

**DIARY OF AN S&M ROMANCE  
BY DOLLIE LLAMA**

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**DEDICATION**

**TO MY MASTER, MENTOR, LOVER, FRIEND AND EDITOR, DADDY.**

**I ADORE YOUR PERSONAL AND LITERARY GUIDANCE.**

**I WILL ALWAYS DO YOUR BIDDING AS LONG AS YOU TELL ME TO, SIR.**

**"No pornography exploits women. It exploits men. It's the men that are made to look stupid, silly and ridiculous, chasing after the golden elixir. Women look beautiful, do what they wanna do and get paid for it."**

**—Lydia Lunch, used with permission**

## CHAPTER ONE

### Why I do this

I'm sure some people will wonder why a woman who has her life together and has relatively healthy self-esteem could want her lover to dominate her, whip her on the ass until it leaves welts, and call her "Daddy's dirty little cum toilet." Well, I do. And I love it.

Why? I dunno—cuz it's fun?

Really, that's about as far as my routine analysis of the whole thing goes anymore. Now, I'm more likely to wonder why something we tried (and like Mae West, I'll try anything, at *least* twice) made me feel bad—mostly because it doesn't happen often, and once I've figured out why I didn't dig it, I attempt to overcome the negativity and find the bliss in it.

I've always loved sex. I first masturbated to orgasm when I was seven. I didn't even know what sex was yet, but found intense pleasure from lying in the tub with the shower stream playing between my legs. Later, I was the unrepentant slut in high school, and carried it through to adulthood. I was married (to a non-kinky man) for a spell, and faithful, but between his alcoholism and my dissatisfaction, it was doomed. After the marriage ended, I was alone for a long time, by choice, then began to explore kinky Web communities. And eventually I started going to dungeons that hold bondage parties.

But a few years ago, when I was new to all this, my desires brought on some serious soul-searching. Why did pain transform me? How could surrender feel so right? What was it about an apparent insult that elevated me? Was I crazy?

I suppose these submissive tendencies are not exactly new in me. I look back now and see much of my past with a clearer view.

When I was a little girl playing with dolls, Barbie always seemed to be getting into tight spots with Ken or G.I. Joe. I can't recall just what I thought was going on (I was precocious, but can't swear it was actually sexually motivated play), yet somehow the male dolls—sorry, *action figures*—inevitably controlled Barbie, physically overpowered her, and it just seemed right. I have vivid memories of one play session with the son of a family friend that involved Barbie and G.I. Joe getting naked and rolling around in mud. Barbie ended up on the bottom with Joe forcing her face into the muck.

Cartoons. Quintessential childhood memory. Remember the nauseatingly upright and uptight Mountie, Dudley Do-Right, his nemesis Snidely Whiplash

(great name!) and Dudley's gal, Nell Fenwick? Nell, and other anonymous girls, were often bound and left on railroad tracks in the great northern wilderness of Canada by the evil Snidely. Snidely struck a chord with me. I found him infinitely more intriguing than the do-gooder Mountie, and dreamt of how it would feel to be restrained, helpless and abandoned, somehow knowing Snidely would be lurking, unseen, rubbing his hands and twirling his mustache in glee at my distress. Dudley "saving the day" disappointed me in ways I couldn't comprehend.

And don't get me started on Boris Badenov and Natasha Fatale. Their *names* even evoked dominance & submission. They were a dirty switch BDSM couple from Hell. (Or Russia, which was considered Hell in my cold war youth.)

I even liked "I Dream of Jeannie" a little too much. Something was very wrong (and in a very *right* way) about this show being pumped into America's homes. It seemed waaaay too cool: sultry, exotic wench in harem clothing waiting on and serving a man in a uniform. And calling him "Master"! I loved it. I wanted to *be* Jeannie.

Like many curious kids, my friends and I would sneak copies of Playboy from fathers' or older brothers' caches, eager to peer into the world of adult sexuality. One such foray yielded something spellbinding.

My best girlfriend's brother had a magazine, a combination of stories and pictures, all centering on rape and kidnap fantasies. One story told of a woman taken by a group of men to a remote cabin and repeatedly gang raped. She was bound, humiliated and tortured. I remember being appalled and immensely aroused by the photos of her tied to a chair as the men crowded around her, tweaking her bare breasts and slapping her tear-streaked face.

The pictures were graphic; I had never seen true hardcore pornography before. These were my first views of erect cocks, penetration, and cum shots, not to mention sexual domination. Although my girlfriend had to explain what cum shots were (she had secretly observed her brother beating off, and had a greater understanding than I of how these things worked), once I understood, the idea fixed itself in my brain. To this day, I have an all-encompassing fetish for semen.

