



KINK

richard blake

This is just one chapter from my book “Kink”

All that I have written is true.

It’s been a fascinating experience, I think you might also find it of interest.

The book records my interviews with some people from the more..*unusual* aspects of sexual life and behaviour. It isn’t exactly a scientifically objective study because it represents my life, too.

Much of what’s been written about *kink* isn’t really made to inform, it’s simply made to *entertain*.

This isn’t that.

Although if you find some entertainment here, I will have no objection whatsoever.

These are stories from those I met and interviewed while on my own journey. On my *pilgrim’s progress*.

I present for your attention the first chapter : “Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary”



Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary



Mary appears to be very *ordinary* .

She seems awkward, uncertain and lacking in self-confidence. You wouldn't look at her twice if you spotted her amongst the frozen food section of your local supermarket. As we talk she comes across as very compliant and eager to please. After a while, Although I didn't know her very well, she was more than happy to

disrobe, be tied and...be flogged, a little. Purely for photographic purposes.

Obviously

“They wanted to see me masturbate. So they sat and watched me masturbate: Which was a little strange for me, as I didn’t know them.”

I was *innocent*.

I’d been married for years-I was 42: my kids were pretty grown up.

I spent a lot of time on the internet. Just surfing the sites, I found myself drawn to the sexual stuff.

I visited the chat rooms. It was like having a passport into another world. This woman hit on me. Started talking to me...sexually.

It blew me away

I was so turned on by it.

I’d had such a boring sex life with my husband. This new stuff was something *different*.... it was taboo-and wicked, so it was more *erotic*

So I progressed from there to me being addicted to *cybering*

I was a *cyber- whore*-I would have three or four cyber- chats going on at the same time—but anyway I met this guy who....wanted me to do all sorts of kinky shit to him online.

But not in real-life?

No, I think he was in America, I was in South Shields. (England).

And I was thinking: “Why is this guy in America telling me to fuck his ass?”

Well, I went along with it. With his fantasies. I didn’t get anything out of it, though.

The only time I got something out of it was when I was talking to a *girl*-then it became a turn-on

Was it just sexual stuff? Nothing unusual?

Just...*sexual*. Later my interest grew in *the unusual*.

My experience, such as it was, was only online.

So anyway,I met someone online.

She was called Janice, a Native American-she was Dominant but not into BDSM- it was her that I eventually moved to America to be with.

How long had you been married to your husband at that time?

Twenty years. I had three kids. Two boys and a girl

And during your marriage you never tried any BDSM? Even in vanilla marriages there's often some-tying each other up, for example?

Did you ever do any of that?

No. My ex was a total prude. He wouldn't try *anything*. He would try different positions but that was about it. He didn't want to try anything else

Which is probably why things went off the rails.

So in your early life-when you had sexual fantasies, before you met your husband,

What sort of sex fantasies were there?

I assume you *did* have sexual fantasies? So when you fantasised, were you imagining vanilla sex or was it kinky stuff?

It was absolutely not kinky.

No. I came from a very uptight family-my –my grandmother lived with us-all her life –it was drummed into us not to have sex before marriage

Female on female-or any sort of homosexuality- was not even mentioned.

My first experience of sex was *disappointing*.

I suppose it is with most women

Was your first experience with a woman?

No, it was with a lad the same age as me. I was thinking: If this is sex, I dunno what everyone is going on about (*laughs*)

So no---No masturbation

No masturbation?

No I was quite naïve –I dunno-they didn't have the internet in those days you know.

Perhaps people have been masturbating *before* the internet?

I don't know why I didn't do it, you've got me thinking why I didn't.

I remember having to change my panties as I got wet, but I got absolutely nothing from sex with my husband, - so I guess you just switch yourself off from it.

So it was only after you split from your husband that your interest started to drift towards...the more unusual?

The internet arrived!

I started talking to a woman called Debbie. She was in Florida, in a poly household she was planning to move to England. I started talking to her when I was in a chatroom. I spent ages in chat rooms,

It was all online. Just serious conversation. No play. No cybersex.

She talked about what she liked, and asked me what I liked.

I got to be *besotted*.

I would be up half the night talking to her.

And what about your husband?

Did he not wonder what you were doing?

Did he not wonder who you were talking to?

Oh yeah..

Did he know who you were talking to?

He would ask me questions, and get annoyed.

My relationship with him was-he was a *bully*. To get his own way he would bully and browbeat so I was quite emotionally battered

So he just thought I was chatting and then he got suspicious

What made him suspicious?

When I told him I was going to America.

He started to want to know more.

When would I be leaving?

When will I be coming back?

He started to spend more time with me, to be more sexual, more sexually adventurous, which by this time was too late.

How was he being sexually adventurous? What would he do?

He asked me what I would like to try. So we would do some bondage

I'd ask him to tie my hands behind my back-he wouldn't.

So he would hold them. He wouldn't tie them.

No? Why do you think he wouldn't do that?

I don't know

We've met up since and we've discussed sex and I asked him why he's such a prude and he said: "*I'm just like that*"

So did you tell him exactly why you were going to America?

No. I didn't want him to know I was going to be *with a woman*.

I told him I was going out to see the world. To do something *different*.

So he thought I was going to move in with Janice, but as a room-mate, not as a fuckbuddy(*laughs*)

And how old were your kids at that point?

Eighteen, nineteen and fourteen. I took my fourteen-year old with me.

So you went over to meet...Janice, who you'd been having a prolonged Cybersex relationship with....and you flew there with the idea of ...moving in? So what was her set-up?

Well...it was a *total lie*

What was a total lie?

Well she was living with her daughter.

Her daughter had two kids, she was pregnant again, and separated from her husband.

So you didn't know about this before?

She said she was living with her daughter but said that when I came over we would get our own place, but it took months to get our own place.

It was quite frustrating

We had to wait until everyone went out before we could even experiment.

She'd never been with a woman and I'd never been with a woman

That must have been...quite... *strange*

What must have been?

Well you've both got together in this house and you wanted to have sex with each other but neither of you had any previous sexual experience with a woman?

Laughs

It was strange. It was very *exciting*. Probably the same with a guy.

What is?

A guy being with a guy for the first time

Well maybe. But I don't know if I'd want to fly all the way to America to find out.

No.

But I just didn't know where to look here (in England). I just wouldn't know where to look for what I wanted -for BDSM.

Anyway, the relationship with Janice turned out to be a bit of a disaster. She didn't have a very high sex drive and as you can imagine mine was way through the roof as it had been reawakened.

The newness and the *naughtiness* of it all, I was totally in love with this woman. I had a three-month visa and a flight back, she said *it wasn't for her*-so I said well I've moved my flight forward-but then two weeks before I was due to fly back she said she'd changed her mind and she wanted to try again.

So we tried again.

I started looking for work - *illegally*. I waitressed. We ended up infrequently having sex and I kept her for four years.

By that time I no longer loved her and I wanted to see America-we left to go to Arizona, she gambled and lost all our money. I realised I was in the same sort of a relationship that I was in with my husband.

So the type of relationship you had with Janice. How would you describe it?

Vanilla

A "vanilla, lesbian relationship?"

Yeah.

And not a great deal of sex going on?

No.

So when there was sex, what sort of sex was it?

What was it you particularly enjoyed?

In what respect?

Sexually?: You've gone over to America to meet a woman who you've had a long Cybersex relationship with, neither of you have had any real life same-sex experience....and you naturally want to experiment. To find *what you like*.

So I'm interested in what you found that you liked.

About having sex with women?

Yes

With her, well she didn't let me go down on her. It was all touching and fingers, when we had sex and she touched me it was very exciting. Very *erotic*. But it was rare.

Too rare.

