gale, he wasn't role playing at all. It was the real him, naked and unadorned, so deep-rooted and profound was his need to serve and surrender to his mistress.

No, his role playing occurred in the vanilla world and had been the case for almost as long as he could remember. Alex had always been ambitious, really wanting to make a success of his life, and realised from an early age this would inevitably mean 'putting on an act' to some extent. He was by nature shy, introverted and submissive, aspects of his character he knew would get him precisely nowhere if he wanted to get on in the working world. So he hid these traits beneath the persona of being the strong, silent type. His silence gave him a quiet air of authority as he used other elements of his personality—a creative intelligence, resolute determination, shrewdness and empathy—to make a successful career for himself in the business world. The trouble was that the further up the greasy pole he climbed—the more high powered his work became, the more he was looked upon to take the lead. The more he found himself controlling the fate of other people, the less he liked it. He could do it, sure, and

do it well. It wasn't exactly rocket science when all was said and done, and Alex's financial skills were excellent. But the fact was that, deep down, being in a position of authority or leadership just wasn't him. He wasn't at all comfortable with it.

Gale helped keep Alex sane as he struggled to survive in the rat-race world of commerce and hold onto the position of seniority he'd achieved through his blood, sweat and tears. Essentially, she did this by giving him what he wanted from her. What he craved was to be told what to do—told to walk around the house naked, told to appear naked at fetish clubs, ordered to go to the dungeon to be severely disciplined. That was Alex's idea of freedom—the freedom of submission. This freed him of any feelings of guilt and shame about his deviant sexuality. It enabled him to be completely uninhibited, because Gale didn't allow him to think when she was dominating him. His erotic imagination was free to go to whatever wondrously depraved places *she* chose to take it. He had no choice but to obey his mistress. He wasn't responsible for his sexuality because he'd given over its control to Gale, lock, stock and barrel.

That was the real Alex—the complete submissive. The fake Alex, the one living a lie, was out there doing battle every working day in the cut-throat world of commerce. It seemed to get tougher and crazier and more wearisome all the time. Increasingly, all he really wanted was to be Gale's full-time slave. He longed to completely surrender his will to Gale and be in a state of absolute submission to his wonderful dominatrix.

Dark Desires: Femdom Erotica
by Alex Jordaine

With each passing year this burning need became ever more intense and undeniable and, seemingly, unachievable. He felt he had to be brutally honest with himself. It was considerably more extreme than most, but when it came down to it, wasn't this need he felt little more than yet another middle-aged man's day dream? It was in essence just a fantasy, that was his sombre conclusion. But it was a powerful one nonetheless, one he clung to with increasing desperation as he continued to endure the real bondage and slavery—wage slavery—that was the daily grind of his work life.

Then something utterly unexpected happened to Alex, something so extreme, so cathartic, it would change his life forever.

Part Two

—Release—

Alex's life changed for ever when it nearly ended for good. He saw that with crystal clarity in hindsight. At the time he saw nothing at all.

He was struck down suddenly with a life-threatening blood disease. The illness was caused by a viral infection that had attacked an immune system weakened by years of relentless work pressure. It was dreadful for Alex. He realised afterward, it had been a much more harrowing experience for Gale. After all, he'd been blissfully unaware of his blackout, the rush by ambulance to get him to hospital, his time in the intensive care unit as the doctors struggled to save his life, of just how close he'd come to shuffling off this mortal coil.

He had no memories at all of the first few weeks of his illness. He was not to learn until later how far he'd travelled into darkness, how nearly he had died. He drifted out of his coma from time to time, sufficient to hear occasional sounds. He heard voices, calm and medical. He heard Gale's voice, full of compassionate concern. The voices came and went. The days and nights passed by. When he finally came round the first person he saw was Gale. She smiled softly, her eyes aglow with happiness and relief, gratitude and love.

It took many months for him to recuperate and he found the process exhausting, but it did get steadily easier as time went on and he positively enjoyed the later stages. Apart

from anything else, Gale and he were able to resume their sex life at long last. It was all a bit tentative, but even that represented a huge step forward. It meant he truly was on the mend.

Unfortunately for Alex, being on the mend meant something else as well: The so-called real world began to beckon once more. Eventually he had to bite the bullet and go back to work, back to the senior ranks of the anonymous, soulless organisation that paid his salary. Unsurprisingly, the only contact his employers had made with him during the period of his near-fatal illness and subsequent convalescence had been cursory and formal.

It was with a heavy heart he returned back to the endless days on the treadmill, the interminable meetings, the never ending influx of emails, tedious office politics—jostling for position, and back-biting and false bonhomie. Constant pressure was the worst part—not to stay ahead of the game like it used to be in the exciting early years of his career, no, nowadays it was just to keep up. That pressure was so unrelenting, in the end it became virtually all-consuming. It was true he was well paid by his company but in return, they wanted their pound of flesh.

The weeks and months trudged by until one fine day Alex got the news for which he'd silently prayed for years. He was informed with ill-concealed glee by the company's CEO, a charmless sociopath if ever there was one, that his face didn't fit in the organisation any more and he would be subject to forced redundancy. With the offer of a very attractive package to 'go quietly,' one, he realised, that would allow him financial

freedom for the foreseeable future, he was asked to clear his desk and vacate the building immediately. He was undeniably shocked but not at all unhappy. He'd done his time and managed to survive to tell the tale.

Where do we go from here, he kept asking himself after the dust had settled on that fateful day. Where indeed? One thing he was sure of was that he wanted it to be as far away as possible from the rat race existence he'd grown increasingly to deplore. The misery he'd gone through at work only became fully defined when he knew he wouldn't be returning; when he no longer had to condition himself to the idea he'd probably have to continue in that same stifling world until retirement. His generous redundancy package meant he never need work again if he didn't want to—and he really didn't want to. He'd grown to detest his work life even more than he'd realised, his hatred of it only crystallising into its full shape in retrospect.

There had to be a real alternative to such an existence that would work for Gale and himself, one that would enable them to build a different and better way of life before it was too late. Life was so short. His recent brush with death had brought that message home to him all too clearly. It had made him realise just how tenuous his own existence was. He'd become acutely aware of time's preciousness and of his own mortality.

If he didn't do what he needed to do, his life would be over before he knew it. What was the answer? Surely it was to be bold and live one's dreams in their fullest form if one possibly

could, no matter how unconventional, how extreme that form may be. Suddenly his mind became peculiarly clear.

"Where do we go from here?" said Gale, asking the question he'd been asking himself repeatedly of late. They'd just walked into their comfortable lounge. She was clothed from top to toe in elegant black leather, he was naked.

"I'd like to be your full-time slave," Alex replied without hesitation, the words just tumbling out. "It's what I've always wanted deep down and I think you have, too. Why don't we just go for it, what do you say?"

"What do I say?" she replied, her voice suddenly commanding. "What I say is this—get on your knees." He instantly obeyed, his cock starting to stiffen. "I want you there on your knees, slave, because as your mistress I am above you in every way and your true position is kneeling at my feet, your only function to serve, obey and please me. The number one rule from this point on, the one you must *never* lose sight of, is that my pleasure is everything and you are there *solely* for my pleasure. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Alex replied, his eyes shining with exaltation. The power of the goddess standing above him filled him with rapturous wonder. He felt so privileged and honored that she had agreed to his request. He was only too willing to be at her beck and call night and day, to exist only for her pleasure, his body and mind effectively her property. His place truly was on his knees before his mistress. He had always worshipped Gale, from the moment he first saw her. He was filled with happiness at the prospect of being in total submission to her at all times from that moment on.

* * * *

Gale and Alex were both well aware that the decision they'd made represented a huge quantum leap for them, and they went into their radical new way of life with their eyes wide open. They were highly experienced players on the local fetish scene by that time and over the years had pushed the boundaries of the way they lived their lives, much further than most would have dared to do. But, even so, before that decision, Gale's domination of Alex had been primarily about sex play. It now become something much more. It had become a full lifestyle relationship, a complete way of life.

