



THE SWITCH



Story by Berseh
Illustration by Tawny Tomsen
May 2019



A Berseh and Tawny Tomsen collaboration



The Switch © 2019

A (short) conference by berseh



illustrated by Tawny







You know me.

berseh, a submissive.

For those who've read my earlier posts up to now, you know I'm nearly unable to resist a dominant gaze. A commanding voice. A clear order.

Can't resist someone's urge to lock me into chains and ropes, with the unavoidable consequence I've been abducted, tied up, gagged. Shackled, insulted, abused. My clothes torn off me, exhibited to complete strangers, sold and traded. I've been tormented and forced to do things that were deeply shameful, degrading and mortifying.

To my humiliation you found out I loved it a good many times.

Loved to be treated like a worthless pet. To be ordered here and there.



You also know... The moment Tawny met me she pushed me down the private parking of her office, undressed me then chained me and collared me to a ring in the wall.

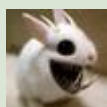
Left me there and walked back to work. Not once had she asked if I agreed or what I wanted!

No, she just took ownership of me.

From this instant I became her happy and devoted slave.

You know how much I adore her. My queen. My Mistress and lover, my lioness. My best friend and also a collaborator. My adulation for this amazing lady with whom I have shared many adventures is no secret.

So, you understand the moment she tells me to crawl and kiss her toes, I will never do it fast enough!



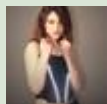
Then a couple of weeks ago as I was cuddling naked in her lap, we began reading an episode of AtomicWick's ongoing series « The love burglar » In the episode something was said in the story about switching.

Out of nowhere my worshipped Goddess, Tawny.. said she'd like us to practice switching!

~~We~~ She decided we would publish an image of switch, that I would have to conceive it and be in charge of it and she'd render it..!

My heart raced, I almost went in panic mode (in fact I did go in panic mode): When my lioness says « I'd like... » to me it's not a wish, it's an order! There is no arguing or tampering, it has to be done!

Except..



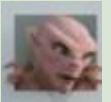
Except I've tried that once before with little success, being the dominant. It was with the lovely FightGirl2004 in B and K by berseh. Can't say FightGirl was very impressed with my effort.



[\[B and K by berseh\]](#)



I did some dominatrix impersonation under MyTurnCoat's order but I was so clumsy I think I hurt myself with the whip more than I did my captives!



[\[Time to change? by MyTurnCoat\]](#)

Gulp..

There we were..

"Switching, my lady? Uh.. *thinking thinking* I-I-I *stop the stuttering berseh!* I-I Are y-you sure y-you w-want..?"

Her steady gaze needed no words. You know.. These sweet immaculate blue eyes.. Her lovely quiet, slow moving glance.. That can turn into the wild, raw famished eyes of a feline leaping onto you to eat you alive in one second!

"Sooo.. Darling? Switching, really? You mean, like .. Me, dominating you?"

Again, the eyes..

Gosh I really had some thinking to do...

Then, an idea came to my terrified little brain.



[TawnyT:](#)

**I look to my darling ... She was so insecure when I expressed the wish 🤪 ... but look at her now ... no trace of insecurity ... She radiates self-confidence and determination 😊 ... also this outfit suits her so well*

*... my angel makes herself good as a Domme 🤪 ... I am unable to turn my eyes away from her ... almost hypnotized 🤪 **



[jozzias:](#)

Superb this outfit, Mistress!

In my opinion all the doms - except perhaps the true sadists - revive more or less secretly to undergo, to feel all the miseries, torments, bindings, imprisonments with chains, etc., that they make to their partners. Same thing for those who represent all these "turpitudes and indecencies" as here ...

Men will admit it less than women because is more difficult to get out of the dominant role where centuries of customs and religions have placed them...

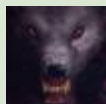
For the same reasons, women have a hard time feeling dominant, but things are changing happily. It's good to know how to be a switch, you can only get twice as much joy! Twice as much love!



[berseh:](#)

I'm sure you're right, also about men having a harder time being submissive.

For me though acting like a dominant is possible, but not reasoning or feeling like one.



[mrhungry56 :](#)

For all of our bravado and masculinity, most men will basically do anything women tell them to do either in an attempt to please them, or out of fear of displeasing them. Historically it may be true that men were more dominant, but in these days when the term "toxic masculinity" is thrown about at the slightest sign of a man being manly I think that has changed. This has been the trend since the 60's and 70's until now I would say that men are having a harder time being dominant than ever before. That trait has been bred out of males, and now playing the part of a Dom is an act.

Just my opinion. No facts to back it up.