I went out and bought toys: strap-ons and stuff but she didn't like them.

I think she liked-*cock*.

I got the impression she was with me because to her, I was a free ride.

She didn't have to do anything, she didn't have to work.

So I started to surf again. To look around for someone else.

Eventually I got talking to Debbie on the internet.

I told Janice I needed to move on and I think she understood.

So when you got together with Debbie what was the nature of the relationship?

She told me:

"When you come to me you'll be sleeping in my bed with Max-my husband"

It was to be two dominants and me, as a submissive. Her husband was supposed to be dominant, and so was she.

But she was far more dominant, so it was a very matriarchal set-up.

So were this couple about your age?

Yes. Had they already been involved in poly relationships before you arrived?

There was one guy who stayed a month. One girl who only stayed overnight

Debbie and Max had 2 kids,

And my daughter eventually joined us. I thought she would at least have some friends there.

Debbie insisted my daughter didn't go back to school so she wouldn't be noticed by the authorities. Debbie insisted I went to work.

She wanted a *money whore*.

Someone who would clean the house, make meals, whenever her and Max wanted sex, I'd also have sex.

So when you had sex would it be all three of you together?

Yeah

And how did you find that?

Very... *stimulating*. She started to train me how to kneel. I had to turn my hands a certain way to show I was submissive, not to look in her eyes, keep my head down.

I was always blindfolded

Always blindfolded?

When she did BDSM I was blindfolded.

When I was paddled or flogged I was blindfolded.

So now when anybody is doing anything I close my eyes as that's how I was trained.

I was with them for four years.

So, how were the children about all of this?

Her kids were totally aware of the whole thing.

Mine wasn't aware about the sex or about the lesbianism.

My daughter was quite innocent.

She must have known where you were sleeping?

She knew we slept together but she thought it was because we only had a double bed

And you must have been quiet when you had sex...or did you only have sex when the kids weren't there?

No, their bedroom was upstairs and the kids were downstairs. It was a big house.

But obviously as things progressed with Debbie my daughter found out-she knew

She knew---what?

That there was a relationship going on and I was a submissive so she started looking into that and finding things out –if you look on her Facebook you'll see that she looks all gothy with chains and shackles.

I think she got that from me.

So when you moved in with this couple was that a BDSM relationship? Or was it poly?

No it was BDSM.

From day one it was BDSM?

Yes

And you enjoyed that?

Yes

What particularly was it that you enjoyed?

I loved everything about it. I liked *the service*.

I loved it when she wanted to play, though that was very rare.

What do you mean by "I liked the service"?

Well "service" to me is keeping the house clean, doing the dishes, doing the laundry.

When she wanted to play or scene I was there for that, too.

What sort of play-what sort of scene?

Well it started off where she was training me the *-positions*-then she got more adventurous-a little bit of hot wax *-umm...no pain*-the flogging was very light . She just ran a flogger down my back for sensation. I didn't know how to respond to that. To me it felt nice but it wasn't particularly sexual so I was quite quiet throughout until we had sex then I was quite noisy.

Her husband was into watching us fuck.

When you say you fucked what specifically was it you were doing? Did she fuck you with a strap-on?

Well she did use strap-ons –but it was mainly vanilla sex.

You mean going down on each other?

She said she'd never go down on a woman.

Because she was a Domme?

Yes. She said it would be demeaning if she went down on a woman.

So she trained me how to lick her.

She didn't like me putting my fingers inside her, so it was all just me licking her .

She got off quite quickly, which I found amazing as it takes me *ages*.

Then I would kneel between them sometimes and I would masturbate him and she would masturbate me and I would touch her.

She didn't come until I went down on her and he'd fucked me from behind.

She enjoyed the feeling on my face being pushed into her when he was fucking me.

But then the BDSM just stopped.

She was a *lazy* Domme

But I loved all of it-the training-I loved being with different partners.

Did they bring different people into the relationship?

Well Max brought a boy home. He was 19. He had learning difficulties.

Right....How bad were his learning difficulties?

(Pause)...Pretty severe

He can't read and can't write. Can't work

Erm....he had *Attention Deficit Disorder*. So he was bouncing off the walls
twenty-four hours a day.

When he goes to bed and sleeps he forgets everything that happened the day before.

Do you see there being any informed consent issues there?

*I mean, do you think he could realistically consent to abuse or to sex if he had a
severe mental disability?*

Hmmm?...I don't think she was bothered about that.

He was her *little teddy bear*.

*But did you think there was an informed consent issue regarding somebody who's not
completely....together?*

I would think so. Something I've never thought of.

Probably something *she's* never thought of

She would punish him for something he did the day before but he couldn't remember
the day before so he gets....confused

Debbie was so jealous of him. She told me never to talk to him

She'd say "*He's my boy, don't talk to him!*"

So consequently- I dunno. I think it's like being a little baby duck-with him-he
imprinted on her like a baby duck imprints on its mother.

He would hardly ever speak to *me* which caused huge problems.

So did he become a regular member of the household?

He moved in.



Right. And he was there—this boy—this 19 year old to be her—submissive?

So how did you feel about that?

Obviously you were there to be—to be her submissive—did you have problems with how things were developing?

Huge problems. The way she did it. She said she was extremely jealous.

She didn't like me having any kind of relationship with Max, her husband

She wanted me for herself, she wanted Max for herself, and she wanted the boy, *Mike* for herself.

She didn't want any of us to interact with each other.

If she caught me talking to Max I'd be accused of talking about her behind her back-even just a conversation would set her off.

If she caught me talking to Mike I'd be accused of trying to take him off her, consequently if Mike followed me in the kitchen to help with the dishes or anything I'd just say: "NO, GO AWAY!!"

I didn't want to get a six-hour lecture which is what she'd do-and if she didn't get the answer she was looking for it went on so I would just say:

"Tell me what you want me to say!"

Then just everything went wrong.

Her husband started to get upset.

He'd come to tell me how upset he was because he was losing his wife, that she'd fallen in love with *this boy*.

He wished he'd never brought him to the house

By that time I was being ostracised by her. I couldn't even *look* at anyone.

There was one night we got drunk –all of us-I walked back from the kitchen leaning on him-just with my two hands on his shoulders-fun-just a joke

She went *mad*

I thought *that's it*. Done . I can't do this anymore.

So I just went through the motions after that, and gave her what I thought she wanted.

I'd try and talk about what I needed.

She said:

You don't kiss me. You're not here to be pleased, you're here to please *me*, and if you don't like it you know where the door is...

And this went on for how long?

Ahhhh.....probably the last two years

That's a long time.

It is.

But there was my daughter to think of. I'd said to her: "Time to go home. It's not working with Debbie. Let's go home."

But she said she didn't want to go home:

"I stayed with you when you came here, now it's your turn to stay with me."

So she's still in America, and I'm here.

By the time I left nobody was talking to me but my daughter. I was sleeping on the floor. No money. No job.

So when did you eventually move out?

She kept bullying me. Told me to get a job, but I couldn't find one.

She pushed the boy in my face. Told me how good *he* was.

And she would tell *him* how good *I* was. She would play each one off against the other.

I wasn't thriving.

I thrive on a job well done, not making it impossible for me to perform well.

I told her I would have to find someone else. Another Domme. To look online.

She said I couldn't do that while I was living there.

I called my mother that day, said I wanted to come home.

It must have been quite different with your daughter wanting to stay behind?

There was a lot of crying. A lot of tears.