Gale wasted no time in grasping the reins. She started as she meant to go on, by taking control of their assets and not allowing Alex any money or credit cards. He soon had very little clothing either since she disposed of most of it. She continued to require him to be naked when he was either on his own or with her in the house. Weather permitting, that is. It had been her main criterion for this rule before and that remained the case. She'd nearly lost him once; she didn't want to lose him permanently a second time—to pneumonia! Gale liked her large collection of leather footwear to be immaculate and she imposed a strict regime of shoe and boot maintenance on Alex. In addition, he was expected to keep her dungeon scrupulously clean and tidy at all times.

All that was just for starters. She went on to require him to do all household chores, including cooking, washing-up, cleaning, laundry, ironing and the gardening. As well as cooking for her and doing all the domestic and other menial

work around the property, he was expected to cater to her personal needs. She not only trained him to serve her in the bathroom but also made him take lessons in massage, skin-care, and cordon bleu cooking, all to make his personal services better and more to her liking. Once he was up to the standard she required, she arranged for him to do her nails, hair and make-up before she went off to work each morning and serve her with *nouvel cuisine* food and fine wine when she returned in the evening.

It was not long before Gale was barely lifting a finger around the house. Why should she? She had her very own slave to polish and buff her high heeled leather boots and shoes, to massage her feet and neck or give her a full body massage, to feed her gourmet food, to keep her dwelling and her dungeon looking perfect and to wait on her smallest whim.

Alex led a life now of total submission and obedience to his Mistress. This involved constant orgasm denial and a great deal of oral servitude (frequent lengthy cunnilingus sessions) along with all the domestic and personal services he had to carry out. Gale expected excellence of him, having trained him accordingly. His reward was simply this—he got to worship and serve his Goddess. It was more than enough for Alex. It was all he wanted.

Gale's basic ground rules for their new relationship were strict. She instructed Alex that he should remain silent in her presence unless she spoke to him and he should always call her mistress when he did address her. He was expected to obey her at all times without question, and carry out to the

best of his abilities all the tasks she assigned to him. He wasn't allowed to masturbate without her permission or to have an orgasm unless she said so, and it was clearly understood she could punish him exactly as she saw fit. In short, she had total control over him.

There was no relaxation to speak of for Alex in his new incarnation. He no longer had to work to earn a living, which was a huge relief. But, ironically, his new life wasn't one of leisure at all, quite the opposite. It was about constantly serving his Mistress—doing chores for her, looking after her personal needs and her house, tending to her dungeon, or spending hours chained and bound there, having to endure being whipped constantly with no sexual contact unless she gave her permission. Often that contact would be limited to him orally servicing her for long periods of time.

But how did Alex feel about the rigors of his new life? Didn't he ever want to kick against the traces? No. He felt as if it was what he'd been born for. He couldn't go back now, but nor did he want to. If it was possible, he wanted to go even deeper into submission to his adored mistress. He wanted to go so deep that the old life he'd endured for so long within the miserable confines of workaday conformity would become a distant memory. It wouldn't even be a speck on the horizon, so far away that it couldn't be seen.

* * * *

As Alex lay in his current bondage, reflecting on all this, he marvelled at how extreme his life had become as he'd adapted to an existence of complete servitude. It delighted

him to be the slave of Mistress Gale, the one person in the world who really understood him. She could play out all his darkest fantasies for him because she could see deep into the most secret recesses of his nature, could see into the depth of his very being.

He worshipped his mistress and loved being dominated by such a powerful woman. He liked nothing better than to kneel at her feet and pay homage to her. He'd even signed a slave contract he took very seriously indeed, doing his level best to abide religiously by its conditions, and he did so with an incredible sense of pride at being owned by such a powerful mistress. Gale was so powerful it positively radiated from her, so powerful he had to submit to all her demands without question. He had no choice.

He was there for her pleasure, to be used, punished and humiliated according to her whim—and he loved it, loved being the slave of a woman who was a goddess. He loved bowing down before her in total submission, loved meeting the demands of the magnificent cruel dominatrix who owned him body and soul.

The thought of it filled him with such elation he wanted to shout for joy—but he couldn't because he was gagged. He wanted to cry with tears of happiness—but he was blindfolded. He wanted to go to Gale and prostrate himself before her to show her how much he worshipped her—but that wasn't possible, he was in bonds.

Then, *she* came to him, returned to the bedroom, and he still couldn't do any of those things, not even when she went on to remove his blindfold and gag and release him from his

bonds. That was because he was only permitted to address his mistress when she spoke to him, and Gale said nothing at all on this occasion. She simply gestured to him that he should get onto his knees. She was wearing a beautiful leather and diamante choker, very high heeled shoes and nothing else. Gale stood above Alex, looking down on him as though he lay far below, her expression a mixture of hauteur, desire and cruelty.

Her mood changed. She took Alex's face between her hands, and slightly tilted her head to one side, as if she was looking at him, gazing into those submissive blue eyes, for the very first time. She moved one hand caressingly to his hair, touching it, then trailing over his cheeks and touching his mouth lightly.

She continued to stand above her kneeling slave, but looking down at him now with a much more thoughtful expression, compassionate even, a gentle smile on her lips. She loved him, more than life itself. She was his sadistic tormentor, there was no question about that, his gaoler and persecutor, but there was another side to all that. She was also his protector, his lover, dearest friend, guide, muse, and total inspiration.

She knew she filled him with great wonder, but also with a trembling fear that was just as real. She also knew this fear gave him the most tremendous erotic charge. She was a true sadist and loved to inflict pain on him, often extreme pain. But why, fundamentally, did she love to do this? Because that pain brought him the most intense pleasure. She never lost sight of that.

Nor did she ever lose sight of the fact his submission to her was entirely voluntary. Gale knew Alex thought she had great power. She felt differently about it. She knew she was in total control of him but this was only because she had his permission and he'd only given permission because he trusted her completely.

Power corrupts, so they say, and it certainly can. She'd seen enough dommes fall into that trap in her time, ending up believing their own publicity. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Not necessarily. Gale had absolute power over Alex, but there was nothing corrupt about it, nor would there ever be, she'd see to it. She would continue to treat the power she wielded over him—the power *he* had handed over to her—as the precious gift it truly was.

As if reading her thoughts, Alex put his arms around her waist and drew himself gently close, cradling his head on her naked breasts and listening to the beat of her heart. He'd wanted to say so much to Gale a few moments ago. He still wasn't allowed to speak, but now he thought it didn't matter at all. Words weren't necessary.

BDSM had taken over his life, of that there could be no doubt, but what was it really all about? Gale always insisted BDSM was essentially about trust and she was right. But what was the basis of that trust? It was love, pure and simple. The greater the love, the greater the trust. His love for Gale was so deep he was happy to be her slave always and forever. He suddenly wanted to hold her close to him and never let go.

INTO THE DARK WOODS

If you go down to the woods today you're sure of a BIG surprise.

I used to love going into the woods when I was a young man. They were somewhere I could be perfectly alone, a place where I wouldn't encounter another soul, but I needed to venture deep into those dark woods to find the solitude I sought: through the depthless ranks of trees where all was quiet except for the occasional shuffle of fallen leaves, then deeper still, through a part of the woods that seemed preternaturally silent, inert, devoid of life. A curtain of trees surrounded me, loomed over me. They pressed in from every side before miraculously opening out to that lovely secluded spot—a sun-dappled clearing with a pebbled stream and a seductively secretive atmosphere. It was the ideal place to have a wank.

* * * *

I was sexually confused back then, though not perhaps for the most obvious reason. I knew I was strongly attracted to my own sex and was as certain as I could be that it wasn't a 'phase' I'd grow out of. That wasn't the problem. I didn't feel uncomfortable with being gay, but I did with some of the darker desires I'd begun to have. You see, I'd started to fantasise frequently about being tied up and beaten. I'd no idea where these thoughts were coming from—I hadn't been abused as a child or anything, never been subjected to any

form of corporal punishment. So, I found these fantasies mystifying and disturbing, but I also found them powerfully erotic, and masturbated constantly to the mental images I was conjuring up from, well, who knows where?