Here we continue. Once you've ogled the shapely form of my captive and stopped drooling, I'd like you to pay attention to my conference.



As you see I've gathered what little courage and imagination I could and proceeded to satisfy my ruler's order.

She is now my captive.

One thing was clear from the beginning: My beloved had to be suspended. Tawny very often told me how hot she found being suspended.

One thing you have to know: This wonderful woman definitely is a dominatrix. It's in her, plain and obvious. But she's not a sadist. Paradoxically, one could even suspect some masochistic traits in her. Like the very best dominant, she has submissive tendencies that help her apprehend best what she does to her subbies.

Alas, I don't have the same expertise... 😊

So, suspended.

Long gloves to contrast with her light pink flesh (and also to protect her wrists).

She insisted I gag her for a very practical reason: Imagine if in the midst of climax she moans things like « Stop, please, No more.. » Being her docile servant and devoted puppy, I would immediately take this for an order.... And wrongly stop the session.

So, I gagged my Mistress.

Now, I think I'll take the opportunity of this conference to tell you dudes (and also the ladies who never experienced it) about.. The crotch rope. I hope my poor words will allow me to share some of what I know about having this thing wrapped tight around the bottom.

What? The chain in my hand? Ohh, we'll see about that later.

Back to how it feels having a scratchy rope between your legs. (*The best choice of rope will be hemp, and quite large for safety reasons: thin ropes really cut into the skin, large ropes don't*)

First of all, isn't it deliciously pretty?

It undeniably is. This rough material disappearing between your love folds? This thick thread attracts the attention of all to your swinging (dangling here) hips and belly, accentuating the innocence and vulnerability of our female form?

Mind though, always better on naked skin.

Aesthetics play an important role in bondage but of course there are two other types of sensations to be considered.

Physically first.

That dreaded vertical single or double rope that runs front and back chafes you. It irritates and scratches you.

It's horrible and exquisite.

"Tawny darling? Does it burn your tender labia, that I usually worship on my knees?"

She slowly bats her lashes. 🌈

A few large knots in the rope should be positioned along the way that runs your folds. With luck, one knot scratches your clit.. locks you at attention. Then there is also the knot adroitly placed against your anus, that makes you writhe when you walk.



Because an experienced tormentor will make you walk! If on top of this your arms and wrists have been tied high on your back, like arms crossed or reverse prayer style, then you are forced arching. If he/she spanks or canes you to make you go faster the torment from the rope becomes .. Hard to sustain, and hotter again.

Pray you are not condemned to long distance stepping like they do when training you as a pony.

Whether you are ordered walking or kept standing, the crotch rope obviously keeps you open and splits your vulva, then slightly finds its way in the bottom of your buttocks to rise and push on your crack, ending up to the belt side, pulling it down exactly like it does on the other side, below the navel.

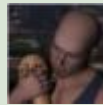
Mentally, then:

With the crotch rope in the way of your intimacy you are denied the use of some of your basic bodily functions. It's now up to your owner to decide when and if you can go about Nature's necessities.

That puts you in such a helpless situation, debased to such a low status! Degradation, embarrassment, discomfort.. But shame, most of all..(so good)..

Just so you see I know what I'm talking, consider these examples

3DCaptor: - a horrible man 🤖❤️ - applied it so many times on me



Emarukk: for whom I'm basically cattle he will sell



[\[Whining Berseh by 3DCaptor\]](#)



[\[Vahagnians: Berseh Punished by Emarukk\]](#)



... There are many others.

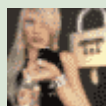
Right now, Tawny's pet -me- finds herself in the position of not only punish but rule over her caves, the holy temples I celebrate as much as she permits me to in normal days.

Exactly when one decides if one's puppy should be walked to relieve itself, now my lioness must wait for my whims! Who knows? I might take example on her and instead, choose to make myself some Jejo Imperial green tea, and let her swing helplessly? I'm sure by now the weight of her own body must start to matter on her bound wrists.

"Is it, my love? Would you like me to glide one or two fingers between the rope and your tender flesh.. And pull?" I adore you!

At this point I suppose my helpless Mistress expected more or less something like this. You reader already join her into thinking I could have done more. I can read the « Is that all you can do? » stare in my owner's cherished eyes but..

Is that really all that can be said?



[TawnyT:](#)

**Now I am dangling ... hanging on a rope from the ceiling ... oh this crotch rope ... it is so tight and berseh placed a knot pressing against my most sensitive points in the crotch ... my buttocks spread apart and it hurts a bit ... I feel this pressure against the entrance of my backside ... but not as much that I can not bear it ...more the opposite ... it makes me horny.*

I am sometimes on a submissive wave, but not really masochistic ... nevertheless, to have to endure torments for a loved one because of the helplessness without being able to prevent it is simply arousing ... oh my God ... now she still pulls on the chain, which hang on my sensitive nipples ... damn ... that is so horny ... I feel at every fiber of my body that Berseh has a lot of experience in it.

