

50 Shades of Better Sex

Her Guide to Spicing
Up the Relationship,
Exploring Fantasies &
Introducing
BDSM to the
Bedroom



Melinda Holmes

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& Introducing BDSM**

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Atlanta, Georgia USA



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Success Stories

"This book came as a pleasant but not so unexpected surprise to me. At last, the times are really changing. A guide to remember."

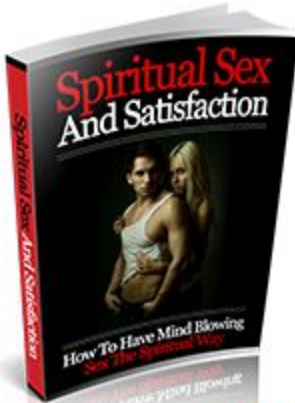
★★★★★ **Marcia J. Mowbray, Oakland**

"It feels liberating when books like this one hit the shelves. If I could describe it in just a few words I'd say that this is a guide to pleasure."

★★★★★ **Patricia E. Cook, Oklahoma**

"By reading this book I came to realize that there was so much I could do to improve my sex life. It has opened my eyes to new and exciting possibilities."

★★★★★ **Trudy W. Compton, Los Angeles**



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Author's Foreword

Writing this guide came natural to me, as I was always into erotica; reading it or writing it or fulfilling my fantasies by visiting uncharted territories in the sexual land of wonders.

If you like experimenting with sex, and if you want to have a healthy relationship with your partner when it comes to that, you'll find this guide very useful. Don't listen to what people say, there are no guilty pleasures; there are only small pleasures and big ones, and it depends on you to make the right choice.

BDSM can offer you all the thrills you crave for while it can also help you change your life for the best. Having a trusting partner in order to take this journey is very important, since in the end it all boils down to trust. You'll do with them things that you wouldn't normally dare do, so if you want to reach the uttermost heights of pleasure, you really need to let yourself go.

This guide will show you the way to a life full of thrills and never-ending excitement, to a magical place where being yourself is all that you need to be, and surrender yourself is all that you have to do. Enjoy the ride.

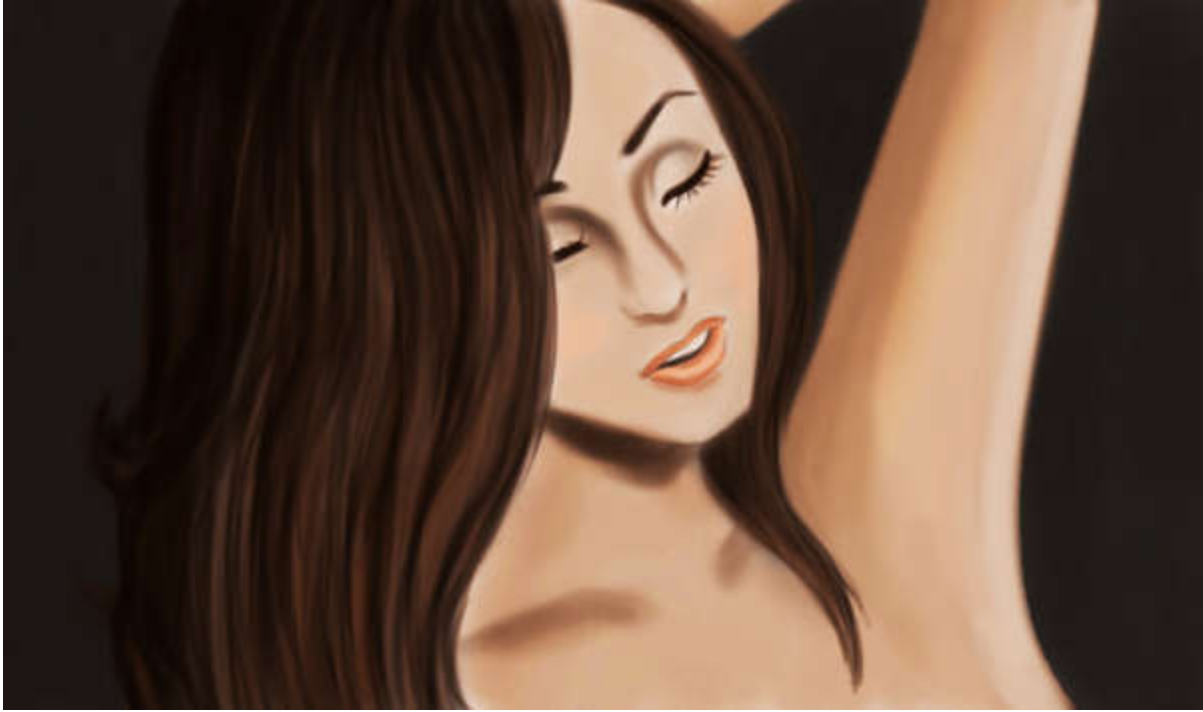
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Introduction

Were you excited, titillated, thrilled, energized, or stimulated by the absolutely naughty goings on in *Fifty Shades of Grey*? If so, you weren't alone, and perhaps you're now interested in discovering more about the "kinky fuckery" that Anastasia and Christian made such an integral part of their relationship. That "kinky fuckery" comes under the aegis of BDSM, which involves a variety of erotic practices.

the scariest thing that I've ever done was to allow my college boyfriend, Alec, to tie me up, blindfold me, and tickle me with a feather. I suppose that sounds childish – you've probably done more than that, and here I am introducing you to the hot, sexual scenes and explaining what BDSM is all about! I laugh when I think about how it went:

"I'm not sure...don't tie me too tight, what if there's a fire or you have a heart attack?"

"Relax, sweetie...you'll be able to escape, if you really, really want to..."

"You won't hurt me, will you? I don't like to be hurt, ever..."

"I would never hurt you, not physically or emotionally, baby. But you need to just relax, let your arms and legs drift away..."

After that little bit of introductory yoga, Alec slowly and carefully introduced me to BDSM 101 a.k.a. Bondage and Submission for Dummies. Eventually, the conversation was sounding like this:

"Oh god...fuck. Yes, yes....oh god, I'm cumming..."

"Again?" Alec laughed. *"You're a randy little bitch when you get started, aren't you?"*

"Oh fuck, I don't care, it feels so good," I moaned.

I promise that you didn't waste your money in buying this guide. I've learned a bit more since that naïve sexual foreplay of my college days. Since then, I've gone on to write quite a lot of erotica, some of it featuring B & D, and S & M, and much of it coming from my own sexual education--something I've been quite voracious in advancing. I guess I've come a long way from the little Catholic school girl from California.

Along the way, I've met and been befriended by adult film actors and actresses, falling into and out of bed with some of them. Their knowledge of BDSM, and how to ensure both safety and sexual satisfaction, are really

something that I thought that most women who are interested, might like to know before embarking on this variation of normal sexual play.

There are secrets, techniques, tips, and stories that will guide you and your partner in ways to enrich and revitalize your love relationship through BDSM. Make no mistake, BDSM, or Bondage, Domination, Sadism, and Masochism are not really appropriate for one night stands – you must be able to *trust* your partner, and you must *know* your partner. BDSM is a wonderful addition to a relationship which might have grown a little stale, a little boring. It can be the spice which turns a blah meal into a gourmet repast!

I have practiced BDSM with male partners, beautiful female partners, and even in a threesome here and there. Because I knew and trusted my lovers, we all had wonderful times, but I would never, never, *never* consent to being whipped on a first date (although spanking is marvelous with strangers – sometimes.) It's all about trust and being an adult, and making adult choices.

This guide will talk about various aspects of BDSM and useful tips in each section; *Things to Keep in Mind*. They're supplemented by the experiences of people that I've come to know, and by the continuing story, *Laura's Journey Into Pleasure*, to help illustrate these points.

So, welcome to the pleasures and joys of BDSM, I know that you're going to have a wonderful time!



Feelings Generated by Fifty Shades of Grey

What an odd, somewhat unsettling trilogy *Fifty Shades* was – at least to my more settled, mundane side. The part of me that adores cuddling up with a cup of mocha, wearing my worn, fuzzy bathrobe, and with ‘Pink,’ my little calico rescue cat, studiously ignoring me as she sits on the arm of my overstuffed chair, her devilish tail switching back and forth, threatening to dunk itself in my drink.

Is your personal life like that, too? Nothing remarkable, but warm moments (not enough!) of just being comfortable, with yourself for company, or a treasured pet, or a husband, or Significant Other, helping you to forget the frazzle of work, or school, or keeping the home and family together and simply running on three out of four cylinders?

Those moments are nice, aren't they? Too bad they're deadly for your love life.

Fifty Shades of Grey, the book which perhaps piqued your curiosity, was all about putting that comfort aside, and embracing the uncomfortable in your love play, in order to achieve greater satisfaction. It's about something called "BDSM," the acronym for "Bondage and Discipline, Sadism and Masochism." Now, when I first heard that term, I pictured dark dungeons, with smoky torches, a beautiful woman chained to a wall, and the sound of a whip cracking over her back while she groaned in pain.

If you want to go that way with BDSM, you certainly can, and to a certain extent, the thought of being that woman makes my pussy tingle – a little. But I don't like pain much, and I certainly don't want to leave my bedroom limping! However, in the bedroom I DO adore being ordered to do some sort of nasty sexual thing, and being rewarded by being called a slut and a whore. I also don't mind at all if my lover takes the liberty of spanking my lush behind. Those things make my pussy quite wet as well as cause my clit to tingle, and sometimes (with a little help from my fingers, or the fingers or tongue of a trusted lover) they make me cum wildly, and repeatedly.

BDSM is about putting aside all the crap you were taught about being a good little girl – which was intended only to keep you from getting into trouble when you were, well, "a good little girl," – but was not meant to dictate all of your life choices forever afterward. It's also about rejuvenating

the intimate sexual part of your marriage or your relationship with another person, whether straight or gay.

BDSM is really not, in my opinion, a good idea for a first date or hook up. Trust is the most necessary part of entering a relationship in which BDSM is practiced, whether lightly (say, tickling) or deeply (perhaps caning or flogging.) You place yourself in another's hands, and they in yours, and you must be fully confident that they will follow the rules to the letter, to ensure your safety and ultimate sexual satisfaction.

I'm not trying to scare you away from BDSM, but imagine the position you could be in with one of the entry level games that you've probably already tried – being tied to the headboard of the bed. You'd better know that person is there for your pleasure *and* safety, and not some other reason! You're probably not getting out of those square double hitch granny knots any time soon.

What They Mean to You and Your Current Relationship

So, you've got someone you trust. Now what? Oh, by the way, throughout this guide I'll refer to your partner as 'he,' 'him,' or 'his.' Please understand that two women can have an equally wonderful time playing BDSM games, but it's so awkward trying to make everyone happy with PC grammar that I get tired of trying to balance the gender references. Please forgive me. And for the record, I *love* being tied up and spanked by another woman, so there!

I also put the female partner as the *submissive* partner throughout the book where possible – it helps keep things straight, and if you identified with Ana in *Fifty Shades*, you shouldn't mind. In my experience, women make absolutely marvelous Dommies, or Mistresses, so if that's the way you want to go, then be the Domme (female Dom or Mistress) instead of the submissive partner as you read through.

Ways to Refresh the Stale Day to Day

One of the great things about BDSM, is the range of options available to women practicing it as a part of their love play. I've already mentioned a small example of bondage, being tied to the headboard, which many couples indulge in, even early on in their relationship. At the other end of the spectrum, is full blown role play, with partners dressing in their roles

(cruel jailer, kidnapped victim... let your imagination carry you away), appropriate devices such as whips, canes, butt plugs, vibrators, etc., and aside from safety practices used throughout BDSM, and the aforementioned partners' trust, only a safety word or gesture as their limit.

Don't think for a moment that the roles in BDSM play are confined to sexist thinking. You needn't be a helpless, submissive woman – unless you want to be. Your man can be the sub (short for submissive) and you can be the Domme (short for dominant) if you both want to be.

"Jeffrey and I looked into BDSM, and were surprised that it's actually pretty mainstream. Certainly, I've never heard about it from my friends before. We started out with me being a kidnap victim, and Jeffrey the kidnaper. He tied me up, and just couldn't seem to resist disrobing me, which felt a lot different from our usual lovemaking – I think it was the loss of control over what I could get him to do.

He would ignore my complaints during our play, and I didn't always know what to expect from him. He was starting to use his imagination more instead of just fucking me. He actually began to spend a lot more time on foreplay, teasing me, and concentrating on caressing and pinching my body instead of just sticking his cock in me.

We were both surprised when he started asking me how it felt to be so helpless, and decided to switch roles. In the play where I was dominant, I was a secret agent interrogating a government official, and we both enjoyed that a lot, and actually took our play deeper with the roles switched. He likes to be whipped on his bottom, whereas I only want to be spanked there, but the net result is that we look forward to making love. We're not doing it any more than we were before, once a week, but our satisfaction with it is way up. After twenty years of marriage and two children, I don't think that's bad!" – Mary, 40.

How Can I Get Him to Go Along?

When was the last time that you asked him what turns him on? In a long term relationship, that's possibly one of the toughest sex-related questions, many women say. Is it the same with you? But what cuts more to the heart of the matter than asking directly? We're taught not to be so obvious, but in

this case, it's not only going to get you an answer, it's also entirely appropriate for a connubial partner to ask, or for a couple to discuss.

Ask him if you can touch him, just touch, to see what his reaction is. You can massage his shoulders, his arms, stroke and caress his neck, touch his butt, his legs...though men aren't quite as sensitive and responsive to touch as women are, they still adore being touched, and many men have commented to me that sometimes, just a woman's caring touch would be enough to bring them bliss, without having to come to an orgasm. Remember, a man can give himself an orgasm – they do it all the time - but he can't possibly duplicate the shivers and shudders of pleasure that a woman's fingernails can bring him by running down his back.

Tell him that you love to see him cum, and that you'd like to know what things send him over the edge. He'll open up to you, maybe not the first time, but eventually. No man minds having his woman interested in his greater pleasure.

Similarly, ask him how he likes to be touched, and *where* he likes to be touched. Listen carefully, you may find clues to his interest in a BDSM component to your love play. Does he like to be pinched, or handled roughly, massaged hard? Those are hints that he might like you to be dominant in your relationship. And you might find that you'd like to be dominant too!

As a woman, some pertinent points to express to your partner are:

If you like being touched intrusively, where and how and under what circumstances, and what that does for you.

If you'd like to have your pussy licked, what particular way excites you most? If he isn't very good at it, there's an excellent guide out there, authored by...um, me.

Where and when would you like to just be caressed, and massaged, instead of fucked? (Hint- the correct answer isn't "Everywhere and always.")

For a man, important questions include:

Will you suck my cock? Will you follow my instructions to make it just right?

Will you touch me, the way that you want me to touch you? Sometimes I'm too stressed to make love, but your touch would loosen me up immensely.

Can you masturbate me? It's so exciting to have a woman touch my cock, and when she's doing it to get me off, it's absolutely fantastic!

It's vitally important that you speak frankly with each other regarding likes, and diplomatically regarding dislikes. No man or woman ever forgets criticism of their sexual techniques. Always talk about what feels good, not where they've gone wrong with pleasing you sexually in the past.

Understand that, while we women like to take it slowly and gently (usually), men are often so overcome by desire that they seek rapid satisfaction. Try to tailor your pleasuring of your partner to the needs of their gender – men, slow it down and lighten up your touch. Women, well, try to hold your man off some by extending the non-penis-centered play. Most men will cum pretty fast once you get there, but will enjoy caresses received before that orgasm more than they will afterwards.

Can We Both Play Fair?

A Dominant/Submissive relationship is not quite as one-sided as you might think, and it's not even weighted in favor of the dominant partner. In actuality, the relationship is driven by the submissive partner, hinting at, requesting, even demanding (but not in words) to be treated in the way that pleases them. It's only incidental that the Dom or Domme (dominant partner) gets satisfaction, but it's the Sub who gets to lose all of her (or his) inhibitions and take an express flight to orgasms and pleasures, by being tortured, mildly abused, humiliated or treated in the dozens of routes to pleasure available in BDSM.

However the relationship is balanced, each partner must treat the other with complete love and respect, never allowing themselves to lose control and depart from the scenario the two have agreed upon. I can't stress this enough – physical, mental and emotional damage can result when one partner decides to play a different game, and the relationship is invariably destroyed.

If you and your partner agree that you're a bad student in high school, and deserve a good spanking from the principal, then his pulling you over his knee and pulling your panties down to spank your bare bottom will likely be mutually pleasurable. But if he freelances and decides to start choking you, even playfully, then he's broken the contract and damage may result to the relationship.

On the other hand, if choking was an agreed upon part of your dungeon play, that's okay.

Discovering Your Partner's Likes and Avoiding His Dislikes

The hardest thing to do in marital sex is to change course, in my opinion. Your lovemaking is pretty well set, isn't it? Sex on Saturday night if nothing got in the way to prevent it (hot weather, cold weather, the kid's sick, blah blah blah), but it's amazing how often something comes up and there you are, masturbating on the toilet while he's going to be masturbating in the shower (sadly, not at the same time, or you both might realize that you're in a terrible rut.)

So, you're wondering why it has to be that way. Um, it's because you've stopped really talking to each other, especially in regard to what you want. Did you ever tell your husband that he was licking your clit wrong, alternating you between shocks every time his tongue scraped your clit, and friction burns from constantly running his tongue up and down your labia? Why didn't you tell him, "Honey, I love you, but please don't do it that way...". You didn't because, just like the rest of us, you thought he'd be hurt plus, it's just easier to go along with the routine.

And ultimately, you're both unhappy. Or, at best, not supremely happy.

Imagine if you did tell him, communicate with him and express your desires. In a perfect world, you'd be orgasming nightly. But since it's not a perfect world, at least draw a lesson from the fact that talking to him is way more likely to get you what you want (and what he wants, whether you know it or not.) Work to overcome your shyness with that person who's been your partner in so many ways, and ask him these questions. It's probably easier after a few drinks, or whatever you use to relax.