I was a chronic masturbator in those days, there's no doubt about it, taking every conceivable opportunity I could find to pleasure myself. I liked nothing better on a fine day than to go off on my own to the woods at the edge of town. I'd wear as little as I could get away with. That was usually a T-shirt, tight jeans with no underwear, and sneakers. Getting as well off the beaten track as possible, I'd venture into the very heart of the woods to my favorite spot—that clearing by the edge of a pebbled brook.

Just before I got there I'd remove my clothes and leave them by a fallen log, always the same one. I'd then make my horny way to the clearing, my hard cock throbbing in my hand. Once there, enveloped again in blissful seclusion, I'd wank myself senseless.

Afterwards, I'd wash off in the stream, dry myself in the sunshine, get back into my clothes and set off home. The thrilling recollection of what I'd just been doing combined with the rough feel of my tight denim jeans on my cock meant that by the time I got home I was ready to jerk myself off again—and that's invariably exactly what I did.

Then one day everything changed. I'd gone off into the woods alone once more, full of the horny joys of spring. The air was mild and sunlight filtered through the branches overhead. There were clumps of wild flowers rising through the carpet of leaves and the trees were in bud. The sap was

rising in me as well, and I was looking forward to indulging in a major bout of masturbation, my penis becoming increasingly stimulated in anticipation by the tight denim of my jeans.

As soon as I got to the fallen log, I stripped off and had already started rubbing my stiff shaft as I made my way to the clearing, but I was brought up short when, nearly there, I heard voices.

I stopped for a moment, then crept forward and peaked cautiously through some foliage into the clearing. What I saw before me really got my cock pulsing. There were half a dozen guys about my age, all naked, standing in a circle and masturbating.

I was thoroughly enjoying the sight of those six young guys jerking off and was jacking away myself as I watched them, when all of a sudden ... "Well now, someone's obviously enjoying the show," said a voice from behind me, startling me out of my lustful reverie.

I turned round to see the most gorgeous looking guy I'd ever seen. Dark haired with piercing blue eyes and high cheekbones, he too was naked and displaying an enormous erection, his penis as thick and strong as his body was athletic. He put a friendly arm around my shoulder and an even friendlier hand on my own hard cock, gesturing for me to reciprocate.

"Let's watch together for a bit," he said, his blue eyes shining, and that's what we did as we continued masturbating one another.

"I'm the ringleader of that little wanking club," he announced after a while. "Would you like to join?"

"Yes, please," I replied eagerly.

"I feel I ought to warn you, though," he said, "there's an initiation ceremony you have to go through to join. You may not enjoy that. On the other hand," he added with a wicked grin, "you may enjoy it a lot."

He led me into the clearing and interrupted his masturbating friends, who all gathered around me, clutching their erections—and several of them clutching at mine.

"We've got a potential member of the club here," said the ringleader. "Come on guys, you know what to do."

At this instruction, they hurried over to their discarded clothes and removed the leather belts from their pants. They used these to tie my wrists together before stretching my arms up and tying my wrists to the overhanging branch of an oak tree. They also belted together my thighs and ankles.

At a signal from the ringleader each took it in turns to whip my backside with a leather belt, their lashes sharp and stinging. The heat of the punishment they were inflicting on me burned more and more intensely on my flesh. I found this increasingly painful but also immensely exciting as was obvious by my rock-hard cock and the rivulet of pre-cum trailing from its head.

But enough's enough, and when the fierce red pain burning across my backside was starting to become unbearable they stopped, thank goodness, and untied my wrists from the branch of the tree. I thought that was the end of the initiation ceremony, but no. They left my thighs and

ankles bound and re-tied the belt around my wrists, this time behind my back.

"Have you ever sucked cock?" the ringleader asked.

"No," I replied truthfully.

"That's the last time you'll ever be able to say that," he laughed. "Kneel down and suck every one of the guys' cocks in turn, until in each case I tell you to move on to the next one. If one of them climaxes while you're sucking him, you must swallow his cum—understand?"

I nodded my head yes, and what's there to say? I sucked all six guy's cocks and one of them—the sixth—did indeed ejaculate in my mouth and I swallowed all the creamy cum that spilled from his shaft, every last drop.

"Good boy," said the ringleader. "Now for the last part of the initiation ceremony." On saying that, he pushed me roughly to the ground, where I lay on my back. The mud underneath me felt tepid and soft against my naked skin.

"Let's baptise him with boy juice," he said to his companions and they all masturbated feverishly until one after the other of them squirted their hot seed over my torso and face. Even the guy who'd already come in my mouth managed another load. The ringleader then wanked himself with one hand and me with the other until we both spurted out thick gobs of pearly cum onto my stomach.

I was then untied and they all picked up their clothes and disappeared into the thick woods without a word, leaving me on my back in the dirt, my nostrils suffused with the odor of moss, mud and cum.

* * * *

God, how I yearned to see the ringleader and the others again after they'd initiated me so sadistically, and deliciously into their club. The problem was that I didn't know a single one of those guys, and therefore didn't have any means of making contact with them. I'd no way of knowing when, if ever, they'd turn up in the woods again. I'd never seen them before that time, after all. Would I ever see them again? All I could do was go there as often as I was able to, in my usual horny state, and just hope for the best. Apart from giving me a real taste for mutual masturbation and oral sex, they'd fuelled my innate masochism, so I was ever hopeful—but nothing, no sign of them at all.

Then I fell in lust. His name was Paul. Actually, we'd known each other for ages—since we were kids, when we'd often played together. One particular incident had stuck in my mind from that time. We were having one of those playful wrestles that kids have, when all of a sudden I became acutely aware of a kind of electrical charge between us, an exciting tingling feeling in my loins. I'm certain Paul had the same sensation and it was with a sort of bewildered reluctance on both our parts that we managed to prise our bodies apart.

I didn't understand at the time what that electric sensation was but the memory of it stayed with me, and as we both grew into adolescence so did our mutual sexual attraction. To cut a long story short, our friendship kept developing in that direction and we became 'jack-off buddies.' Our first mutual masturbation session took place a couple of weeks after that

amazing, cathartic incident with the wanking club and was one of its side-effects. The experience had emboldened me to make the suggestion to Paul, the next time we were alone together in his room, that we wank each other off. He was, as it turned out, all-too-willing to go along with the idea—and it didn't stop at just one mutual masturbation session. In fact, it didn't stop at just mutual masturbation, far from it.

From that time onward, I carried on venturing off into the dark woods very much with sex on my mind, but was no longer going on my own. I told Paul about my experiences with the ringleader and the other guys, including the sadistic initiation ceremony I'd been put through so I could join their club.

Paul knew it would just be a matter of chance if we did come upon them. He freely admitted he was turned on by the idea of having a mass wank, but not at all attracted by the thought of having to endure a painful initiation ceremony to achieve it. Basically, though, he just wanted to get it on with me in the woods, so we decided to go ahead.

It was a relief to be away from prying eyes in those quiet woods, with nobody else about, and the only sounds the murmurings and stirrings of nature, the occasional creaking of a bough. We made our way hand in hand to that clearing by a pebbled stream deep in the woods where I'd pleased myself so often in the past, and where I'd been initiated with such exquisite cruelty into the wanking club.

The closer Paul and I got, the more excited we became, and as we walked along we fondled the bulges in one another's tight jeans. We arrived at the fallen log near the

clearing, where I'd always left my clothes and we did the same now. Both stark naked, we rushed excitedly into the clearing, our erect cocks bobbing ahead of us. Once there, we stood in each other's arms, caressing and kissing as our engorged shafts rubbed together, mingling their pre-cum.

Paul got to his knees and stroked my cock while sucking its head, before taking its length into his mouth. I began pinching my nipples and the harder he licked and sucked at my cock the harder I squeezed them, luxuriating in the pleasure and the pain I was experiencing. He pulled on the smooth hardness of his own shaft at the same time as blowing me and when I came into his mouth, this pushed him over the edge. As he swallowed my jism, he climaxed convulsively as well, spilling out ropes of pearly cum.

* * * *

Paul, as it turned out, had quite a bit more experience of gay sex than I had at the time. He'd an uncle he was very close to, and leave it there—except to say his uncle would've been pushing against an open door with Paul, who was gay through and through. It takes one to know one, as the saying goes.