*Less in giving than in taking. But that's exactly what makes her a wonderful dominant person, because she know exactly what works and what doesn't. ... yes, it hurts ... my arms ... my breasts ... in the crotch ... but the arousal that arises outweighs the pain by far ... my darling ... You are simply top and wonderful.**



[Elenanais2000:](#)

It takes inventiveness, acting abilities and empathy to be a good domme. Being somewhat of a masochist helps because it allows an insight on what the sub is feeling. Sadism doesn't do, really. A certain aesthetic sense is also good, and drama of course.





Allow me to go on with my explanation.

I look at my defenseless lioness. I can't believe this is her in the ropes and me... In command?

« My beloved, when you decided we do switch, you knew you'd scare the hell out of me. That I would panic at the idea of disappointing you. At not being able to offer you the experience you wished.

I've thought and thought about it. Suspension? Crotch rope? Then the other day as I was prostrate on the floor licking your beloved toes, I realized the vicious rope that would espouse your tender folds and slits had to be more than the usual crotch rope."

You see dear readers, this not a common crotch rope: The back knot is actually at the source of a simple but shrewd additional torment. It is linked to a ring in the ceiling and supports my darling's weight almost as much as the rope holding her wrists does.

This means that the rope that runs between her leg gets much more pressure than would a classical arrangement.

"My poor Mistress.. You're hanging as much by the wrists as by... a vicious piece of raw hemp that cuts through your divine lips, tight against your clit, deep into your crack. It must feel horrible! You are so used to me visiting these wonderful spots with my tongue, but now.. Find them to be the target of your cruel slave! (Oh.. I love you so much.. I'm totally confused but the show must go on, right?)

Grabbing my lover's buttock, and flashing my angelic smile...

« Does it really feel horrible my queen? Do you want to go on with the switch? »

Again, she lowers her eyelids very slowly...

Oh My God, she's taking it in! At this stage I'd be writhing and squirming like a freshly caught fish! Not her no. Not my lioness.. So strong she's able to welcome all experiments done to her body. One more proof of how superior she is to me.

Okay, I know finding out why a worthless slut like me never had any chance avoiding falling for such an accomplished woman is not our purpose here.

Our purpose is to understand how I complied to her command!

By the way, wouldn't you say that with this suspension concept, graduations to the torture could be envisioned?



[TawnyT:](#)

If I said the rope in the crotch didn't hurt, I'd lie. Thank God my darling has taken a thick double rope, which suits me very well here. But there are such and such pains. Some only hurt, others pushes you up. Here it concerns the latter and the feeling between my buttocks and above all on my pearl is simply indescribable. I feel my arousal getting stronger and stronger and the feeling of lust eliminates all rational thoughts and takes possession of me. I look deep into my darling's eyes and nod at her with approval and encouragement. With us it does not need many words but looks are enough to exchange us mutually and I send her over my gaze a "I love you" and I can read the same also in her eyes. I feel so secure in your hands.



[tastethewine:](#)

Fascinating stuff. I think the idea of laying prostrate while being tormented with the problem of how much pain you must take responsibility for in order not to disappoint the very same person you are concurrently in supplication to is the complex moment for me. The intimacy of pain versus the intimacy of supplication just for starters. But much much more. For instance it seems to me the torture of genitals takes on unique qualities in a homosexual context.



[berseh:](#)

I am grateful that someone pointed this "complex" moment. That has been my main concern about being ordered by my lover to torment her. I'm not sure I quite follow you on the "torture of genitals takes on unique qualities in a homosexual context."

Not that I contest you, it's just I don't really understand what you meant.



[tastethewine:](#)

I am not sure I can pull it all together into a coherent reply, but I can say that you are venturing into areas, with this story, that genuinely occupy my interest.

If I take as a paradigm that sexual arousal involves a 'cycle of empathy', that I become aroused by perceiving the arousal of my partner, whose arousal is then increased by responding to my own and so on, then the usual view of this is that this reciprocation involves the exchange of pleasure. In brief, taking pleasure in the pleasure of my partner. But how is this understood in the s&m or d/s situation, where the source of pleasure might be pain, and further, might involve disjunction rather than empathy? It seems to me that the 'switch' scenario offers an opportunity to explore the idea of arousal-through- empathy, or not, in the d/s situation.