How do you masturbate?

What kind of porn do you look at when I'm not around?

Does having your cock sucked do anything for you? Do you like licking my pussy?

What kind of things do you like me to wear in bed?

What kind of things do you like me to say when we're making love?

What do you like to say when we're making love?

Who do you picture when we're making love and you want to get especially hot? (Careful with this one!)

Where do you like to be touched? How do you like to be touched?

*Would you like to spank me, or get spanked yourself?
What if I tied you up and teased you? Would you tie me up?
Do you like sliding your finger inside my pussy when it's wet?
Do you like it when I take your cock in my fingers and jack you off?
How about if I did that when your cock was in my mouth? Would you cum
in my mouth, or on my breasts?*

All of these questions have a few things in common.

- You've probably never come right out and asked them, or questions like them.
- You're probably wondering how you could possibly open your mouth and say such things.
- You probably think that he'll think you're some kind of slut for asking.

Well, congratulations, you *are* a slut, kind of. And hopefully he's whatever a male slut is! Because that's exactly the kind of freedom you need between you in order to please each other. If you're not open and communicating in this area, things will never get better, because neither of you is a mind reader, and you both come from very different places, so it's hard to know what the other is actually thinking. You will likely be very surprised by at least some of his answers once you start talking about these things.

If you've finally broken the ice and begun sharing with each other, you can introduce your interest in BDSM.

"I saw a picture of a man spanking a woman on the internet. I didn't know what to think, but it was... interesting."

"If you made it so that I had to struggle to get away when we're in bed sometimes, that might be kind of exciting – what do you think?"

"My friend _____ told me that she and her husband role play when they make love, and that sometimes he's a torturer, and sometimes she is. They don't do anything too weird, of course."

"Do you remember that time you talked dirty to me when we were in bed? It was really hot, I'm sorry that I didn't tell you how much I liked it. Do you think you'd like it if I talked dirty sometimes? Maybe if I told you that I love sucking your hot, hard cock, feeling it filling my mouth, and then filling my pussy?"

Maybe these are too hard for you, or don't sound anything like you. But somewhere inside you, there's a woman who can say these things, or something like them, TELLING HIM WHAT YOU WANT! Find that woman and let her speak. Pretend that she's someone who's taken over your body and that it's not actually you talking about these deliciously naughty things, but some stranger. It's not *your* fault, *she* made you do it! Just start communicating, talking, expressing your desire and need. It's not going to happen until you do.

Only one person knows for sure what will please your partner, and IT ISN'T YOU. So ask.

Once you've actually confessed to him what you do like, and he's told you what he likes, then practice. If he says he likes to have his cock sucked while calling you a slut and a whore, then try it instead of that same old missionary. If you told him that having your breasts kissed and your neck nuzzled is hotter than being fucked, ask him to try it before he fucks you, and let him know what he's doing right and wrong, though you needn't overdo it. A few moans, or "OH... yes" comments should do.

And when you get him to the BDSM portion, really let him know that whatever you asked for is definitely turning you on:

"Oh god, your hand burns on my ass, you're spanking me SO hard! My pussy's getting so wet, I feel like I'm so bad. I promise I won't be a bad girl, I won't be a slut, I promise!" (rotate your ass under his hand as you say this, and smile as you say it, and even the densest husband gets the message.)

"Oh, I can't get away, I can't stop you from doing whatever you want, please don't hurt me!" said while tied up and struggling will turn on any dominant man, and most dominant female partners.

It's all about filling the need inside your partner and yourself. You want to be free and not responsible for enjoying yourself, he wants to dominate you and make you do what he wants. It's an intoxicating mix for lovemaking.

The Dreams That Excite, The Dreams That Frighten - Distinguishing Between Them

BDSM play is NEVER about actually putting you or your partner in any fear for their safety, or anything else, for that matter. BDSM is about respecting the particular things that will excite your partner, and your desire

to bring them to that ecstatic state. The things that will happen during BDSM play must be clearly understood and implicitly agreed to by all concerned – usually two partners, but there can certainly be occasions involving three or more participants.

Why would you agree to be tied up next time, if you can't absolutely trust his actions while you're vulnerable? Once again, communication is ultra important. You must both be absolutely clear on the boundaries, and especially on the safe word, or gesture, and its importance.

The safe word is the agreed on word or action by the submissive partner (or "sub") that stops all activity IMMEDIATELY. Often "Red" is used, or some other word unrelated to your game. Words like "Stop," "No," "Don't," etc. are unsatisfactory, because they're usually part of most BDSM games and can lead to confusion and misunderstanding.

Discuss what is allowed in each scenario beforehand. Don't expect that he *knows* that the truant school girl wants to be spanked on her bottom, but doesn't want her clit or nipples pinched. He'll *know* if you discussed it in the informal 'contract' you're creating between yourselves. In that verbal contract you can set your limits, both soft and hard.

Soft limits are things that can happen sometimes, under certain circumstances. For example, he may wish to lick your asshole when you sit on his face in a 'femdom' scenario (you might be surprised at the number of men who like being dominated by a woman, at least occasionally), but only if you scrupulously clean your anus first. That's a 'soft limit.'

A hard limit is something that must never be violated. For example, you may wish not to be whipped or caned during play, ever, though you might like spanking. The avoidance of harsher corporal punishment in this case is a hard limit.

You've got to talk about those things – communication again. And in that communication, you may learn some things about yourself, your partner, or the practices mentioned, that opens up your vistas, at least a little.

"Matthew asked me if I wanted fisting, or didn't want it. 'Fisting?' What's that?" I asked. When he explained it, I shivered.

'I don't know,' I replied. So we left it as something between us that he could try, if I let him, but step by step, and I could stop him at any point.

At first it was very uncomfortable, but he got the most wondrous look on his face when he had three fingers inside me, I decided that I'd work on accepting it. It took us almost six months of him doing a little bit more each time we played, but now he can get his hand inside my pussy, and licks my clit like that, and I cum like mad. I'm pretty glad that he brought it up originally, because I never even heard of it, but I'm even gladder that we took our time about getting there, because the Susan of two years ago would have had a stroke if he just jammed his fist inside me!" – Susan, 35.

Building to Pleasure

As every woman realizes, foreplay is necessary, at least to ensure her pleasure. Men do not usually require as much attention to this part of lovemaking, and may sometimes not consider it to be as important to reaching the point of orgasm.

In any kind of considerate lovemaking, extended foreplay beginning even days ahead of the actual coupling, sometimes without even seeing each other at all, is particularly exquisite and exciting for both partners. In the case of lovemaking involving BDSM this advanced foreplay is both necessary and extremely desirable, far more so than in plain vanilla lovemaking.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," as the saying goes, and one's desire, need, and anxiety grow as the source of pleasure is missed. But in BDSM play, the absence, combined with teasing is an active part of the lovemaking. The submissive in a relationship will be teased, distracted, and most of all, reminded constantly of his or her dependence on the other for fulfillment and pleasure, and of the experiences that he or she will have when they're together. But often, the tension building goes both ways, with the submissive partner teasing her dominant partner tit for tat.

Of course, foreplay may not be what one partner views as such, but foreplay is definitely in the eyes of the receiver. Men have trouble believing that relieving a woman of her chores occasionally can constitute "foreplay," but if he thinks about the effect that not being tired, not being frustrated, and not feeling overloaded and frazzled can have on a woman's emotional condition, he may very well understand that she will be more receptive to sexual anticipation and building excitement.

But, away from that ‘not-so-obvious-to-men’ type of foreplay, is the BDSM-oriented foreplay found throughout *Fifty Shades of Grey*. There, Christian Grey expertly works to build Ana’s anticipation and sense of excitement to unbearable levels. When you combine foreplay with a proscription against relieving the tension by oneself, you have a formula for exquisite agony and subsequently, exquisite release and pleasure.

For example, the use of email throughout *Fifty Shades* is especially up to date as a method of building tension in BDSM, as is texting, with actual verbal conversations often being reserved for face to face interactions.

For example, this email conversation between a Master and his submissive:

He: *Work is going too slow today. I find myself thinking of you way too much.*

She: *Really? I’m trying to get my work done here. I want the house to look nice for you, and dinner...*

He: *It’s more important to me that you be rested, so that I can fuck you the way you deserve. Why don’t you get the cleaning done, and I’ll pick up something. But you need to do a really good job cleaning, don’t disappoint me.*

She: *Oh, can I skip vacuuming, I hate that, I can do it this weekend...*

He: *I’ve told you what I expect. If you have trouble getting that done, we’ll "discuss" it on your naked bottom.*

She: *Oh, okay. I’ll get it all ready and pretty for you.*

Now, is she talking about getting the house, or her bottom, ‘pretty’ for him? Since she adores having her bottom spanked by him, and he loves nothing better than feeling her warm, round bottom under his hand, my money’s on ‘her bottom.’ I’d be willing to bet that she’s going to miss something in the vacuuming, necessitating her punishment.

His cock is straining at his trousers as he thinks about her, and her pussy’s getting wetter by the minute as she looks forward to her ‘punishment,’ and the royal fucking she’ll receive afterward.

The same effect can be reached through texting, and with fewer words (but probably worse grammar.)

She: *Which panties do u like on me?* (with 2 accompanying pictures of her wearing hot, sexy panties she took moments before)

He: *The green ones. R u getting wet? Looks like it.*

She: *Hehee yes. Donna was over and helped me.*

He: *Donna the dyke?*

She: *Can't wait 2 c u (giggle).*

The game is, Tease the Partner, and get them wet/hard. However you do that is pretty much fair game.

There are many examples in *Fifty Shades* of Christian and Ana flirting with, and teasing each other, with the twin goals of letting their partner know that each was constantly thinking of the other, and of building the anticipation to their lovemaking. This kind of communication can run the gamut from completely innocent, through double-entendreish, to downright pornographic – after all, they're communications between lovers (keeping in mind that company-based email might not be the best place for it!)

Things to keep in mind:

Let her know that you're thinking of her every day. A short email, a text – *"Hey, I was thinking of how silky your hair is..."*

Listen with more than half an ear when she tells you what she likes, or what she hates - maybe you can take it off her hands at some point, she'll be eternally grateful to you.

Let her know, without her asking, what you like in foreplay – *"If you stroke my cock with your fingernails again, I don't know if I'll be able to stand it."*

Send him a text: *Just thinking about you makes me wet.* Out of the blue. See what happens (and you don't need to explain it.)

Send him a picture, taken in the bathroom mirror of you in a towel after taking a luxurious bath. Accompanying text: *Getting ready for you.*

Never let his sexy texts or emails fall flat, even if you're not feeling that great. *Especially* when you're not feeling great: *Your dirty mind is brightening up my day. Thanks for being so sweet to me.*

Ask your partner how you can make foreplay more exciting.

Thank them once in a while, for all the little things that they do for you. Be specific.

What We Don't Say But Tell Our Partners Anyway – BDSM in Our Lovemaking

Much of our communication with others – especially lovers – is nonverbal, that is, communicated via means other than speech or writing. It's all about

what your body, gestures, movements, etc. are communicating to your lover, beyond your words.

In *Fifty Shades*, this non-verbal communication is expressed countless times –

...he's looking down at me, his gaze hooded, his eyes darkening. He's breathing harder than usual...

...the fingers of his other hand softly trace my face, gently probing, examining me. His thumb brushes my lower lip, and I hear his breath hitch. He's staring into my eyes, and I hold his anxious, burning gaze for a moment...

...His lips glide down my throat, kissing, sucking, and nipping, to the small dip at the base of my neck...

We say so much with the pressure of our touch, the heat of our bodies, the speed at which we stroke another's body – nothing is hidden to a lover who understands your nonverbal expression. If you feel love, you must express love, although you try to hide it. We expect our men to have confidence, to dominate us. In turn, we expect to submit to their advances...as long as we both hold to the implicit contract between us.

But that doesn't mean that we can't, or don't, switch roles, often in a split-second, for seconds, minutes or longer. The man who has successfully brought his woman to bed and stripped her, stroking her wet labia and clit, has the confidence to easily submit to his woman, when she suddenly pushes him back, and straddles his face with her thighs, commanding him to eat her dripping and juicy pussy, to the satisfaction of them both.

They have switched, she from submissive partner to dominant, he from dominant to submissive, showing the true equality that actually exists in their sexual relationship. Every action, and reaction that you make with your partner, speaks volumes about how you truly feel.

Many women tend to be careful in their nonverbal communications, but some men may be less so, particularly in long term relationships. If you're a man, have you let yourself go? Not the normal losses we all suffer through age, but beyond that – failing to shower before you turn to your wife in bed, or not paying attention to the state of your breath before you demand a long, probing tongue kiss? Are your cock and balls really clean if you expect her to suck them?

If a woman doesn't have confidence in her body, she likely just won't make herself available to her partner in that way. Goodness knows, most

women who "don't feel fresh down there" (as advertising agencies have it), won't often be begging her man to eat her out!

Try to view yourself from your partner's point of view. You may learn some things that will help to improve your love life.

And this is not to say that these rules apply in all cases. Here's my friend Rachel:

Rachel: *"You might think I'm crazy, but I get off on Jimmy's underarms. He's got the nicest, stinky BO after he plays sports, and I'll lick him there...all hot, and wet and hairy. It's kind of like licking a girl's pussy in a way."*

Me: *"Have you ever licked a girl's pussy?"*

R: *"No... and I never would, that's perverted."*

M: *"But you'll lick your boyfriend's stinky, wet pits."*

R: *"Yeah. Do you think I'm strange?"*

M: *"I guess I would have ten years ago. Not today."*

Whatever the two of you agree on – that's the right thing to do. If he's arousing you, let him know. Communicate, verbally or nonverbally that you like what you see, or hear, or are experiencing.

Things to keep in mind:

Ask her to be more open with you about how she's feeling when she's becoming excited – it's hard for men to just "know."

Be a little more open with her yourself when you're getting excited by her. Let her catch you staring at her butt, or breasts, or the curve of her ankles. Give in to the urge to caress her neck as you walk by.

If you see that he's getting an erection, tease him with your fingers – and that's just in the kitchen, or living room, or back yard. Don't be afraid to unzip him, and caress that stiff signal that he loves you and is attracted to you. Be careful about doing it in public, though!

If you're getting 'hot', tell him, *he's not a mind reader.*

Take pride in your appearance when you're with him or her. Shower and shave every day, unless your partner asks you not to. There's nothing wrong with being turned on by sweat or stubble *when it's invited.*

Communicate with each other. *Listen*, and don't be afraid to tell your partner what you'd like, if you're not getting it. He or she's not a mind reader (do you see any points repeated here?)

Do you want to see her in a slutty nightie? Do you want to have him wear a 'wife beater' or keep his briefs on while he fucks you once in a

while? ASK (but be diplomatic!)

Expanding the Sense of Hearing in Lovemaking

One of the most important components of a movie is the music. Often, you may not be consciously aware of the music playing there, but it is, and it's affecting both your emotions and the way that you view the scene and the characters. Why would foreplay or lovemaking be any different? Music can make a big, big difference in both partners' readiness for sex and intimacy, and ultimately, love and affection.

Imagine trying to excite your partner and make love, while marching band music is playing. Now imagine that something sexy by Barry White is on – which would you prefer? Lovemaking involves our emotions, not just physical reactions – it's natural that music would be important to you then, just as it was to Christian and Anastasia in *Fifty Shades*. And it's sweet to hear a song later, and associate it with a particularly passionate time with your lover.

The music of your relationship can be whatever you want it to be, and most likely comes from your generation. Older couples might be turned on by Frank Sinatra, or Ella Fitzgerald, middle-aged couples by the music of The Association, or The Beatles, and young couples by Snow Patrol or Plain White Tees. Couples of mixed ages can have fun picking and choosing!

Things to keep in mind:

Consciously create a music background for your lovemaking. Lotharios in movies do it – there's a reason. Alcohol is a social lubricant, music is an aural lubricant, and both make lovemaking, or just sex, better (when used in moderation.)

Songwriting is poetry. You can share a song that you think is particularly piquant and relates to something that you're thinking with your partner, where in older times a lover might have used a poem.

Keeping the Physical in Perspective – Sanctifying the Emotional

The "hook," and it's a big one, to the story in *Fifty Shades of Grey*, is the BDSM practices between Christian and Anastasia. Called 'mommy porn' in the media and by various critics, it has brought to mind the perceived

physicality of BDSM folded into a relationship based on love between a man and a woman. Is such a thing possible?

It's not only possible, but demanded that a BDSM relationship have strong roots in the love of each partner for the other. To put oneself in a position where the potential for harm – emotional, mental, physical – exists, requires an immense amount of trust. It is for that reason that a committed relationship between two people – man and woman, man and man, woman and woman – is the best arena for BDSM, if both partners are willing to indulge. Both partners are necessary. No one should ever be dragged into a BDSM relationship unwillingly.

Based on popular depictions of some outré practices, i.e., whips and chains, the average person might approach BDSM with skepticism, if not outright trepidation.

"I had no interest in being whipped," Amanda said. "I've got enough pain in my life without having someone inflict it on me in some search for their jollies! Bill, my husband, explained that it wasn't like that if you didn't want it to be, that it was a bunch of other stuff. I reluctantly agreed to try some little things out, and we started with him spanking me. That didn't do a lot for me, until he suggested that we combine it with role play. Wow! We started thinking of different scenarios, like the girl caught smoking by the cop, who agrees to spank her instead of telling her parents, and the secretary who keeps screwing up her work until her boss, at his wits end, finally grabs her and spanks her. It was unbelievable, the effect it had on me.

