

Jay

quest of a mistress

by

Mistress Moriah

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For Jay, because he made me complete again.

Foreword

Why this book. I was introduced to a new but sometimes bizarre world. A world where everything seems to revolve around the pursuit of the ultimate balance between body and mind resulting in an oasis of peace.

In this book, I want to introduce you to this wonderful world that insiders call BDSM. A bizarre world of apparent contradictions, a world where fiction and raw reality are closely intertwined.

What is fantasy and what is reality? Maybe you can find out, because in this not-quite-ordinary world, physical and mental suffering are inextricably linked and take turns to prevail in an experience in which, tied up in reality, you are able to let your mind fly to the most beautiful peaks of our existence.

A world in which the dominant can only seemingly determine everything, but nothing could be further from the truth, for it is the submissive who indicates the limits within which the dominant can move. The submissive's ability to assimilate can vary from day to day and from hour to hour, and depends on his physical but often even more on his psychological state of that particular moment.

A skilled dominant has a well-developed capacity for empathy and can thus respond appropriately to the submissive's fantasies, without losing sight of his or her own kicks and kinks. How far it can go depends on the submissive's trust in his or her dominant, with total surrender being the ultimate climax. Once this point is reached, then boundaries can be pushed and one can literally enter higher realms spiritually.

While the dominant can dispose of the submissive's body and chastise it as he sees fit, the mind, however, is a much more complex story. To get a handle on this, both must choose a long-term relationship and philosophize extensively about feelings, expectations, fantasies and experiences.

The whip rules the body but it is the gentle hand that works the mind and can eventually come to control it.

Explore the world where people often hide behind a mask because they are not accepted by society and their immediate environment when they want to be "complete," in pure balance with themselves.

A strange situation, since all of nature strives for balance; so the yearning for balance is actually a very natural one.

Those who actually want to delve into this wonderful world, where power, lust and sincere surrender are intertwined, will come to new insights. Not only in general but also with regard to oneself.

My discovery, was my coming home. As a complete human being.

I am Mistress Moriah, a sincere, sadistic Femdom Mistress and ... I am proud of it!

Mistress Moriah

The introduction

I look bored at my screen, munch on my pen, surf around a bit. I read meaningless messages, see lame jokes, peek at social media and post a meaningless message here and there. I look in the mirror, see that my hair is in all directions and try to style it a bit, but my curls clearly don't feel like it today. I grumble at them. Not that it's any use, the only thing that helps is a pair of scissors. But going bald is a bit much.

I am trying to concentrate on my work but I am not succeeding. Not really, when I should be, if I want to be sensible. But I have been sensible for seven years, worked day and night for seven years - although of course you can wonder if that is really such a sensible choice, but still. I have done my best to take responsibility - and now the flow is gone. The sense of responsibility is still there but I can't bring myself to do it. So I am dissatisfied with myself all day, which manifests itself in admonishing myself on one hand and thinking "*fuck you!*" on the other. Fine such a monologue argument in my head. That doesn't really make me feel better either. Because who do I agree with? They are both right.

The past few years have been tropical years. In all sorts of areas. Nothing was going well. Take love, for example. Love was a disaster. I had been in a relationship of over two years with an alcoholic and compulsive liar. But probably by definition that is inseparable. He lied not only about his alcohol abuse, but also about his health, his knowledge, ability, fidelity, pursuits, well, about what not really. Our fights about his lies could not be counted on one hand, nor on two, and his ambivalence gave me extremely high blood pressure. At the last dramatic low point, I put a final stop to it. In the end, my patience and forgiveness also has a limit. Incidentally, a few months after our breakup, he put a final - unconscious - stop. Not that he himself could have had any influence on it, but it still took its toll on me. Maybe I became even more angry with him after his death, but I had nowhere to go with my anger. So sometimes I grumbled to myself, hoping there was life after death and he could still hear it. Posthumously, he took revenge on my grumbling when I cursed him for the umpteenth time at night and he pushed my scales right to my feet. I found that out in painful and loud cursing fashion. I'm sure those scales would have been different. Too bad you can't slap ghosts back.

Incidentally, his death fell about the same time as my next failure. This time it was a sex addict, who as a result was also less than faithful and truthful. Apparently I had a hard time escaping my fate and had some lessons to learn. Fortunately, I caught on to this sex addict fairly quickly. My alarm bells quickly rang when I noticed that not everything he said was actually true. Apparently I learn from my mistakes after all. Well, at least a little. But that's always better than nothing at all.