I remember in my own recent experience when I was involved in the shoot with Alex which I think you have seen in my galleries. There was a point when I had Alex's arms tied back to a bamboo bar and she was experiencing a noticeable level of discomfort, but was equally expressing pleasure. I remember most profoundly, that as I began to free her from the bar, I genuinely *did not know* if I was relieving her, or disappointing her, if she would be grateful or angry.



That is one point where I identified with your character because it reminded me of just how difficult it is for at least a person like me to sustain the faith that I am pleasuring someone through pain. It also hints at what I mean by 'disjunction'.

There was no way I could be aroused by what Alex was feeling. I didn't know if it was pain or pleasure, I was completely divorced from it.

Sexual pleasure has an obvious (though not exclusive) focus on sexual organs. It seems to me that a 'switch' situation where the partners are of the same sex and so share a greater understanding of each other's sexual organs might bear on these issues of pain/pleasure, empathy/disjunction in a unique way.

The account of a contributor here for several years, [littlegirltied](#), seems to be deactivated. But in one of her journals she explored the subject of crotchropes. Basically she forwarded the idea that crotchropes never provided her, or any other professional bondage model that she knew, with much in the way of pleasure. Certainly not to the degree that the rigger 'community', if you will, seemed to believe it did. As I recall she was not really tuned into masochism as a channel for pleasure.

But her journal became the center of some discussion at the time. When you focused your story on the crotchrope as a device, I thought of the LGT journal and that is what led to my comment. My feeling that the crotchrope debate, if you will, is not really one that men can have, but conversely, you may have chosen the crotchrope as a pain/pleasure device shared uniquely among women.

Again, I don't wish to interrupt the development of your narrative and its unlikely that any of this really signifies much. But perhaps it gives more detail to my comment.



[berseh](#):

Dear ttw,

Thank you for this detailed comment. It is very interesting, and totally masculine! 🍌

There are so many points I could reply on, but I'm afraid I'm not articulate enough to write it clearly enough to share with you.

As to the empathy and pain on S/M and D/s.. It's not so much about the pain in fact as it is about abandoning oneself to someone lese. Losing control. Trusting. Defying social conveniences about power, freedom.

I liked reading your experience with Alex as it is the common doubt that surges when practicing bondage and torment for the first time with a new partner: It's about discovering the other's territory. A very peculiar but very deep way to share.

As for sexual pleasure and organs: Women seem to be privileged on this matter as most men are only focused on their genitals, when females can rely on their whole body.. and their mind. D/s and BDSM needs an imaginative and active mind, and not only for the creation of scenario and roles.

You didn't interrupt. I enjoy your approach to those matters and your general tone. In a way you prove to people who don't know or understand much about our proclivities, that a man who binds women in all sorts of positions like you do can be kind and affectionate.



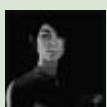
[tastethewine:](#)

It is indeed complex. But again if the initial paradigm is taking arousal from pleasure in the partner's pleasure indeed the man IS focused on the woman, not his own genitals. Though there might be more of an emphasis on her genitals than on her wholeness because of how men experience sexual pleasure through the penis. But the way I remember it, I would try to use *any possible* means to bring my partner to orgasm, her skin and my tongue in particular. In my memory, the clawing fear was that I would fail her by not bringing her to orgasm. A part of that, of course, the fear that my erection would fail or I would ejaculate early.

What confuses me about extending this paradigm of reciprocal empathy into D/s is the sense of single direction, of a one way flow. In other words, it is not like a boxing match. I like pain so I hit you. You like pain so you hit me back. That would comport with the empathy model. But No. Or, to put the emphasis as you do, if I want to abandon myself to you, you have to take control. *We both* can't abandon ourselves. It seems to me that this one directional flow necessitates a disjunction rather than empathy, at least direct spontaneous empathy like I am describing.

But with your 'switch' scenario, the partners are potentially more aware of the other ones experience in the complementing role. Because they have experienced it before at another time, but not reciprocally in the moment. That is why it interests me. It opens the door to examine the mechanics of D/s from the inside.

Your character is new to the dominant role. She is still left speculating about what the needs of her partner will be. Even though the new role for the partner is the very role she is familiar with. She has only known how to view the partner in one way.



[LmAnt:](#)

It's tricky, isn't it? 🤔

Though as much as you try, you wont get much answers by looking at your audience. Because it's *you* who feels and senses.

Either the amazement from the power you gained

or the beautiful complexity of the feeling to be under control while being in control...

or the joy of being on a journey between the two 🤔



[berseh:](#)

Just fell back on your comment today:

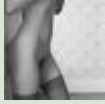
..*"the beautiful complexity of the feeling to be under control while being in control"*

Love it. You are an amazing one! 😊🤔



[LmAnt:](#)

Likewise 🍋 🍋 🍋



[berseh:](#)

It is very tricky indeed, as is tricky the switch I make when I abandon my professional and social identity, for the life of RL sub.