I still talk to them on the internet. Debbie doesn't do any sort of sex anymore. She's into *female supremacy*. She's the Queen of the Household

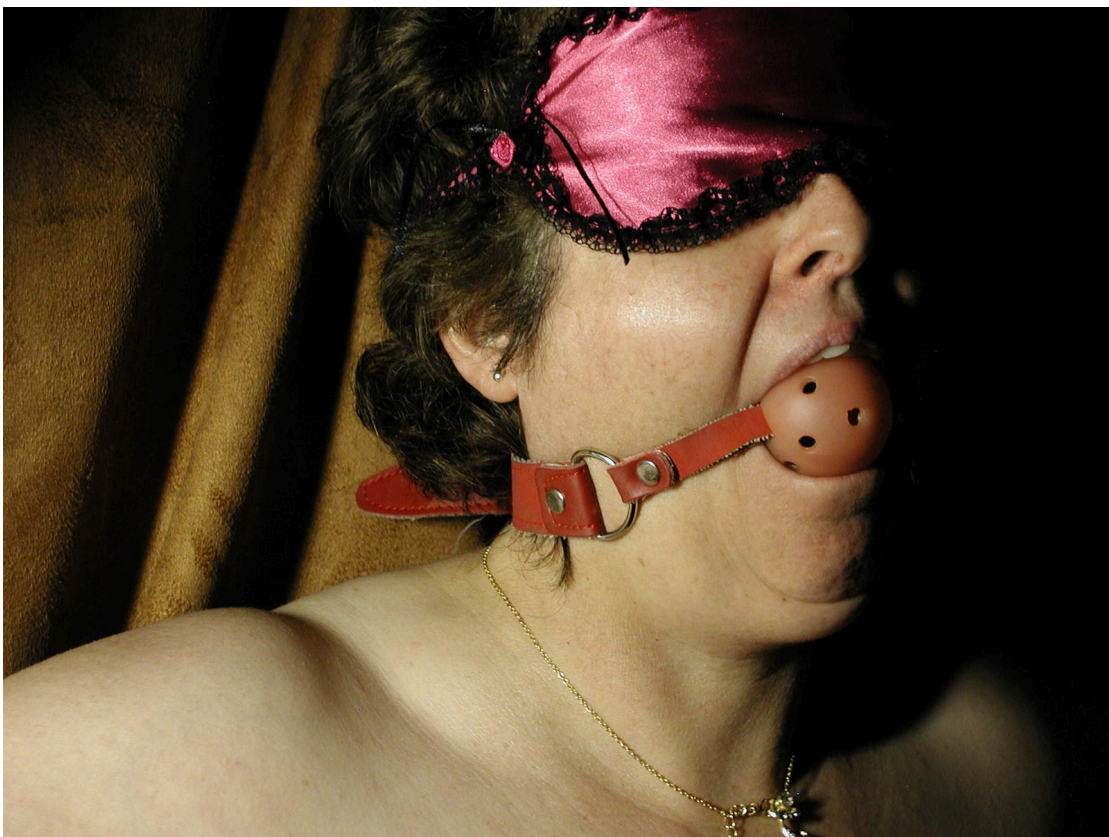
The supreme being

She's moved away from sex, she's in a different realm.

She doesn't have to *do* anything.

Is she kind of-a lazy person?

.....Yea



Interesting how people seem to find lives that accord with their own needs and

....weaknesses? So you get back to the UK: you have some experience now.

Before you went to America you'd had no experience of same-sex relationships , no experience of BDSM.

So you've come back- minus your daughter. So what happened then?

Erm-obviously no home as I'd been out of it for 10 years, so I moved in with my mother. I went straight on the internet looking for a BDSM relationship.

I got to know someone online, then on MSN, then on webcam-it was supposed to be a couple, but I rarely spoke to the Domme, just the Dom

She was there as she'd show herself on camera, but I rarely talked to her.

And where were they?

Lincolnshire.

Jim and Julia. She was a nurse. Four years older than me.

I got talking to her first. At least I *thought* it was her I was speaking to.

But then I found that *he* had an internet profile as a woman.

So I asked him-when I first got talking to Julia-*was he Julia?*

He said *no no no.*

But I think it *was* him.

When I moved in, this woman I'd got to know on the internet, she *wasn't* the woman I moved in with.

She had a totally different personality.

So they were a couple? There were two of them?

Yes.

But when you thought you were talking to her you were actually talking to him-pretending to be her?

Yes.

So -you were talking to these people who live hundreds of miles away-so you go and meet them before you decide if they are for you?

Erm no.

We were supposed to go for a week's holiday but then he decided to just *move me in.*

Without meeting them at all?

Yes.

You have to remember we'd talked on the phone for months and we'd cammed, I saw the female was there—that she existed, so he said:

“I'll come and pick you up—if you don't like it here I'll take you back”

When I first moved in it was very protocol-based, which is what I like.

I liked the way I had to stay blindfolded until she came in from work.

Right-sorry...*you had to stay blindfolded until she came in from work?*

Uh huh.

Only on the first day... so she could show me around the house.

So I sat on the kitchen floor waiting for her to come home.

How long was that?

Probably-half an hour

They showed me around, we chatted and then we played for a little bit.

What was involved in “the play”?

They wanted to see me masturbate. So they sat and watched me masturbate: Which was a little strange for me, as I didn't know them.

What were they doing while you were masturbating?

Just sitting watching.

But then they realised I was struggling –so she got up and started to play with me.

Which was what? What did she do?

She came behind me and started playing with my breasts and whispering---*fuck yourself*—stuff like that. And then *he* joined in.

Joined in?

He got a vibrator: well it was a *dildo*. I lay down and he fucked me with that while she tweaked my nipples and kissed me.

They got me to come that way.

So that wasn't a bad start.

I explained to him that I wasn't used to being used by a man.

I wasn't used to oral sex with a man. I had been trained by a female and used by a female

He said he would take it easy and train me.

The next day when I got up-he had me cleaning the kitchen-which I didn't mind-then when I'd finished he told me to go into the shed outside.

He got me to kneel down and he proceeded to *face-fuck* me. Made me put my hands behind my back and just used my mouth. Forced his cock to the back of my throat.

Made me choke. I couldn't breathe.

Then he took me in the house and did the same again, put me in the bedroom and did the same again. All the time I'm thinking:

“What happened to the slow introduction?”

Laughs

I'd been there less than twenty-four hours and he'd done it three times.

No encouragement from her as she was at work, and no sexual stimulation for me. So to me that's no fun.

So anyway I put up with that. I thought: *I'm here to please them both so let's see how it plays out.*

The next day...*was it the next day....?*

She was at work again.

He had me go up to the bedroom and undress.

He chained me to the bed and left me lying there naked for about... two hours.

How did that feel?

I quite liked the idea as it was *controlled*. But I was freezing cold.

So then she came back from work. I heard them talking downstairs.

She came up and-fucked me.

With her hand ?

Well she slapped me a bit first on the bum, then she rolled me over and used the dildo up me. Then *he* came up, took the dildo and started using it on me, she played with my clit and kissed me.

So it was all worthwhile in the end?

Up until this point it was fun, but then he came to me in the early hours of the morning- I had a separate room-he'd wake me up-not very nice-just push me-and say: "lick" or "suck".

It was very raw. The way he did it was very *raw*.

That made me realise it has to be more. *Sexual*.

Not just control.

I was there for two weeks, then I went home for a visit.

I was back home and talking to him on the internet-I told him to get the mistress and I said: *I can't go back to you*.

They asked why.

I said: "I haven't been trained and I'm getting all this stuff, the abuse, every night. I now can't sleep as I don't know what time he's going to walk through my door and the face rape will start again."

Was she aware of what he'd been doing?

Yes. That's what he'd wanted me for.

When it all ended I said I was unhappy and about how I'd been set up. That I hadn't really been talking to her when I thought I had. The whole relationship had been built on fraud.