My girlfriend was a bit put off by my obsession with this stuff, and expressed her feelings of disgust. I couldn't shake off how I felt though, and continually asked her to bring that one magazine out when she stole into her brother's stash.

All my fun came to an end when her brother came home unexpectedly and caught us with his treasures. I think he went looking for something to read, and found his favorites missing. He yelled at us, threatening and angry, and swore us to secrecy. My friend was so cowed by his rage she would never

again sneak into his things, and I had to be content with my memories, which fueled my fantasies until I began having real life experiences.

**Why I love being Daddy's little whip-me dollie and cum toilet:**

Pain. Most people go out of their way to avoid it. I'm not so different. I jump around when I drop something on my foot. I hate paper cuts, and headaches make me crazy. (I suffer from migraines and trust me, I find no joy in them.) But the quality of pain I experience in a "scene" is not the same. Oh, it's every bit as intense, usually more so, but I love it. I crave it. It's not a random act of the Universe, it's a thoughtfully and lovingly applied sensation that awakens me to a consciousness and awareness I cannot find any other way. It strips away the layers of thought and responsibility, and leaves me a creature composed of nothing but feeling, existing only in the moment.

In short, it frees me.

How often has your vanilla lovemaking been disrupted or diminished by concerns of things outside the bedroom? When I'm playing with sensations, there's no room in my head for anything else.

Pain, at least in a disciplinary sense, was not a component of my childhood experiences. My father was not inclined to spank me; in fact, I can recall him doing so only once, and it was far from traumatic. Conversely, it was not a turn on. But the first time I saw a real whipping is tattooed on my brain. It horrified me and, much to my discomfort, aroused me tremendously.

We were at a family reunion in the Rocky Mountains, and I was maybe 11 years old. My grandfather led a bunch of the cousins out for a hike. One of the girls was being insufferably bratty and whiney, and after about an hour of this my grandfather had had enough. He was a big man, and I can still see how he grabbed her by the arm, pulled down her shorts, bent her over as he ripped off his belt, pulled down her panties, and laid into her bare behind. We were all stunned, speechless. He must have given her a dozen very hard blows. She was sobbing and gasping and completely subdued.

It was a quiet trip back to camp. Although I didn't really care much for my cousin, I walked very close to her, observed her as carefully as I could, looking for the hidden "specialness" I thought had to be there following such an event. I wanted to ask how it felt but that seemed somehow obscene.

I was on fire with what I had seen, but had no context in which to place my feelings. It shamed me, but I was excited. As soon as we got back I rushed to the bathroom and masturbated. I didn't know how to process what I felt, and buried the whole experience deeply...So deeply that it didn't surface again, except in random fantasies I tried desperately to deny, until I was 40.

Relinquishing power over myself to Daddy is another type of freedom. When he yanks me by the hair and throws me to the bed, I don't have to worry if he likes what I'm doing—I *know*. When he tells me what to wear, to shut up and be quiet or go stand in the corner, I have no pressure, no need to decide or act. I know he's getting what he wants—he made the decisions. I have an inherent need to be pleasing to him, and when he's in control I have no performance anxieties.

Being of service to Daddy also enhances all the little things I love to do for him. Cooking, massaging his feet, fetching this or that, even making the bed once he's finished using me, are all transmogrified into subservient, subtly sexy acts done for his pleasure. Which makes me enjoy them more, and removes the humdrum from the ordinary. I never worry that the things I do are taken for granted since I know he sees them from the dominant flip side. Daddy says women were put on this Earth to serve men. But before you accuse him of misogyny, let me assure you he is absolutely not guilty. He loves and adores women.

I don't know about men in the generic, but I am fulfilled by serving *Him*.

My first exposure to the concept of reveling in subservience to a man came from a childhood neighbor. She was from Japan, and I thought her the most delicate and elegant woman I'd ever seen. She kept a traditional house, filled with Asian items that captured my suburban imagination. Her husband worked while she stayed home to keep the house, quite the opposite of my ambitious and career-oriented mother.

This woman, whose name I'm not sure I ever knew, allowed me to watch as she arranged flowers, cooked exotic (to me) food, and spoke to me of her role in easing her husband's life. She believed it was her duty, but a duty she took pleasure in, to make his home as perfect and to his taste as she could. This seemed very different from American wives I knew—They seemed to do more or less what was expected of them, but never go the extra mile, and to complain often that they weren't appreciated. But this wonderful lady kept the house spotless because it made *him* happy. And she seemed to live to keep him happy. She wore only traditional clothes in his presence because he preferred her that way. She grew and arranged gorgeous flowers for his enjoyment. I even saw her kneel and bow to him, once, when he surprised her by returning home early.