Here what is fun is -as you have obviously understood very well, and for good reasons- that the switch is going both ways so many times: Submitting/submitted..Delicious and deliciously confusing!



[LmAnt:](#)

It's really interesting for me to follow this story.
Mainly because I never really enjoyed switching.
It always felt as if I'd be at the wrong party and would fail to adapt to the local manners.



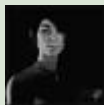
[berseh:](#)

As I wrote earlier, I am doing this only at my lover's ~~command~~ request.

Because I understand her desire to play this, and because I know she likes to be submissive at times. But I don't feel very much at ease myself and don't expect much personal satisfaction other than making her happy, which in itself is wonderful for me.

Still, I find the exercise intellectually interesting. It helps me realize how difficult must be being a good Domme. How much empathy it requires, how much - paradoxically- humility and generosity is needed.

On the method itself I only grasp crumbs of what is domination as I'm really not trying to switch, so I rely on my acting little tricks. But I want my love to be happy with my performance and most of all, happy with what she experiments.



[LmAnt:](#)

My problem is that I'm really bad at acting 🍋

Though like you I like the intellectual challenge and exercise 🍋





"My love, my queen,

Now that you are so helplessly suspended and tortured by that awful rope running between your legs, pulled to the extreme because the said rope is part of what keeps your body off the floor, you desperately need some cream or.. Maybe some organic, natural lubricant..

Like, maybe your own juices?

That is why it's time to play with this other torment: The clamps!

Of all, wouldn't you say the nipples might be the one part of the female body where pleasure and pain are constantly made to go along?"

(back to conference mode)

Dear readers,

Friends of mine who have breast fed told me how shocked they were at their toddler's first attempt to pump: They say it felt like they were literally sucked out, that it was rather painful at first before it became very pleasant. (I intend to experience it myself in the future!)

Many if not most of my girlfriends just like me admit (and Metoo!) that twisting, pinching, biting, rubbing our tits often helps reaching climax. Depending on the person, the required pressure can be light or really really mean. A very good friend of mine attains orgasm only when her partner pinches so cruelly she has to make sure in advance he will not back out even if he sincerely believes he's destroying her buds.

So... « pincés à sein » or nipples clamps had to come in the way here, didn't they? Because I fear and enjoy them equally there was no way I would have deprived my lovely prisoner of those cruel devices.

Plus -and you know me, this matters a lot- they are very decorative!



Very beautiful and one of my friend RenderPretender's favorite, even if he claims they are not a thing: Of course they are! Nipple clamps are a thing!

My RL artist friends very often insist that functionality carries beauty: Who in this circumstance would deny it?

Tawny certainly not. I mean, if she could speak but look..

What am I doing?

Releasing her of the tight gag that.. Oh, who would have thought such a huge ball had been shoved in her beloved palate?

My lady.. my love!



[TawnyT:](#)

**My dominant angel is absolutely right about the sucking as well as about the excitement and pain of the nipple clamps ... oh my God ... my darling does not need to worry about lubricants to make ... that is sooooo arousing ... ouch ... and hurts when she pulls on the chain. ... She takes the gag off me? ... Should I tell her about my feelings? ... No, that is certainly not the reason why she removes my gag ... oh my God ... the pressure in my crotch makes me even hornier ... No, I will not attack her with a torrent of words ... I will do well-behaved what a sub in this position should do ... only talk when asked ... but an exception must be ... one thing I have to say* ... "I love you" ❤️*





"My pretty captive,

Now that I have taken off the huge ball that was stuffed in your mouth one could believe it is to allow you to speak. No, speech is still forbidden.

I want you to receive my kiss..

A treacherous kiss in fact, as I slowly curl one leg around your waist.. Yes. Yes, it pushes on the crotch rope, I know! I know that!

I've checked your pussy though: I know how wet it is, you horny little beast *kiss*

Your moisture is precisely what will authorize me to make one more push.. I mean, one push forward.. Gently though.. Then I swing back.. Then forward again.. And back again, all the time making your slit and folds and crack glide along the rope.. I know it is nasty.. I know the rope attached to the ceiling is splitting you in two. I know my weight is adding to the pressure.. I know this movement is pushing up and down the knot placed next to your anus, I know that!

Through our prolonged kiss, as our tongues intertwine, I can feel your sensations rising darling.

Rising!

Gently, ever so gently but determinedly I swing, my leg that still touches the floor being the engine and pivot commanding your delicious suffering, my tongue checking you out.. You cannot fake, you cannot protest (as if you ever wanted to!)