But she said-*well I did used to READ what he'd written in my name.*

But I began to realise that I can't be with someone who just takes pleasure from me but gives me none.

She would get dressed up. I like to see women dressed up like that...

Like what?

Black leather-I love leather-the smell and the touch.

But I love the sound of sex and these two were very quiet.

Then she'd start to tell me to *make less noise in sex.*

It made me feel strange as I'm very verbal.

They would put nipple clamps on me, they were into tying me to the bed, but I'd be allowed no movement.

They would fuck me together.

Sometimes I would pleasure her orally..but she didn't have a very high sex drive and most of the time she didn't really want it.

So I talked to them, told them what I thought and she said *we could sort it out.....*so I went back.

I shouldn't have.

There was a lot of fun...a lot of sex

She would put body chains on me and have me walk around like that chains around my waist and into my pussy.

It would turn him on to know I was uncomfortable.He would spank me....he was *very hard.*

I preferred *her* to spank me. I wasn't used to pain. It was *too much*.

He got pleasure for picking on me for things I hadn't done right.

I don't like to fail so I didn't like that. If I cleaned something and missed a spot he would punish me. She was on 9-5 shifts. So we never saw each other. He would just leave me alone. He didn't force himself on me anymore.

So it just stopped.

He didn't like me telling him what I liked and what I didn't like.

They had *swingers* there, stopping over.

Women...a couple. But just overnight things. With me it was different. I was supposed to be part of their family but that wasn't working out for any of us.

I don't think she liked another woman being there. Someone else arranging the house.

Putting things in places she couldn't find them.

As for the sex, she said she'd never had a high sex drive.

That's why they went online looking for someone to fulfil his needs.

But I needed her to be there and active and in control.

Just with a man and no woman it doesn't work for me. *I liked her*.

She was *sexy*.

But he...smoked. He drank. He *smelt*.

So you were-a gift to him?

Apparently.

But you didn't know that at the time. How long ago did you stay with them?

Three or four months. I stayed as I had a job. I had debts to pay from America.

They were a lovely couple, really. Just not *my* lovely couple.

And then you came back home?

And now I'm living with my mother again.

And you're back searching on the internet-for another female Domme.

Then what happened?

Sally messaged me on the internet.

Then she rang me. I needed to speak to her as there are so many men pretending to be women on the net.

But when we talked it was like I was a long-lost friend.

A whirlwind.

She wanted to meet the next day, she wanted to make sure she at least found me attractive or at least ... somebody she could play with.

Then I had to meet Handiman, her partner

I was very stressed out; it was like an interview for a job.

My mother insisted on knowing where I was going.

I had nothing to wear-my previous life had used all my money, so I had to find something...*suitable*.

I met Sally for a coffee then I met them together.

Then she invited me over for dinner.

She told me to go up to the bedroom to get undressed.

So they played with me a bit....I think she was testing to see how much control she had over me. I had told her I wasn't very good at sucking dick and I *never* swallowed.

So she was finger fucking me and she had me suck off Handiman, and he came in my mouth.

And she was encouraging me to swallow it.

And I eventually did, after a lot of gagging, and then she got a big vibrator out. She tormented me to death with that.

I felt so self-conscious that I couldn't come.

She tried to fist me but she couldn't get her hand in.

I'm quite small...down there...but it was all very sexy. The way she did it.

Made me feel very comfortable...and then we went downstairs and chatted like it had never happened (*laughs*).

She had me come back that weekend. On Friday. To see how much pain....

She wanted to beat me.

To see how much....I would take

Had you had much experience up to that point? With being beaten?

None at all.

No experience?

No, that's a lie I had.

The dominant in Lincoln had spanked me a few times with a piece of leather.

I had been beaten..on top of my jeans...but it had been a long time since then, and I wasn't beaten hard.

Sally had got to know me well from our conversation; she knew I didn't like to fail. I was highly sexed.

At that point I was masturbating three times a day.

I locked the door at my mother's house when nobody was in, and just explored the ways I could come.

Played with my clit and then deeper-to my G- spot.

The day came that I was supposed to have another play with Sally.

She was a very sexy woman.

She got all dressed up, took on the role.

I had to go upstairs.

To get undressed.

To kiss her boots.

She put the collar and cuffs on me, got me chained up.

She started off quite light, spanking me with her hand.

Then she would touch me sexually and whisper in my ear...sexual things.

Such as....?

Asking: "Are you going to take this for me tonight?"

"You're going to do this just for me, aren't you?"

She knew I wanted to please, and she worked on that, then she came round to the front of me.

I could smell her.

I like nice smells.

Then she would finger me, then she would spank me some more.

Then she got the riding crop.

She said:

"Don't forget your safe words...what are they?"

I'd have to repeat them

Then she'd add:

"But you do know it would displease me if you use them...."

So that was the mindfuck.

Which worked—a *treat*.

Then she got the cane. I had to count the cane strokes:

One!

Thank you, miss

Two!

Thank you, miss

Three!

Thank you, miss

That was a good session.

I was pretty badly bruised and I took quite a bit.

Then she took me down from the chains and had me masturbate in front of them.

She wanted to see how I touched myself. So that she could do it.

The next time, the next session---she went harder with the beating.

I got upset.

Upset...in what sense?

She was very good....*and now I've lost her.*

The pleasure I got out of it was because ---*it pleased her.*

But at the end I got a "high" --it wasn't totally pleasing her.

I only had three sessions with her.

And the third was pretty harsh.

She had been displeased with my behaviour that evening .

I had sent her too many text messages.

So she used that session as a punishment

Previously she was pleased with me.

She fucked me at the end of the session and I orgasmed. *Floods of come.*

But this time...she told me I'd *displeased* her.

It seemed to go on forever, the punishment.

She took me down from the chains.

Laid me on the floor, flat. I tried to get up, but she pushed me down again.

She was hitting me on my front, on my breasts, on my stomach and then turned me over and hit me on my back and my bum.

With the crop, then with the cane. It got so bad I lost count. The pain....

She was saying:

Count count count

But I couldn't think.

She kept hitting me on the legs, the bum, the back.

She wanted me to use my safe words to prove she could hurt me that much. But I didn't use them. Then It came to an end.

She'd had enough at last.

And I sat at her feet.

Naked. Shivering. Sobbing.

So why did it come to an end?

I'd annoyed her too much, I think. I didn't intend to. I just got *too excited*.

I'd got a new phone. I was excited about it and I sent her this load of texts. I know she was at work-I didn't want an answer but I was excited about having the phone.

Excited about having found her.

I didn't expect answers.

Really I didn't.

But she thought I did.

She got all cross with me and said I was *too needy* for her.

And I think that there had been some rows. Rows between her and Handiman.

I was in the middle of it.

It can be hard, when there are more than two in a relationship.

But I do miss her, and I don't know why it happened, really.

I wish she'd speak to me.

I don't know why it ended, really.

It seemed such a petty reason....in the end.

And now I have to start looking all over again.

as I switched off the voice recorder she was still sobbing deeply

Epilogue:

Sometimes it's hard to know about people. If you'd passed Mary on the street you wouldn't have afforded her a second glance. She looked that *ordinary*. A lot of her story sounded a little off. Wanting to experiment sexually so she travels to America to do it, and then she begins a same sex relationship with a stranger...in another country, when you hadn't any experience of that, and neither had they.

And, of course, there is no way that I can check any of this.

However, the part I *can* check? The part at the end of her story with Sally and Handiman, the people who also appear in this book?

I know *all that* happened, as I cross checked it with them.

So....

Maybe it's all true. Some people are so naïve and do stuff without any semblance of a plan, without any sight of a map. They've been through "the usual" and it didn't do it for them, so they try the *unusual*, while they're still here. Still alive.