As a child, I never analyzed what I observed in her home. My own home experiences were of parents who were generally equals in control and career. If my father had final say, my mother certainly had influence. My mother maintained a professional career, and never seemed overtly submissive or deferential to my father, matching his outward, sometimes blustery, strength with her own quiet fortitude.

As I grew older, I, like many other young women of my generation, was an avid believer in women's equality, but it never struck me with the fervor and quasi-militancy I observed in some. From my mother I had learned to fully embrace the idea of women as professional and social equals of men, but never believed essential femininity should be sacrificed in order to achieve parity.

Don't misunderstand me, I'm no doormat. I have opinions. Independence. Strength. I work with attorneys and would be eaten alive if I couldn't stand up for myself. The simple fact is, in my private life, I don't want or need to be any of that. And escaping from it is better than any vacation or spa treatment. (And seeing me after a scene, you'd probably agree. Daddy says I look like a well-petted kitty with a lobotomy.)

As for being Daddy's play doll, being Daddy's dirty little cum toilet, I am proud to say I am that and more. So many women are embarrassed by their sexuality, even in today's more accepting, hedonistic world. Today's society is open about our sexuality in ways that would make our grandmothers faint, but the double standard still exists. When Daddy calls me a whore, a slut, a groveling wench fit for nothing but serving him sexually, I am free to be that wanton woman, driven by nothing but her need for *the Man who owns me*.

And it's *my choice*. This is something our grandmothers never had. Choice. To me, making the conscious decision to live for my man is the ultimate in freedom, the ultimate in feminist thought in action.

Does the fact that Daddy and I often play in these ways mean we don't enjoy gentle, loving sex? Absolutely not. What it does mean is that those soft interludes are all the sweeter, spiced by the contrast with the fury in which we indulge. But sweetest of all is his kiss on my lips when my ass is blazing.

None of this would be possible if I didn't love and trust Daddy completely, and know he feels the same for me. Sure, some of this passion, on a much more superficial level, can be had with acquaintances, like our rainy day slave girls. But for going to places I've only imagined, emotional connection is key.

I can't speak for all women, but for me, the secret is this: I want to be made to feel wanted, needed and protected. Once that's taken care of, I want my protector to treat me like a total whore.

What I share with Daddy is spiritual, deep, and significant in a way that I wouldn't trade for all the responsibility, independence and "freedom" in the world.

And so, I *love* being Daddy's little whip-me dollie and cum toilet.

## **How I met my Daddy**

Bondage.com is a great way to meet kinky people. And Los Angeles is a great place to do it. Other than New York City, LA probably has more kinky people within a one-hour drive than anywhere in the world. Daddy used to live in New York and says there are more scary dangerous kinky people there than in LA. So Los Angeles is the best place to find the one you want.

But it's still not easy. Well, it was easy enough to begin. I started a Bondage.com account, made up a user name, uploaded a few photos, typed an essay, and within an hour, I was getting offers from men. That was a while ago. I'd been on bCom (the "in the know" term for Bondage.com) for over a year. I'd played with a lot of so-called Doms. (Dom= Dominant. sub= submissive.) Some were scary. (I wish I'd read "Acid Test For Doms" much earlier. It's in the appendix. Read it so you don't end up in some of the situations I did.) I'd even met and played with some very fun guys, at dungeons and at their homes. I had good sex with some of them. But none of them had the indefinable mixture of spark and smarts that I was looking for.

It's tough. People who fall under the catchall phrase "BDSM" are not necessarily compatible, nor do they all even like each other. I mean, you'd think that all motorcycle enthusiasts would get along, but ask a Harley owner what he thinks of guys who ride Hondas. Ya know?

Consider this: Truly kinky people probably make up less than 10% of the total population. Within that 10%, probably 10% of *them* are into the things that I'm into. Of them, only a small amount are even available. And of those available men, very few are smart, sweet, intellectually interesting enough *and* strong enough in their Dominance to make me want to keep coming back. And of that tiny percentage of a tiny percentage of a tiny percentage, how many would actually want me? I consider myself attractive, but there is no accounting for taste.

One man's perfect slave is another man's throwaway rainy day girl.