It was a splendid day, that second time we went into the woods together, the air lazy and mild and the trees speckled with sunlight. There was a freshwater pool not far from the clearing and Paul had suggested we go skinny dipping in it. He came prepared with a backpack containing a couple of towels.

When we got into the water we were both sporting gigantic hard-ons and happily played with one another's cocks as we splashed around in the sparkling water. At one point Paul took me into his arms and we kissed passionately, his hard cock pressing against mine as he gently caressed my back and rear.

Then he opened my anus with one, two fingers. That was a new experience for me and it felt really good, but the best was yet to come. After we'd got out of the water and towelled ourselves dry, Paul asked me to bend forward with my legs apart. He knelt behind me and burrowed his face between the cheeks of my backside. I felt his sinuous tongue begin to probe my anus and I squeezed and relaxed my hole as his tongue flicked in and out. That was another first for me, getting rimmed, and it felt great.

"Get onto all fours," he said next. "I want to fuck you."

"Don't worry," he added, taking some lubricant from his bag "I know what I'm doing."

With that, he smeared lube onto his cock and eased it into my virgin anus until its head pushed through my sphincter. It hurt at first but, like Paul had said, he knew what he was doing, and the pain soon turned to delirious pleasure as I savored the throbbing hardness of his cock pressing deep inside me. As he expertly fucked me he also pulled at my hard shaft. When he finally climaxed, pumping his hot seed into my anal hole, I couldn't contain myself any longer and came violently, spilling out one thick spurt of hot cum after another as I yielded to the ecstasy of release.

* * * *

That had been the first time I'd ever been sodomised and I loved it. The next occasion Paul and I ventured into the woods together I was really looking forward to repeating the experience, I could hardly wait. But once we'd stripped off and got almost to our destination we were stopped in our tracks. There was a dry crack of wood and the careless rustle of undergrowth coming from where we were headed. It quickly became evident from the voices we heard next that others had beaten us to it. That's right—the wanking club had returned.

I asked Paul whether he wanted to go back, but of course by then not only were we both well and truly naked but also well and truly horny as well. Also it was obvious to me that Paul was as aching with curiosity about those guys as he was with lust.

We crept gingerly toward the clearing and, peering through a canopy of leaves, saw the same half dozen naked guys sitting on a slope by the stream, stroking their cocks. They seemed to be waiting for someone, the ringleader I assumed. There was also another guy there, a beautiful blonde haired Adonis. He was sitting on a rock slightly apart from the others, playing with himself like them but with a noticeably pensive expression on his face. Then the person they'd evidently been waiting for arrived.

Yes, it was the ringleader. Like the others he was buck naked and erect; the glans of his cock was wet with pre-cum. He walked straight over to the beautiful blonde guy who stood up so they could caress. However no sooner were they in

each other's arms than the blonde broke their clinch and squeezed the ringleader's nipples hard, causing him to gasp in pain.

The blonde gestured for him to get onto his knees and blow him. He pulled at the ringleader's hair as he sucked his cock and fondled his balls. The ringleader, now licking the head of the blonde's cock and sucking his balls, seemed to be relishing his uncharacteristically submissive role, but I quickly realised it was all an act.

He got up from his knees and began to regain control in this brief power struggle (if he'd ever truly lost it, which I very much doubt) when he spun the blonde round, bent him over and spread the cheeks of his backside. He tongued his anus greedily while his lover/rival pulled on his own cock with brusque, short strokes.

The ringleader began spanking the blonde guy's backside vigorously, each smack a sharp explosion of sound as he followed one stinging blow with another in rapid succession. By the time he spat into the blonde's open anus to lubricate it for entry, his rear was a fierce red from the spanking it had received.

The ringleader pounded his cock in and out of the blonde's anal hole, fucking him hard to the rhythm of his groans of pleasure. He obviously decided not to come, though, as I heard him say, 'Let's save the best until last.' At this point he withdrew his cock, which was as dripping with pre-cum as was that of the blonde.

All the other guys then got into a huddle and began masturbating one another. By this time Paul and I were

beside ourselves with lust. It was time to reveal ourselves, we decided, whatever the consequences might turn out to be. So, into the clearing we both went to join the rest of the wankers.

"Well, hello!" exclaimed the ringleader in evident pleasure at seeing me. "We wondered when we'd come across you again—excuse the pun!—and I see you've brought along a horny friend."

"That's right," I replied, "and he'd like to join your wanking club."

"I'll bet he would, and we'd love to have him," replied the ringleader. "But does he know about the initiation ceremony for joining this select little group?"

"Yes," I said, "but the trouble is he's not at all into pain. Is there any way you could waive the requirement in his case, do you think?"

"You present us with a quandary," the ringleader drawled. "We'd love to include this beautiful young man in our perverted circle. In fact, looking at his big hard cock, I can hardly bear to keep my hands off him, but it'd be unthinkable not to have an initiation ceremony."

I'm sure my look of disappointment matched the one I saw on Paul's handsome face.

"But wait," the ringleader added, giving me that wicked smile of his. "There might be a way. Tell me, would you be willing to go in his place even if it involved your being on the receiving end of twice the amount of pain and humiliation you had to endure in your own initiation ceremony. If you were, I think we'd be able to stretch a point and let your friend join."

"Yes," I replied unhesitatingly, "I'd be only too willing to do that."

"No, don't," said Paul, his tone pleading, "not for me, please. I'd never ask that of you."

"You don't understand. I *want* to," I responded firmly. "You see, Paul, I really get off on it."

The extreme version of their initiation ceremony began in earnest as they used leather belts to first tie my wrists together, then raise and secure them to the same branch of that same tree. They also used belts to tie my thighs and ankles together as they'd done before. The ringleader told the blonde to get his rucksack, and from that he took a cum-caked handkerchief. He handed it round to all the guys to use to wipe off the pre-cum from their cocks until the cloth was soaked with boy juice. He then gagged me by stuffing my mouth with it.

He delved into his rucksack again and this time brought out ten wooden clothes pegs. He attached two of these to both of my nipples and the rest to my scrotum, causing me to shudder with pain. He told Paul to kneel in front of me and suck my cock for all he was worth, instructing me that under no circumstances was I to allow myself to come. Paul wrapped his lips round my shaft and obediently began to give me the four star blow job that'd been required of him. He swirled his tongue around the head of my cock, flicked it round my cum-slit, then moved it up and down my shaft, tasting every throbbing inch of it. It was pure pleasure.

"Now—pain," the ringleader announced and the beating started. All the guys took it in turns to whip my backside with

leather belts, stroke after searing stroke as I struggled uselessly against my bonds. The ringleader took over next and beat me with a bamboo cane, each blow landing like an explosion and smarting vividly, until the pain I was enduring had become a fury, burning agonisingly into my flesh, and my eyes were awash with tears.

He appeared to relent at this point and ceased caning me. He also told Paul to stop blowing me but to remain on his knees. He removed my sodden gag and the pegs from my nipples and scrotum; and lowered the belt that held my wrists to the branch, although leaving them tied. He removed the belts from my thighs and ankles and passed them to the blonde, then told him to use them to tie Paul's wrists behind his back and his ankles together.

The ringleader told Paul to suck off the blonde and swallow his cum and the rest of the guys to come all over his face. He made me bend forward and spread my legs, knelt behind me, prised apart the cheeks of my backside and licked my anus, my anal muscles contracting around his sinuous tongue. Then he took some lubricant from his rucksack, rubbed it on his hard cock, and pushed it into my rear. The thrill of penetration edged with the pain I felt in my anus, and he started to fuck me, the strokes of his cock slow at first, but building steadily in pace.

I panted with desire as he fucked me ever harder while pulling on my aching tumescence. I watched an ecstatic-looking Paul gulping down the blonde's cum, and then have all the other guys—now masturbating feverishly—each build

themselves to a climax and come over his face in great juddering spasms.

Finally, the ringleader reached his own powerful climax, sending copious amounts of cum deep into my punished rear. At the same time he took me with him with his pumping hand around my cock, making me shudder to orgasm, right there in the middle of the deep, dark woods.

IN THE CLOSET

An experiment in self-bondage turns into something much bigger, when the curious Sarah begins toying with her friend's S&M gear.