I read something once : There once was a married woman who got to know a man through the online game "Second Life".

He lived in the U.S.A. She lived in England. She crossed the Atlantic to see if it would work in *Real Life* and not *Second Life*.

It didn't work. Her husband paid for her trip out there, and when it didn't work out he took her back. Reality is harder than fantasy

I'd like to have interviewed those people. I'd have had some great questions lined up....however I do know this: Crazy shit happens. It really does.

If I've learned anything from this world, then it's that.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary



Mary appears to be a very ordinary middle-aged housewife.

She seems awkward, uncertain and lacking in self-confidence. You wouldn't look at her twice if you spotted her amongst the frozen food section of your local supermarket. She's very compliant and is eager to please. Although I didn't know her very well she was more than happy to disrobe, be tied and...be flogged a little. Purely for photographic purposes. Obviously

"They wanted to see me masturbate. So they sat and watched me masturbate: Which was a little strange for me, as I didn't know them."

I was *innocent*.

I'd been married for years-I was 42: my kids were pretty grown up.

I spent a lot of time on the internet. Just surfing the sites, I found myself drawn to the sexual stuff.

I visited the chat rooms. It was like having a passport into another world.

This woman hit on me. Started talking to me...sexually.

It blew me away

I was so turned on by it. I'd had such a boring sex life since being with my husband that something different was, it was taboo-and wicked, so it was more *erotic*

So I progressed from there to being addicted to cybering

I was a *cyber- whore*-I would have three or four cyber- chats going on at the same time—but anyway I met this guy who....wanted me to do all sorts of kinky shit to him online.

But not in real-life?

No, I think he was in America, I was in South Shields. England.

And I was thinking: "Why is this guy in America telling me to fuck his ass?"

Well, I went along with it. With his fantasies. I didn't get anything out of it, though.

The only time I got something out of it was when I was talking to a girl-then it became a turn-on

Was it just sexual stuff? Nothing perverted?

Just...*sexual*. Later my interest grew in bdsm.

My experience, such as it was, was only online.

I met someone online.

She was called Janice, a Native American-she was Dominant but not into bdsm- it was her that I eventually moved to America to be with.

How long were you married?

Twenty years. I had three kids. Two boys and a girl

And during your marriage you never tried any bdsm type of play?

Even in vanilla marriages there's usually some-tying each other up, for example?

Did you ever do any of that?

No. My ex was a total prude. He wouldn't try *anything*. He would try different positions but that was about it. He didn't want to try anything else Which is probably why things went off the rails.

So when you had your own time-

When you had sexual fantasies, before you met your husband, and---during...

What sort of sex fantasies were there?

I assume you did have sexual fantasies?

If you fantasised, were you fantasising about vanilla sex or was any of it mre "perverted" stuff?

It was absolutely not perverted.

No. I came from a very uptight family-my -my grandmother lived with us-all her life -it was drummed into us not to have sex before marriage

Female on female-any sort of homosexuality- was not even mentioned.

My first experience of sex was disappointing.

I suppose it is with most women

Was your first experience with a woman?

No, it was with a lad the same age as me. I was thinking: If this is sex, I dunno what everyone is going on about (*laughs*)

So no---No masturbation

No masturbation?

No I was quite naïve -I dunno-they didn't have the internet in those days you know.

Perhaps people have been masturbating before the internet?

I don't know why I didn't do it, you've got me thinking why I didn't.

I remember having to change my panties as I got wet, but I got absolutely nothing from sex with my husband, - so I guess you just switch yourself off from it.

So it was only after you split from your husband that your interest started to drift to perversion?

The internet arrived!

I started talking to a woman called Debbie. She was in Florida, in a poly household she was planning to move to England. I started talking to her when I was in a chatroom. I spent ages in chat rooms,

It was all online. Just serious conversation. No play. No cybersex.

She talked about what she liked, and asked me what I liked.

I got to be *besotted*.

I would be up half the night talking to her.

And what about your husband?

Did he not wonder what you were doing?

Did he not wonder who you were talking to?

Oh yeah..

Did he know who you were talking to?

He would ask me questions, and get annoyed.

My relationship with him was-he was a *bully*. To get his own way he would bully and browbeat so I was quite emotionally battered

So he just thought I was chatting and then he got suspicious

What made him suspicious?

When I told him I was going to America.

He started to want to know more.

When would I be leaving?

When will I be coming back?

He started to spend more time with me, to be more sexual, more sexually adventurous, which by this time was too late.

How was he being sexually adventurous? What would he do?

He asked me what I would like to try. So we would do some bondage

I'd ask him to tie my hands behind my back-he wouldn't.

So he would hold them. He wouldn't tie them.

No? Why do you think he wouldn't do that?

I don't know

We've met up since and we've discussed sex and I asked him why he's such a prude and he said: "*I'm just like that*"

So did you tell him exactly why you were going to America?

No. I didn't want him to know I was going to be with a woman.

I told him I was going out to see the world. To do something *different*.

So he thought I was going to move in with Janice, but as a room-mate, not as a fuckbuddy(*laughs*)

And how old were your kids at that point?

Eighteen, nineteen and fourteen. I took my fourteen-year old with me.

So you went over to meet...Janice, who you'd been having a prolonged Cybersex relationship with....and you flew there with the idea of ...moving in? So what was her set-up?

Well...it was a total lie

What was a total lie?

Well she was living with her daughter.

Her daughter had two kids, she was pregnant again, and separated from her husband.

So you didn't know about this before?

She said she was living with her daughter but said when I came over we would get our own place, but it took months to get our own place.

It was quite frustrating

We had to wait until everyone went out before we could even experiment.

She'd never been with a woman and I'd never been with a woman

That must have been...quite... strange

What must have been?

Well you've both got together in this house and you wanted to have sex with each other but neither of you had any previous sexual experience with women?

Laughs

It was strange. It was very *exciting*. Probably the same with a guy.

What is?

A guy being with a guy for the first time

Well maybe. But I don't know if I'd want to fly all the way to America to find out.

No.

But I just didn't know where to look here. I just wouldn't know where to look for what I wanted -for bdsm.

Anyway, the relationship with Janice turned out to be a bit of a disaster. She didn't have a very high sex drive and as you can imagine mine was way through the roof as it had been reawakened.

The newness and the *naughtiness* of it all, I was totally in love with this woman. I had a three-month visa and a flight back, she said *it wasn't for her*-so I said well I've moved my flight forward-but then two weeks before I was due to fly back she said she'd changed her mind and she wanted to try again.

So we tried again.

I started looking for work - illegally. I waitressed. We ended up infrequently having sex and I kept the woman for four years.

By that time I no longer loved her and wanted to see America-we left to go to Arizona , she gambled and lost all our money. I realised I was in the same sort of a relationship that I was in with my husband.

So the type of relationship you had with Janice. How would you describe it?

Vanilla

A vanilla, lesbian relationship?

Yeah.

And not a great deal of sex going on?

No.

So when there was sex, what sort of sex was it?

What was it you particularly enjoyed?

In what respect?

Sexually?: You've gone over to America to meet a woman who you've had a long Cybersex relationship with, neither of you have had any real life same-sex experience....and you naturally want to experiment. To find what you like.

So I'm interested in what it was that you found you liked.

About having sex with women?

Yes

With her, well she didn't let me go down on her. It was all touching and fingers, when we had sex and she touched me it was very exciting. Very erotic. But it was rare. Too rare.

I went out and bought toys: strap-ons and stuff but she didn't like them.

I think she liked-cock.

I got the impression she was with me as I was a free ride.

She didn't have to do anything, she didn't have to work.

So I started to surf again. To look around for someone else.