My hands caress the silky skin of your back.. It's so strange to apprehend your body this way, as an object dedicated to my pleasure and not as usually, the triumphant splendor of my ruling Domme.

Because right now I am your mistress and you are my pretty, wonderfully helpless plaything *kiss*

What could be stronger? I mean.. Could I ever push my advantage?

What do you think, dear readers?



[TawnyT:](#)

After I gave my words "I love you" of myself, I was immediately deprived of the possibility of speaking again. But with the most beautiful gag you can imagine. ... Berseh's lips mmmmmmmhshhshhshh I enjoy how Berseh nestles to me ... Her lips pressed against mine ... our tongues perform a wild dance. Berseh lifts her leg and pushes me even harder against me ... however she shifted a part of her weight on me what leads to the fact that the crotch-rope is pressed even harder in my crotch and I have the feeling to be divided by these into 2 parts. Sounds of pain on my part are damped by our kiss and rather transformed into a moaning. ... oh my God ... that is sooooo hot ... my arousal increased by her body pressed on me, the sensual kiss and the pressure in my crotch especially against my Clit and my anus ... My body twitches while I experience the first climax yeeeeeahhhhhh





I know I shouldn't do that, but I can't resist: She's so adorable I have to press my body against hers. I've got to climb, got to cling to my beloved.

Got to wrap my legs around my prize!

Got to feel the shuddering, the strain she goes through as my whole weight (I'm pretty light for a 5'9" girl) suddenly puts to a maximum the pressure of the double rope between her labia, her legs, deep inside her crack. Pushes the knots against her love button on front, her buttohole on the other side. Yes, her body quivers. Sweating rolls down her back.

Darling I can't avoid to prolong and deepen my kiss! I can't avoid -illogically- to cuddle against you to find comfort.. Like I'm the one who would need comfort!.. But it's you, always a queen in any situation. It confuses me quite much to be your tormentress: At the same time that I augment your torture I'm also begging for forgiveness -unrequired since it is at your orders I did the switch-..

So strange how via our tongues I am able to suddenly feel and listen and understand all that you experiment. Your physical but also your mental, nervous and intellectual reactions.. So amazing!

Oups.. I forgot I was supposed to go on with my conference!

But hey.. A girl's gotta do what a girl feels like doing 🙄



[TawnyT:](#)

Tawny's status:

- Common sense: **turned off**
- Logical thinking: **switched off**
- Feelings: **Maximum**
- Hornyness: **Maximum**
- Orgasm counter: **6** just before the next
- Pain in the crotch: **Maximum**
- Mouth connection: **inseparable**
- Love: **200% above maximum**
- Want more: **YES YES YES**



[berseh:](#)

You never had much common sense anyway: You're my Crazy lioness! 🤪

I don't know about logical thinking. Never had one myself 🙄

Feelings for you: Maximum

Horny for you: Maximum 😘

You're my lovely bound owner 🤪👉





I may be imposing the most stressful torment to my beloved.. I may be pushing the limit of my Goddess, I don't know. What I know now is that I am so much in love with her, this kiss is so rich in messages from us both to each other.. I'll have to make an effort to pull my mouth out of her.. I am so blessed and fortunate that this queen cares about me..

I have to keep in mind how cruelly she is cut in two y the crotch rope on which the two of us swing.. Oh my darling.. Your pussy, your butt.. So tormented.. 🍷



Have you seen the consequences of your order to switch already outpouring when Jerry001, one of my favorite artists thinks it's his time to experience my dominant streak in Berseh - The Domme by Jerry001?

Are in fact all good Dommess so open minded and so empathy rich that they long to become, at least for a moment, submissives?

And..(oh my god :scared: oh my god, please not that!) As much as I have become known and used by many as the slave to be taken.. Will they use me as a potential Domme?

And..(oh my god :scared: oh my god, please not that!) As much as I have become known and used by many as the slave to be taken.. Will they use me as a potential Domme?

What have you started, O my lady? :D

[\[Berseh - The Domme by Jerry001\]](#)



My lady.. This switch has to stop soon.

Just not now.



[TawnyT:](#)

**I don't notice any pain in my arms and in my crotch anymore ... my body is flooded by this indescribable excitement ... our lips which stick to each other ... no will to ever want to loosen our lips again ... our tongues playing with each other, dancing, teasing each other ... Berseh's breath I eagerly suck in ... my moaning that I transmit her directly into her mouth ... our bodies which nestle close together ... every breath, every twitch is transmitted and again and again during the kiss I reach one climax after the other **

I would like to tell you a secret, almost all Domme's have also a submissive vein. There are also exceptions that do not have these, but they are in the minority. But sometimes one longs as a Domme not to have the responsibility, but to hand it over to people one loves and trusts. It is like a refresh where you gather strength again to be up to the future challenges that arise as a Domme. But there is also the fact that with a switch often also many new sparkling ideas can arise.