When I look back at the young woman I was only five short years ago, I can't help but smile. Sarah Jameson was so damn pleased with herself for 'coming out' you'd have thought she was the first person who'd ever done it. She was so glad to be gay, wasn't she? So uninhibited, so bold ... So deluded, more like.

The truth is that in my own way I was as repressed as some frustrated Victorian spinster. There was a whole dark side to my sexuality I hadn't even begun to come to terms with, let alone explore, for the simple reason I'd yet to acknowledge it existed at all. Let's face it, you can't come out of the closet unless you've ventured in there in the first place. I learnt that lesson eventually, though, and it was Bridget who made it happen.

She started hitting on me soon after she'd broken up with her previous lover, Maria, who happens to be my oldest friend. Maria clearly didn't mind—their split had been an amicable one, after all. The amorous interest Bridget was showing in me had been just fine as far as I was concerned, as well, to say the least. In fact I'd always fancied her like crazy, thought the charismatic short-haired blonde with the glittering blue eyes and statuesque figure was absolutely gorgeous.

Things developed pretty quickly from the time I moved in with her. Bridget informed me early on that she was into kinky sex—whips and chains, clamps and the like—but I told her I wasn't interested. I really meant it too, or thought I did. The vanilla sex with her was like nothing I'd ever experienced before—fantastic, incredible, mind blowing—and that was surely more than enough, I rationalised.

Bridget's bedroom wasn't short of clothes-space and could easily accommodate the clothing I'd brought with me, but here was the thing—the biggest closet in that room was always kept locked. I asked Bridget about it once and she just said, with a sly grin, "Oh, that's where I keep all the stuff you're not interested in, Sarah." I must admit that did spike my curiosity a little, but I didn't give it much more thought. I just blanked it out, I suppose, being perfectly honest.

Until, that is, one fine day when Bridget was out doing some chores. I'd just had a shower and had wandered back into the bedroom in the nude, feeling decidedly horny. I lay back on the bed, my head propped up by a couple of pillows, and began to masturbate. I was just starting to really enjoy myself when I noticed Bridget's mysterious closet wasn't actually locked for once. I could tell because its door was slightly ajar. My curiosity getting the better of me this time, I reluctantly stopped masturbating, swung myself off the bed and padded over to the closet.

I opened its door fully and was genuinely shocked—not so much by what I saw inside, although that was pretty amazing, but by its sheer volume. Hanging from the walls of that spacious closet were handcuffs, harnesses, chains,

whips, paddles, gags, hoods, bondage rope, you name it—all the paraphernalia of BDSM. I was also shocked by my own reaction to what I'd discovered in that closet because, despite myself, I was turned on by it—very turned on. The heady aroma of leather in there played its part as well, all but overwhelming my senses.

I shifted my gaze to the floor of the closet where I saw a pile of glossy black and white bondage magazines. There were some other items on the closet floor as well: a box full of different colored pegs: black, red, purple, blue; a black leather slave's collar; and some wrist and ankle cuffs, also of black leather, which had metal clip attachments; a red ball gag; and what looked at first sight like a blank video.

I got onto my knees, crawled into the closet a short way, and started to leaf through the pages of the bondage magazines, which showed numerous monochrome images of beautiful naked women being tied up and disciplined. Again I surprised myself because I found the striking photographs I was looking at powerfully erotic. I was soon playing with my pussy once more, imagining myself in the place of one after the other of those lovely women.

On a whim, I decided to try on the leather slave's collar that was on the floor—I liked the feel of it immediately. While I was about it, I thought I'd give the red ball gag a try too. As I buckled it into place the feeling of constriction it gave me sent a further rush of adrenaline to my brain and lust to my pussy.

I began to really play with myself in earnest now, there on my knees inside the open closet. My sexual imagination went

into overdrive as in my mind's eye I became an amalgam of all the beautiful women I'd seen between the covers of those glossy black and white magazines.

I saw myself not only gagged with a ball gag, as I was now, but also bound, suspended from rafters, bondage rope digging into my pussy and rubbing excitingly against my clitoris, and all the while a tall, naked, dominatrix with short blonde hair—in my mind she was Bridget—whipped me over and over again until my body was covered in agonising welts.

Then my attention moved away from the highly charged images in my head as I looked down and caught sight again of the video. Why was it there? Just because it was untitled didn't necessarily mean it was blank. In fact I now had a strong hunch it wasn't.

I picked up the tape, climbed to my feet and took it over to the video player in the corner of the bedroom. I fed the tape in and pressed play on the remote control as I got onto my knees on the carpet. The TV flickered into life and what I saw next gave me such a surprise I let out a gasp of amazement from beneath my gag. There on the screen was Bridget's previous girlfriend, Maria—my oldest friend—laying face down and trussed up on the bed in this very room.

Maria's arms were pinned together behind her and her legs were held apart and knees bent with her ankles attached to her wrists. I noticed the metal clip attachments to the wrist and ankle cuffs she was wearing had been used to secure her into this position, that she'd been gagged and purple clothes pegs had been attached to her nipples and pussy lips.

Not that I'd given it anything more than passing consideration up to that moment (that denial thing again, I guess) but I'd supposed it more likely than not that, once they'd become an item, Bridget would have got Maria into kinky sex. Well, here was irrefutable proof she'd done just that—and to see it on film in this way inflamed my overheated sexual imagination to fever pitch.

I went back to the closet, knelt down and buckled on the leather wrist and ankle cuffs with the metal clip attachments, which had been left on the floor. I also thought I'd go for it with the box of pegs—I mean, what the hell! I selected all the purple ones I could find in there, ten in all, then attached one each to my erect nipples and the remaining eight to my labia. Sure, it was painful—very—but in a way I found I liked, and in any event, I was too far-gone in lust by then to care.

I returned to watching the homemade video of Maria in her bondage. As I did so, I got back onto my knees on the floor and returned to pleasuring myself, this time even more vigorously. My busy fingers were making a constant rhythmic, wet sound, counterpointed by the clicking and clacking of the exquisitely painful pegs attached to my labia.

The film had certainly had a very powerful effect on me, but there wasn't much happening in it. There was just a lot of Maria squirming in her bonds. After a while, my mind drifted off again to what I'd like to have done to me.

I saw myself hanging from my wrists, gagged, Bridget beating my backside furiously with a leather paddle with one hand while she urgently masturbated my clamped pussy with the other ... And all the time there was her camera whirring

away at the side of the room, filming every perverted minute of it, creating an obscenely graphic record for anyone to see of my depravity and degradation.

I was getting completely carried away by now, my fingers a wet click-clacking blur between the pegged lips of my sex, my thighs soaking with love juice. I was on the verge of a massive climax ... when all of a sudden I was brought up short.

The door to the bedroom burst open and in strode Bridget, stark naked. She must have sneaked back from the chores she'd so conveniently had to go out to do then stripped off elsewhere in the apartment, only to appear now in all her naked splendor.

"Well, well, Sarah," she said with a smirk. "And you told me you weren't interested in this sort of thing."

Yeah, like she was surprised. God, I'd made it so easy for my crafty lover, fallen entirely for her devious ruse. I was already collared, cuffed, gagged, pegged, and in an incredible state of sexual arousal—I mean *this* close to the most colossal orgasm.

Bridget pulled me unceremoniously up off my knees and pushed me just as roughly onto my front on the bed. She used the metal clip attachments on my wrist and ankle cuffs to pin my arms behind my back and my legs together, and there I was—at her complete mercy.

I lay there and waited for the inevitable, and waited ... and waited. The only sound punctuating the silence was the tell tale click-clacking of my pussy pegs as I shivered and trembled ever more uncontrollably with anguished

anticipation of what I knew was going to happen. My backside and thighs started to quiver convulsively as the ache in my pegged pussy (*click-clack, click-clack*) became unbearable, agonising (*click-clack. click-clack. click-clack, click-clack*)

Bridget unbuckled my ball gag. "Tell me what you want me to do," she ordered, knowing full well what I'd say. "Tell me right now and I'll do it." She pulled the gag from my mouth.

"B-b-beat me," I managed to stammer—and just getting those words out precipitated the first tremors of a too long delayed orgasm.