Eventually I got talking to Debbie on the internet.

I told Janice I needed to move on and I think she understood.

So when you got together with Debbie what was the nature of the relationship?

She told me:

“When you come to me you’ll be sleeping in my bed with Max-my husband”

It was to be two dominants and me as a submissive. Her husband was supposed to be dominant, and so was she.

But she was far more dominant, so it was a very matriarchal set-up.

So were this couple about your age?

Yes. Had they already been involved in poly relationships before you arrived?

There was one guy who stayed a month. One girl who only stayed overnight

Debbie and Max had 2 kids

And my daughter joined us. I thought she would at least have some friends there.

She insisted my daughter didn’t go back to school so she would not be noticed by the authorities. Debbie insisted I went to work.

She wanted a *money whore*.

Someone who would clean the house, make meals, whenever her and Max wanted sex I’d have sex.

So when you had sex would it be all three of you together?

Yeah

And how did you find that?

Very... *stimulating*. She started to train me how to kneel. I had to turn my hands a certain way to show I was submissive, not to look in her eyes, keep my head down.

I was always blindfolded

Always blindfolded?

When she did bdsm I was blindfolded.

When I was paddled or flogged I was blindfolded.

So now when anybody is doing anything I close my eyes as that's how I was trained.

I was with them for four years.

So, how were the children about all of this?

Her kids were totally aware of the whole thing.

Mine wasn't aware about the sex or the lesbianism.

She was quite innocent.

She must have known where you were sleeping?

She knew we slept together but she thought it was because we only had a double bed

And you must have been quiet when you had sex...or did you only have sex when the kids weren't there?

No, their bedroom was upstairs and the kids were downstairs. It was a big house.

But obviously as things progressed with Debbie she found out-she knew

She knew---what?

That there was a relationship going on and I was a submissive so she started looking into that and finding things out -if you look on her Facebook you'll see she looks all gothy with chains and shackles.

I think she got that from me.

So when you moved in with this couple was that a bdsm relationship? Or was it poly?

No it was bdsm.

From day one it was bdsm?

Yes

And you enjoyed that?

Yes

What particularly was it that you enjoyed?

I loved everything about it. I liked *the service*.

I loved it when she wanted to play, though that was very rare.

What do you mean by “I liked the service”?

Well “service” to me is keeping the house clean, doing the dishes, doing the laundry.

When she wanted to play or scene I was there for that, too.

What sort of play-what sort of scene?

Well it started off where she was training me the *-positions-*then she got more adventurous-a little bit of hot wax *-umm...no pain-*the flogging was very light .

She just ran a flogger down my back for sensation. I didn't know how to respond to that. To me it felt nice but it wasn't particularly sexual so I was quite quiet throughout until we had sex then I was quite noisy.

Her husband was into watching her us fuck.

When you say you fucked what specifically was it you were doing? Did she fuck you with a strap-on?

Well she did use strap-ons -it was mainly vanilla sex.

You mean going down on each other?

She said she'd never go down on a woman.

Because she was a Domme?

Yes. She said it would be demeaning if she went down on a woman.

So she trained me how to lick her.

She didn't like to put her fingers inside me so it was all just licking. She got off quite quickly, which I found amazing as it takes me *ages*.

Then I would kneel between them sometimes and I would masturbate him and she would masturbate me and I would touch her.

She didn't come until I went down on her and he'd fucked me from behind.

She enjoyed the feeling on my face being pushed into her when he was fucking me.

But the bdsm just stopped.

She was a *lazy* Domme

But I loved all of it-the training-I loved being with different partners.

Did they bring different people into the relationship?

Well Max brought a boy home. He was 19. He had learning difficulties.

Right....How bad were his learning difficulties?

(Pause)...Pretty severe

He can't read and can't write. Couldn't work

Erm....he had *Attention Deficit Disorder*. So he was bouncing off the walls twenty-four hours a day.

When he goes to bed and sleeps he forgets everything that happened the day before.

Do you see there being any informed consent issues there?

I mean, do you think he could realistically consent to abuse or to sex if he had a severe mental disability?

Hmmmnn?...I don't think she was bothered about that.

He was her *little teddy bear*.

But did you think there was an informed consent issue regarding somebody who's not completely....together?

I would think so. Something I've never thought of.

Probably something *she's* never thought of

She would punish him for something he did the day before but he couldn't remember the day before so he gets....confused

Debbie was so jealous of him. She told me never to talk to him

She'd say "*He's my boy, don't talk to him!*"

So consequently- I dunno. I think it's like being a little baby duck-with him-he imprinted on her like a baby duck imprints on its mother.

He would hardly ever speak to *me* which caused huge problems.

So did he become a regular member of the household

He moved in.



Right. And he was there—this boy—this 19 year old to be her—*submissive*?

So how did you feel about that?

Obviously you were there to be—to be her submissive—did you have problems with how things were developing?

Huge problems. The way she did it. She said she was extremely jealous.

She didn't like me having any kind of relationship with Max, her husband

She wanted me for herself, she wanted Max for herself, and she wanted the boy, Mike for herself.

She didn't want any of us to interact with each other.

If she caught me talking to Max I'd be accused of talking about her behind her back-even a conversation would set her off.

If she caught me talking to Mike I'd be accused of trying to take him off her, consequently if Mike followed me in the kitchen to help with the dishes or anything I'd just say: "NO, GO AWAY!!"

I didn't want to get a six-hour lecture which is what she'd do-and if she didn't get the answer she was looking for it went on so I would just say: "Tell me what you want me to say!"

Then just everything went wrong.

Her husband started to get upset.

He'd come to tell me how upset he was because he was losing his wife, that she'd fallen in love with *this boy*.

He wished he'd never brought him in the house

By that time I was being ostracised by her. I couldn't even *look* at anyone.

There was one night we got drunk -all of us-I walked back from the kitchen leaning on him-just with my two hands on his shoulders-fun-just a joke

She went *mad*

I thought *that's it*. Done . I can't do this anymore.

So I just went through the motions after that, and gave her what I thought she wanted. I'd try and talk about what I needed.

She said:

You don't kiss me. You're not here to be pleased, you're here to please me, and if you don't like it you know where the door is...

And this went on for how long?

Ahhhh....probably the last two years

That's a long time.

It is.

But there was my daughter to think of. I'd said to her:

"Time to go home. It's not working with Debbie. Let's go home."

But she said she didn't want to go home:

"I stayed with you when you came here, now it's your turn to stay with me."

So she's still in America, and I'm here.

By the time I left nobody was talking to me but my daughter. I was sleeping on the floor. No money. No job.

So when did you eventually move out?

She kept bullying me. Told me to get a job, but I couldn't find one.

She pushed the boy in my face. Told me how good he was.

And she would tell him how good I was. She would play each one off against the other.

I wasn't thriving.

I thrive on a job well done, not making it impossible for me to perform well.

I told her I would have to find someone else. Another Domme. To look online.

She said I couldn't do that while I was living there.

I called my mother that day, said I wanted to come home.

It must have been quite different with your daughter wanting to stay behind?

There was a lot of crying. A lot of tears.

I still talk to them on the internet. Debbie doesn't do any sort of sex anymore. She's into *female supremacy*. She's the Queen of the Household

The supreme being

She's moved away from sex, she's in a different realm.

She doesn't have to *do* anything.

Is she kind of-a lazy person?

....Yea



Interesting how people seem to find lives that accord with their own needs andweaknesses?

So you get back to the UK, you have some experience now.

Before you went to America you'd had no experience of same sex relationships , no experience of bdsm.

So you've come back-minus your daughter. So what happened then?

Erm-obviously no home as I'd been out of it for 10 years, so I moved in with my mother. I went straight on the internet looking for a bdsm relationship.