I started coming up with idea after idea, we've got dozens of scenarios that we can pull out, and they all end up with me having a bright red, sore bottom, and he kisses it to make it better, then he uncontrollably starts licking me down there – all over down there – and when he gets to my clit, I end up seeing stars. It has been the most amazing addition to our sex life, and it has improved our love life immensely as a result. I don't know if we'll ever get to other stuff like caning or whipping, but I think I'd like to try some where he verbally abuses me and calls me a slut. I think I'd like that."
– Amanda, 35

Most of the people sharing BDSM with their partners are average people. Your boss, neighbor, grocer, your minister or rabbi... the nice

woman at the crafts store who greeted you with a smile... they've all been in search of some way to spice up their relationship with their lover and partner, and decided that BDSM is a fun, safe and entirely private option to do just that.

It does make certain demands. You must both be mature – there are opportunities to hurt the other, physically or emotionally, and it takes maturity to avoid throwing a partner's BDSM practices in their face outside of the role and game playing. There might also be a temptation to tell "your best friend," but that's how gossip starts and reputations get ruined. BDSM is an intimate sharing between (or among) committed, loving, trusting partners.

On occasion, it can be strenuous. If one or both people are in poor physical condition, i.e. with a heart condition, high blood pressure, etc., both the physical nature of some BDSM and the increased ecstasy of its payoffs, can put those people in some jeopardy.

Finally, in order to really benefit from any role you might play in BDSM, it is made far better if you love the person you're playing with, and they love you. It's a sharing of pleasure (and yes, pain) that can put the two of you on a higher level of love. One well worth considering, as this guide is intended to explain. The degree of trust that BDSM requires feeds on itself and increases between partners. It's amazing how much people open up to each other under the circumstances created in BDSM, often much more than in a conventional love relationship.

BDSM is one way to become closer to your partner, and as in *Fifty Shades*, can lead to unconditional love. Many people – most people, I think, view that as a goal well worth striving for. It's what Christian comes to realize that Anastasia brings to him - unconditional love. And he returns her love in full.

Things to keep in mind:

Talk to him about things that you find hard to talk about. In so doing, you loosen the strictures binding you away from your partner. He in turn, will eventually open up to you, and communication begins.

Listen to each other. Don't think about what you're going to say next – listening is about you receiving their offering of themselves to you. Don't let it fall flat because you're busy thinking of how you can sound smart to them.

Never betray your partner's trust. It should be obvious that you don't tell outsiders about things he or she said, but you should never use their 'confessions' to hurt them at some later, inappropriate time, just because you're angry about something.

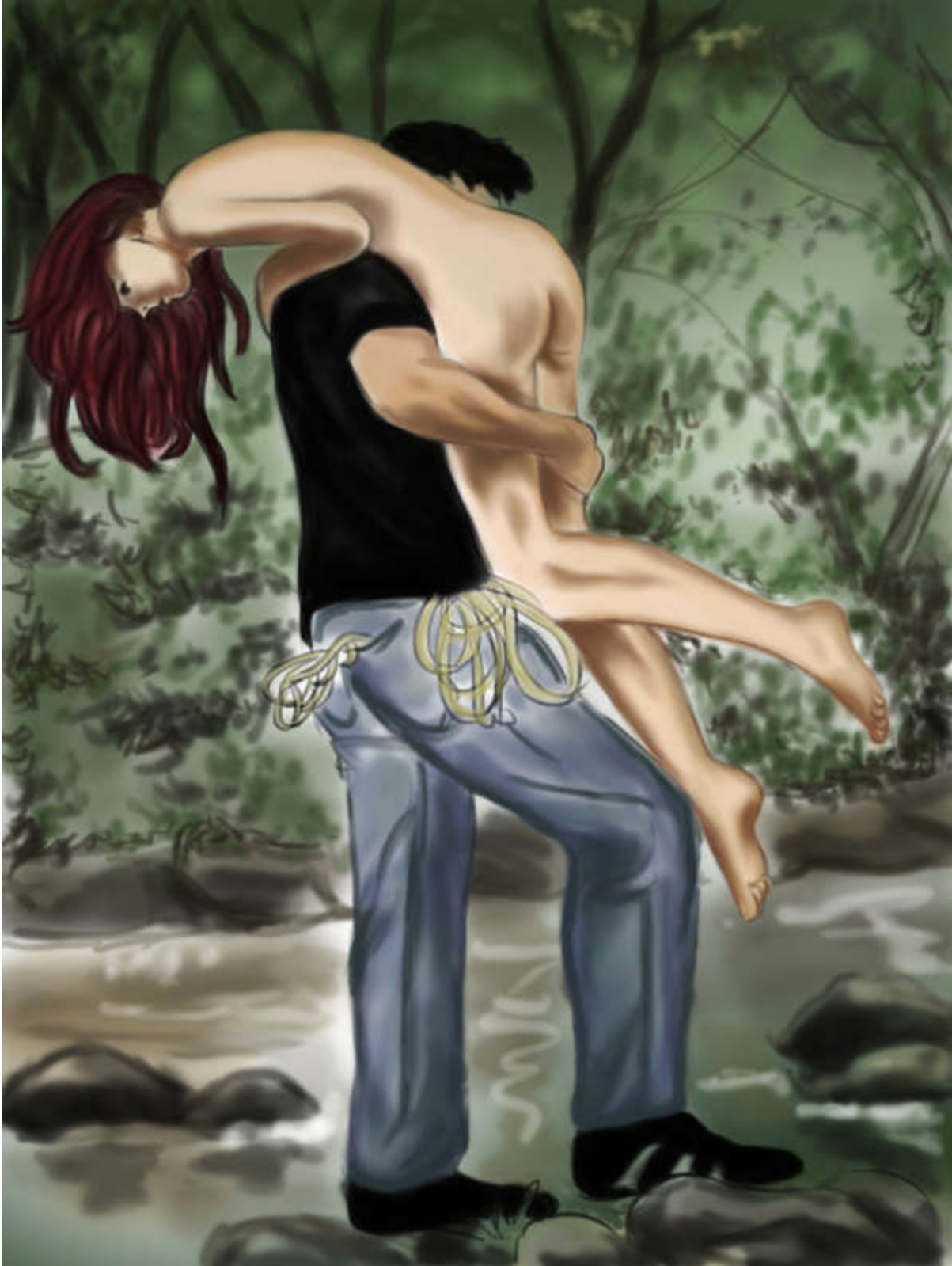
You don't have to offer 'solutions.' You just have to listen respectfully, and receive what they're saying with love and trust.

Accept that your partner isn't perfect, and isn't likely to ever be perfect. They're your partner and lover, isn't that the biggest accomplishment you could expect of any other human being?

Accept criticism. That doesn't mean you have to do anything with it, and if it isn't presented as diplomatically as it should be, forgive your partner for not being perfect.

So, what does the book *Fifty Shades of Grey* mean to your relationship with your partner? Communicate, and express your interests in this area. Is there a better way, than to mention a few of the scenes that you find hot to him? Yes, it takes courage, but haven't you discovered that you always get better holiday presents when the gift-giver knows what you want? Don't you both deserve better than to base your expressions of love and sexual pleasure either on what you "think" the other wants, or on what they expressed to you years ago when your relationship started, and you were both younger and bolder? People change. Your relationship should adapt to that fact.

And by all means, accept with respect what your partner tells you.



Understanding What BDSM Is – Learning "The Ropes" from A to Z

The Hot Reds of Grey – The Color and the Passion

"What's the matter, babe?" Sam asked his wife.

"Nothing," Laura replied. Her downcast eyes told Sam a different story – although she was still a great mystery to him after 18 years of marriage, most of it happy, if a little dull – he knew enough to tell when she was evading a problem. After a few minutes of back and forth conversation, he was able to get her to open up a little more. He was surprised to discover what was bothering her.

"You know that's just a mommy porn book, right?" he said.

"Yes...but it's got a little more in it than just sex," she replied. She explained to him that it transcended sex, and really was about submission and domination on one level, but then about sharing power in a loving relationship on another, deeper level. And she added that she thought that it had some things in it that they might want to think about incorporating into their own relationship.

"I'm willing to check it out, okay, hon?" Sam said, though he was dubious. What was so wrong about their marriage? Everything was going smoothly, right?

There's no easy way to soft pedal this for you. Beyond the trust, love, and caring of the Christian and Anastasia love affair, is sex. Hot, near-mindless ecstasy. Blistering passion. Wobbly kneed, clit-tingling, pussy wetting, cock thrusting sex. Sex that came about because of a relationship centered on the endless combinations and permutations between two people that BDSM fed and nurtured.

Now join me as we explore the undiluted sexual essence of their BDSM sex.

Laura's Journey into Pleasure

Role Playing

"Hi, I was sent over by the agency..." the young blonde said. The man who opened the door looked her up and down.

"Wow, you're very, um, beautiful," he said admiringly. "You're really a student? You look like a model." He ushered her into the living room. He looked at her shyly.

"Listen, I don't...I mean, I've never..." his face turned red. She smiled.

"You don't know how it goes?" She said, his bashfulness at once an everyday occurrence for her, but still surprisingly attractive coming from the slightly balding, middle-aged man. "First, you give me my payment. Then, I give you your dessert. Simple, huh?"

"Uhh, yeah...okay," he said. "Um, two hundred dollars?" He reached for his wallet, as she held out her hand, taking the counted out twenty dollar bills, then placing the roll of bills in her small purse.

"Okay, now leave it to me," she said as she placed the purse on a nearby table, and then placed her arms round his neck. "You know, you're cute enough that I'd have done you for free," she said, confidentially. Bringing her nose to his, then kissing him, her lips warm and moist on his, shocking him with the intimate contact, as she, too, felt an unexpected tingle between her legs.

The pleasant buzz in her pussy pushed her to slip her tongue between his lips, and press her generous breasts into his polo shirt-covered chest. "Ooh, you're a strong one," she murmured, her nipples already stiffening and poking the man, her latest 'client.'

"Look, I'm married," he confessed. "My wife's gone out of town, visiting her mother, maybe I shouldn't have called, I don't know if-"

"You're not cheating," the young girl assured him. "You're just taking a little break, right? You're gonna fuck me, and then you'll never see me again. Just a little vacation." She caressed his stubbly, slightly jowly cheek, then immediately began unbuckling his belt. "You're cute," she assured him. She slipped his zipper down, smoothly letting his warm, hard cock slip out into her small, smooth palm.

"Ooh, what a lovely cock," she said. She fell to her knees and kissed the head, her tongue scraping over his wet piss slit. He groaned, and muttered.

"I can't get my wife to do that," he moaned, as his hot meat slipped between her lips, entering her hot, wet mouth. She sucked on him, her tongue slipping around the velvety shaft.

"Oh damn, I'm cumming," he groaned, his hands on the girl's head. His hips thrust forward rhythmically as he tried to fuck her mouth, and then spurted his sticky cum onto her face as she slipped her fingers around the fat cock, diverting it from her mouth just in time, his white cum dripping down her cheek.

She climbed to her feet, holding the man, neither saying anything for a moment. Finally, the man broke the silence.

"How was that honey?" Sam asked, pulling back to bring the woman into focus. He looked at his semen running down her plump cheek. "I felt like I really was paying a college girl to give me sex, but how was it for you? After all, it was your fantasy..."

"It was...interesting, and I felt like I was really someone else," Laura said, smiling up at her husband. "I felt like I was free to do things that I wouldn't do...you know? Was I really good?" she asked.

"I wanted to make love to you...fuck you, like I used to, before it got old. I guess I got too excited...I'm sorry."

She smiled. "It was perfect, and I can't wait until I get to be your little college call girl again. I bet you do fuck me then, and eat my pussy like we planned." They hugged, a new chapter opening in their life together.

Laura considered her options from this point on. If nothing else, Sam was grateful enough now to let her take that college course she'd been looking at...

Role playing is a part of many couples' sex and love life, and also can play a very big part in BDSM love play. It's very exciting and enables us to do things that "I" would never have the courage to do, but that "she" does. It's two or more participants creating a sexual fantasy that they can share by playing characters in some fantasy or fact centered scenario, such as a cop and a speeder, or an airline pilot and flight attendant. It can be purely non-BDSM, or richly full of BDSM practices.

I often role play with lovers, both male and female – it adds a special spice to a relationship, like saffron on paella. It should never be taken as an expression of desire for another person outside of the scene - it's an expression of desire for a freshening of the old. If a partner wants someone else in real life, they're just going to go out and find someone. They're not going to ask you to play a game with different characters! Role playing is a partner reaching out to their longtime lover, saying, "I want to make our

relationship – us – more interesting and exciting. I don't want a new actor in the play of my life, I want the old actor to take on a new role, for one night only – or perhaps for a long run, if it works out!"

Role playing means pretend. Pretend that you're a college girl, or the secretary of a big corporation, or the sous chef at a fancy restaurant – any character that fits with what he and you want to do together. Do you ever fantasize that you're someone else when you masturbate? I do, and it's easy to transfer it to your role play with your husband, or boyfriend, or girlfriend, or wife.

I sometimes like to fantasize that I'm a new park ranger who's managed to get herself lost in the deep woods of the Pacific Northwest. I'm saved by all manner of unexpected rescuers – a burly logger who's scouting out new timber stands, or a nerdy but big-cocked research scientist looking for a new species of mold, or the cute female park ranger who's been training me, and on whom I have a major crush.

Just let your inhibitions go. They're the only thing (besides the opportunity to play) holding you back. Put thoughts of the children, work, household problems, etc. in your purse and run free for a little while – you deserve it!

Things to keep in mind:

Costumes and props are really helpful in role play.

Slave girl outfits are easy, school girl outfits, 'cheap lady of the night,' you've seen these on TV and movies, you could put them together yourself, you already know the look.

Office worker, housewife, what could be easier than those, you probably already have *those* outfits.

Fishnet stockings, flashy but cheap costume jewelry, leather collars, other leather pieces like bras, panties, bustiers, tight leather pants – anything that feels sensual against your skin and his, and that makes you look or feel sexy is a great prop for sex. Silk, satin, feathered accessories all appeal to your sense of touch in interesting ways.

Crotchless panties are a specialty item, but easily (and anonymously) available through the internet. They send the message that you are "down to fuck" to even the densest man. Plus, they can be a great teaching opportunity to improve (or start) his cunnilingus skills.

Personally, I adore leather collars, on me, or on him, or on her. Nothing says "submissive" like a collar in bed. And if you want to take it a

little further, buy the matching leash. Best of all, you can get that outfit online, or even at your local pet store. Just try not to giggle too much as you get checked out, the sales girls see that as a dead giveaway for what you're up to (just kidding!)

Body paints can be interesting, but be sure to use a paint that's intended for that purpose, so that it's non-toxic and easy to remove.

Masks, whether the "Lone Ranger" cover-just-the-eyes type, or the "Decadent Venetian Extravaganza" in pastels and covered-with-feathers-and-glitter type really can set a scene, as can the "ski mask" I'm-holding-you-up type. Avoid the "Funny Character" I-had-this-left-over-from-the-kids-Halloween type – they're just not gonna do it for you - believe me, I've tried.

Clothes from another era are wild and exciting, but usually require laying out some cash for rental or purchase. I love dress up play before sex involving the Victorian and Edwardian eras – you might like Civil War or Revolutionary War costumes, or Roaring 20s flapper dresses. Whatever you choose, choose it together!

Whatever scenario is created, make sure it's a product of both partners' imaginations and desires. It's not nearly as much fun pretending, if it's a scene that isn't turning you on at all. On the other hand, recognize that ideas that your partner comes up with are the ones most likely to turn him on. Have fun!

Role playing can also involve taboo scenarios that we would never want to see occur in real life, such as incest or rape, or near variations of these dark themes. Because there is no approving authority for role playing scenes, whatever partners agree to as their scenario is completely and fully their business, and no one else's.

Role playing can occur outside the home. Understand though, that you have less control over the privacy of acts that you commit there, and that can sometimes cause problems. You may be the cruel female jailer whipping your male captive in your basement, where noises are muffled, but acting out the same scenario in a high end hotel may cause someone to call the front desk (or worse.)

Cross-generational relationships can make for some of the kinkier role play scenes – Teacher/student is a classic. President/ intern is a relatively new one brought to us courtesy of the political scene.

Professional occupation role plays are loads of fun – Doctor/ patient, Attorney/divorcing client, for example.

Uniformed occupation role plays – Fireman/ rescued person, policeman/suspect, airline pilot/passenger/flight attendant, are a few examples. Of course, you need a costume and a prop or two for these.

Sex role and gender role play – Maybe the kinkiest of role plays. You're female, he's male? *You* try being "the husband," and *he* gets to be "the wife." A word to the wise – do NOT switch identities in this role play along with gender, especially if you have a few 'issues' between you. The urge is way too great to parody the partner and hold him or her up for ridicule, which is NOT the point of the role play. Better to be a generic Ward and June Cleaver!

Top and Bottom role play – this is just light playing at the dominant and submissive roles discussed throughout this guide. It calls for lots of props and little commitment, but is not as exciting as really taking these roles, in my opinion.

"Cheating" role play – You might be surprised at the number of men who get off thinking about their innocent little wife being fucked by strange men or by other women. This is probably more of a story telling scenario, but you can take on the role of the cheating wife and tell him blow by blow of all the nasty, filthy, downright naughty things that you did with some anonymous neighbor down the street and his wife yesterday. Again, do NOT put an actual person in this "fantasy fucker" role, your partner may be wondering if you really want that guy and his wife to fuck you (or if you already did.)

Threesome role play – You can tease each other with references to the man or woman who's currently out of your bed and what they're going to be doing to you or him. Toys and props are VERY helpful, the naughtier the better.

Dominance and Submission

"Mrs. Thompson, it's rather unusual, a student asking to take a make-up exam. You had your chance the first time, with the other students, and you got an 'F.' The rather tweedy professor sat on the edge of his desk, pointing at her with his unlit pipe, waiting for her reply.

The middle-aged brunette sat in the stiff chair, fidgeting slightly. "But I wasn't feeling well, and my two boys had been ill, I was taking care of them – I know if I got another chance, I'm healthy now, I would do much, much better..." She paused. "And I'm hoping to get into law school... I need this grade. My family needs for me to succeed."