Aside from love, everything else didn't really go well either. My business was broke. I still lived under the same roof with my ex, the father of my kids, who by the way had been my ex for a couple of years, but due to a combination of an unsellable house, my bankrupt company and not wanting to saddle each other with a huge residual debt, the situation was as it was. Not a perfect situation, but under the circumstances the best one. At least for the children, who of course thought it was best to live under the same roof for a long time.

However, I could not say that my life was easy and streamlined. Let me put it this way, if you learn from difficult periods, the past few years were a more than learning period. If I approached it that way, it all seemed a little less dramatic. I like a positive outlook on a negative. I am a born optimist and am very solution-oriented. Creative, too, for that matter. For others this can be quite an irritating trait, because some people don't want to hear a solution at all, they love to wallow in their sorrows and problems. The more, the better it seems sometimes. I myself usually try to look at the other side, because everything, no matter how negative it may seem at times, everything has a flip side! It is a law that everything strives for balance.

It is not always easy to discover the other side, of something that hurts tremendously. I know all about it. I myself lost a baby twelve years ago. Two days after his birth. My first child, a beautiful mini-male. Two days I was able to keep him with me, two days he had to fight for his life. Then it was enough and he was allowed to fly free. All my life I had intensely longed for a child, and once it came, I had to let him fly. Had to give him back to where he came from. Of course the first period after his death was a period of mourning and grief but in the end I tried to put a positive spin on that too, so that his far too short life, was less pointless. I started writing, a lot of writing, for people in similar situations. As strength, as comfort, as a small helping hand during the darkest period of your life. In this way, many beautiful things came out of his death. It's like a domino then, one sets the other in motion and a stream of wonderful events ensues. Maybe the first one was a tremendously sad one, but each stone that came to fall after that only made the first one more valuable.

But now the desire to work was momentarily gone for me. Even my optimistic outlook on life has its limits. For seven years I had worked very hard for my business and in one day everything was gone. This had happened about two months ago and I couldn't get it together, put it back on track. You would think, it worked once, so it will work again. Yes, I thought so too. Just not right now.

I gather myself together, still trying to make something of the day, doing some research for a new report, trying to come up with some new ideas, until I get a message that someone has responded to my ad. In my umpteenth search for the "missing link" in my life, I had registered on a dating site some time back. Really serious intentions I did not have after all my failures. I had so many relationships to my name and all of them had had the same ending. I was looking for something, but didn't really know what. I was missing something, but couldn't really name it either. I felt incomplete, half of something, but at the same time

had no idea how to fill in the other half. Until now, there had never been a satisfactory outcome. Not the way it should be for my feeling. That ultimate match. Not that I really believed in it anymore, but at least it gave nice distractions. And any distraction I could use now that my passion for my work had faded. Frankly, I grabbed anything to find distraction in. It took far too much effort for me to hold my concentration.

I read the message, a certain "Thatsme" has responded to my ad. "What a stupid nick," I immediately think. "There can only be superficiality behind that."

I get the feeling I might be better off ignoring him, but I brush it off. If you don't try anything, nothing will happen. Besides, I don't have much better things to do right now anyway.

Which isn't true

, of course, but you still have to want to or be able to.

Out of a combination of time-killing, curiosity and politeness, I send back a response. Actually, it's nothing more than yet another response, to yet another response. 'I should quit and start spending my time usefully,' goes through my head. There are enough piles on my desk that need my attention. Working, would be best. I know that very well. In any case, it would be, the most sensible thing to do. Anyway, a quick response back, couldn't hurt.

He quickly writes back with a similar meaningless message and soon we decide to continue the conversation via email. Before doing so, he promises to make his picture on the dating site visible for me for a while. Handy, at least this way I can see who is on the other side of my screen.

I continue to work, or at least attempt to work, until I receive a signal that his picture is visible. I quickly surf to his profile - curiosity is no stranger to me - and I see a cute head there, with a pair of mischievous eyes appearing before my eyes. Something like casual spines, a broad smile and sharp jawline. As I can tell from the photo, he has reddish-brown hair and he is wearing a black short-sleeved shirt. He is not really very handsome, but he has something. I can't immediately name that "something. In any case, he doesn't look 50, but of course that doesn't mean anything. "How old will that picture be?" I immediately think. Dating men probably use aging photos too, I'm sure that's not just to the ladies. Maybe I should ask him, although the answer would hardly interest me because old or recent, his headline appeals to me even if it were from a few years ago.

Suddenly I realize what I see, I see excitement! I even think he looks horny. I don't think that of many men, in fact he is the first one where I see this right away. Even in this innocent picture. Horny. The only description that comes to my mind. Not nice, sweet, handsome, engaging, cute, ugly or athletic. No, horny. I'm not going to tell him that, of course, and after taking a good look at the photo, I go back to where I was at. Getting information together to write a report. At least I can do that without needing my

supreme concentration. Writing is another story. But it can only be ready. Should a moment of pure concentration suddenly descend upon me, at least I could get straight to work.