I got to know someone online, then on MSN, then on webcam-it was supposed to be a couple, but I rarely spoke to the Domme, just the Dom She was there as she'd show herself on camera, but I rarely talked to her.

And where were they?

Lincolnshire.

Jim and Julia. She was a nurse. Four years older than me.

I got talking to her first. At least I thought it was her I was speaking to.

But then I found that he had an internet profile as a woman.

So I asked him-when I first got talking to Julia-*was he Julia?*

He said *no no no.*

But I think it *was* him.

When I moved in, this woman I'd got to know on the internet, wasn't the woman I moved in with.

She had a totally different personality.

So they were a couple? There were two of them?

Yes.

But when you thought you were talking to her you were talking to him-pretending to be her?

Yes.

So -you were talking to these people who live hundreds of miles away-so you go and meet them before you decide if they are for you?

Erm no.

We were supposed to go for a week's holiday but then he decided to just move me in.

Without meeting them at all?

Yes.

You have to remember we'd talked on the phone for months and we'd cammed, I saw the female was there-that she existed, so he said:

"I'll come and pick you up-if you don't like it here I'll take you back"

When I first moved in it was very protocol-based, which is what I like.

I liked the way I had to stay blindfolded until she came in from work.

Right-sorry...*you had to stay blindfolded until she came in from work?*

Uh huh.

Only on the first day... so she could show me 'round the house.

So I sat on the kitchen floor waiting for her to come home.

How long was that?

Probably-half an hour

They showed me around, we chatted and then we played for a little bit.

What was involved in "the play"?

They wanted to see me masturbate. So they sat and watched me masturbate: Which was a little strange for me, as I didn't know them.

What were they doing while you were masturbating?

Just sitting watching.

But then they realised I was struggling -so she got up and started to play with me.

Which was what? What did she do?

She came behind me and started playing with my breasts and whispering---*fuck yourself*—stuff like that. And then *he* joined in.

Joined in?

He got a vibrator: well it was a *dildo*. I lay down and he fucked me with that while she tweaked my nipples and kissed me.

They got me to come that way.

So that wasn't a bad start.

I explained to him that I wasn't used to being used by a man.

I wasn't used to oral sex with a man. I had been trained by a female and used by a female

He said he would take it easy and train me.

The next day when I got up-he had me cleaning the kitchen-which I didn't mind-then when I'd finished he told me to go into a shed outside.

He got me to kneel down and he proceeded to *face-fuck* me. Made me put my hands behind my back and just used my mouth. Forced his cock to the back of my throat. Made me choke. I couldn't breathe.

Then he took me in the house and did the same again, put me in the bedroom and did the same again. All the time I'm thinking:

“What happened to the slow introduction?”

Laughs

I'd been there less than twenty-four hours and he'd done it three times.
No encouragement from her as she was at work, and no sexual stimulation for me. So to me that's no fun.

So anyway I put up with that. I thought: *I'm here to please them both so let's see how it plays out.*

The next day...*was it the next day....?*

She was at work again.

He had me go up to the bedroom and undress.

He chained me to the bed and left me lying there naked for about... two hours.

How did that feel?

I quite liked the idea as it was *controlled*. But I was freezing cold.

So then she came back from work. I heard them talking downstairs.

She came up and-fucked me.

With her hand ?

Well she slapped me a bit first on the bum then she rolled me over and used the dildo up me.

Then he came up, took the dildo and started using it on me, she played with my clit and kissed me.

So it was all worthwhile in the end?

Up until this point it was fun, but then he came to me in the early hours of the morning- I had a separate room-he'd wake me up-not very nice-just push me-and say: "lick" or "suck".

It was very raw. The way he did it was very raw.

That made me realise it has to be more. *Sexual.*

Not just control.

I was there for two weeks, then I went home for a visit.

I was back home and talking to him on the internet-I told him to get the mistress and I said: *I can't go back to you.*

They asked why.

I said: "I haven't been trained and I'm getting all this stuff, the abuse, every night. I now can't sleep as I don't know what time he's going to walk through my door and the face rape will start again."

Was she aware of what he'd been doing?

Yes. That's what he'd wanted me for.

When it all ended I said I was unhappy and about how I'd been set up. That I hadn't really been talking to her when I thought I had. The whole relationship had been built on fraud.

But she said-*well I did used to READ what he'd written in my name.*

But I began to realise that I can't be with someone who just takes pleasure from me but gives me none.

She would get dressed up. I like to see women dressed up like that...

Like what?

Black leather-I love leather-the smell and the touch.

But I love the sound of sex and these two were very quiet.

Then she'd start to tell me to make less noise in sex.

It made me feel strange as I'm very verbal.

They would put nipple clamps on me, they were into tying me to the bed, but I'd be allowed no movement.

They would fuck me together.

Sometimes I would pleasure her orally..but she didn't have a very high sex drive and most of the time she didn't really want it.

So I talked to them, told them what I thought and she said we could sort it out.....so I went back.

I shouldn't have.

There was a lot of fun...a lot of sex

She would put body chains on me and have me walk around like that chains around my waist and into my pussy.

It would turn him on to know I was uncomfortable.

He would spank me....he was *very hard*.

I preferred *her* to spank me. I wasn't used to pain. It was too much.

He got pleasure for picking on me for things I hadn't done right.

I don't like to fail so I didn't like that. If I cleaned something and missed a spot he would punish me. She was on 9-5 shifts.So we never saw each other.

He would just leave me alone. He didn't force himself on me anymore.

So it just stopped.

He didn't like me telling him what I liked and what I didn't like.

They had swingers there, stopping over.

Women...a couple. But just overnight things. With me it was different. I was supposed to be part of their family but that wasn't working out for any of us.

I don't think she liked another woman being there. Someone else *arranging the house*. Putting things in places she couldn't find them.

As for the sex, she said she'd never had a high sex drive.

That's why they went online looking for someone to fulfil his needs.

But I needed her to be there and active and in control.

Just with a man and no woman it doesn't work for me. I liked her.

She was sexy.

But he...smoked. He drank. He *smelt*.

So you were-a gift to him?

Apparently.

But you didn't know that at the time. How long ago did you stay with them?

Three or four months. I stayed as I had a job. I had debts to pay from America.

They were a lovely couple, really. Just not *my* lovely couple.

And then you came back home?

And now I'm living with my mother again.

And you're back searching on the internet-for another female Domme.

Then what happened?

Sally messaged me on the internet.

Then she rang me. I needed to speak to her as there are so many men pretending to be women on the net.

But when we talked it was like I was a long-lost friend.

A *whirlwind*.

She wanted to meet the next day, she wanted to make sure she at least found me attractive or at leastsomebody she could play with.

Then I had to meet Handiman, her partner

I was very stressed out; it was like an interview for a job.

My mother insisted on knowing where I was going.

I had nothing to wear-my previous life had used all my money, so I had to find something...suitable.

I met Sally for a coffee then I met them together.

Then she invited me over for dinner.

She told me to go up to the bedroom to get undressed.

So they played with me a bit....I think she was testing to see how much control she had over me. I had told her I wasn't very good at sucking dick and I *never* swallowed.

So she was finger fucking me and she had me suck off Handiman, and he came in my mouth.

And she was encouraging me to swallow it.

And I eventually did, after a lot of gagging, and then she got a big vibrator out. She tormented me to death with that.

I felt so self-conscious that I couldn't come.

She tried to fist me but she couldn't get her hand in.

I'm quite small...down there...but it was all very sexy. The way she did it.

Made me feel very comfortable...and then we went downstairs and chatted like it had never happened (*laughs*).

She had me come back that weekend. On Friday. To see how much pain....

She wanted to beat me.