I was amazed when I started talking to Daddy, from his first e-mail on bCom. First of all, we seemed totally compatible in all the things we liked. bCom has a great system of checklists—you rate various kinks on a scale of 1-5, 1 being "I hate it" (or maybe, "if I had to" for us slave types), 5 being "I can't live without it." Daddy and I both had a 4 or 5 on all the things that were important to me: Anal sex (the man giving and the woman receiving), oral (the woman giving and the man receiving), vaginal sex, the woman wearing lingerie, bondage, public sex, pornography, whipping, beating, spanking, clothespins, nipple torture, double and triple penetration with cock and one or two vibrators or dildos, the woman kneeling, and pretend prostitution. And he listed his hard limits (the things he absolutely wouldn't do) as the same things I wouldn't do: Scat (poop), blood play, and true humiliation. (I love

being called a slut, but I hate being told in seriousness "You are a bad girl. You are dirt"...etc.)

But besides all this, he was *cute*. He put me on his bCom hot list so I could see all of his photos, and he was a beautiful man. Not in a movie star sense, but in a real classic sense. He wasn't typical Hollywood cute. Everyone here in Los Angeles looks like they're in the movies, or like they're trying to be. Daddy is a little too scruffy for that. And he dresses sloppy, sort of like a 14-year-old skater boy. (Actually, most 14-year-old skater boys dress better. I know. I am a mother to one...My son is 22 now, but I've seen, and purchased, my share of today's fashions.)

Daddy was stunning. I adored everything about his mind and his body, or at least what I could see of both from the Internet. I found out later that this little short, smiling man was once described (very accurately, I feel) as "a statue of a Greek god done by an apprentice sculptor who didn't quite have the proportions down yet." I wanted to trace the lines of his cheekbones through my computer monitor from the first moment I saw him.

Daddy wasn't like all the other Doms. He was confident, but not cocky or arrogant. He seemed very real, very smart, and not caught up in "the life." And he loved good music (older punk rock, as well as kick-ass rock and roll like Led Zeppelin, and dark beautiful stuff like Nick Cave and Leonard Cohen). Hell, he *made* great music. He sent me a link to an MP3 of his old band, in which he sang and played bass. I clicked on the link kinda thinking "whatever" (I have a lot of friends in bands, and most of them aren't very good), and the sweet, sinister beauty that poured out of my speakers overwhelmed me. The music was stellar. It was as heavy as Led Zeppelin, but with the energy of punk, and his *voice*...He is a great singer, but not like anyone I'd ever heard. Sort of like an angel being run over by a truck. I was hooked.

And he was intelligent. Many of the guys I'd played with or talked to in the past weren't. Or if they were, their goals and priorities were very different from mine. Too many men are into looking cool and making money. Daddy just *is* cool, and doesn't care about money. He's a true artist, but not a starving one. When I met him, he had six published books out (that you could actually get in stores and on Amazon), a movie he'd directed (that you could actually get in stores and on Netflix), and was working on a second movie. He never does things to make money, he just does the things he wants to, and somehow pays his rent with it. He isn't rich, but he lives a rich life. He lives in a small studio apartment, but he's living the dream.

I make a comfortable living. I've had the same job for a dozen years. I own my own house, in a very nice neighborhood. But I always wanted to be a muse for a great man, and here was a truly great man who might be in the market for a muse to inspire and complete him.

And he seemed to *like* me for me!

Oh yeah, did I mention he loves cats? I love that in a man.

### **Love letters**

Daddy sent an e-mail to me through Bondage.com. After a couple e-mails, we switched over to the telephone, and then quickly met in person.

These are our first few letters to each other:

To: DollieLlama  
From: Daddy  
Subject: If height isn't a deal breaker....

Hey Dollie

You seem sweet. We might be a match. I'm 41 but look younger. I'm short, but fit. You said you only like tall men, but you seem so fucking cool, I had to take a chance.

I work at home. I like real relationships with some dark pretty fun. I also smoke cigarettes, I don't drink, and you seem damn pretty. Photo and 500-word essay on my profile.

—Much respect, Daddy

To: Daddy  
From: DollieLlama

Subject: Height is NOT a deal breaker.

Daddy—

Thank you so much for the message. You seem very wonderful, and very different from most of the men on here.

Cute cat by the way.

Can't say it's anything like the stock pix on this site (what a relief!) I very much enjoyed your message and the info you've posted.

Daddy Wrote:

Yeah...A lot of the guys on here look boring, or seem to take themselves WAY too seriously. I checked out some of their profiles. Yawn. 5/6 of them are very unattractive and/or boring. Most of the rest are very very hot, but seem to be playing a role. They seem like purple-cape wearing motherfuckers who are *waaaay* too serious about themselves. I only checked them out because I

noticed in my stats that a lot of straight men were checking me out. Odd....That's like dogs peeing on telephone poles.