"So you hope to be a lawyer, Laura?" the professor intoned, a sly smile creeping onto his face. "Then you should learn early on, that the law is composed of 'give and take,' as well as laws written in leather-bound books." Laura looked confused.

"So, I'll make you a proposal," he continued. "You agree to be my, let's say 'assistant,' at my occasional beck and call, and I'll let you retake the test." He looked at her expectantly. She agreed nervously, and he smiled.

"Good, you can start now," he said, rubbing his hands together like an old time villain. "Lift up your skirt." She thought of arguing – this was clearly not right – but then considered that she had no choice in the matter. She slowly lifted her modest skirt up to her lap as she sat.

"All the way," the professor indicated, with an upward flip of his finger. Laura reluctantly complied, her blush quite pronounced as her plain, cotton panties were exposed to the professor's lecherous stare.

"Nice," he commented, then sat down in his plush chair. "Now, come over here and lie across my lap. On your stomach." Laura gulped, and reluctantly approached him. She thought that she saw a bulge in the crotch of his suit pants, but couldn't be sure.

"Here," he repeated, as Laura forced herself to lie across his lap, in spite of her brain screaming at her to run. But if she ran...

"Just this once, and it'll be over," she thought. She crawled over his midsection, settling down onto him, as his hand lightly stroked over the back of her thighs, slowly pulling her skirt up towards her bottom, her skin feeling the cool of his office air, her smooth, pink flesh goose-pimpled. She felt an immense sense of shame at having her panty-covered bottom

exposed to this stranger, her teacher... but there was also a secret tingle creeping from the nervous pit of her stomach down to her clit, a tingling that she couldn't suppress.

"Your bottom is very pretty, Laura, her professor commented. "Perhaps you should let us see it more in the classroom." He laughed. "Would you like that, to show us your bottom on request? I'm certain that the other boys and girls would like that, don't you agree?"

Laura didn't know what to say.

"I'm waiting, Laura," he said quietly. She could hear a subtle menace in his voice.

"Um, yes sir," she said, not knowing what was the correct answer.

"Then tell me how much you want to show off your bottom for the other students," he said. "And say it so that you are clear and well understood."

"Um, I would like to show off my bottom to the other students in the class," Laura said, her voice hesitant and almost cracking. She felt that it was the most difficult sentence she had ever essayed.

"That's a little better, but disappointing overall. I expect more from you, Laura. Try it again, and explain why you would like to show off your bum to the interested eyes of the others."

"I'd like to show off my bottom to the rest of the class," Laura said, with less quaver in her voice, and louder. "My bottom is pretty, and I want them to see it, and admire it." The buzzing in her clit was more intense now, and she felt her inhibitions and shyness slipping away.

"Go on, Laura," the professor said quietly. "You're doing well, but I want you to tell us what else you'd like to do, after you've lifted up your skirt to show us your pretty bottom."

Laura was quiet for a moment, then took a deep breath, and began. "I'd slip my panties down, off my hips, showing them my naked bottom, its wonderfully round curves, and even let them see my pretty little pussy, how wet and pink it is..." The sense of freedom she felt was overwhelming. She had admitted her darkest secret – that she enjoyed showing herself off for other people to admire, and the knowledge that her secret was so shameful excited her. She could feel how wet her pussy was becoming. She loved that her confession was none of her responsibility, her professor had ordered it... she had no choice in the matter.

She felt his fingers slip under the leg hole of her panties and over one of her hot, soft pillows. She shivered with pleasure.

"Do you like to feel a man's fingers on you there?" he asked. She nodded.

"Then say so" he replied. "I like to feel your fingers on me there" she whispered.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it makes my pussy feel good" she said, shuddering with embarrassment and pleasure at her confession.

"Because you're a slut?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Um, yes I guess so...I'm a slut" she said, agreeing with him and feeling her face burn with shame, even as her ass wriggled in his grasp, his fingers approaching her swollen sex.

"A dirty, nasty slut?" he continued. "A slut who would have sex with anyone who told her to spread her legs."

"Oh yes...god" she gasped, as she felt the building excitement in her clit. It felt as though it would explode with pleasure. She pressed her vulva into his leg, hoping that his fingers would stroke her clit, and release her from the agony of an exquisitely building orgasm.

"So slutty that you would let men shoot their hot, sticky cum on your face and in your mouth, then put your cum-covered face between their wives' legs and eat their wet pussies – wet from watching you be abused by their husbands, and stick your cum sticky tongue deep inside their pussies to get them pregnant...aren't you?" he finished, grinning evilly, as he felt her hips shaking.

"Oh god, yes yessss! Fuck, I'm cumming, slutty, filthy, dirty slut whore bitch cumming cumming...I'm so nasty and wicked!" she moaned, as immense, ocean-deep waves of shameful pleasure coursed through her frame, an orgasm of earth-shattering proportions blasting through her, his fingers deep inside her soaking wet pussy, thrusting and thrusting, again and again, his thumb slithering over her erect clitoris, her body weak with pleasure.

"I'll be at your house tomorrow at one o'clock in the afternoon," the professor told Laura, as she pulled herself together to leave his office. Her legs were weak and rubbery from the intensity of her orgasm, and she could feel her juices running down the inside of her thighs from the sheer

abundance of pleasure that she'd felt, and her subsequent uncontrollable wetting.

"But I've got...my boys will be getting home from school..."she whined, already slipping into a submissive position to this cruel, but exciting man, who was so easily assuming a masterful position over her.

"You will make up an excuse – for them as well as your husband," the professor sneered. "That is, assuming that you still want to pass this class." He looked at her, his stare so hot that she looked away, unable to look in his eyes. And in fact, while passing the class was still important, she was discovering that the excitement and freedom of being submissive to this man was irresistible in a strange and different way. His easy domination over her thrilled Laura.

"Yes, Sir," she whispered, her submission to him already affecting her manner of address, which pleased him.

Dominance and Submission are the best known and appreciated parts of BDSM – they are the well-known "stars" of the BDSM universe of practices, if you will, and they are augmented by elements like humiliation and abuse. THIS IS ONLY PART OF BDSM WHEN IT IS EXPRESSLY AGREED TO BY BOTH PARTNERS – a husband abusing his wife because he can, and making her life truly painful or miserable is practicing dominance and abuse, but he is not pleasuring his wife in any sane and acceptable way. However, a woman (or man) can take great pleasure from being treated verbally like someone that she is not, pretending that she is, for example, a weak-willed slut looking for sex with strangers, and living off the pleasure of sexual response, when in real life she might have immense daily responsibilities and living a very straight laced life. It's the freedom and fantasy of this agreed upon scenario that brings pleasure and release.

Dominance

Nobody is absolutely a "Dom", or "Domme," a "Sir" or "Ma'am," a "Master" or "Mistress." People have elements of domination in their makeup or psyche, and being dominant appeals to them weakly or strongly. Conversely, they may have greater or lesser elements of submission within themselves, and the appeal there may complement the dominance. Someone who is primarily dominant may find under certain circumstances that she

wishes to be submissive, for an indeterminate period of time. The bottom line is that you may well wish to be submissive in your current relationship, but that may not always be the case – don't be surprised if you switch roles. If you are dominant, or wish to better understand your Master or Mistress as a sub:

Things to keep in mind:

A dominant person in a BDSM relationship may be called "Master," "Sir," "Dom," "Mistress," "Ma'am," "Domme," depending on their preference and any direction they may have given their sub – "sub" of course being the submissive person who's not even worthy of having their title capitalized, or even having a title per se.

The Mistress will prefer directing the sub's activities sexually and possibly outside of the sexual relationship. The Mistress is also responsible for the sub in all ways, including safety, within the relationship – this should never be forgotten, if a Mistress wants to retain a sub.

Domination means that you enjoy that responsibility, and that you are perfectly willing to use your sub for your own sexual satisfaction – but also for *their* sexual satisfaction, eventually. The sub craves your domination, and you will enjoy that ownership and responsibility, whether it is only temporary or for a lifetime.

You must remain in control of yourself at all times. Actually losing your temper with your sub is forbidden – *pretending* to lose your temper, and "punishing" him or her in some safe and mutually acceptable way is encouraged. Please understand that the words "no," "please," "don't," or "stop," have no real meaning in a Mistress – sub relationship, and it is absolutely necessary to agree upon safe words and gestures that will clearly and unambiguously signal to you that your sub is in distress, real pain or otherwise uncomfortable with the circumstances which are occurring. You **MUST** stop immediately and attend to your sub if these "safe" words or gestures are used.

A Mistress does not have to be dominant 100% of the time. It's your choice. You're the boss (so to speak.)

You must be obeyed by your sub, if what you want them to do is something that they actually want to do within the relationship. And you can only know that for sure by knowing and understanding your sub. Mistress - sub relationships are not short term things, ordinarily. If they do not do what you want them to do under those rules, you are free to "punish"

them under the agreed upon rules of your mutual relationship. Of course, punishment may be corporal, verbal, or through humiliation. Never lie to your sub. He must be able to trust you at all times. That doesn't mean he needs to like what you tell him – just make sure it's the truth.

Take your time. You control the speed, and how long events take, thus affecting your sub's level of excitement and apprehension, both of which will contribute to your ultimate satisfaction, and that of your sub. Similarly, do not rush into or through your words to your sub. They cannot affect you, so you do not need to explain things to them faster, so that they get it faster. The moment will pass at the velocity that you require. In addition, be very clear in your directions to your sub. They need to understand your commands in order to comply with them.

Control the atmosphere. It can be dark or light, somber or humorous... you decide. Remember that your sub has 5 senses – sight, touch, hearing, taste and smell. Stimulate and touch on any or all of them.

Whatever you do, BE THE MISTRESS. Look the part.. Act the part. You have a reputation (that of all Mistresses) and expectations to be met. Don't let yourself or your sub down!

Always be calm with your sub. Never lose your temper with your sub.

Your sub will honor, love and fear you, if you earn it. Treat your sub well, within the context of what they are.

The words that you use feed your sub's sexual excitement. Use them effectively and powerfully.

Always allow your sub to inform you (through gestures if necessary) as to how he is doing, while you are both in a 'scene.' Remember safe words and gestures.

Remember that there is no pleasure without pain, and no pain without pleasure. "Aftercare" means that you must lovingly attend to your sub after play is over. Compliment her, hold her or more. A good Mistress does not fear that her sub will lose respect by her caring for the sub – you will only earn respect, love and further dependence from your sub.

Submission

A submissive person in a BDSM relationship may be called "slave," or "slut." They're a person who's not even worthy of having their title capitalized, or even having a title per se. Their designation as slave or slut is uttered with complete contempt. You can use other terms sporadically –

"whore," "cunt," "worm," etc. as long as it's at least mildly derogatory and insulting.

The sub's activities are directed sexually and possibly outside of the sexual relationship by their Master. They are protected by the Master – no one but the Master can be allowed to abuse the sub, unless it is during role play with other Masters and subs

Submission means that the sub enjoys submitting to the wishes, desires, and commands of the Master. The sub does not give control over herself to the Master, she allows the Master to dominate her for a period of time, or longer.

The sub can stop ALL activity between the Master and sub with a safe word or gesture, uttered or flashed a single time.

People find out if they're a sub by participating in a Master and sub relationship. It's not for everyone.

Things to keep in mind:

A sub ALWAYS asks permission to do anything, especially to respond to the Master.

The words and sounds that a sub makes in response to a Master's words and actions, feed the Master's power and interest. Always fulfill your Master's expectations by responding passionately, respectfully, humbly and honestly.

A sub should always be honest in her feelings to her Master.

A sub is humble. She has a lot to be humble about!

A sub disobeys her Master when both partners will enjoy the results, but she doesn't overdo it.

A sub pays attention and follows the orders of her Master, and is polite and happy to obey orders.

A sub understands that there is a limit to the abuse that she must take.

Threesomes and other participants

It was yet a few weeks later after the discovery of her submissive nature, that Laura was once again in the bedroom that she shared with her husband, but this time with the professor – or as she knew him now, "Sir," for a midday tryst.

"Slut, I have a special treat for you today," he said.

"Oh yes, Sir?" she asked meekly. Just then the doorbell rang.

"That's for you... a little present because you've been such a good little whore," the professor said. "Fetch it."

Laura went to see what the mailman had brought.

Instead, she found an attractive redheaded girl in her twenties standing at the door as it opened. Laura recognized her as being in her class with the professor.

"Um, hi? What can I do for you?" Laura said.

"The professor said to meet him here, for some extra credit." The way she emphasized the last two words, gave Laura the sense that it might not involve study. The girl stared at her.

"Well? Are you going to take me to him?" The contempt on the young woman's face was apparent, and Laura at first felt a small burst of anger, then realized that her Master's need was more important than her foolish pride.

"I'm sorry..." Laura said, confused as to just exactly what was going to be happening.

"In here," the professor said loudly, and the two women walked into the bedroom.

"Eva, I believe you know the slut," he said.

"I've seen her in class," Eva said, ignoring any reply Laura might have thought to make. "I must say, she has a fine little body."

The professor laughed. "Yes, and she's finally learning to use it properly. I believe it was her bottom that came around first."

"You'll be letting me play with it, no?" Eva replied, her eyes turned coquettishly to the professor, while her hand insolently came to rest on Laura's behind under her skirt. Eva's sexy pose toward the professor was complemented by the arrogance of her casual caress of Laura's bottom.

"Eva has agreed to be your Mistress today, in exchange for certain considerations," the professor said. "I've explained to her that you are my slut in training, and as Eva is lesbian, and finds you attractive, she will be happy to introduce you to certain sapphic practices."

Laura felt a jolt of fear. It was one thing for her to give in to her submissive impulses with a man, in private, but to be under the sway of another woman was frightening. "Oh, dear," Laura muttered.

Eva immediately took Laura in hand, standing close, face to face with Laura, her hands gently brushing Laura's cheeks with her palms. "The professor's a typical male idiot, just one with delusions of grandeur," Eva

said softly to Laura, and smiling as she did. Laura looked fearfully over at Sir, afraid that Eva's insult would get her in trouble, too.

To her surprise, Sir just smiled, and sat in the bedside chair, unzipping his dress pants, and unsheathing his cock, which was already swelling to a good size. It was the first time that she'd actually seen his cock, though she'd cum dozens of times in his presence. It was long and thick, and Laura found her mouth watering at the sight of it, though she'd never been particularly anxious to see her own husband's tool.

She wondered if Sir was going to finally fuck her, but she became distracted when Eva whirled Laura around and began partially unbuttoning her blouse, softly kissing her chest as it became uncovered, then her throat, ear lobes, and finally, Laura's moist, parted lips. In a daze, Laura found herself sitting on the bed, facing away from Sir, towards Eva who was now sexily undressing in front of the former full time housewife, now part time slave.

"You will worship my body," Eva said, in a snake charmer's voice as her slow disrobing mesmerized the woman who had so devotedly become Sir's slave. "You will lick my breasts, my pussy, my ass," Eva continued, as each enticing jewel of her lesbian adornment was uncovered.

"Yes, Mistress," Laura sighed, her pussy wetting at the sheer beauty of the naked college girl's feminine form.

"Suck my nipples," Eva commanded, and Laura watched as though disembodied as her mouth went to Eva's full, young breasts and deep pink, erect nipples. As she tentatively mouthed the girl's warm nipples, Laura felt Eva's hand slip under her skirt and quickly pull her panties off her hips. Eva's knowing fingers stroked Laura's labia, the girl chuckling as she felt how wet Laura already was for her.

"God, you're a pathetic slut," she laughed. "You get wet on command, and then you whimper as you're disciplined by your betters."

She rapidly tore off Laura's skirt and blouse, popping several buttons in the process, then unhooked her bra, allowing Laura's equally full, though less perky breasts free. Laura sighed at feeling her body so free, and her excitement grew rapidly as she realized that she was going to be disciplined by this unpredictable new Mistress, while Sir watched and enjoyed her humiliation. Her pussy tingled at her coming humiliation and degradation by another woman.

She had always been curious about lesbianism, but as a conventional wife, had never had the courage to act on her curiosity. Now, as Sir's sex slave, she was free to do as she was ordered, and her Master was most considerate by giving her over to another woman's whims. She felt an outpouring of love for her Master, and the memory of her husband faded from her mind.

"You've been a bad slave," her Mistress said. "Bad slaves must be punished, so that they appreciate how kind their Master is to them."

"Lie across my lap," Eva commanded. "I want to see your fat, little ass wriggle under my touch, as it slowly turns red and hot." Laura almost came – she was going to be nude over another naked woman's lap, and would be spanked. The sharp sting of her punishment would go straight to her clit, as it always did.

"Ask for it, slut," her Mistress commanded.

"Please, spank me, Mistress... I am a very bad slave, I deserve to be punished." Eva fingered Laura's slit.

"You are a very bad slave, but an excellent slut. Your pussy is wet and excited." Eva wet her fingers in Laura's flowing lubrication, then squeezed the woman's exposed clit between her thumb and forefinger. Laura yelped with pain.

"Quiet, slut," her Mistress said. "Your slutty, filthy pussy is wet and I could barely grasp your whore clit. You felt no pain, weakling. Just for that I will add ten more blows to your spanking. Count each one out loud."

Laura looked through her tears to her Master. Sir was intent upon the interplay between the two women, Mistress and slave. The spanking began, and Laura, fearful of receiving even more, kept quiet, only sniffing and sobbing quietly, though her clitoris grew taut with excitement, and her cream was flowing over Eva's thigh. She called off each one, though.

"One, Mistress."

"Two, Mistress."

Finally, after "Thirty, Mistress," Eva stopped.

"Do you want more, slave?" she asked.

"If... if it pleases you, Mistress," Laura quavered. She both hoped, and feared, that there would be more.

"No, I have other things in mind for you," Mistress said.