To see how much....I would take

Had you had much experience up to that point? With being beaten

None at all.

No experience?

No, that's a lie I had.

The dominant in Lincoln had spanked me a few times with a piece of leather.

I had been beaten..on top of my jeans...but it had been a long time since then, and I wasn't beaten hard.

Sally had got to know me well from our conversation; she knew I didn't like to fail. I was highly sexed.

At that point I was masturbating three times a day.

I locked the door at my mother's house when nobody was in, and just explored the ways I could come.

Played with my clit and then deeper-to my G- spot.

The day came that I was supposed to have another play with Sally.

She was a very sexy woman.

She got all dressed up, took on the role.

I had to go upstairs.

To get undressed.

To kiss her boots.

She put the collar and cuffs on me, got me chained up.

She started off quite light, spanking me with her hand.

Then she would touch me sexually and whisper in my ear...sexual things.

Such as....?

Asking: "Are you going to take this for me tonight?"

"You're going to do this just for me, aren't you?"

She knew I wanted to please, and she worked on that, then she came round to the front of me.

I could smell her.

I like nice smells.

Then she would finger me, then she would spank me some more.

Then she got the riding crop.

She said:

“Don’t forget your safe words...what are they?”

I’d have to repeat them

Then she’d add:

“But you do know it would displease me if you use them....”

So that was the mindfuck.

Which worked—*a treat*.

Then she got the cane. I had to count the cane strokes

One!

Thank you, miss

Two!

Thank you, miss

Three!

Thank you, miss

That was a good session.

I was pretty badly bruised and I took quite a bit.

Then she took me down from the chains and had me masturbate in front of them.

She wanted to see how I touched myself. So that she could do it.

The next time, the next session---she went harder with the beating.

I got upset.

Upset...in what sense?

She was very good....*and I've lost her.*

The pleasure I got out of it was because ---*it pleased her.*

But at the end I got a "high" -it wasn't totally pleasing her.

I only had three sessions.

And the third was pretty harsh.

She had been displeased with my behaviour that evening .

I had sent her too many text messages.

So she used that session as a punishment

Previously she was pleased with me.

She fucked me at the end of the session and I orgasmed. Floods of come.

But this time...she told me I'd *displeased* her.

It seemed to go on forever, the punishment.

She took me down from the chains.

Laid me on the floor, flat. I tried to get up, but she pushed me down again.

She was hitting me on my front, on my breasts, on my stomach and then turned me over and hit me on my back and my bum.

With the crop, then with the cane. It got so bad I lost count. The pain....

She was saying:

Count count count

But I couldn't think.

She kept hitting me on the legs, the bum, the back.

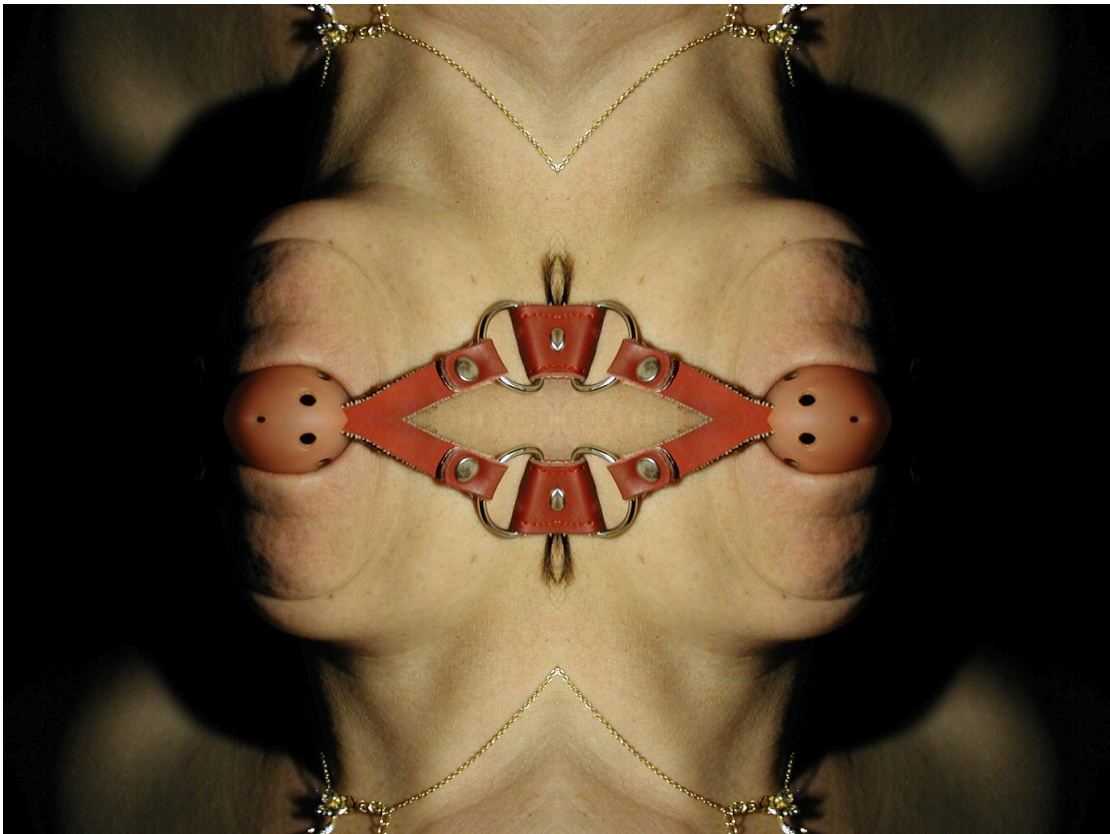
She wanted me to use my safe words to prove she could hurt me that much.

But I didn't use them. Then It came to an end.

She'd had enough at last.

And I sat at her feet.

Naked. Shivering. Sobbing.



So why did it come to an end?

I'd annoyed her too much, I think. I didn't intend to. I just got too excited.

I'd got a new phone. I was excited about it and I sent her texts. I know she was at work-I didn't want an answer but I was excited about having the phone. Excited about having found her.

I didn't expect answers.

Really I didn't.

But she thought I did.

She got all cross with me and said I was *too needy* for her.

And I think that there had been some rows. Rows between her and Handiman.

I was in the middle of it.

It can be hard, when there are more than two in a relationship.

But I do miss her, and I don't know why it happened, really.

I wish she'd speak to me.

I don't know why it ended, really.

It seemed such a petty reason....in the end.

And now I have to start looking all over again.

as I switched off the voice recorder she was still sobbing deeply

Epilogue:

Sometimes it's hard to know about people. If you'd passed Mary on the street you wouldn't have afforded her a second glance. She looked that *ordinary*. A lot of her story sounded a little off. Wanting to experiment sexually so she travels to America to do it, and then she begins a same sex relationship with a stranger...in another country, when you hadn't any experience of that, and neither had they.

And, of course, there is no way that I can check any of this.

However,

The part I can check? The part at the end of her story with Sally and Handiman, the people who also appear in this book?

I know *all that* happened, as I cross checked it with them.

So....

Maybe it's all true. Some people are so naïve and do stuff without any semblance of a plan, without any sight of a map. They've been through "the usual" and it didn't do it for them, so they try the *unusual*, while they're still here. Still alive.

There once was a married woman who got to know a man through the online game “Second Life”.

He lived in the U.S.A. She lived in England. She crossed the Atlantic to see if it would work in Real Life and not Second Life.

It didn't work. Her husband paid for her trip out there, and when it didn't work out he took her back. Reality is harder than fantasy

I'd like to have interviewed those people. I'd have had some great questions lined up....however.

Crazy shit happens, you know? If I've learned anything from this world, then it's that.