By the way, the kitty in the photo of me is not mine. A friend in Houston is a baby photographer. Can you tell from the photographic style? It's her cat. Kitty was in heat and squirming, that's why I had to hold her close.

Dollie Wrote:

Sounds to me like the best way to deal with a female in heat. Purrrrrrrrrrr.

You sound like an interesting and charming man, and yes, I think we might be compatible.

Daddy Wrote:

But I'm short! Lol. But you seem very into the cerebral, and the other things that make up the whole package, as they say.

Dollie Wrote:

Good lord, I hope I can see past the exterior by now. There's so much more that's truly important. If it doesn't bother you that I'm taller than you when I wear heels, it won't bother me. Sure, I like to think of myself as cerebral. How dull and boring to be nothing more than decorative. Like you said in your bCom posting, "I'm on here to meet sweet romantic slut with a brain. Brains are good. I can only fuck 5 or 6 times in a row, then conversation is good."

Once the immediate animal needs are resolved, it's essential to be able to share one's mind until rest time is over.

I am not obsessed with "lifestyle" protocols, and would prefer relationships that stay in the realm of reality and fun.

Daddy Wrote:

Sounds all good. So...What do you do for work and for kicks?

Dollie Wrote:

I work in-house for an insurance carrier. I know, I know, sounds horridly dull, but it really isn't. I've found a place to use my mind without feeling like I've traded my morality for a paycheck. I may not appreciate my boss' politics, but I can't fault his ethics. In today's world, that's not such a bad deal.

I'm also a mom (two grown kids in their early 20s, so that's out of my system), a widow (don't be sorry, I'm not, came long after we separated), the devoted servant of two fat cats, an obsessive reader of just about anything that strikes my fancy, a collector of tattoos (five and counting), spiritual rather than religious, an unrepentant fan of old punk rock, much

happier in a dive than a trendy club (sadly, all the good dives I used to frequent have gone by the wayside), a lover of beauty, be it a garden, mountain, painting, building, music, or a particularly well-executed piece of graffiti.

Daddy Wrote:

Excellent. I love most of what you have on your profile, too. "These are a few of my favorite things...."

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you. I like that you like what I like, in the bed and out.

I love to walk, both as exercise and as a meditative practice. Living where I do, there are plenty of canyons and hills to climb (now that they've stopped burning). I like road trips, but take too few. I become a gleeful six year old at amusement parks (roller coasters are the best). I also collect shoes. I have over 40 pairs of high heels. Lol....

Daddy Wrote:

I like that in a woman. And I like me in a woman.  
What do you want to be when you grow up?

Dollie Wrote:

Happy (not that I'm unhappy now) and never too stodgy to enjoy playing, in whatever form. I never want to lose the ability to stare in wide-eyed wonder and smile. I want to remain free enough to have no qualms about laughing when I want or crying if I need to.

Daddy Wrote:

That's damn sweet. Ask me anything, by the way.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you, I will. And please, you do the same.

Please tell me what you're hoping to find in a relationship. Your goals, intentions. What has been missing, if anything, in prior relationships?

Daddy Wrote:

This is probably a phone call, not an e-mail. It's a long answer, cutie.

Dollie Wrote:

Hello Sir,

You are such a charmer! I look forward to hearing more from you. My given name is \_\_\_\_\_, but everyone knows me as Dollie.

If you're so inclined, give me a call. My cell is 555-555-5555

I'm usually home from work around 4:30, but often out walking in the early evening, so probably later evening is best.

Daddy Wrote:

OK. Will do, you sweet, smart woman.

I'll call you around 9.

— Daddy

Daddy called me on the phone that night. We talked for almost two hours.

".....What are your thoughts on monogamy, Sir? And polyamory?"

Daddy said, "They both have their positive attributes."

"What attracts you about dominance and control?"

"Hummm...I am reminded of the Republican senator who answered the question, 'What is pornography?' with, 'I can't define it, but I know it when I see it.' But I love to pet, stroke, slap and nibble gals, and I love verbal fun. It seems to increase the depth of physical love, also, I mainly like some romance in my slutting around. A girlfriend once said of me, 'He'd probably bring flowers to an orgy.'"

"I love that, Sir.....What do you like best about your life today, and how would you change it—if at all?"