With my attention focused on something else, I suddenly see on my screen that an email arrives from him. I open my mailbox and read his words. He asks if I am interested in BDSM. Not as plumply as I repeat it in my head, but subtly. With a hint of curiosity. In such a way that you can actually go either way with it, even if the other person would have nothing to do with it. Not as directly as I probably would myself. At times I am just way too direct. Not to say, verbally boorish. Not intentionally to hurt others, but simply because I don't like detours. I like clarity, directness. Knowing where you stand. Anyway, so his question was whether I had a thing for BDSM.

Well I had coincidentally (?) read a lot about that a few years earlier and especially the TPE part and I had found that more than fascinating. How deep do you have to be able to dive into your surrender to be able to call yourself "Owned by someone"? I have never judged people in my life, so even though when I heard about self-esteem I had doubts, before I could form an opinion about it, I needed to know more about it. So then I had started reading about a world of Masters, Mistresses, slaves and slave women and ended up in a wonderful world. A world of ultimate balance. Sadistically hard on the one hand and endearing gentleness on the other. As realistic as life itself. I loved it and while reading it I could feel so well the pure feeling of that one sentence "I am the property of Master X. The true feeling that lay behind it, the surrender but above all the pride.

But at that time I was still stuck in my relationship with the lying alcoholic and was still frantically trying to make that relationship work somehow. With his incestuous and violent past, BDSM

was not one but perhaps ten bridges too far. I had tentatively started talking about bondage and blindfolding, to me an innocent sex game, but that had not gone down well. From then on I had let it go. He clearly didn't want to be tied up, well then he didn't. Neither did I, so somewhere I understood. Although I reacted to it somewhat less neurotically. For me it was not born out of a traumatized past, but out of the fact that stupidly no one dominates me. I'm just too dominant for it.

And now this "Thatsme" asks if I have a thing for BDSM. I realize that I've never really thought about it that specifically, whether I have a thing for it. At least it doesn't put me off. And maybe at the time, I fantasized a little about what it would be like, but I hadn't really thought about it deeply. And so I write him back.

"I don't have 'something' about it and I don't have 'nothing' about it. Is that even possible? Am blank, I guess, with a tendency toward curious."

Actually, I find his question, so early in our contact a bit annoying. Is he only out for cheap sex contact? A *one-night affair*, if at all, usually that would be far too long. Such a dating site is full of lazy people like that. You stumble over them. Another reason why I don't really have

anything to do with it. And why does this unknown man, within the first ten sentences, start talking about BDSM? Is he looking for a willing slave girl he can show around the room? I'm still thinking about it, when his next question reaches my digital inbox.

"Do you enjoy being dominated? Have you read 50 Shades of Grey?", I read in his next email.

Probably I am one of the few who has never read this book. Never felt the need to, either. Something in me gave the feeling that the book was fake, or at least too soft. Crazy for someone who never experienced it himself. But I felt I would not be able to discover in it the raw beauty I had found at the time in my search for the underlying emotions and surrender of that one comment "being owned by someone." And I don't like hypes, either.

I write him a short response back, which covers the gamut of my thinking. Interested, but not in 50 Shades. I let him know that I like being dominated during sex. That this can even be quite horny but that I would not be able to keep up this submissive role for long, that I was much too dominant for that.

I press the send button and suddenly realize that within three emails I am already talking about sex with a complete stranger. Okay he has a horny head, but still. This makes no sense at all. It must be the reaction of the stress of the past years. It can't be otherwise. A normal thinking person, doesn't talk about her sex life with a complete stranger within three emails. But apparently I am not a normal thinking person.

His response to this takes time. Only the next day do I see a response from him coming in. He apologizes:

"Been busy moving acquaintance today. Going to a party soon, will email you in detail tomorrow morning".

A whiff of "too bad" shoots through my mind. Had actually hoped for more.

The next morning, he does not disappoint me. Indeed, an extensive response from him lands in my mailbox. Among other things, he asks about relationships in which I have had a submissive role. I reflect and come to the conclusion that there have not been any. I am dominant, which is precisely what I had always been accused of being. Dominant and overpowering. But maybe that amounts to the same thing. I have a lot of energy and my head sometimes spins overtime with new ideas and a flood of all kinds of thoughts.