"Lie back, slave," Eva ordered her, and Laura complied, surreptitiously rubbing her sore bottom, and sneaking a look at her Master

in his chair, slowly stroking his immense, erect cock as he watched the two women play. His soft smile told her that he was pleased with her, and Laura gave herself fully over to her lesbian seduction. Eva straddled Laura's body with her feet framing Laura's head, and Eva's mouth over Laura's wet and dripping pussy. Laura looked up to see Eva's soft, pink slit above her face, inches away, so young and fresh, and felt torn between her fear of another woman's sex, and her desire to taste it.

"You do have a beautiful pussy, slut," Eva cooed, and Laura gasped as Eva's expert lips and tongue began caressing Laura's vulva, stroking over and lapping at her labia, dipping deep inside Laura's hot, silky wet pussy, and stroking intricate shapes around Laura's stiffening clit under its protective hood. Laura was amazed at how rapidly she approached orgasm these days – Sir was able to get her excited quickly, without even uncovering his cock, and now her new Mistress was pressing all the right buttons in heightening Laura's sexual pleasure. Her husband seemed like such a pale wraith in retrospect, with their once a week lovemaking, over in minutes. She fretted at having to return to that life.

As Laura felt an orgasmic wave cresting inside her, to her dismay, Eva stopped licking her clit, and reached back under herself to twist Laura's hotly stiffened nipples. The wave of pleasure that she'd been riding broke apart like a wave crashing into a tidal pool, the pleasure running out of her, as pain washed away the growing pleasure from her clit.

Inexplicably, Eva began caressing Laura once again, the softness of her fingertips over her thighs, vulva, and stomach only accentuated by the sharp scrape of the girl's fingernails in those same areas.

Eva returned her mouth to Laura's sweet center once again, the soft lapping of her tongue against the rose petal velvet pink of Laura's labia firing the woman's sexual excitement to even greater heights than before. As before, Laura's body tensed as concentric circles of ecstasy began their growing journey outward through her body.

And as before, Eva frustrated Laura's imminent orgasm. Over and over and over again, the young, redheaded lesbian teased Laura to a torment of near ecstasy, only to delightedly frustrate the fulfillment that Laura yearned for.

Laura felt an immense frustration at being brought to the edge of orgasm again and again, then being denied pleasure. She thought that she

would explode at this torture, far worse, but far more heavenly, than any spanking she had yet received.

As though reading Laura's mind, Eva lowered her full hips, allowing her shaved pussy to descend onto Laura's face, covering her mouth and nose in Eva's succulent, fragrant and creamy pussy, her fluids dripping over Laura's face, and filling her mouth, as in her brief fantasy moments before.

"Lick my pussy, slut, make me cum and squirt in your mouth."

Laura duplicated the movements of Eva's tongue with her own, softly swirling over the girl's plump, swollen labia, inside her silkily seductive pussy, hot and creamy, and smelling more fabulous than anything else that Laura had ever smelled, and finally, carefully stroking over Eva's clitoral hood until Eva screamed, "Suck my clit, bitch, suck it between your lips and make me cum!"

Laura did as she was told – she was becoming very good at following orders – and as Mistress rocked and thrashed above her, Laura was greeted by hot squirts of musky fluid from inside Mistress' tight young pussy as the girl squirted in ecstasy into her mouth and across her cheeks. Laura spluttered in surprise and shock, but came to enjoy the taste, and hoped that soon she would have more opportunities to explore Eva's fresh young body.

Eva quickly arranged herself in Laura's arms, kissing and caressing her, lover to lover, and complimenting her. "You're a natural, you're going to do very well with your Master," Eva whispered to her. Laura felt an immense pride that she had pleased Mistress, and in so doing, hopefully Sir would be happy with her.

"Come here, slave...on your knees," Sir then ordered Laura. She came off the bed, then crawled over to him, staring at his erection, still immense, an angry red, and as of yet not satisfied. "Suck my cock," he ordered her.

Laura took his hot, red shaft, so velvety smooth in her hand, her fingers barely fitting around it, so thick and long. It was the first time that she'd been so close to it, and it was a little scary to her, as well as exciting. She lowered her lips to his softly cushioned dick head, the helmet shaped cap nearly filling her mouth by itself. As she did, she felt something warm, wet and wriggling at her asshole.

She heard Sir's voice. "Your Mistress is giving you a little treat. She's being your slut for a moment or two, and licking your asshole. Don't you appreciate the sweet feel of another woman's tongue inside your tight rear, her submission to you and serving you by teasing your rear hole?"

Laura, with her lips still well planted around Master's cock, looked up at him in confusion. A Mistress serving a slave made no sense.

"No?" Sir sneered. "Well, don't worry, because I think she'll be done with rimming your hot, slutty ass in just a minute or two, in time for her other surprise." Laura continued sucking her Master's big, hot and hard cock, happy to please him. She felt his pulse beat through the blood vessels in his shaft, and felt so close to him, so intimate with this powerful, dominant man. She had never particularly cared for oral sex before, taking a man's penis in her mouth had been "one of those things" that a wife did, grudgingly, but there was something so exciting about being ordered to suck cock, and in sucking this man's cock.

As she was concentrating on sucking Master's reddish-pink shaft, Laura felt Eva's tongue leave her hole. She felt a sense of absence unexpectedly, and realized that feeling someone's tongue – even another woman's – inside her dirty, naughty ass had felt really, really good, exciting her wet pussy almost as much as sucking Master.

Then she felt a hard presence at her rear hole, and moaned around Master's cock filling her mouth, but was terrified at what would happen if she stopped sucking him to see what was happening. Master knew exactly the confusion in her mind, and graciously and considerately explained it to her.

"Eva's going to fuck your tight, slutty asshole now, my dear, while I fuck your filthy mouth." Laura tensed – her previous attempts at anal sex with her husband had been disasters, with her sphincter tightening, making the penetration extremely painful. The plump head of the strap on dildo that Eva had surreptitiously donned slipped past Laura's spasming sphincter, but instead of trying to force it in deeper, Eva instead crooned softly to Laura, and stroked her naked back, distracting Laura from the discomfort in her rear, to the pleasure of feeling a soft touch along her sensitive back and spine.

At the same time, Master reached down and stroked Laura's cheeks tenderly, looking down at her kindly as she looked up adoringly at him. "Sweet Laura, you are a beautiful, lovely woman, embarking on your continuing journey to the ultimate pleasures of submission. Along the way you are now discovering that you require a Mistress as well as a Master, your horizons of pain and pleasure boundless, your body and mind a treasure chest of opportunity for us to play with, and for you to reap the

endless joy and ecstasy of submission. You will accept your Mistress inside of you, as you have your Master, and know that she only wants to bring you endless delight through pain and sensation, and that she will never touch me, only you."

"She is for you only, not me."

Then Laura felt the long, slim latex dildo ease inside her, and to her delight, felt only stimulation and excitement, pushing herself back to feel more of the cock in her bum, as simultaneously she stretched forward to take in more of Master into her mouth and even throat. She felt an overwhelming delight at being fucked by her Master and new Mistress, Sir and now Ma'am, and began feeling undeniable waves of pleasure, beginning in her clit, untouched by anyone, radiating throughout her body, as she moaned in rhapsodies of pleasure.

As Laura moaned in indescribable delight, her purpose in life fulfilled – that of pleasuring others – Master pulled his massive cock from her mouth, then aimed the angry red piss slit at her face as he, too, came, spurting out loads of his sticky, white sperm on her face, blessing both cheeks with streams of his hot cream, the heat of his essence burning into her cheeks. She heard Ma'am moan and thrust, hard into Laura's receptive ass, as she, too came ecstatically.

Laura's pleasure was infinite. She had been allowed to cum, in the most overwhelming orgasm that she'd ever felt, while pleasing both her Master and new Mistress.

Her new life was wonderful.

The journey of Laura to pleasure was well on its way. She was becoming an eager student to her Master's gradual introduction of so many new BDSM scenes, toys, and playthings, each bringing her to higher and different heights of pleasure.

BDSM brings opportunities to try new things – here in Laura's case, lesbian and bi-sex, as well as more successful forays into oral and anal sex than she had ever encountered in her conventional relationship with her husband. BDSM had taught her a freedom that she'd never known before, while being submissive to others, the contradiction that lies at the heart of the BDSM world. There may be no one freer than a slave, oddly enough!

Many people bring in a third for play on occasion, not just in the BDSM world. It is important that the two partners both have complete faith

and trust in the other, when a third person is introduced to the party. If both can handle it, it makes for an absolutely amazing BDSM and sexual encounter – though many Masters have been surprised when the picture they had of two female subs to play with conflicted with the Mistress and sub situation that actually resulted. As in a twosome, the members of a threesome should generally know each other very well beforehand. Of course, while in the scene, they can often pretend not to know each other.

"I was thrilled when my wife, who's also my Mistress, brought another woman home last weekend. I spent all weekend serving them, and especially eating their pussies. Next weekend she said that she has a 'special' man that I will serve, and who's going to fuck her out of her mind. I can't wait. I love my Mistress." – Mike, 40

Spanking, First Level Sensation Play in BDSM

Laura rarely had many opportunities to have Master over when her husband was away. Given the rare opportunity, she had arranged to have Master over for dinner, to show him that besides being his submissive and obedient slave, she had other talents of which she could be proud. She prepared a wonderful feast for the two of them – she could explain the added cost to the food budget later to her husband.

As they dined on the lobster tails and asparagus, to be followed by a lemon sorbet, she couldn't help but notice a slight frown on Master's face.

"Is everything alright?" she asked anxiously, worried that she might have ruined something.

"Unfortunately, the asparagus is not quite right, Laura," he said slowly. "I could see from your prideful expression earlier, that you believe that you are a fantastic cook. You are competent, but this asparagus is a disappointment. As a result, I'm afraid that you're going to have to be punished."

Laura was confused. While Master had treated her previously as the subservient slut that she was, she thought that perhaps he would compliment her on her abilities in the kitchen. Apparently, he was less than impressed. She had been spanked by her occasional Mistress, Eva, but Master had not yet actually physically punished her. Then it occurred to her that she had been dreaming of the spanking since that night, and praying that Sir would also pay her that sweet attention. Perhaps she had subconsciously ruined the asparagus to provoke him.

"Stand up," Sir instructed her. Laura did as she was told, and stood by the table, as Master pulled his chair away from the table.

"Take off your skirt," he said. Anxiously, she complied, her pleated maxi skirt falling to the floor, leaving her in her crochet lace bikini panties, and her silk blouse.

"Pull your panties down to your knees, and lay down over my knees," he said quietly. It was becoming clear to Laura what she was in for, and she shivered, but complied, her fingers slowly drawing her panties down off her hips, exposing her pussy and bum to the warm air of the dining room, as well as Master's cool gaze. Then she slowly leaned down and lay across Master's thighs, his impeccable crease bending a little under her body's weight.

To her surprise, his right hand began caressing her bottom gently, his touch warm and sweet. Her bottom cheeks quivered, flinching initially, and then relaxing as a stream of contentment began to flow through her hips. Suddenly, his hand came down across her right cheek hard, with a loud 'thwacking' sound, followed by the same to her left cheek. She cried out in shock and fear, her worst thoughts realized - she was being spanked so cruelly by her Master. His touch was nothing like Mistress' gentle taps.

The spanking continued for what seemed to be forever, as tears streaked down her cheeks, her cries of pain bringing no relief, her Master determined and resolute. Somewhere in her punishment, though, the pain and heat in her ass cheeks converted to a slight, but growing feeling of pleasure as it traveled to her clitoris, and she felt her pussy wetting as it responded to the stimulus. She bit her lip to keep from crying out more.

"Oh god, as painful as it is, it's turning me on," she thought, as the sounds of hand slapping bottom continued to echo throughout the room. She couldn't help herself, she began to grind her bare pussy and clit into Master's pants-covered legs, praying that he wouldn't notice her excitement and that she wouldn't wet him there - goodness knew what would happen if he thought that she was enjoying being spanked!

She continued moaning, as her initial moans of pain slowly converted to moans of passionate ecstasy. She came, several times, disguising her pleasure well enough that Master said no more after finally concluding her punishment. She thanked him, rubbing her bare bottom ruefully, and promised not to make a mistake again, while secretly wondering when she

would get the opportunity to be punished in such a way by him again, and soon.

It was several days later, in the early morning hours as Laura lay next to her husband in bed, that she reached behind her and slipped her hand inside her panties to feel her warm, round bottom, an undeniable urge creeping up on her. She pressed and squeezed her butt cheeks, hard, and the pain and burning that she had felt days previous under Master's hand came back, along with the shame of her punishment.

Her clit began to swell, as she squeezed her thighs together, her horniness growing until finally, her hand crept to her husband's crotch, slyly slipping inside a leg hole of his boxer shorts and gently grasping, then caressing and stroking his cock. His shaft hardened quickly, his penis growing even larger than she could remember, hot and velvet feeling under her fingers' light touch.

As she continued to mercilessly torment her own bottom, Laura's passion, need and desire grew until she climbed on top of her sleeping husband, pulling his steel-hard cock through the fly of his shorts, and stretching the gusset of her cotton panties aside, to guide his stiff cock inside her dripping wet pussy. Riding him like a very happy cowgirl, his shaft filled her nicely, driving in and out of her steaming cavern until they both came at the same time, his hot spurts coinciding with the waves of pleasure drowning her .

"Wow, baby, what brought that on?" her husband muttered sleepily.

"I just got to thinking about you," she whispered, then snuggled into him as they both fell back to sleep, content and sated.

Spanking is the first level of physical interaction that brings real, physical pain to the submissive partner when applied by the Master (or Mistress.)

It may be impossible to know the number of men and women who absolutely crave a good spanking, and are sexually aroused by it, but it is likely very high. It brings a sense of freedom and desired loss of control, and in my opinion, allows the spankee to become more childlike, giving up adult responsibilities temporarily. In any case, you can't go wrong by suggesting spanking – one or both of you are likely to love it!

In addition, in most cases it involves a deeper intimacy than anything the couple has done preceding it. As such, it serves as a useful bond in the relationship. Plus, it's a great tension reliever!

Things to keep in mind:

Relax your partner before spanking him. It works so much better when the "spankee" is at ease, and receptive to the punishment. Remember, "Without pain there is no pleasure, and without pleasure there is no pain."

Spanking works well consistently on the plump globes of the bottom, but the undersides of butt cheeks, the backs of the thighs and the genital area can be fair game as well – just remember the cock and balls, and vulva are extremely sensitive, so, be careful. Not that they shouldn't be spanked, just keep their sensitivity in mind when judging the force to be used.

Don't spank the same spot over and over – that is extremely annoying and downright unpleasantly painful. You've got a number of areas to spank, mix it up.

Go from light spanking to harder spanking when you begin, then you can mix up the pressure, timing between hits, and locations, even the shape of your hand, which will inflict more or less sensation.

Do you want to get spanked? (I do! I do!) Then add to his pleasure by role playing. Are you the bad little girl "who needs a good spanking on my bottom"? I bet he'd find that VERY appealing

Don't forget that you love each other, and be nicer than normal to your partner afterward – it makes the spanking more memorable and fun. Aftercare is extremely important to the submissive partner.

The flatter the spanker's hand is, the more sensation the spankee will feel.

There are a surprising number of positions available, most of which are highly erotic for both partners, as they bring up both memories and images, and the reality of submission. It's difficult to pretend that you're in control of anything when you're sprawled over your partner's knees, or bent over the arm of an overstuffed chair, or on all fours with your cute little butt up in the air, or lying flat on the bed (with your hand between your legs playing with yourself while you're being spanked!) I'll bet you can think of a few more, just think 'submissive.'

The hand is the very best tool available for introductory spanking, as both parties enjoy the tactile contact. Other less preferred, but more serious

implements include table tennis paddles, hairbrushes, and spatulas. Be sure to run any kitchen utensils through the dishwasher afterward, though!

Flogging, Caning and Whipping

The effects on Laura of that first spanking by Sir were stunning. She found herself dreaming of being spanked, by an angry boss, or her Master, or even by her husband. Each moment of musing resulted in her clit becoming swollen and her pussy wet, to the extent that she had to change her panties on several occasions during the day. It was made worse by Sir taking every opportunity when he was with her, to mildly criticize something, and she had to restrain herself to keep from leaping onto his lap, panties down.

It was no surprise then, when Sir decided it was time for a new lesson. He told her to visit him at a certain hotel in a wealthy part of town. When she got to the lobby, sumptuous and rich, he called her on her cell and directed her to a specific room down a beautifully appointed hallway on the top floor. She was very surprised to find all sorts of equipment distributed throughout the room when he let her in.

"This hotel specializes in clientele of a fairly narrow interest," he said. "I thought it time to introduce you to it." He took her hand and led her to chains hanging from the ceiling, ending in cushion-lined iron manacles.

He had her take off her blouse and bra, her full breasts displayed for him, then raise, first one hand, then the other, placing each hand in the manacles as she did so. She trusted him, and so felt no fear. He then pulled on a chain secured in the wall, until her arms were pulled so high that she had to stand on tiptoes.

"Master, this is...uncomfortable," she whined. "Couldn't you let it down a little?"

He ignored her, and proceeded to continue undressing her, unbuttoning her skirt and removing it, leaving her only in her tiny bikini panties. "This is for your own good," he said, ominously, as he went to pick up a device with a short handle, and several long strips of leather hanging off its end. He held it up before her eyes. "This is a flogger," he said, smiling cruelly. "Do you know what it's for?"

Laura was torn – she knew what it was, she had been avidly researching such toys of the S/M world, and had been praying that Master would introduce it to her. But she didn't want to appear to him as either eager or ignorant, and so she ended up in silence.

"Since you choose not to respond, then I am forced to show you how it's used," he said, this time with a sorrowful look, though Laura wondered how saddened he actually was.

"Spread your legs," he said, after lowering her a few inches so that her feet were flat on the carpeted floor. She did as ordered, and he walked behind her. The next thing Laura knew, there was a slight 'whooshing' sound, then a sharp pain across the upper part of the back of her thighs, just below her panty clad bottom. She cried out in pain and shock, and rotated from side to side in confusion and a futile effort to get away from the pain.