"I'd want a little more money, a little more love, and a little more God in my life. And I love BDSM, but some 24/7 power exchanges seem absurd to me. I found this thing on a Bondage.com personal ad: 'I am currently under the protection and care of Master \_\_\_\_\_ and all wishing to correspond must first go to Him for approval. ANY MAIL SENT DIRECTLY TO ME WILL BE DELETED AND NOT READ....' I think these people are odd. I love dominance but don't understand total slavery."

I said, "I know. I love to serve, but that kind of relationship seems like a hallmark of low self-esteem. I'd much rather have fun."

"Amen, sister. I know that style works for some, but wouldn't work for me. That is WAAAAAY too much to keep track of. I hate micromanaging my life, let alone someone else's. It's too much work, and not enough freedom for me. I like my mind to drift. That's why I work at home."

“What do you do?”

“Write books and make films....Anyway, I know what I want in a slave, and know what I don’t want. And I would never want a girl to sign a slave contract with me. I don’t need to put it in writing; She will keep in line and keep me happy. And if she doesn’t, I’ll tell her, and she’ll correct it. But then again, I’m very into being served, and very NOT into giving punishments or humiliation. I love a woman who just KNOWS what to do, and *does* it. I love a full-time whore—mouth, pussy and ass for my pleasure, whenever I want it. I love a housebot who doesn’t need to be told to do the dishes, she just does them. I LOVE whipping a girl out of love if she totally gets off on it. The few times I’ve ‘punished’ a woman, we both felt shitty. I’m not that kind of Dom. I am not judging ‘Ye Old Guard’ or ‘High Protocol’, I just know that it’s not for me.”

“Jesus, Sir. I know. That all seems like Dungeons and Dragons to me. Or playing chess with real humans as the pieces. Too damn complicated. I like to serve a man by instinct. By the way, my instincts are that you are a damn good man...Still need to check you out more, but I have a good feeling about you, Sir.”

“Thanks, kitty. Ditto. And I don’t set up dozens of rules for women. I have specifically lived my life in ways that avoid that sort of structure. I didn’t finish college. I’m self-employed, I don’t belong to clubs or organizations, and ever since I was a kid I’ve run FAST from things that have rules and bylaws. And it’s worked out OK in my life.”

“I know, Sir. I see High-Protocol D/s as something that you’re either ‘into or not into’, and I’m not into it.”

“Good, Dollie. And by the way, I don’t have a need to humiliate. I can kinda fathom why someone would. I have done it a few times in sex, and really gotten a boner from it, but I feel physically hungover and almost ill later. It’s just not in me to make people I care about feel bad.”

“Yea! Yeah, I hate that stuff. Punishment is very hard for me. Whether he meant to or not, I always felt my father saw me as a failure. And it hurt. A lot. I need approval from the man I’m with and can be very hard on myself if I feel I’ve fallen short. It’s reassuring to hear you find little gratification in negative discipline. Nonetheless, if we get together, I will try my utmost to avoid giving you any reason to be dissatisfied with me, Sir.”

“Good, sweetie. So, do you mind if I talk dirty to you?”

“Please do!”

"Good. How's my favorite dirty little milf today? And thanks again for stimulating my mind, slut."

"Shucks. Purr."

"Dollie, I like the idea of you. I like your brain. I like your photos. And you are a dirty little cum-guzzling whore made for the pleasure of men. You need to be dressed up, tied up, spanked, licked, fucked, petted and adored. Fucking tramp. Slippy, slutty little man hole. I will cum in all your holes, and on your breasts and tummy, and lick it up from all those places. And I'll make your mind happy too."

"Wow. You're doing great! I've so enjoyed writing to and talking to you, Sir. I like the way you tell a story. And yes, I am all of those dirty things. And I like how you plan to deal with me."

"Wanna come get coffee this week? Also, I invite you to come over some time and luxuriate with me, lay in bed, make out, play with the toys. No need to fuck unless you feel it. Just two kitties petting. I'll be your dirty little milf licker. And feel free to tell a friend where you'll be, so you'll know you're safe. And call in with the friend so she knows you're safe. And if you cum here, I'll sing for you in my bed. Play guitar and serenade ya. I don't do that much anymore, but would for you."

"Coffee and/or both sound lovely, Sir. And thanks for asking, and asking the way you did. That definitely rates a purr. And your singing is beauty-fuel. I'd love to hear it in person.

"Name a time, and a day, and it's on, you little whore....And thank you for the sweetness. It makes me smile."

"My pleasure to make you smile, Sir. As to when, soon sounds good to me, but right now I'm too wiped out to make clearer plans. I had a very busy day today, and I gotta be up early tomorrow. So just any time, Sir."