It is a continuous flow of energy. I happened to be talking to a good friend about it recently. I had told him about the conclusion of others and that maybe I should adapt myself and be a little less dominant or enthusiastic. His response was clear: *"You shouldn't change, you should find someone who fits that."* I actually thought that was a nice eye opener, and of course he was right. But who could curb my dominance and enthusiasm? No, not curb, *appreciate*. That would be even better. No idea.

But now "Thatsme" is waiting for an answer. At least that one is not yet blown over by me. With the emphasis on "yet. I ponder his question for a moment and send him back an honest response in which I write that I don't have much experience. Never had the right partners for this either. That I would like to explore my limits and that I see BDSM, especially the letters D/s as a perfect symbiosis of love and trust, in its purest form, where respect is fundamental in everyday life. I am proud of my beautiful wording and hit the send button. When you grumble at yourself as often as I do, sometimes it's okay to pat yourself on the back. Before I finally click, I quickly add one more sentence:

"What are absolute no-goes for you?"

Handy to know. Imagine the extreme things he has in mind. It still feels a little scary.

"Wimp," I grumble softly to myself.

A day later follows his reply. Clear no-go's. Happy. It sounds like my limits would be there too, although I have no idea where my limits are. After all, I've never thought about it before but it seems logical to me that they lie there too, or somewhere near there. Not further anyway, I'm sure. He talks some more about his switch feelings, his both sides. Both dominant and submissive. I've heard of it before, to my mind it always sounds a bit schizophrenic. It seems difficult to me, when there would be two kinds of "me. But how can I actually be sure that there aren't in me, I ask myself a little foolishly.

I write back to him about my fledgling experiences in past relationships. Bit of bondage, sensory restriction, my dominance, ah the normal things that can make sex just a little more fun or exciting. As I write, I realized that I have always been the "lead" in these things. I have never been subjected to them. I have never been tied up. I have always been the one who tied. If the question had been "hammer or nail," I wouldn't have had to hesitate. Clearly the hammer.

All my life I have been dominant. It has always haunted me, both in my work and personal life but it always felt like a reproach when people called me dominant. With such a pointing finger. Well, that pointing finger I came up with on my own. But in the course of my life I had come to see my dominance as a bad quality. I was allowed to be sweet, compassionate, docile, soft, but I was not allowed to be dominant. That was wrong.

Yet my dominance had always haunted me. When I came to work somewhere new, I usually rolled quickly into a managerial position, others somehow always saw this dominance that I tried to hide myself, by being even sweeter and more compliant. At least in my opinion. Nevertheless, everyone continued to find me dominant.

I read his mail again and suddenly I find everything getting a little scarier. Unknown makes unloved. Usually I am of the practical experience, but this is all very new to me. I find even him suddenly a little scary. Horny but also scary. Because isn't BDSM very crazy? Isn't that very far away from me? Is he reliable or is he some creep? It's all so new to me. Who is this

strange man interested in BDSM? If you are involved in this, are you tracking? Or am I in touch with my potential lust killer. Surely there must be a lot of stitches loose on him. Or are there any on me too? Because what I had read about BDSM I really only liked. Very honest, pure and sincere too. Nothing crazy. Actually quite normal, even inseparable from life itself. That's the feeling I got when I read about it.

And that unknown man, maybe a tad scary but he fascinates me. Not literally. 'Not literally yet,' I think. And immediately dismiss that thought. Do I want to be fascinated? Am I suited for that? Either way. Scary or not, I am clearly not done with this man, I want to know more, discover more.

Our conversations move from the mailbox to Skype. This gives the questions a faster rhythm. His questions make me think and I keep looking for answers. Until he asks me about my fantasies. It remains quiet in my head.

My fantasies? I have no fantasies at all...

In the forest

It was a warm summer day. She walked through the woods a bit to organize her thoughts. There were a few things on her mind and walking through the woods gave her peace. The chaos of thoughts fought for a place in her mind and she tried to figure out a logic in them. What did she want? Was she allowed to just be herself? All those years tucked away, denied. Just to fit into that world defined by others. What was wrong with her own route? Her own exploration? Wasn't it time to change that? For the first time in her life, to choose for herself. To choose her dreams and ideals, her desires and passion.

After fifteen minutes of walking, she had arrived at a pond. She walked around it and decided to sit halfway around the pond, a little hidden among the bushes. Wonderfully cool and quiet. Her thoughts wandered until she suddenly heard something.

A little further on, a beautiful boy approached. He probably thought he was alone, because she saw that he took off his clothes and stepped naked into the water. His beautiful body gleamed in the sun rays falling through the forestation. Young, sleek, powerful, clearly still in the prime of his life. Suddenly a naughty little plan arose in her mind. Would she do it? Dare she listen to her own self, her silent desire, her deepest passion? How would he react?