"Remember your safe word," Master reminded her, and she nodded. She would not use it, as the last few bits of independence in her struggled to rebel against the man who intended to be her Master for the rest of her life. The flogger came down again, this time over her left ass cheek, then quickly, over the right. The pain was less, due to the small amount of cloth covering her, and her new awareness of the nature of her punishment. Still, tears were beginning to leak out from her eyelids, squeezed shut in a vain attempt to make the pain go away.

It was a sharp pain, much brighter than the spankings had been, but as a reward, her flogged skin felt hotter and more 'alive,' if she could think of it that way. The blows continued, and soon Master had removed even her panties, her bottom red, her pussy embarrassingly wet with excitement. He traced his finger along her swollen labia and along her clitoral hood, finally dipping it into the steamy swamp that was her pussy.

"You're enjoying this entirely too much," he commented with a laugh, then slipped his creamy, wet finger between her lips, where, out of habit, she sucked on it, loving the taste in spite of herself.

Then he stared into her eyes, and without taking his eyes off hers, flogged directly on her mound, the ends of the leather lashes catching her labia and mons, and one tip striking her clitoris directly. Laura thought that she would die from the pain, the shock of sensation at first paralyzing her, then racing sensation throughout her body like the most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced, though it was preceded by a red flash of pure agony.

Within a few minutes, she realized something that all Masters and Mistresses know – without pain, there can be no pleasure. The ripping agony of the lash to her clit, a shockwave of fire, was followed by a long,

dreamy tsunami of building pleasure, her agonized clitoral nerve endings bouncing back from their brief, instantaneous shock, to follow with long, dreamy minutes of intense, gentle pleasure. She gasped, from the unexpectedness of it all, and the sheer quantity of pleasure.

It was like no other orgasm that she'd ever had, and like a new drug, left her wanting more – so, so much more.

"You're a good little slave," Master said, surprisingly, and after introducing her to the exquisite pain and pleasurable agony of the torture room, let her down from her manacles, then drew a warm bath for her, and disrobed himself, doffing his grey, pinstripe suit to join her, naked, in the Jacuzzi.

It was rare that Sir completely disrobed while with her. Although in her dreams Sir was constantly naked and thrusting inside her with his massive, erect cock, delighting her and bringing her to orgasm after orgasm, in actuality it was she who approached total nudity more often than not when with him, as he remained clothed.

Their relationship was one of dominance and submission, and often it was her husband who benefitted from her liaisons with Sir, as she was much more inclined to having sex with her spouse, her inhibitions rapidly disappearing – she had no hesitation about mounting Sam in his sleep, taking his own hot erection into her slippery pussy, or sucking his cock, a pleasant awakening for the hard working middle-aged man.

Her thoughts returned to Sir, as he gently caressed and massaged her sore body, allowing her to enjoy the intimacy and gentleness of his aftercare. "I have something for you," he whispered into her ear, smiling softly. She looked at him quizzically, but saying nothing, as he had not given her permission to speak.

They exited the tub, her body feeling more calm and relaxed than she had felt for years, and he led her to the sofa, now wrapped in a luxurious, soft over-sized towel. "These are for you," Sir said, handing her two small gift wrapped boxes.

"These are so beautiful," Laura exclaimed, looking into Sir's eyes, seeing the love and affection there. She felt a warm glow inside of her at his expression.

"Open them," he laughed. She tore the wrapping off the first, to find a fine black leather collar, studded with tiny rhinestones.

"You will wear this, and little else, from now on when we're together in private," he said, smiling. "You are my slave and should always wear the sign of the slave."

Laura fingered the collar – it was beautifully crafted, obviously very expensive and created for just such a relationship as theirs. This was no dog collar from a pet store, but crafted for a wealthy man's pet slave.

"It's beautiful," she whispered, her eyes tearing up at his affection and ownership of her. She felt pride that she had pleased him so well to be given such a lovely present, and that he cared enough for her to think of her this way.

"Now this," Sir said. With shaking fingers, Laura unwrapped this smaller box more slowly, enjoying the moment. Finally, she had removed the gift wrap to see a jewelry box with an unfamiliar logo. When she opened it, she gasped.

Inside she found a beautiful 18 karat white gold heart pendant on a white gold chain, with two small diamonds on the heart, and an unusually placed small white gold ring attached to the heart.

"The heart with diamonds represents us, and the ring on the heart represents your manacles and collar as my slave. I expect you to wear this at all times that you're not wearing your slave collar, particularly when we're out together, and those times when you're away from me."

She was overwhelmed by the obvious cost of the pendant, and at its beauty and significance, and couldn't speak.

"Don't worry, your husband would have no idea what it means, but I know, and other aficionados of BDSM will also know what it means. You may find yourself making many unexpected acquaintances from this," he chuckled.

Laura felt a deep warmth filling her heart at both Sir's love and regard for her, as well as this evolution in their relationship.

If your submissive is a true BDSM lover, once you introduce him to the flogger, the whip, and the cane, he will never want to return to the vanilla sex that you previously shared. These implements, properly applied, will clarify for him his position in regard to his Mistress, and the heights of pleasure from an orgasm created by this intense interaction, cannot be duplicated. The pleasure is intense, the pain is intense, fleeting and

forgotten, washed away in ecstasy... but longed for when the Mistress is gone, and the whip lies useless when not in her strong hand.

Things to keep in mind:

The tools for use in flogging and caning are exquisitely frightening looking, when you are familiar with their use, but are also instruments of exquisite pleasure, like a favorite vibrator, or dildo. It's hard not to fall in love with the things that bring you pleasure, and when it's soaked with your perspiration and the fragrance of your aroused pussy, you and your Master will treasure it.

- A **flogger** has a handle, and several "tails," which are lengths of leather. The number of these tails can vary, as can their consistency – plain leather tails, tails with knots, and tails with various metal or plastic pieces attached. The greater the number of tails, and the more complex the tail, the greater the pain the submissive will receive. Start small, and build when and if your desire for greater sensation increases.
- **Crops** are flexible to stiff rods made of leather, and have a short length of looped material at the end. Crops increase in the level of pain from their sting as they become thinner - thick crops are not nearly as intense as thin ones.
- **Whips** have a single length of leather attached to a handle. Shorter lengths are much easier to handle, so you may want to start short, and then purchase longer whips as experience grows.
- **Canes** are thin lengths, usually of bamboo, rattan or wood, and deliver a sharp sting with very little effort.
- **Belts** are, well, belts such as the one your man wears. Made of leather for best effect, the leather is the desired source of exquisite pain and pleasure, not the buckle. Easy to find, easy to use, it is often one of the novice submissive's first desired implements of pleasure, after the paddle.

The real pain of the blow from most of these implements comes from a little "flick of the wrist," rather than from brute force. Practice makes perfect, and makes for an easy whipping by the Master or Mistress, and a pleasurable punishment for the submissive partner. Belts do rely more on the swing of the arm, and are less nuanced (but still lots of fun!)

Always play safe – reddening of the skin and bruising is normal, but deep bruising, bruising for extended periods, or bleeding may indicate that you've taken the game too far. As a Mistress, never get carried away using any of these implements – your submissive is trusting that you will bring him pain and pleasure, not cause him harm. And always remember safe words and gestures.

Just as in spanking, do not hit the same area repeatedly, without variation. Also, vary the timing between blows, and the intensity from blow to blow.

Be very careful when hitting any genital or female mammary areas, they are sensitive, vulnerable and easily damaged. Don't avoid them if your lover desires them to be involved, just don't get carried away. It's fairly difficult to harm the bottom – breasts, clit, cock or balls are a different matter.

Always watch over the submissive when you are a Mistress, and provide medical attention if necessary, including doctor's care if things have gone that far – which they should not, if you're doing your job. Always provide lots of aftercare, including gentle massages with appropriate soothing lotions. A warm, gentle bath is always appreciated by your slave.

What Sadomasochism (S & M, S/M) Is

Sadomasochism is the giving and/or receiving of pleasure—often sexual—from acts involving the infliction or reception of pain or humiliation. A subset of BDSM, practitioners of sadomasochism usually seek out sexual gratification from these acts, but often seek out other forms of pleasure as well. While the terms sadist and masochist specifically refer to one who either enjoys giving pain (sadist), or one who enjoys receiving pain (masochist), many practitioners of sadomasochism describe themselves as at least somewhat of a switch, or someone who can receive pleasure from either inflicting or receiving pain.

The acronym S&M is often used for sadomasochism, although practitioners themselves normally drop the & and use the acronym SM or S/M. Sadomasochism is not considered a clinical paraphilia unless such practices lead to clinically significant distress or impairment for a

diagnosis. Similarly, sexual sadism within the context of mutual consent should not be mistaken for acts of sexual violence or aggression. – Wiki

Many couples have come to favor the idea of involving pain as a path to pleasure in their lovemaking. Far from being intended to cause hurt or distress to their partner, the infliction of intentional, temporary pain is intended to bring about a net pleasure or arousal in both partners. These methods can be fairly low level, such as spanking, or rise to higher level pain infliction, most notably whipping, flogging, cropping and caning, as well as placing the receptive partner in uncomfortable positions.

The various books by the Marquis de Sade gave sadism its name, but also characterized sadism and masochism as cruel practices on the extreme fringe of human sexual practice, when in actuality they are much closer to mainstream, at least in the milder practices like spanking. Erotic spanking itself may be only slightly less common than oral sex among couples.

"I don't really know how to explain it, but being whipped on my bottom and back is pleasurable – I guess I just don't interpret it as painful. I get really hot – in a good way – when Peter, my Master, whips me. And he's so sweet and wonderful to me afterward, our sex is nothing like it was in the first years of our marriage, it's so much better!" – Rita, 28



How to Get Started with BDSM as a Couple

How a Couple can Build and Maintain Healthy Sex Together

Interest in BDSM can help make a relatively healthy sexual relationship healthier. If there have been communication misunderstandings, introversion (here defined as a fear of opening up to another), or shyness or embarrassment about general sexual function and healthy sexual interest, then it probably is best to address those issues before moving up to the world of BDSM. Having said that, BDSM has been known to lend itself surprisingly well to opening up communications to partners who believed they were already communicating well.

The communication necessary in order to practice BDSM, helps to clarify the freedom between partners. Imagination, sexual interest and excitement, and curiosity about one's partner are 'disinhibited' by removing some of the old, conventional barriers that obstruct communication, and especially, trust. No one trusts a dominant person, a Dom or Domme, more than their submissive partner. And no one should show more care for another, than the responsibility that a Dom or Domme is entrusted with in the care of their submissive.

Things to keep in mind:

The acronym for safety in BDSM, is "SSC":

SAFE - attempts should be made to identify and prevent risks to health

SANE - activities should be undertaken in a sane and sensible frame of mind

CONSENSUAL - all activities should involve the full consent of all parties involved

Do not enter into a BDSM relationship unless these three safeguards are in place – it's *your* body, protect it!

You should know what's entailed with a specific erotic BDSM practice, before you actually take it on. More than just reading about something that sounds good, and leaping into its practice, make sure beforehand that it's practical, workable, and that it's acceptable to both partners. Are bonds too tight? Do they cut off circulation dangerously in actual use? Are both partners in adequate physical shape? Is hot wax safe for *you*? Is whipping safe for *you*? It isn't that hard to become educated in

the specific BDSM practices that you and your partner would like to try – this guide is a helpful resource, and there are others out there, too.

By all means, communicate. It is absolutely essential that you talk about your desires, dislikes, fears, and expectations in regard to BDSM. It's difficult at first for many people, even (especially) couples who have been together a long time, but BDSM is all about being non-judgmental, and doing what excites you and your partner. No one knows you better than you do, share that knowledge with your partner. And *never* criticize your partner. BDSM is about helping them grow and understand themselves, and you, better.

Do not exceed your abilities. Physically, you may not be able to do everything that you would like to. If not, try other things – chances are that you'll like them as well, as, or even better, than your originally desired practice. And understand how your body experiences pain. There *is* pain in BDSM, because many people find at certain levels it leads to pleasure. Exceeding your personal threshold for pain may not be fun, so practice a few simple things like spanking to see how your body receives the sensation. And don't be put off because it hurts the first time. You'd be surprised how much fun the second time is!

In many ways, just talking about BDSM is a turn on, so take advantage of that potential for excitement and make sure that you communicate with your partner before a session to discuss what excites you both, and how you might make it even better, including role play, props, toys and where your session will take place. A hotel is different from your home, and from a deserted office, or a meadow in the woods – all bring very different sources of excitement. Make sure that you'll have what you need, especially lubes to ease the way.

Remember that foreplay for your session can and should begin days before. Build the anticipation with your partner by texting him, or leaving him notes (where only *he* will see them!) Make sure that your bedroom is equipped for your activities, and that the kids will definitely be gone!

Dominants should never forget that their submissives require gentle, loving care after a session. A properly thoughtful and caring Dominant will be adored by their submissive until the end of time.

Separate your BDSM life from 'real' life – It doesn't do to lead your partner through the supermarket with a collar and leash in most parts of this country (though there are a few exceptions.)

Exhibitionism

When the phone rang, Laura hurried to answer it. Her heart quickened when she heard Sir's voice.

"Slut, you are to wear nothing below your waist today – your pussy and ass are to be completely unclothed and exposed, no matter what happens – do you understand?"

"Yes...yes," Laura replied, thinking quickly. God, what chores did she have? To her relief, she had nothing that would take her out of the house. She could obey her Master easily. "Yes, sir," she concluded, more firmly.

"Good, good," he replied. "One other thing – you must masturbate once every hour, but you may not have an orgasm. If you cum, I will know, and will punish you severely." Then he hung up on her.

"What an odd command," Laura thought, shrugging. She slipped off her slacks, then her panties, enjoying the wicked feel of her bottom and pussy being naked, while still wearing her blouse. She set about her chores. She was filling the kitchen sink with water to begin on the dirty dishes, when she heard the doorbell ring.

She went to the door. "Who is it?" she called through the closed door.

"UPS, ma'am. Package."

"Ohh...just leave it, okay?"

To her relief, he replied, "Okay." Imagine how horrible it would have been if he'd needed a signature. And she didn't remember having a package on order. After she was sure he was gone, she cracked open the door. Seeing no one, she opened it and darted out onto the porch to retrieve it – unfortunately, it was on the top step, about four feet from the door. Still if she was quick enough...

She retrieved the package and was returning to the door, which had closed behind her, when she noticed the UPS driver next door delivering there, and both he and her neighbor, a young man of 22 or so, looking over at her, their mouths agape.

"OHMIGOD!" Laura gasped, running inside, slamming the door shut behind her. She was breathing heavily, her pulse racing. They had clearly seen her naked bottom, god alone knew what else. She prayed that was the last time she'd have to do that. It was at that point that she realized her pussy was tickling her strangely, a thin electric current of pleasure coursing through her clit at her near disaster.

She caressed her clit lightly, smiling. "I never knew that could be so exciting..." she mused. Then she remembered Sir's command to her. "Masturbate, but no cumming," she thought, then shrugged and looked at the package. It was something for her husband. She set it aside and returned to her chores. As she leaned against the sink, her fingers went to her labia and clit, the feel of her fingers so pleasant on her sex. She caressed herself, her anticipation building, building...but just before she fell over the cliff of orgasm, she remembered Sir's words, and stopped, a small buzz of frustration in her clit. She sucked on her wet fingers, small consolation for the interruption of her pleasure.

As she continued working at her cleaning, she became ever more conscious of her clit, and its needs, the tingling there growing stronger until she gritted her teeth, determined not to disobey her Master. As she was trying to think of anything but her nakedness, and the irresistible itching at her clit and pussy, the doorbell rang again.

"Oh god, now what?" she said. At the door she asked again, "Who is it?"

"Groceries, ma'am...from the Pic 'n' Save." The voice was that of an elderly man.

"Um, just a minute." Her mind raced – what could she do? It was clear that she was not to cover herself up, no matter what. She took a deep breath, and then opened the door, while placing one hand in front of her vulva and hunching down in a vain effort to drape herself in her blouse. She was only partially successful, as the eyes and expression of the (thankfully) very old delivery man showed.

"Set them on the floor by the door, please," she said. When he handed her the slip to sign, she had to use both shaking hands, knowing that her vulva was completely exposed.

"I'm sorry, I don't have a tip for you," she said, voice quavering.

"That's quite alright, ma'am," he replied in a gentlemanly voice. "It won't be necessary." She couldn't help but see the smirk on his face as he left.

"Oh god oh god," she thought. "What did I get myself into?"

She put away the groceries, feeling the edge of the counter press into her clit as she leaned in to place the items in a high cabinet. The shocks of pleasure were too much, and she almost raced to the bedroom to pleasure

herself, when she remembered that she must not – and she could not disobey her Master.

Later that afternoon, near the time that her husband would return and she would be released from her agonizingly pleasurable torture, the doorbell rang once again. It couldn't be Sam, her husband, he always came home at the same time.

"Pizza," the young man's voice announced.

"I didn't order a pizza," she said through the door, her cheek pressed against the wood – if she had to open the door one more time...

"Your husband, Sam, ordered it from work but had it delivered here. It's all paid for."

"Oh...god," Laura said to herself. She couldn't explain to her husband why she'd turned away a pizza he'd ordered. She took a deep breath, and then opened the door.

"Pizza, with every-" the cute young man's voice trailed off as his eyes traveled from Laura's full breasts, still covered, to her bare pussy, her labia and clit fully swollen from her day of sexual torture.

"Um, with everything..." he finished, his eyes locked on her pussy. Laura imagined that he might even be able to smell her heat, as her cream had been running down her thighs for the last hour.

"Um, here you go," he said, handing her the pizza box. "And ma'am, I get a lot of housewives coming on to me, but I've got to say – you're the hottest...ever. But my girlfriend would kill me, so..."