"Hey, will you please send me more photos of you, Dollie? I'd really like that. And I would be honored to have you in my bed. And I would lick you and tie you and pet you and whisper dirty little secrets in your ear while you vibrate yourself and I pet your back and touch you in special places. And I'll feed you coffee. You can light my smokes. And I'll slap your ass and pull your hair and tell you that you are a whore. And then tell you to prove it."

"You got it, Mister. I'll come over in a few days."

I got off the phone, masturbated until I came hard, shaking my body into a sweat, then did it again. The next day at work, my secretary said, "You seem like you're glowing. Did you get laid?" I replied, "Not yet..."

Daddy sent me an e-mail late that morning, when he got around to waking up:

Dollie. It was transcendent talking to you last night. I hope you'll cum over soon. I would never tell a woman what to wear on a first date, but I have serving suggestions, if you'd like to hear them:

#### Serving Suggestions:

—I like things that feel smooth, and look a little girly.

—I like stockings, garters, and high heels.

—I don't like fishnet stockings, they look cool, but feel rough to pet.

—I like frilly slips, I don't like corsets or leather.

—I like lots of makeup on you. Whorish and ladylike at the same time.

—I like perfumes.

—I like **you**.

You could wear that garter thing—the one in photo number five on your bCom profile. I like all different kinds of slips and also baby doll tops. Pearls, or a ribbon around your neck, like a present. With or without a locket.

Wear a silky bra (not padded), a labia spreader chain for your piercings, to keep you open. Bring love. Kisses. Adoration. Supplication. Desire.

I wrote back:

Certainly. Yes, I'll bring and wear anything you wish, Sir. I have some toys I think you'll like, but you may like yours more.

You are a man of excellent taste, it seems to me. You're going to have me running to my closet to mull this over so I get it right.

Daddy wrote:

Bring any toys you want to. Bring your vibrator, any insertables you like, and nipple weights and clamps. And a smile.

(I keep all *my* whore toys and clothes in a box by the bed. My ex, Sally, called it my "scary box." Lol....)

At lunch I called him on the phone:

"Sir, I do like how you think. The challenge for me is going to be thinking about anything else now."

"Good. And if you have a whipping switch, bring that. I have a whip but it's all noise and not much bite."

"Well, Sir, I think I have a couple of canes lying about, will those do?"

"Purr purr purr pet pet pet spank bite spunk."

"Nice sequence of critter noises and such. I look forward to it, Sir! And I do try and save the padded bras for work. To cover up the nipple rings, you know."

"I will pet the hell out of you, you dirty little bitch, you minxy manx."

"Oh yes, please. And I will send more pix, but can't from work."

"Cum here, you whore cookie."

"Mmmm, oh yes! I will, Sir."

"You are sexcellente, my little bite-sized bitch! I cannot wait to see you and squeal you, sweet cat. SLAP! I like you."

"By the way....I may be one of a handful of women that don't own a vibrator, just not one of my favorite toys, anyway, not as a steady thing. They actually over-stimulate me. I cum too easily as it is."

"OK. I have a tongue. You like that?"

"I don't just like, I LOVE..."

"Get back to work! They're not paying you to slut around on the phone."

"I am vibrating, Sir. But, yes, I gotta run. Have a lovely day."

It was hard for me to make it through work. And I called Sir that night, but he wasn't around. I laid in bed listening to the rain and touching myself all over, thinking of him, anticipating meeting him in person.

The storm sounded and felt deliriously delicious. I listened to the thunder in the dark, then the rain sounds petted me to sleep. I wished he could have shared it with me. My windows were open and I watched lightning and felt the sexy Mother Earth crack of thunder splitting the sky and releasing her wetness on the world.

I thought about how lovely it would have been to have him there...Cuddling on a rainy night is one of my favorite quiet things to do.

Funny...I'd been searching for the right man for three years. I'm very picky, and maybe Daddy wasn't the "one", but he was certainly the running contender so far. I decided if he was anything in person like he was on the phone and in writing, I would seriously consider letting him own me, if he would do so.

The next day at work, he called me. I was busy, but dropped whatever boring thing I was doing and found time to talk for as long as he felt like talking.

"Hey Dollie....You working hard? I'm fucking around on the Internet. I signed up for Alt.com. I don't like it as much as Bondage.com. Slow servers and a lot of Barbie dolls with no brains or spark."

I thought about the fact that he was still looking for women on the Internet. My heart skipped a beat: "Peep peep \_\_\_\_\_ peep...." But why not? We hadn't even met yet. And I must say I valued his honesty. I just had this *feeling* that we were going to "get" each other totally.