"Speak more clearly, Sarah," Bridget replied. "I couldn't hear you over the sound of those pegs you've attached to your cunt lips, you fucking pervert."

"Beat me," I gasped indistinctly. I tried once more. "Beat me." Here it came, that first wave of shameful delight.

"Still not clear enough, pervert," she taunted. "Say it again."

"Beat me!" I cried out, the full force of my climax hitting me now like a tidal wave, sending wave after wave of pure ecstasy flooding through my entire being. "Beat me! Beat me! Beat me!"

DEVIANT DREAMS

Bridget proves to Sarah that even her most depraved dreams can come true

"You know something, Bridget?" I said to the love of my life. The two of us were in the bedroom. Through the half-open shutters the afternoon sunshine was casting a rectangle of orange bars against the wall.

"What's that, Sarah?" she replied, running a hand through her short blonde hair.

"Ever since you started dominating me, my sexual fantasies have definitely got a lot wilder," I said. "I feel sometimes like I'm permanently on heat."

Actually, our current activity didn't exactly help diminish the horny state I was in—we were sorting through the accumulation of bondage equipment Bridget usually kept in her 'special' closet. There were whips, paddles, canes, clamps and other instruments of correction strewn everywhere.

Our state of dress didn't help either. Bridget, foregoing underwear as was her wont, was wearing very tight, high-cut shorts of faded blue denim and a cream colored halter-top beneath which her nipples were clearly visible. At her insistence my attire consisted of only a miniscule skirt, wrist and ankle cuffs and a slave's collar, all of soft red leather.

"Tell me about these wild sexual imaginings of yours," Bridget said, raising an eyebrow. "I must say you've got me interested."

"Well, I keep creating these scenarios in my head where I'm on the receiving end of some heavy discipline."

"What sort of scenarios?"

"They vary quite a bit," I replied. "Mainly, they involve just me being punished, but occasionally I have a 'partner in crime' who's disciplined with me. Sometimes my companion is a submissive man, but usually it's a woman—a lovely looking one, needless to say. The tormentors are *always* gorgeous women."

"Who are these tormentors, as you call them?"

"They're all authority figures of some kind. A head teacher say, or a prison warder, a stern cop, a strict boss, you, of course..."

"Of course."

"You know how much I adore being dominated by you," I gushed. "Anyway, the scenarios vary quite a bit, but they all involve the same thing near the start—me being put over my tormentor's knee and given a sound spanking."

"What, like this?" said Bridget, sitting on the side of the bed and gesturing with an elegant hand for me to bend over her knee.

"Yes. When they raise my short skirt, they are often shocked to find I'm not wearing any underwear. Sometimes they remark on how wet I am between the legs."

"You certainly are," said Bridget approvingly, easing one hand between my thighs to play with my pussy as she lifted my skirt and stroked my backside with the other. "Now, for that spanking."

The cracking sound of her first smack reverberated around the room and the second and the third. Initially, Bridget spanked me quite lightly, but soon built up to much harder smacks and I began to wail with pain. She kept spanking me and playing with my pussy, until I felt the painful heat burning into me ignite the fire in my sex, and I climaxed powerfully in shuddering spasms.

Bridget then told me to move off her lap, remove my leather skirt and bend over the bed. "Does your tormentor switch to a paddle at some stage, by any chance?" she asked as she got to her feet.

"Yes, at about this stage actually," I replied, turning my face toward her and giving her a grin.

"Play with your pussy yourself now," instructed Bridget as she took hold of a leather paddle. She used this to beat my backside until my flesh quivered and burned hotly. Before long the vigorous beating and my own furious masturbation caused me to shudder to another strong climax.

"These sexual fantasies of yours—these deviant dreams. There's something else I'd like to ask you about them," said Bridget, slipping her bare feet into a pair of high heeled sandals of dark brown leather. "Do they ever involve any grovelling foot worship?"

"Invariably, yes."

"Then, get on your knees on the carpet, slave. Put your backside in the air and spread your legs."

As I kissed and licked the shiny leather of her footwear, Bridget used a heavy flogger to rain blow after blow onto my rear, thighs and pussy until the burning red heat spread to

my sex again, and I climaxed strongly once more in trembling pleasure-pain.

"I assume your fantasies involve a really vicious caning," said Bridget, adding in an ominous tone, "I would be very disappointed if they didn't."

"Your assumption is correct," I replied hesitantly.

"Sorry, I didn't hear that."

"I said, yes, you're right."

"You're right, what?" said Bridget, her voice suddenly sharp. She picked up a cane and ostentatiously flexed the pliable rattan rod.

"You're right, *Mistress*."

"That's better, slave," said Bridget. "Now stand and touch your toes."

"Yes Mistress."

"Tell me, Sarah, does your tormentor tantalise you like this by first running the tip of the cane up and down your spine?"

"Often, Mistress, yes."

"And do you find"

Swish!

"That when your tormentor starts caning you"

Swish!

"She punctuates what she says to you"

Swish!

"With vicious stripes from the cane?"

Swish!

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped.

"And does her caning become really hard, leaving your backside..."

Swish!

"Red"

Swish!

"Bruised"

Swish!

"And covered in stripes?"

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

"Yes, Mistress, yes ... oh mercy, Mistress, please..." I cried out in agony. At the same time I suddenly found orgasmic release in the excruciating pain I was suffering and climaxed violently, convulsively.

Bridget stopped caning me at that point and took me tenderly into her arms. She pulled me close, her fingers seeking out the worst areas of pain she'd inflicted on me, gently easing and stroking them.

"So, Sarah," Bridget said, pushing me away from her slightly and gazing into my eyes, "do these scenarios of yours finish when you can take no more pain and have begged your tormentor for mercy while climaxing?"

"No, Mistress, they don't."

"They go on? God, what a thoroughgoing masochist you're turning out to be—I'm delighted to say! So, what happens next? How do they end?"

"Well, I always end up blindfolded, gagged, trussed up ... and, well, just left."

"Really?"

"Yes. Sometimes I'm tied to a cross, sometimes a leather horse or a chair, sometimes lying on my front..."

"What's the most humiliating position to be left in as far as you're concerned?"

"Without doubt it's when I'm trussed up on my back. I have my legs spread wide apart in bondage, my sopping wet pussy totally exposed."

"Sarah, sit back on the bed," Bridget instructed and I obeyed instantly. She covered my eyes with a blindfold of soft red leather and gagged me with a ball gag of the same color, buckling it tightly behind my head.

"Now, lie flat on your back ... that's it ... spread your arms and legs ... Mmmm, nice wet pussy." Bridget clipped my wrist and ankle cuffs to the leather utility straps that were belted to the four corners of the bed.

"Sarah," she whispered softly in my ear, "you really need to be wary of those sexual fantasies of yours—those deviant dreams. Sometimes dreams come true, you know. You do see that, don't you?" She ran her fingers lightly over my blindfold.

"Yes Mistress," I said, or rather thought, for I was just as securely gagged as could be.

"I'm leaving now," said Bridget.

I heard the sound of the bedroom door clicking shut and shortly afterward the thump of the front door being closed. I struggled against my bonds, but in vain. All was silence. All was darkness. I was left all alone with my deviant dreams.

FULL OF SURPRISES

A wanting male sub finally 'takes the plunge' with a dominatrix, with results far more than he could ever have expected

Twilight was just shifting into night as I drove up to my destination. I pulled the car to a standstill, switched off the ignition and sat listening to the tick of the engine for a few moments as my fingers played nervously along the smoothness of the driving wheel. I was about to do something I'd never done in my life before—use the services of a professional dominatrix.

I'd got to a stage in my mid-twenties when, after years of confusion and guilt, I'd finally come to terms with both my bisexuality and what I now recognised as my innate masochism. The better I'd got to know myself the more I craved, above all else, the attentions of a really dominant woman, one who would take possession of my soul as well as my body and transform me into her degraded plaything. My sexual imagination ran riot every time I fantasised about this dream woman of mine, I can tell you.

In reality, I was getting so desperate, I'd have settled for someone who'd have given me a good spanking from time to time, but even that proved a lot easier said than done. Whenever I sidled up to the subject with one of my girlfriends it got me precisely nowhere. I did have one lover, a beautiful girl with a really dominant personality, who said she was interested in spanking. Imagine how my heart leapt. Yes, she

explained, she'd often wondered what it would be like—to be spanked!