Laura didn't know whether to be offended or pleased. "Uh, thank you," was all she could get out as his eyes stayed fixed on her sex. She closed the door on him, still standing there, and then took the pizza into the kitchen. Only a minute later, she heard Sam's car pull into the driveway.

"Oh, thank god," she thought." She raced to put on her panties and shorts. When Sam came through the door, Laura nearly raped him, her excitement overwhelming, her orgasms complete and multiple, some of the most exquisite that she'd ever experienced.

"I've never seen you so grateful at not having to cook," Sam joked, between bouts of lovemaking that went on far into the night. "That was a great idea, you ordering pizza for dinner."

Laura realized then that Sir had been behind all the men "accidentally" seeing her naked body, and felt the special, private thrill from being forced into exhibitionism by her Master.

Later, both Laura and Sam enjoyed their cold pizza, after hours of hot sex.

A few weeks later, Laura and Sir were seated at an outdoor cafe a few blocks from her husband's office. "Oh god...I hope that one of my husband's business friends doesn't pass by," she fretted to herself.

"Are you enjoying your coffee, my dear?" Sir asked her with a smile.

"Yes...yes," she responded, a little more confidently on the second try. If Sir suspected that she was nervous about her husband's friends seeing her, he would embarrass her with it, no doubt. To her chagrin, he was quite aware of her fear, and intended to fully exploit it.

"Swivel in your seat a little, to the right," he directed her. She did as ordered, noticing that she was now facing a group of college students nearby, chatting and sipping at their own coffee drinks.

"Now, spread your legs apart – quite wide – and begin inching up your skirt...ah, yes, just like that, nice." Laura's face reddened as she realized what Sir was up to, but she also felt a shock of pleasure course through her at both her submission to his order, and the thought that she was exhibiting the most intimate part of her body to the collected group of boys and girls nearby.

At first they didn't notice her, but then one of the boys who glanced her way nudged the one next to him, and soon the group of six, three boys and three girls, were pointedly staring at Laura's naked crotch, her pink, wet pussy glistening with her pleasure and excitement. The group was clearly commenting on her, though she had no idea what exactly they were saying, until one of the boys pointedly brought his first two fingers of his right hand up to his mouth, and wagged his tongue in the angle of the "v" that they formed, simulating cunnilingus, and the group broke into gales of laughter.

To Laura's immense relief, they eventually turned away, and then left, though she felt both her face and her clit burning the entire time they remained. Her relief was palpable when Master gave her permission to close her legs and lower her skirt, and she felt a burst of pride and happiness when he complimented her on her obedience to him. "You're a good little slut, darling."

Exhibitionism is a particularly thrilling aspect of BDSM, wherein one or both partners are indulging in a sexual practice within the potential sight

of others, lending a powerful sense of excitement to what might otherwise be relatively bland. When it comes about because it's ordered by the dominant partner, it can be overwhelmingly exciting to the submissive, often leading to tremendous sexual excitement and need for release.

So, exhibitionism in the world of BDSM is a good bit more than the 'flasher' who opens his raincoat in front of some surprised woman. A Dominant woman would make sure that it was her submissive husband who was wearing the trench coat, and as part of their role play, she'd probably grab the 'flasher' and pull him into the ladies room for a quick bang afterwards..

Scout out locations where you can get enough privacy to do what you intend to include in your session. A well placed coat can cover a lap and your hand, as can dimly lit lights in a restaurant. Dark corners and empty rooms in museums and art galleries have purposes other than appreciating antiquities and Old Masters.

Things to keep in mind:

Make sure that your partner is down for the experience before you start exhibiting yourself and him. The thrill is absolutely top level, but so can be the fear level. Make sure that you're on the same page.

White tablecloth restaurants and restaurants with booths, in the car, movie theaters, adult film stores with peep show booths, individual restrooms (the kind for families and such), elevators, subway cars and buses, seated together on a red eye flight with blankets, are all perfect locations for varying levels of sexual exploration. Always forget your panties (or at least panty hose) when you'll be indulging in these. Men hate to get their fingers trapped in complicated fabrics, when they could be inside your hot, wet pussy.

Voyeurism

"It took me a while to actually ask my husband to masturbate for me, but when he agreed so readily, I was surprised. I guess men just like to show off. Anyway, I could see a couple of things he likes to do that make him get excited really fast. I included them when I'm sucking him and he says that my blow jobs are way better than any of his old girlfriends could ever do, and that's just another reason why he's glad he married me. It's just nice to hear that after being married for a couple of years." – Kim, 29

Voyeurism is quite different than exhibitionism – in the first, you'll be watching him, in the second, there's the potential for someone else to watch you both. Does he ask you to masturbate for him? That's him being a voyeur, and you being an exhibitionist – they're both absolutely great!

Things to keep in mind:

Asking him to masturbate for you, or his asking you to play with yourself for him, opens you up and helps erase the natural inhibitions that we all have. It helps to create the greater trust and communication which is a hallmark of a loving BDSM relationship.

Go with him to a gentleman's club in your area. There are many opportunities to watch others play, sans clothing, and you may even want to let your partner get a lap dance from a dancer – you may want to get one yourself! Why not?

Taking voyeurism even further can involve other couples, and you can investigate the opportunities to watch your partner do more than receive just a lap dance. Some women are okay with that, others say, "No way!" There's absolutely nothing wrong with you having a position at either end of that spectrum, or somewhere in between. BDSM is about trust AND respect for partners. If you're interested, you can Google "swinging," "wife swapping," "open relationships," etc. and find many dating sites for couples looking for other couples.

Sensory Deprivation

When the doorbell rang the next afternoon, a strange mixture of anticipation, excitement, desire, and fear made her jump. Laura plucked at the plain white blouse, and brushed her gray skirt, hoping that Sir would find it acceptable. She hurried to the door, and opened it to see him smirking.

"You look so sophisticated and confident, Laura," he said. "Yet we both know that you're a little girl who's dying to be a slutty whore, don't we?" She felt her face redden.

"Yes, Sir," she said, her eyes cast down. He lifted up her face, his fingers under her chin.

"I will make you proud of your submissive nature, my dear, and glory in the delights of being a man's slave girl." She shivered. She knew that she

couldn't stop whatever Sir wanted to do to her, and worse, that she didn't want to stop him, no matter how much she might protest.

"Now, show me to our bed," he said, his smile kindly.

"Could we maybe stay in the living room and do... whatever you want... on the sofa?" Laura quavered, knowing already that she was making a mistake. But she continued on anyway, for lack of a better idea, like just being quiet.

"It's just that... you make me so wet, that I think my husband suspects. The bed smells like my sex."

"You should have thought of that when you decided to fail your exam, you foolish slut. Besides, sluts love to cuckold their husbands because of their unfaithful nature when married to weaklings. You belong to me, now, not your husband."

Most women would have thrown out a man who suggested that she cheat on her husband, and flaunt her unfaithfulness. But Laura found her obedience to the dominant man irresistible. She was just thankful that he didn't summon in her husband, Sam, to watch when she allowed Sir to demean, torture and fuck her.

He laughed when he regarded the bedroom that Laura shared with her husband. "It's rather pathetic," he said. "It looks like you married someone as low on the social scale as you, yourself. Maybe I'll have him turned out on the street after I've completely trained you. I'm sure I can prosecute some spurious legal claim to impoverish him."

"No, please," Laura pleaded. "Whatever you want me to do, I'll do...only, please leave my husband and children out of it."

Master laughed. "When I'm done with you, you'll leave them behind of your own volition." Laura shivered, a current of excitement and fear running through her. "God, what is happening to me?" she thought. But she knew that the pleasure that she'd felt already in her short time with Sir had far exceeded that which she had experienced in her conventional marriage and family life, and she wasn't sure if she was strong enough to turn away from her evil lusts.

Meanwhile, Sir was rummaging through the small closet she shared with her husband. "This will do splendidly," he said, emerging with four neckties. "Rather tacky, but they'll do," he said. "Now strip."

Laura just stared at him for a few seconds, but when no further explanation was forthcoming, she sighed and began removing her clothes.

Master took in her attractive, mature form as her sophisticated outer clothes gave way to her sexy bra and panties.

"If you were wondering about how your subconscious feels about being my slave, just look at how enticing your sweet underthings are. You wanted nothing more than to be mine totally today, though your conscious mind couldn't admit it. And I salute your exquisite taste in seductive clothing choices."

Laura stood before him in her matching bra and panties, her best set, her hands crossed before her crotch.

"Remove the rest," he said, unsmiling. She thought to protest, but decided it was a waste of time – he was going to get his way, whatever that meant. She removed her bra, then her panties, holding them both in one hand, unable to quell the tremor of excitement that ran through her at the knowledge that she was completely naked before this man who now held her obedience in his hands. It seemed to her that he had always held her obedience, even before she met him, even when she walked down the aisle at her wedding to Sam, 18 years before.

"Very pretty, he said admiringly. Laura felt a beam of pride that she could garner praise for her body, and then it struck her how perverse it was that she was happy that a man-not-her-husband was complimenting her on her naked body. I must be a slut, she thought. No one else would be getting excited in this position.

"Now, lie down on your back." Laura could feel a coolness on her pussy and down her thighs as she moved to comply, realizing that she was creaming with excitement, her fluids running down her leg from her extremely wet pussy. Sir began tying her to the headposts, her arms extended above her head, then her feet, wide, one to each footpost of the bed.

"Today, you will learn about sensory deprivation," Sir said. Laura wasn't sure what that was, but she was already feeling the massive excitement of having her body openly on display to her Master – though he already owned her soul, and she was anxious for more of the pleasure that he'd brought to her in only a few short weeks. "I wish it were eternity," she thought.

"When you can't hear or see, you'll feel more intensely the sensations that you are still capable of, bringing on a hotter, more deeply felt orgasm," he explained, then laughed. "That is, if I were inclined to allow you to cum."

He took out a black leather face mask from his bag – heavily padded to cover the upper part of her face, letting no light in at all, followed by ‘white noise’ headphones that blanketed out any and all outside sounds.

Laura lay naked on the bed, the upper part of her head concealed by the black blindfold and headphones, trembling with anxiety, fear, the slight chill of the room, but more overwhelmingly than anything else, desire. Desire for her Master.

Sir took out a long feather, and began tracing over Laura’s body with the soft tip, light stroking concentrating on her breasts, her sides, her stomach, down to her legs, eventually narrowing down to her thighs and vulva, then to her mons and upper thighs. Laura giggled from his light touch, the sensations more akin to a loving tickle than anything else, and Laura felt a surge of gratitude for her Master for his kindness to her, as well as an outpouring of her vaginal lubrication, with nearly every touch of the feather’s tip sending sweet sensations of pleasure through her hips straight to her clitoris.

She couldn’t hold back her moans of pleasure at the light touch.

"Ohh, that feels so good, you’re making me feel so good, so excited...you’re making me wet..." she surprised herself with her opening up to this man who by all rights should still be a stranger to her, but he was already far more – an intimate, a superior, even a lover, but more than that...her Master. She shuddered as light tendrils signaling an imminent orgasm coursed through her body.

Sir frowned. He did not want her to cum. Her orgasm was up to him, not to the primitive urges of her undisciplined slut body and mind. He reversed the feather, applying the sharp end of the quill along her body, the sharp edge creating white lines of pressure as it traced over her, but not quite breaking the skin. Laura shrieked at the unexpected sensation, then sobbed from the pain, similar to being cut with a thin knife, but with no actual bleeding.

She writhed under his touch, the sensation of pain deeper and more intense than the sweet touch of the feather’s soft tip had been, but then a strange transformation began inside Laura’s body and mind. She began to interpret the pain of the razor sharp quill as being like the ecstasy of the feather’s tip, and soon the electric pleasure she had felt previously returned, but tripled or quadrupled, and her orgasm quickly rushed at her, a semi

truck approaching a toddler on a freeway at the speed limit, her body tensing with her inner delight.

Master picked up her panties, the gusset wet and strongly fragrant with her vaginal cream. He waved it by her nose, attracting her attention, her nose quivering as she inhaled her body's hot perfume. An aroma which would have embarrassed her before meeting Sir, soon became inextricably connected in her mind with pleasure, and forever on, when she smelled her own or another woman's pussy, would associate the sweet, musky perfume with pleasure. Similarly, she was rapidly learning to yearn for her Master's infliction of pain on her hot, feminine body as the height of pleasure.

It was all too much for her, and the flood of perverted pleasure broke through the dam of her moral upbringing, a massive, extended orgasm thrilling her entire body from tip to toes, her dark universe filled with indescribable beauty before her obstructed eyes, all of her senses infused with the sweetest and brightest of sensations. She cried out.

"Oh god, god, yesss, I'm cumming! Fuck fuck fuck, please fuck me fuck me I love love love you...oh god fuck..." her voice trailed off, her body vibrating to an inner command, her Master now inside her mind, body, soul, never to be extirpated. There was no turning back now, nor would she ever want to. She was now all slut, slave to her Master, his to do with as he pleased. Her husband and family were a fading memory.

She looked forward eagerly to her punishment for cumming against Sir's orders.

Sensory deprivation is another facet of BDSM which takes away the use of one or more senses temporarily, typically sight and hearing, in order to heighten the remaining senses. It is really quite true that temporary blocking of the senses will strengthen the submissive's ability to employ their remaining senses. By taking away sight and hearing, the sense of touch will be greater, and application of a feather, or a sharp object, a sharp blow, the application of a whip or cane across the skin, will have a tremendous effect on the submissive, sometimes causing a form of pleasure instead of the expected pain, or pain where the sensation would ordinarily be pleasure. For example, a blindfolded submissive partner will jump with perceived pain when first touched with a feather, or moan with pleasure when a rough surface is scraped over the skin, most likely due to initial disorientation at losing the missing sense.

Things to keep in mind:

The slightest touch can result in an unexpected reaction. A big part of this is due to missing the ability to predict what the sensation will be on the part of the submissive.

Keep your partner as completely unaware as possible. They don't need to have any information in order to participate, the less, the better. The only thing they need is trust in you.

It's probably best to start with a pleasant sensation, like the feather. You can continue with that, but after using it on areas like the face, legs and arms, apply it in areas which are ordinarily much more sensitive, such as the sides, underarms, pubic area, back of the knees and soles of the feet. Or you can intersperse it with objects that cause a less pleasant sensation – sharp (not cutting) edges, rough edges, spanking, flogging, caning, etc. Do not overdo it, as the submissive will feel it much more intensely than normal.

Do not torment your sub. This is not the time to touch them with live animals or objects masquerading as gross objects (peeled grape "eyeballs", for example.) Leave those for Halloween – this is a time for sexual stimulation.

This is a wonderful time to use headphones to close off their sense of hearing. That removes cues we ordinarily use to predict what is happening around us. You may want to add music to stimulate them, or just to cover up outside sounds. Make sure they're comfortable with the sound level. People's reaction to different kinds of music and sounds is highly unpredictable, so be careful!

Mix it up! There are five senses, so you have many avenues to stimulating your partner, including taste and smell. Imagine the look on his or her face when they smell the wet dab of fluid from your pussy that you smeared on their nose, and feel a feather tickling their crotch....

Feathers have a soft edge, and usually a sharp quill edge – use them both! Sandpaper is rough, silk is slickly smooth, ice is cold and wet, canes are hard and thin, and make a scary whistling sound when whipped hard through the air, floggers and whips are menacingly nondescript when dragged over skin, but quite different when lashed against that skin. Teeth bite, lips kiss, tongues lick – you don't have to spend a lot of money to stimulate your lover!

Props are extremely important, and it's more conducive to fun when you've arranged for the proper ones ahead of time. There are many kinds of blindfolds, hoods and masks available to block the sense of sight. Headphones or earbuds will take care of hearing, and you will probably want the sound blocking type.

Restraints are often used in sensory deprivation, the better to keep your partner "in the dark." People miss the use of their hands, and feel very uncomfortable mentally when their legs are spread wide, their genitals exposed, or at least vulnerable. Handcuffs, leather, and padded restraints – all are available on the internet and in adult novelty shops. Homemade restraints, i.e., neckties, scarves, or leather shoe laces, are initially used by many, and add interesting textures to your play.

Gags are also available at commercial sources, but are probably for the more experienced. Anything that can restrict airflow is hazardous, so exercise caution. Homemade gags are dangerous and should be avoided.

Edging

Laura's Master had told her to go to the store and buy a package of condoms. "A small package will be fine," he'd said. She sat in her bedroom reading the instructions, but wondered why he'd thought it necessary – hopefully he wouldn't be giving her to another man for sex, and she trusted Master not to have any STDs. She also thought that pregnancy was not an issue, since she was still on the Pill.

"I shouldn't be questioning him – he'll tell me what I need to know," she thought.

Just then her phone rang – it was Him!

"Hello, slave," he said, in a friendly voice. "Pull down your panties," he said, as though asking her what the weather was like there. She quickly complied, but didn't say anything, as he had not asked for her thoughts.

"Now, open one of the packets, take out the condom, then unroll it over your index and middle fingers together."

"Yes, Sir," she replied.

When she picked up the phone again, he spoke once more. "Now slide your two fingers inside that tight pussy of yours until they're as deep as you can go. At the same time, caress your clitoris with the thumb of your other hand, but do not cum. You are not allowed to cum until I grant you

permission. Tell me when you're close – put the phone on speaker, and begin."

Laura did as she was told, and began pleasuring herself while sliding her fingers inside. Her moans could be heard through the phone.

"Fuck your fingers in and out of your wet pussy, until I tell you to stop or until you feel like you're going to cum."

Laura began fucking herself with the condom, thinking about Master fucking her at the same time, and soon felt that the strong tension of an orgasm was approaching.

"I'm going to cum, Sir," she told her Master.

"Then stop, and lay still," he said. She did as he ordered, knowing that she would be punished again if she had an orgasm. The sweet tension was unbearable – her body was used to greedily cumming when the unbearable pleasure began to fill her clit and hips. It was the hardest thing that she'd ever done to avoid cumming. Finally, the sweet tension dissipated inside her.