But I promise, I will work on your reputation as submissive in the near future 🤪

I love you ❤️ 🍷 💋





Conference reaching its conclusion;

One thing I retained from my training and experience as an obedient sub is that the skilled tormentor must make the pet reward her owner for all the humiliation, pain and torture she endured.

It is a solemn and efficient way to make sure the slave knows her place.

It indicates that she should be thankful to exist in the Master/Mistress 's mind. That she accepts the next encounter will instantly see herself on her knees, that she understands she is made to satisfy whoever has put a collar on her.

Pleasuring one's tormentor is like sealing your fate as being simply a love object dedicated to the Dom's pleasure.

« Thank you for evaluating me as your property. As being such a low, dependent and obedient thing for you to enjoy anyway you want » is what you are acting now my pretty captive. Aren't you happy I freed you from that awful suspension? Is your pussy burning?

Does your sweet butthole feel relieved not to be cruelly chafed anymore by the knot?

That's basically what I want you to say, imply or display to all our friends now my lovely captive. That's why you humbly have to bring me to climax, even before you can enjoy the relief of diminishing pain.

For that you know what you have to do. I want your sweet tongue to push aside my thong and start pleasuring me. I want you to breathe my pussy. To celebrate my vulva as your idol, just as I do to yours everyday.

I want you to.. God.. You're good.. Want you to rub your nose.. Aww...Between my small lab..i..a.. Hmmm.. You could be such an..exquisite.. Awww.. You're... Ahh! Ahh..love you.."

Dear reader,

There really isn't much to add. To please my Mistress and friend I have been the ruler of this game. I admit I have discovered many things about what my owner must take in consideration. It only accrues my admiration and devotion to the mindful and creative dominants who have made me theirs.

Most of all it brings to a higher level (never knew it could even be higher!) my adoration for the woman presently on her knees servicing me for her own pleasure: She is a true queen, able to give her slave the hold of her leash..

A switch can be definitive, as some friends have told me. Former subs becoming dedicated doms.

In our case it was only temporary because of the nature of my owner, and my own.

Which is why..



[TawnyT:](#)

**Berseh loosens her lips and my mind returns from slumber to twilight ... I still float, not only physically but I float together with my angel on a cloud. ... Her lips ... they have separated from mine.*

A person who is thirsting to death must feel this way, standing in front of the oasis in the desert and realizing that it was only a mirage. But Berseh is not a mirage, she is real. And although it's only seconds, I miss your lips.

Berseh releases the rope from the ceiling and slowly lets me down. Soon I feel the floor under my feet. But I have no ambitions to put my weight on my legs and so my knees give way and I land on the floor kneeling in front of my lover. The tension has long since been removed from my hands and yet I still keep them stretched upwards. Due to the numbness in my arm joints I slowly move my hands forward. My Wrists are still bound to each other. The hands glide down stroking Berseh's front side and I feel how my hands come to life again. That is also a bit painful. My hands land tied in my lap.

I look smiling up at my darling and open the locks of her panties with my mouth.

My lips approach her hill which I kiss extensively. With my tongue I glide deeper and enjoy this wonderful scent. I bury my face between her legs gently stroking her delicious lips a few times. I take pleasure in her aroused breathing, which turns more and more into a moaning. My nose tip lands on her pearl and my tongue begins to circle the entrance of the cave.

*Yes ... my mistress ... let it out ... let yourself go ... enjoy it **

♥ I love you ♥



[berseh:](#)

My fabulous silver queen,

"I look smiling up at my darling and open the locks of her panties with my mouth. ".... Really, I'm thinking of having it printed large on a plastic board colored by a painter friend of mine.

You naked, on your knees in the middle of the room. Your gloved wrists tied up in front of you give the illusion you are timidly praying. You are immensely pretty. Available. At attention, sort of.

I imagine you lifting these fascinating eyes of yours, the smile of a tender lover girl nuanced by the fact that you are a snow lioness... Of course, I'll lose control if my eyes meet yours, so I look at the ceiling but I see nothing else than the whirlwind your tongue is creating. ♥





Darling,

You are incredible.

You know the right moves.

For instance, just now your wrists have been unbound. Instead of rushing and freeing your body from the cruel adornments that torture you, you wait. You know it is your dominatrice's privilege to decide whether these ornaments should go or not.