It was hopeless. I was getting nowhere, yet my masochistic cravings were becoming stronger. So, as a last resort I decided to swallow my pride and follow the same route so many submissive males like me feel they have to take—I visited a professional dominatrix.

To be honest I didn't have a clue what I was doing when it came to choosing a pro domme. I decided on Mistress Simone mainly because she was expensive, my logic being that the service I was looking to purchase was essentially the same as any other—you got what you paid for.

Mistress Simone was full of surprises, though, she really was. I was in for my first one when I met her in person—because she was incredibly nice. Don't get me wrong, it wasn't that I was expecting to be greeted by some sort of Cruella De Vil figure, but I was expecting someone stern, if you know what I mean. She wasn't like that at all—on that occasion, anyway. She was warm and friendly and understanding.

She was also really beautiful—strong features, big luminous blue eyes, sensuous lips that were soft and full, dark hair hanging to her shoulders, full breasts, and a perfectly proportioned figure. She radiated charisma, too, and there was something so utterly vital about her that she captivated me from the start.

Simone was thoroughly professional as well and wanted to find out exactly what I was looking for from her before she embarked on disciplining me in any way. At that preliminary

session we sat together in her elegant living room on her leather couch and talked, or to be more precise I did most of the talking with some judicious prompting from her. I told her about my bisexuality, my previous experience of being dominated sexually by a woman (non-existent!), what my fantasies were and so on.

She wanted to know whether I wished to be 'tied and teased' or something stronger, and whether I minded if she left any marks. Something stronger I replied and no, I didn't mind if she left any marks. She made it crystal clear there was no question of my having penetrative sex with her, that wasn't the kind of service she was offering, and I reassured her I understood absolutely.

Then we parted company and I waited with eager anticipation for our appointment a few days later. To tell the truth, I couldn't get her out of my mind, had fallen completely under her spell. Those few days dragged like an eternity.

Eventually the waiting was over, and there I was in my car outside her house, my heart racing. I glanced at my watch. It was time to make a move. I took a long deep breath to try and calm my nerves, and stepped from the car.

I walked up to the entrance, rang the bell and a few anxious moments later the door was answered by Mistress Simone. She looked magnificent in a figure hugging black leather dress, which was so short it hardly covered her naked backside. She was also wearing a tight fitting pair of tall boots with pointed toes.

Simone took the cash I discreetly proffered, then led me once more into her stylish living room. There I got another

surprise, because seated on her leather couch was a very attractive young guy. He was on the pretty side of handsome, with a mop of short black hair, dark eyes and sculptured cheekbones.

"Let me introduce you to Mark," Simone said. He gave me a shy smile and I smiled back. "He's new to all this, just like you. I'm going to discipline you together, if that's okay with you both."

I replied it was and he nodded his agreement too.

"No, you both got that response wrong," Simone said not unkindly. "The correct reply is 'Yes Mistress.' Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," we replied in unison, exchanging anxious glances. We both had so much to learn.

"Now strip naked without delay," she ordered. I could see Mark was just as nervous as I was. His hands shook when he stripped off and he fumbled with his shirt and tight jeans as he removed them. Once his jeans were over his hips, though, nerves or no nerves, his cock started to engorge. I noticed Mark's body was slim and well formed, and as near as makes no difference, completely hairless. My cock began to swell at the sight of him as I, too, stripped naked.

"We're going to my dungeon playroom now," Simone announced and took Mark and me, our hard cocks bobbing in front of us obscenely, down a long corridor, at the end of which she opened a door. We followed her into the room beyond, which was decked out beautifully with high quality dungeon equipment, all polished wood and soft leather, including a wall-mounted cross, a horse, whipping bench and suspension machine. The room also contained a big open

cabinet up against one of its walls upon which there hung a large collection of canes, whips, paddles, chains, clamps and other disciplinary implements.

"Do you like my playroom?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, Mark echoing my response.

"Then play with each other."

I for one found no hardship in obeying her. The two of us kissed briefly and our tongues flicked together excitingly. We started masturbating each other, our hands moving in swift urgent rhythms over one another's hard cocks until they were dripping with pre-cum.

Then Simone told us to stop. "That's enough pleasure for you two," she said. "Now for some pain. Lean over the horse right away, side by side."

Here it came, what I'd fantasised about for so long but had never yet experienced. What can I say? Mistress Simone did not disappoint. She used her hand first; six blows to my backside, each smack a sharp stab of fire, then six to Mark, then back to me for another six, and on and on. For a long while that playroom echoed with the sound of hand on naked flesh and our cries of pain as she followed one stinging blow with another in quick succession.

She then switched to a leather paddle, using the same 'six to one and half a dozen to the other' sequence she'd used when she'd been spanking us. She brought the paddle down onto our backsides with remorseless energy, each blow landing like an explosion and smarting vividly. We tensed and squirmed and cried out with pain as the searing heat burned our flesh.

Simone next demanded we grovel at her feet and lick one of her boots each. We got onto our knees, bent our heads low, pressed our lips against the pointed toes of her boots and slid our tongues along the pure leather. I don't know what was going through Mark's mind at that time. All I can say is that as far as I was concerned I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

She next told us to remain on our knees and instructed me to crawl to the front of Mark and suck his cock. I got onto all fours, opened my lips and pressed my mouth to the head of his pulsing shaft, savoring the feel of it against my lips, tracing my tongue under it. I closed my mouth around his cockhead, sucking on it. As I did this I heard Simone's voice above me, informing me in dulcet tones I was about to be caned.

I listened to the low swish as she drew the cane back and the louder one as it descended. I suffered the sharp sting of its first searing stroke to my rear as she brought it down hard across the middle of my cheeks.

The second swipe hurt even more, a white flash of pure pain, then she brought the cane down a third time and there was that white flash of sensation again, then a fourth time, harsher and sharper still.

In trying desperately to withstand the pain Simone was inflicting on me, I sucked Mark's throbbing cock more and more voraciously. I worked my mouth up and down until he was panting with desire as my pace got increasingly frantic in response to her remorseless caning. My backside ached so

much, the smarting impact of each blow blazing through my body.

Simone stopped caning me eventually, and told me to stop blowing Mark. Then came her next surprise. "I told you that under no circumstances would you be allowed to fuck me, didn't I?" she said, grasping me by the hair and gazing into my eyes with laser-like intensity.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

"But that doesn't mean I can't fuck you."

Simone took hold of a double dildo strap-on, lubricated both dildos and first inserted the 'internal' one into her sex, letting out a lascivious moan as she did so. The other end extended from her pubis, a thick erect cock that was identical to the one she'd just put inside herself. She buckled up the leather harness of the strap-on and was ready for action.

She ordered Mark to lie flat on his back on the floor and for me to straddle his face so that we could sixty-nine one another. As we did this Simone positioned herself behind me and gently worked the thickness of the dildo in and out of the opening of my anus a few times, pushing it in a little further with each thrust and stretching my reluctant sphincter. I suddenly felt the dildo spasm right into me until my anal ring was right against its base. At the same time my cock sent a throb of pre-cum into Mark's mouth.

Mistress Simone began to fuck me, slowly at first, then increasing in vigor until she was riding me really hard. My anal muscles squeezed and released deliciously around the large intruder she was pounding into me. Her rhythm was strong, each thrust going deeper into my anus, filling me,

penetrating me, and all the while Mark and I sucked each other's cocks for all we were worth. By now the three of us were locked together in lust, giving each other ever more pleasure until we, each in turn, tumbled over into orgasms that racked our bodies with spasms of delight.

First Simone climaxed with an animal-like moan, shuddering deliriously at the sensations she was receiving from her internal dildo as she fucked me harder still with the strap-on. I began to tremble uncontrollably and climaxed, sending copious amounts of cum into Mark's mouth. Then he climaxed, too, filling my mouth as he emptied one thick spurt of hot cum after another over my tongue and into the back of my throat. I sucked and sucked at this deluge, gulping down the cum over and over until at long last he spurted to a stop. Only then did Simone stop fucking me in the ass with her strap-on.