"I'm okay now, Master," she said.

"Good – and you didn't cum, did you." It was more a statement than a question.

"Play with yourself again, until you're ready to cum, then stop again. Wet your thumb in your pussy and sniff it. You're a slut."

Laura trembled. She wasn't sure if she could hold off another orgasm. She began fucking her pussy, the condom sloshing against and through her sweet juices, flowing abundantly from her slit, down to the crack of her ass.

She succeeded in approaching, but not falling into, her orgasm, hoping that Master would soon allow her to cum. Instead, he had her do it three more times, then told her to remove her fingers from the condom, but leave it inside her pussy, and slide her smallest dildo inside it, then put her panties back on.

He then told her to proceed as normal throughout the day, but that she was forbidden to cum until Master specifically gave her permission.

"Yes, Sir," she sighed. Her day was a living hell – every time she moved her hips, or walked, she could feel the dildo inside her, like a cock waiting to fuck her, her pussy ever ready to cum, pumping out her hot cream, running down her legs as she went to the library, the supermarket, and the dry cleaners.

She prayed that Master would let her masturbate until she came, or at least allow her husband to fuck her, but no call came. When her husband kissed her fondly on the cheek, and asked her, "Interested in a 'date' tonight?" their pet way of bringing up sex, she said, "Could we put it off? I have kind of a headache," though her pussy and clit were screaming for relief. She knew that would make Master happy. That was enough.

"Really?" Sam said, frowning. "You look like you're a little flushed – that usually means you want to make love...I hope you don't have a bug." He felt her forehead, and then kissed her there. "Feels okay," he said.

"I'm sure I'll be fine tomorrow," she said.

"Aren't you the confident one," he said, then rolled over and went to sleep.

The next morning after Sam left, she hoped against hope that Master would come over to her house and fuck her until she went out of her mind, although she was nearly already insane with desire as it was.

"Maybe Master would want me to cum, now," she thought. "Maybe I could just cum a little bit, relieve the tension..." Having justified disobedience in her mind, she lay back on the bed, pushed her already sodden panties down off her hips, and her hand found its way to her pussy and clit. Closing her eyes, she imagined Master pressing his hard, hot cock on her lips, telling her to "Suck it, slut. Lick my hard cock, I want you to swallow my load."

Her orgasm approached incredibly fast. Just at that moment, she became frightened that Master would know, and the thought pushed back her orgasm a little ways. A moment later, her phone rang – it was Master.

"You were going to disobey me, and make yourself cum, you little slut," he said. How did he know?

"No, Master, I wasn't, I swear!" she whined.

"And now you're lying to me," he finished.

"Your punishment is to masturbate seven more times today, until you're close to an orgasm, then you must stop without cumming. If I feel that you've made up for your disobedience, I will call you to let you know that you may cum."

"Oh, thank you, thank you SO much, Master," Laura effused. He would let her cum!

After she hung up, it occurred to her that he hadn't said when he would let her cum. Tonight? Tomorrow? Next year? In his own way, Master was

continuing her punishment, with no foreseeable hope of absolution. She was really no better off than she had been before he called, except that now she would be masturbating all day, and still not being allowed to cum!

Finally, just before she expected her husband home, the phone rang. "You were a good girl – you may cum now. Allow your husband the pleasure of fucking you."

That night was one of the most powerful, and numerous sets of orgasms she had ever had with her husband. "If only he were more like Master," she sighed, and then fell asleep next to him.

Edging is the sexual technique of intentionally reaching and maintaining a high level of sexual arousal, for an extended period of time without reaching orgasm. It is often used as a dominance tactic with submissives, whether in or out of restraints. A Dom, or Domme, will bring the submissive partner to a high level of arousal, and then deny the sub the permission that they need to orgasm. It is a non-pain inducing technique, but by the high levels of frustration that can accompany it in the submissive, is considered severe by the sub – though they often adore both the tension, and the eventual subsequent release.

Things to keep in mind:

Any method of sexual stimulation is fair game by the Dom to maintain the sub's sexual arousal – manual, oral, intercourse, or with sex toys.

Edging is also known as peaking, and surfing.

The submissive partner can be brought to a very high level of arousal by varying the intensity and speed of stimulation.

The process can be repeated indefinitely, though at some point the urge to orgasm may be irresistible to all but the strongest of people.

The orgasm that results after edging is usually far stronger than normal, may result in multiple orgasms, and may allow for quicker recovery from orgasm and faster response afterward.

Remaining in the state of sexual arousal may induce a euphoric state, even before any orgasm.

Masturbation is probably the easiest way to edge a partner, as it is much easier to apply stimulus and judge the approach to orgasm.

Edging helps an individual learn to control orgasms, and so approaches Tantric sex as a means of self-awareness and sexual self control.

Wax Play

"I have a special treat for you tonight," Master said, as Laura lay on her stomach on the bed. She was naked, as Master expected her to be. He had brought several different colored candles for their tryst, lighting them, and placing them on the bedside table. Laura thought that strange, as usually candles are placed throughout a room to set a romantic mood. In any case, he was here with her, and her husband was away on business – that was all that she needed, and she was satisfied.

"How would you like a nice oil rub on your back?" he asked her, smiling.

Laura smiled back. "I'd love that, Master," she whispered, adoring his touch on her naked body. She sighed as his strong fingers rubbed in the oil, the fragrant aroma so sexy and hot. He caressed and massaged her back, upper and lower, and spent a long time on her bottom, his fingers kneading and touching her sexually hypercharged bum. She had never been like that before – in her previous life she'd been almost ashamed of her bottom as something dirty, but after first, Master's spanking, then the much adored caning and flogging of her butt, it was extremely sensitive to touch, usually leading to her sexual arousal.

Tonight was no different. His touch there, gentle for once, was getting her pussy wet, and she hoped that he would fuck her hard and long. She was starting to doze off from the pleasant sensations, when she felt a hot stinging across her lower back.

"Oh my god," she gasped, looking up to see what he was doing. Even as she turned, the hot sting dissipated, and she saw Master returning the candle to the table, picking up another, differently colored one. Further up her back, she felt another searing stripe across her skin, but it shocked her less as she realized what he was doing. It was a tantalizing variation on being caned, but the pain went away faster.

Master continued striping Laura's back and bottom with different color threads of hot wax, as she writhed under him in pain and pleasure, moaning as she moved.

"You may play with yourself," Master allowed, and she immediately began caressing her clit with her fingers, her orgasm rushing almost instantly over her, her body bucking with pleasure and release.

"Oh god, oh god...Master, I'm cumming cumming, so good, so good," she crooned, momentarily blacking out from the surfeit of pleasure

and ecstatic release. She felt a swelling of love for Master build within her, and when he mounted her from behind, his immense cock filling her soaking wet pussy, she came, over and over, moaning her desire for him, and him alone, again and again.

"Cum inside me, I want to be fucked by you, fill my hole, fuck me like the slut I am, I want to be covered in your cum," she begged and moaned mindlessly, her body twisting in pleasure as she felt the long, hot jets of his jism fill her pussy. As he withdrew, she could feel his cum dripping down her thigh, a tremendous, peaceful lassitude overcoming her.

Wax Play is a form of BDSM play that involves hot wax dripped or poured on a person's naked skin, often involving more sensitive parts of the body. It creates strong sensations of perceived pain that usually dissipate fairly rapidly, leading to responses similar to those that occur during caning or whipping. Sexual arousal is not at all unusual, and is usually the desired response in BDSM.

Things to keep in mind:

Waxes when melted usually reach temperatures of 120 F to 160 F, depending on the chemical composition of the wax. Paraffin wax (pillar candles) melts at 130 F, waxes with mineral oil (soft waxes in jars) will melt around 120 F, waxes with stearine (taper candles) melt at about 160 F.

Raising the source of melted wax three feet higher above the skin will lower the temperature at the skin by about 5 degrees, but will splatter more.

If using wax heated in a crock pot or double boiler (never heat wax over a direct flame), you should check the temperature of the wax before using to make sure it does not exceed safe and tolerable temperatures.

Tolerance for hot wax depends on the individual, and where wax is applied. Nipples, areolae, cock, scrotum, labia, clitoris, pussy and anus are very sensitive. Hot wax must never be applied anywhere near the head and eyes.

Wax can be very, very difficult to remove from hair and fabrics. Applying mineral lotion to a surface beforehand, can make removing wax much easier.

Visit http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wax_play and <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Waxing> on other safety concerns and cautions.



Some important BDSM safety tips!

As Christian Grey termed them, basic rules of safety in BDSM are "fundamental terms."

Things to Keep in Mind:

Don't use "Stop" as your safe word, also do not use "No."

You must, must, **MUST** have an agreed upon safe word and gesture available to you. Most common among BDSM practitioners are "banana," "pineapple," and "red."

A partner ignoring a safe word or gesture is grounds for shutting down a session **IMMEDIATELY**, and giving the partner a severe verbal dressing down.

Keep in mind that BDSM sex is not in and of itself, going to prevent pregnancy or transmission of disease. Take the usual precautions necessary today, including knowing your partner.

Toys and implements should be scrupulously clean **AND** sanitized. Something that was up a butt prior, can cause an infection in the vagina or

mouth/intestines after!

Internet BDSM Shops Thank goodness that technology and social mores have made finding and purchasing lovely, exciting BDSM outfits and toys completely private and discreet. Role play, sensory deprivation, spanking, flogging, caning, whipping, wax play – all facets of BDSM can be easily satisfied! There are numerous sites online where you can find what you want, or what you're curious about, and here are a few of my favorites.

Sources for BDSM outfits

You can purchase costumes at your local sex store, but you'll find much more variety online.

Whether you want to dress up as a hot librarian, a sexy cop, or a naughty schoolgirl, you should be able to find what you need at one of the online erotic boutiques listed below!

Pink Cherry

<http://www.pinkcherry.com/home>

eXtreme Restraints

http://www.extremerestraints.com/fetish-clothing_27/

Bondage Toys

<http://bondagetoy.com/>

My Diva's Closet

www.mydivascloset.com

Eden Fantasys

www.edenfantasys.com

Adam & Eve

www.adameve.com/

Lover's Lane

www.loverslane.com

Do It Yourself

A great way to save money, and still have lots of BDSM fun, is to do it yourself – why not, every woman likes to save money where she can. Plus, something that you put together yourself can be more authentic than some costumes created especially for playtime. By using your imagination, and after a little searching, you can create a look that duplicates your scenario as it might happen in the real world, by making and finding your outfits from retail sites.

Doctor and nurse coats, scrubs, etc. are available at second-hand clothing stores, uniform stores, and the like. Official looking 'police-type' shirts and pants can be found in uniform stores, department stores, military surplus outlets, and police equipment stores. Innocent school girl style skirts, blouses, anklets, and shoes can be found in any department store, especially in the late summer.

BDSM Toys

If you thought that you were past the age when you could have fun playing with toys, you might want to rethink your views! Toys can play a big part in bringing alive you and your partner's BDSM fantasies. There are a multiplicity of sensations that the listed toys can bring you, and an infinite variety of ways to orgasm from them. Let your imagination carry you to the orgasmic bliss of BDSM, and let these toys aid your journey!

Toys for Men and Women

- Feathers, and dusters – these are basic toys for any level of BDSM fun.
- Vibrators – these come in a variety of sizes, shapes and functions, and can stimulate any part of the body. They range in size from tiny butterflies that can be hidden in the palm of your hand as you take a short lunch break in a ladies room stall, to large, two handed plug in vibrators for a weekend of tantalizing, agonizing pleasure.
- Dildos –these come in all shapes, sizes, colors, and functions (some even squirt), and are made of silicone, latex, glass and other materials. Simulating and replacing the penis when there's not enough to go around has never been easier. And these never go limp!
- Butt plugs – these are safer than dildos for anal training and play, and they're really needed if you and your partner are interested in anal play. Again, made in a variety of sizes, you'll probably want to start small, as the anus is sensitive to size, especially in men. Then you can get into larger sizes if you like. Many are wearable during the day and in many cases, butt plugs can ready a lover for his or her partner's attentions at the end of a long day. These are great for edging you or your partner before your orgasmic release together.
- Anal beads – these are washable, hygienic beads on a string, and may be one size or range from small at one end to quite large at the other.

They're fun to place inside your lover's anus and rectum, but even more fun to slowly pull out!

- Nipple clamps – these come in a variety of colors, shapes, and most of all, effects. Some are only mildly painful, while some can only be described as "excruciating," depending on your interests and desires.
- Pinwheels – these are spiked wheels with a handle that roll over your partner's (or your) body. Depending on the pressure applied, and the sensitivity of the body part, these can be outstanding implements of pleasurable torture!

Toys for Women

- Clit clamps – these are much like nipple clamps. They vary in colors and tension, depending on your ability to accept the sensation. Be sure to pick out a pretty one!
- Ben Wa balls - these are delightful, stainless steel balls that you place inside the vagina and that remain inside throughout the work day. They have a long history, and have probably pleased countless millions of women through the ages. Highly recommended!

Toys for Men

- Cock rings – these are great for both straight as well as gay partners. These are perfect for a Mistress to edge her male submissive, delaying his ability to orgasm, or by the man himself to enhance his orgasmic pleasure.
- Scrotum pleasure toys – this variety of male toys can stretch the scrotum, use as weights to hang the scrotum down, and as clamps on the testicles – these reach a variety of tastes.

Online sources for pleasure toys

The Pleasure Chest

www.thepleasurechest.com/

Salty Treat

<http://www.saltytreat.com/>

Amazon. – yes, Amazon!

www.amazon.com

Too Timid – The Romance Company
(www.tootimid.com)
Something Sexy Planet
www.somethingsexyplanet.com
Adult Sex Toys
www.adultsextoys.com
Xandria Collection
www.xandria.com

Laura's Journey Into Pleasure (Conclusion)

"Darling, I have a confession to make," Laura said, turning to her husband Sam in bed, just before he turned out the light.

"What's that?" replied the jowly, middle-aged office worker, gazing with some fondness on his wife of eighteen years, and the mother of their two sons.

"Sam, I'm tired. Tired of living a double life. I've...I've taken on a new interest, something that has overwhelmed my life so that I can't turn back and remain true to you, as the conventional, middle class man that you are. You're honorable, loyal and loving, but that's no longer enough."

"And?" he said, mildly, his eyebrows slightly raised.

"And I want to go and live with my Master for the rest of my life. Sir knows me so much better than you do, Sir understands me, I'm just so...happy...when I'm with him. When Sir spans me, or whips me, canes me – even fucks me in public – god, I'm so alive! My Master is my destiny, not you. There's no sense in trying to talk me out of it – I want the excitement, the passion, the extreme heights of pleasure that he brings me, every moment that we're together." She looked at him with a kind of pleading in her eyes, perhaps for understanding, or forgiveness.

"I want to be his slave, his slut, his submissive little girl. I want to do the naughty, filthy, and so, so sexy things that he makes me do."

Sam looked at Laura, his eyes showing an expression that she couldn't interpret – perhaps sadness...then he spoke.

"Laura, I guess that I've learned in the years we've been together that you don't change easily, that once you've steered to a new course, nothing is going to turn you back. If that's the change that you want to bring to your life, I won't stand in your way."

He paused.

In a different, deeper voice, one that Laura had come to know and adore, Sam continued, "Your slutty actions just now, and for the past few months mean that your Master must punish you ceaselessly and daily for the foreseeable future. The whips and canes will be used nightly until you cum. As well, I'll be bringing back my secretary, and your Mistress, Eva, on occasion to continue your training as a lesbian slut toy, and you will certainly be fucked in as many embarrassingly public situations as I can think of. And since we're nearly ready for sleep, and I don't want to get out the toys just now, I will paddle your sweet bottom with my bare hand until you cry, and then fuck you – perhaps in your tiny little asshole, depending on how painful I decide to make it."

"Oh god, yes, thank you, Sir," Laura moaned. "I've been so, so bad Master. I deserve your wrath." With that, Sam, her husband no longer but her Master forever, took Laura over his knee and gave her the spanking of a lifetime, and both Master and slave were very, very happy for the rest of their lives (as was Mistress Eva.)



Books by Melinda Holmes

[Blow Her Mind](#)

[50 Shades of Better Sex](#)

[Blow His Mind](#)

[Beginner's Guide to BDSM and Kinky Sex for Women](#)

www.amazon.com/author/melindaholmes

About Melinda Holmes

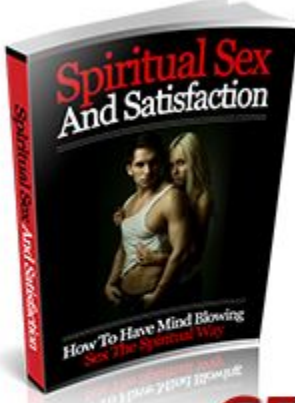
Melinda Holmes is the author of numerous award winning fiction and non-fiction erotic stories and books. She writes about the relationship issues of sex and love that tantalize and excite men and women throughout the English speaking world. Her fans number in the millions, and can be found in all levels of society. Her breezy, light and easy take on the pleasurable battles of sexual combat charm thousands of readers daily.

A 1990s graduate of a religious college in the State of California in the United States, Holmes has come a long way from her restrictive upbringing to blast apart the strictures and bonds that prevent lovers from reaching their greatest sexual potential. Her writing, both humorous and hot, will leave you laughing even as you find your libido buzzing.

She has made numerous friendships in the erotic entertainment community, as well as intimate relationships with many of the men and women there, giving her unique insight into successful methods of achieving the pleasurable heights that each of us deserves.

Besides the plaudits of her many fans, her achievements in related fields include training in interpersonal relationships, marriage and relationship counseling, the psychology of fetish sex, and many professional writing awards. Her writing displays the insight, wisdom, experience, scholarship and most importantly, the innate sense of fun that make her works hard to put down and an entertainment whirlwind that you'll be telling all of your friends about!

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Melinda Holmes



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