So you wait and let me grope and tease your gorgeous tits. Your aching, pinched nipples sting. They beg to be left in peace, freed from these awful jaws that have tormented so much your delicate buds.

Your crotch burns, cries for release and a soft treatment but you wait. You know that down at your place, your status says you have no right to undo what your owner has done.

Your body hasn't been given back to you.

Not yet.

You know all this and you abide with it.

You also want to remind me- because in reality I am the one who lives in your chains- what it is to belong.

As much as you are the perfect Mistress you also show you understand what is required of a good slave and servant of love.

Yes, you have been a docile submissive and I've tried to act like an experienced Domme.

That was the switch.

And it ends with this kiss, my love.



[TawnyT:](#)

My darling,

I really enjoyed the switch. As I said before, it's like a refresh for dominants. We also learn a lot from each other. But from today's point of view you don't have to be afraid that I get stuck in submissive mode. Holding the rudder in my hand is too deep inside me. But it could happen again and again in the future that I fall back on your services as Dominant. I have already got to know many dominant people, starting from those who believe, when they hold a whip in their hand, that they are something better up to those who mention again and again what they could do, but don't do it, because they lack the courage to do it.

Many dominants love the game of misdemeanor and punishment. That is also something that does not belong to my repertoire. I like to lead submissives to their limits and torture them too, but not because I want to punish, but because I can and want to do it 😊 For me it is important that there are no better and worse people. We are all people who are to be treated as such and only perform different roles with different rules. Anything else would contradict my sense of justice.



What I liked so much about our session is that we both tick the same. You have not only satisfied all my needs, but exceeded them by far. You are the perfect mistress for me in my submissive phases. And I'm sure that you can't do anything wrong with me. Our hearts are too much in tune for that. In addition, I'm sure your personal limits are lower than mine and I don't think you'd start an action beyond your limits.

In my eyes this "switch" has only deepened our relationship even more and I feel safe with you.

Thank you my angel

I love you ❤️

Your Tawny



berseh:

My wonderful lioness,

I know that you do not see torture or torments as retaliation. You do it because you want to, the way you took hold of me because you wanted to. That makes of you the most dangerous and most adorable Mistress.

I'm totally with you about "*those who believe, when they hold a whip in their hand, that they are something better*" or those "*who mention again and again what they could do, but don't do it, because they lack the courage*". There are so many of them, and so few really good Dominants.

My experience as a sub and now my short experience 🤪 as a Domme convinced me the role of Dominant is much tougher than that of submissive: So many elements to take in consideration!

My lady, owner of my heart and destiny, I will again switch when you order me too. I realize I am less worried to know you depend of me than if you fall in the hands of some of the crazies outside

(Horse Jackson, Brother Tac and worst of all, Tawny Tomsen! 🤪🤪)

My love, like you I feel this "Switch" series has deepened and enriched our relationship. It was nice also to see how our friends reacted to the game.

I thank you again from the bottom of my heart for all the things you teach me, all the love you give me ❤️

your berseh

The End



ABOUT

Tawny Tomsen:

Tawny Tomsen is a real person, even if she exists only in cyber-space. She was born in March 2007 as a character in the digital world of "Second Life®", and thereafter went her own way, without regard for the wishes of her creator.



With her Second Life friend Tina, she founded T&T Products, purveyors of fine bondage devices for Second Lifers inclined toward the BDSM lifestyle. The brand soon became the first choice for discriminating Masters and Mistresses of the digital world.

After 9 successful years at T&T Products, Tawny changed her career to 3D artist and brought in her expertise from years of developing bondage gadgets. In the new 3D artist environment, she met Berseh, and starting in the autumn of 2017, fell in love and developed a mutual BDSM relationship with her. With Berseh as her muse, Tawny's art has grown and she has built a large and loyal following among lovers of BDSM art, with sexy stories about the 3D Tawny Girls.

If you want to know more about Tawny and her stories, visit her at:

<https://www.deviantart.com/tawnyt>

Berseh:

Berseh is an artist from Monaco who has been in deviantArt for three years. Berseh as we know her, exists in this form only in cyberspace, although from time to time anonymous photos of the wearer of her spirit appear, who herself is active in the model industry and acting.



Berseh wanted to participate actively in the 3D-EroticArt community and from the very beginning has commented intensively on the works of others in a constructive way. The commenting was too little for her so she started to write erotic stories (The Tales of Deviantshire was the first story of Berseh, illustrated by Goorz). Was it the way she gave feedback? It has inspired many artists to use her original character in their stories and to illustrate Berseh's own stories.

If you are more interested in Berseh, visit her at:

<https://www.deviantart.com/berseh>