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I welcome all comments from readers (wiseguy35@hotmail.com).

Control

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I love the way you look at me: remote, pensive, evaluating. Calculating how best to place the pain. I stand here and wait for it because I have to; with my arms and legs in shackles, there's really nothing else I can do. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

The gag won't let me speak, so I can only wonder to myself what you're planning, what you're feeling. You show nothing, of course; that would be breaking the rules. But in my mind, I've always hoped you felt at least a little something.

You rake my skin. The feel of long, sharp nails across my back makes me wince and, at the same time, gets me so hard for you. I need this, and you know it. It makes me long to take your nipple in my mouth, to worship you with my tongue.

Your voice is in my head, daring me to obey. Daring me to want you. Daring me to beg you to stop, knowing it only makes me want you all the more.

You rip the pants off my body, exposing my hard-on. You trace its length with a fingernail, sending exquisite shocks through my whole body. I struggle against the bonds, knowing it's hopeless which makes me all the more free to try. You watch the chains shake and you smile that evil smile that fills me with pleasure and dread.

You walk around behind me, out of view. I know what's coming next, and I feel my groin muscles tightening in anticipation. I feel soft skin against my side, erect nipples pressing into my back from behind. Then, in stark contrast to the softness of your breast, comes the hard WHACK! of the paddle on my behind. Pain rains out from the point of impact, and my cock twitches.

"You like this, don't you?" you ask, sneering.

Of course I do. I love the way you look at me; I love the way you smack my ass; I love all the dirty things you do. I nod emphatically, because it's all I can do with the ball gag in my mouth.

"I can't hear you!" You smack me again, and I groan in agony and ecstasy and nod even faster and harder. You smack me again and again, daring me to like it, daring me to come. And before long, I do.

You don't know it yet, but this will be our last session. I'm getting married this weekend, to the kind of girl you can bring home to Mom or out to a company dinner. She's safe, and loving, and warm. A little boring, maybe, but a good woman.

Still, I wonder if you'll miss me.

-wg
11/9/02