



“a Scene”

...We walk into the club together, i to His right side, and three steps behind Him. He is dressed in black leather, which always takes my breath away. i am carrying His bags of assorted “toys”, as is my duty, wearing a very short bouncy black miniskirt, a sheer blouse highlighting my breasts, and pantyhose, always pantyhose—which He so enjoys running His hands over, as it caresses the curve of my ass.

i place the bags on the long table next to the Saint Andrew’s Cross—His favorite apparatus, which i will soon be chained to, receiving His strong passionate blows. But first, i must lay out His “implements of destruction” as He likes to call them, readying them for His inspection, approval and use—knowing He is about to leave His mark...marks that may be with me for some time.

i feel His eyes on me, even from the short distance of His place of lounging on the nearby sofa, as i carefully remove each item from the bag and gently spread them out on the table. As i caress and smooth the floggers, i can feel His Energy, His Love...in the long, soft tails. i respond with a tremor—shuddering throughout my entire body. ...i feel it deep, even into my very Soul.

As i finish, He walks over to me and i hand Him the black leather collar with rings on it, to replace my metal jewel-studded collar I wear into the club. He often teases me with it first, then holds it up between us and we each kiss one side of it simultaneously, making eye contact. i lift up my hair and He closes the buckle, pulling it tightly around my neck—sometimes too tightly, to let me know that He is now fully in control!

Next, He takes my right hand and slips it into the opening of His leather vest, placing it on His chest, tenderly over His heart—holding it there while buckling a cuff onto my wrist, again—gazing deeply. He moves that hand down and takes my other hand up, placing it again over His heart, repeating this part of the ritual. This will be the last time our eyes meet, until the collar is removed and met by our lips again, at the end.

i am trembling, awaiting my fate, stirred with devotion.

He then walks me over to the Cross and stretches my arms up and out, hooking each cuff into place on the rings high over my head—still assuring of my comfort as i am about to be otherwise tormented—being certain that my hands have good circulation, which He will re-check throughout the “scene” that we have just begun. He does not cuff my ankles—He likes to watch me “bounce”, jarred by each impact!

He usually does not blindfold me, so that i can occasionally look over my shoulder, or out of the corner of my eye—where He will sometimes appear briefly—allowing me a quick glimpse of His dark silhouette, standing there slapping His own hand with the newly chosen implement that i will be experiencing next.

He begins slowly, working His way up with the size, weight and ferocity of—first, the thud of the various floggers on my back—and later, the slap of the paddles and the crack of the single-tail across my ass! Each instrument causes its own sound as it makes contact with my skin—and i let Him know how it feels—by the movements of my body and the power of my vocalizations! Sir SO enjoys hearing my screams, often encouraging me with: “I can’t HEAR you!” ...a wicked grin and a sparkle in His eye.

At times we seem intently focused, and at other times silly and playful—especially when i think i can’t take another whack, quickly twisting myself around and “hiding” behind the Cross—still bound at the wrists! He “chases” after me and i pretend to cringe with fear—bringing much amusement to the ever-changing audience just outside the chain-link “dungeon” area.

During our “play”, He especially enjoys how the breeze from swinging the floggers lifts up the back of my skirt (exposing the roundness of my now-red cheeks) and He will intentionally cause this to happen several times before the next wallop!

Sometimes, when He pulls out His two largest floggers to strike my back with (often both at the same time), i will hear someone exclaim “Oh my God!” —and i must admit that i enjoy the shock factor our little “performance” creates, as much as He does. :)

Often, following what feels like a relentless scourging, He will run His hands up my naked back in light strokes, or with the lightest touch of His inner wrist upon my tender and exposed nipples, i can feel a burst of static electricity, causing erotic quivers to ripple throughout my entire body! mmmmmmm...

After what seems like several hours (but it’s only been one...or was it two—who’s really counting?), He releases my wrists from the cuffs and we walk over to the red sofa together. i stretch out some clean cloth and He sits. i bring Him an Energy drink, and i sip some water. He points to the cushion next to Him and i lie down on the sofa, or kneel on a pillow before Him, placing my head on His lap. As He strokes my hair, i begin to relax—returning from the place of Bliss and high energy, resting contentedly while He talks to others from the community who have been “scening” nearby.

Soon, i will be gathering up His collection of “toys”, carefully tucking them into His bags until next time, a next time which never comes soon enough...

Presented and prepared with devotion, posted upon His command.