And so ended my very first session with a truly magnificent dominatrix. It was an incredible, mind blowing experience and set the pattern for all my subsequent sessions with Simone. This was not least because after that first time she always disciplined Mark and me together—and what a thoroughly perverted duo he and I made, both revelling in being totally submissive, abandoned and malleable with her. Whatever she told us to do, no matter how depraved, we obeyed unquestioningly. It was wonderful.

Mark and I became fast friends during this time. The more I got to know him the more I liked him. He was a really nice guy, kind and thoughtful, and I found I was totally at ease in his company. Nobody could have been as bowled over by

Simone as I was, but he ran a close second and, needless to say, after every session with her we both counted the days until our next appointment.

But, funnily enough, what set the seal on our mutual addiction to her was not that first session, fantastic though it had been, but our second one. To put it bluntly, from that day on she had us both firmly by the balls. Let me explain...

Mark and I arrived together for that session, and as soon as Mistress Simone opened the door we were hypnotized. She looked absolutely stunning in an outfit guaranteed to set the pulse racing of any submissive male.

She was wearing leather boots with exceptionally high heels and her shapely legs were perfectly outlined by extremely tight leather trousers. Every curve and swell of her backside and the slit of her sex were delineated and defined by the black leather. It was obvious she was wearing nothing under the trousers or the skin-tight sleeveless black leather top she was also wearing, which followed the contours of her beautiful breasts and erect nipples like a second skin.

Simone took us directly to her dungeon playroom this time and told us to strip off and stand next to one another underneath two adjacent spreader bars with manacle attachments, which hung from the ceiling by chains. She told us to stretch our arms out, then manacled our wrists to the spreader bars.

Our stiffly erect cocks told her we were ready for whatever she had in mind from this point on—and what she had in mind was to attach very tight metal endurance clamps to our nipples, making both of us shudder with pain as the clamps

gripped like burning pincers. She then began slapping our clamps with the leather tip of a riding crop so viciously we flinched and winced in pain, but she was just getting into her stride.

"I'm going to break you two cocksuckers today," she announced ominously, her eyes going from one to the other of us, pinning us back with her gaze. She went behind us and immediately started to take a leather flogger to our backsides.

Initially every one of her skillfully aimed lashes was very painful indeed, intensely sharp and stinging. I thought it could only get worse but, to my surprise, the reverse happened. As she continued to bring the whip down, I felt the pain I was suffering start to dissolve, becoming a suffuse red heat that seeped through my body, connecting with the pulsing hardness of my cock.

Looking over at Mark I saw that his own cock was fiercely erect, a silver stream of pre-cum seeping from its head, and that he was doing the same thing as me—raising his backside to each blow in welcome anticipation. She carried on beating us for some time and the resounding crack of each blow mingled with our moans and muffled grunts of pleasure. If this was what being broken was like, I thought, she could break me any day of the week. What an idiot I was. Simone was always full of surprises, and I was about to receive a very nasty one this time.

"That was merely a warm up. Now to business," she said, coming to the front of Mark and me again and gagging us with identical blue ball gags. "I want you firmly gagged," she

explained, her eyes fixing on one and then the other of us again with frightening intensity. "That way I won't have to listen to your screams of agony."

She told us to spread our legs, after which she attached painful anchor straps to our scrotums. She added heavy weights to these, which she proceeded to both pull and swing to and fro, causing the most searing pain imaginable. Our gags could not entirely muffle our piteous cries and our erections shrank pathetically as our nerves were teased raw by the agony she was inflicting on us.

Eventually the appalling weight and dreadful pressure we were feeling in our groins left the two of us in excruciating agony, tears raining down our cheeks in endless streams. So, that had been what she'd meant by "breaking" us. Christ, it hurt. Everything inside me was screaming and it was all too obvious Mark was in equally withering pain. As I said, she had us by the balls. Hell, she was *breaking* our balls.

She took pity on us at long last, however, removing our clamps, straps and weights with surprising gentleness, and taking off our ball gags. Now that she had stopped torturing us in such an extreme way our erections began to come to life again.

Simone released me from my spreader bar but left Mark suspended where he was. "Get onto your knees and give Mark a blow job while bringing yourself off into your hand," she ordered and I moved immediately to obey.

I opened my mouth and closed my lips around Mark's cock, circling my tongue around its wet, swollen glans before starting to blow him. At the same time I took hold of my hot

shaft with my right hand, encircled it and started to masturbate, my hand coming and going in brisk, short strokes. My cock became increasingly smeared with pre-cum until my hand was covered in the fluid.

Simone started beating Mark on his backside with the flogger again, laying into him so hard each stroke made him cry out and jump and shudder within his bonds. It wasn't long before I felt Mark's cock in my mouth swell and pulse as he reached his peak, tensing his body then yielding to the ecstasy of release. He called out a wordless explosion of pain and desire as his cock erupted, flooding streams of cum deep into my throat, which I swallowed down greedily. The moment I extracted Mark's spent shaft from my mouth, out of control spasms began to shake my body and I stroked my cock to its own gushing climax. Squirts of cum leaped out of my shaft and spilled in pools into the palm of my waiting hand.

"Eat that too, cocksucker," Simone ordered, putting her whip to one side. "Lick all your fingers clean." I, of course obeyed, feverishly licking up and swallowing all the cum in my hand. I sucked hard on the fingers of both hands, lapping my tongue over them sensuously, wallowing in my own degradation.

Only one week ago I'd had to swallow my pride to visit a professional dominatrix, and now here I was swallowing my own cum. I felt thoroughly debauched and degraded—and adored feeling that way, adored the woman who'd *made* me feel that way.

So ended our second session with the redoubtable Mistress Simone. What had built to an even more incredible high than that memorable first time for Mark and me, turned into a depressing low as we were both plunged back again into a world of grey normality and tedium—until our next eagerly awaited appointment with Simone, that is.

But that was a whole endless seven days away. Why didn't we visit her more often? Because neither of us could afford it was the simple answer. Even going once a week was costing us both a small fortune, but we were well and truly hooked.

So, how did it end? Did I bankrupt myself? Did he? No, it didn't come to that, although money, or rather the lack of it, certainly played a vitally important part in the outcome. What happened was that Mark had to move right away from the area because of his work, and I actually lost my job. I had difficulty getting another and was stony broke for a long time. So that ruled out any more visits to Mistress Simone. At the end of the day it was a paid service she was providing, and I no longer had the means to pay, so that was that.

I found I missed Mark an awful lot, even more than I thought I would. Not only had he been an exciting sexual partner, but we had developed a real rapport. I counted him a true friend and they don't come along very often in life. What really hurt, though, what cut like a knife, was not seeing Mistress Simone any more. But what could I do?

I've always been a positive kind of person and I did my best to be positive about this situation, as well. I may have been broke, I told myself, but I still had my dreams. I would continue to pray that one day I'd meet a truly dominant

woman who I could give myself to completely. When I did find her, I'd surrender to her every demand, no matter how cruel and degrading. I wanted to give my all to a truly magnificent dominatrix. I wanted to forget about everything except being worthy of my sadistic dream lover, my goddess. Oh, who the hell was I trying to kid? I'd already met her, hadn't I. She was a professional dominatrix, and an outstandingly good one at that. Once you've experienced the best...

Anyway there's no sense crying over spilled milk, agonizing about what might have been. All that's years behind me now, the past is another country and all that. I've got an excellent job these days; money is no longer a problem. Also I'm a happily married man—would you believe—and have been for ages. I'm Mister Respectable nowadays, eh? Well ... not exactly. I must introduce you to my wife some time. Her name's Simone.

I'll never forget what she said to me when in the wretched depths of despair I took my miserable, lonely, impecunious self to see her, expecting simply to be told, politely or otherwise, to go away. "Ah well, money isn't everything," she said with a wry smile, her beautiful blue eyes aglow. We've been together ever since.

I'll tell you something else, too. Mark was my best man at the wedding ... and he joined us on the honeymoon as well. It was Simone's idea to pair the two of us in pain and pleasure once more. I would never have anticipated she'd do that. But, like I said, Simone always was full of surprises.

THE END

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