"Yep. I know what you mean. I looked Alt.com a while back and was so unimpressed I didn't bother enrolling. And I always wonder just how many of those Barbie (or Ken) dolls are what they claim to be."

"Did you hear the thunder last night?"

"I sure did, Sir. And I was wishing you were here with me...."

"Good girl. Hey...I know the insurance industry will collapse if you don't get back to work. So I'll jump straight to the kitty's tail: You busy tonight? It's supposed to rain and thunder more. Come listen with me. I really wanna finally meet you."

"As a matter of fact, I am busy. I'm coming to see you. Oh lord, this afternoon is going to be soooo long...."

"Bless you, Dollie. The angels must have sent you. You made my fucking week."

"I'm speechless, Sir...."

"So now that it's a reality that I'm seeing you, here's my vet checkup info, Dollie. I have herpes. I have not had an outbreak in over a year and can tell when I have one coming on. I don't have one coming on. I am HIV-neg and was neg for syph and gonorrhoea last time I checked, and I've only had unprotected sex with my one ongoing fuck toy since then. And she uses condoms with any other lovers. I've used condoms with any others. I'm fixed. No brats for me. But I'm gonna use condoms with you. And then drip the contents on your belly. So what's your vet checkup info?"

"Thanks for your candor, Sir. I've been very fortunate, nothing to report. The last person I had unprotected sex with was my husband, and that was in 1989. I was celibate for the 13 years following our separation, so, it's only been a few years. I get checked by my doc regardless, last one was six months ago - all clean. And I have a confession: I absolutely love to have a man cum on me, so, hooray for that idea!"

"13 years? Really? Wow. Why? Tell me about it."

"If I may, I'll tell you about it later. Basically bad marriage, then depression. I'm cured now though."

"OK, Dollie. By the way, I can't wait to lick you all over."

"I am pulsing with mellow anticipation. I feel like someone switched me on to 'vibrate.' Oh lordy, time in this office is going to drag this afternoon..."

"You are a dirty little goddess, Dollie. Any special slut treats or other food you want me to get? I wanna feed all your needs tonight."

"Why thank you. As for food, right now I don't think I could eat, my stomach is flipping. But truly, anything is fine as long as it's not red meat."

"I'll e-mail you my home address—you know, where my house lives. By the way, you're welcome to stay the night, but if you have to leave late at night to get up early, I won't cry too much."

"I was hoping you'd say I could stay. I'll arrange to take tomorrow off, so time is not an issue. No late night/early morning madness, aside from what we find amusing. Did I mention I'm hopelessly excited?"

"I'm a happy cat. Squeal ya swoon, bitch."

"I can't wait..."

"Oh, Dollie, I'm printing out your sex and bondage likes and dislikes from bCom. I'll try to study them. And hang them over the bed on the wall as a cheat sheet!

"And it's really comfy here, my room is a special world. Many comforts. Good music, nice bed, food, good lighting, relative quiet, and almost as much God as sex. I'd love to show it to you.

"You'll like it. Hey...I'm getting another call. See you around eight. Bye!"

I didn't want to scare Daddy off up front, so I didn't tell him my life story, or at least the part about why I'd been celibate for so long. But here's the truth:

For something that took up so much time, it's not that complicated. Once my marriage ended, I was overwhelmed, hurt, scared, distrustful. I had two young kids to deal with, they were only 6 & 7 when it all fell apart. Soon after the breakup, I bought the house where I am now, and didn't have, or even know how to deal with, many friends.

I let myself sink into an emotional wasteland where I was the only inhabitant. I gained a bunch of weight (I've since lost it), but it was my buffer between me and the rest of the world. I fought a long battle with depression, therapy and meds (I'm off them now).

I went back to school while still in therapy. I got the job I have now in 1994, raised my kids, fought all their teenage-year rebellions and my skeletons, and there were a lot.

About 1999 began to climb out, but was still very cautious. I kept myself closed and apart. Finally, I started pulling it all together again about 2001, but was still socially distant, for the most part.

Then, Thanksgiving 2002, my husband died, complications from being a heroin addict and an alcoholic. He really had been the emotional and spiritual 800 lb. gorilla in my life, the one I denied had any influence on me. And although I was shocked by the grief I still hadn't dealt with, it was also a redemption. I was finally putting all the demons and horrors in the past, where they belonged. And, as I had lost most of the weight by then, I felt decent enough to rejoin the social whirl.

I simultaneously admitted to my interest in submission and went on a new journey of discovery. I've been bouncing around with that ever since. For the most part nothing significant aside from the fact I finally allowed myself to start living my life again.