Once he had gone further into the water, she stood up and walked toward the spot where he had left his clothes. He still hadn't noticed her. Once she reached his clothes, she picked them up and called out to him, "Hey, mermaid man, do you want this back? The boy looked up startled and she laughed at his puzzled face. She understood his shock; she would have been startled herself. Think you're swimming there in peace and quiet, suddenly a woman pops up out of the bushes. Not even a woman you easily overlook. A tall woman, with long dark hair, dressed in black tight leather pants and short black leather jacket. All in all, quite an appearance.

'Yes...yes...' he stuttered. 'Then come out quickly...' she called to him. She saw him hesitate for a moment, knowing that he was naked, but he obviously wanted his things back and decided to take his chances. 'After all, what could happen to him,' he thought.

As he stepped out of the water, she slipped the waistband of his pants and held them in her hands. Once right in front of her, she dropped his clothes except his waistband and with a lightning-fast motion, she used his own belt to tie his hands behind his back. She looked at him, sternly into his eyes. Put her hand in his hair and pulled his head back and spoke sternly to him, "Do you know you are not allowed to swim naked here? His eyes looked at her startled. 'Um... sorry...' he stammered. 'What sorry?' she snapped at him.... 'Sorry ma'am!' She saw from him that he didn't know what hit him.... 'Sorry ma'am.... ' he finally stammered.

She was enjoying herself. It was her try-out and, for now, it was going fine. Of course it was

pure improvisation, but she was not dissatisfied with herself. And she had no complaints about her 'victim' either. At least not yet.

'Mermaid man, that calls for punishment,' she bitched at him. 'You go ahead and bend over.' Not knowing how to handle the situation, he bent down in front of her. She let her hands come down heavily on his white buttocks until they glowed red. She clearly enjoyed it and continued until she heard him softly murmur 'grace'. 'What a lovely sound, she wanted to hear that much more often. Too bad it followed so smoothly, though, because she would have liked to go on for a while. Actually, she was only just warming up.

She pulled him up by his hair. 'Wimp!' can't you already? 'On your knees.' He knelt and she went wide-legged in front of him. She noticed that he wanted to touch her with his mouth and she slapped his face. 'Who said you can touch me?' He quickly pulled his head back. Even though he must have felt overwhelmed she could see he was enjoying it because his cock had grown stiff. With a hard kick she kicked it. 'I see you are enjoying it, you are actually a little slut? Who said you are allowed to enjoy Mermaid Man?' Only one is allowed to enjoy here and that's me!

She pulled him up by his hair again. Once at eye level, she simultaneously grabbed both his nipples and twisted them in one stroke. She heard him moan. Right after that, she slammed her hand on his stiff cock, "Naughty slut! Getting punished and loving it too!" She bent down to pick up a thin branch from the ground and hit his stiff cock with it. He cringed in pain and immediately a bruise appeared on his cock. For a moment she was startled, but quickly recovered. 'Nothing wrong with a bruise,' she thought, 'then tonight he could look again at the evidence of this afternoon.' She smiled at this thought.

'I know an appropriate punishment, for little sluts! Jerk yourself off for me. Let's see what a pervert you really are.' She untied his hands and held the belt in her hands. Perhaps he needed some more encouragement and then the belt was a wonderful alternative whip. The merman did not know what to do with the situation and began to jerk himself off, hoping this would end soon, although deep down he also found it immensely arousing to jerk off in front of this strange woman.

Before long, she heard him moaning and cumming. His legs and belly were covered in his seed. She grabbed his shirt from the floor and handed it to him. "Clean slut! He did as he was told and wiped the cum off his body with his own shirt.

'And put it on' she commanded him. He pulled his dirty shirt over his head. She smiled. 'That's what naughty sluts deserve.' She grabbed him again by his hair and pressed her lips to his cheek. Then she let go of him and walked away. Leaving him dazed....

What about her? She had now taken the first important step for the turnaround in her life ... from now on her life was going to look very different ... A smile appeared on her face. She was looking forward to it. The mermaid man had given her a lot of inspiration.

Fantasy

I feel stupid. I have no exciting fantasies. What person doesn't have fantasies? Well, maybe I have sexual, but not BDSM-oriented fantasies. Why not, really? Am I just kidding myself? Or have I not dared to think about it before. That anyway. Well, maybe not so much 'not daring' as 'just not thinking about it'. If you're not allowed to be dominant yourself, then dominant and sadistic becomes a disaster. I don't know what to write back. Nor do I want to write that I know nothing. I turn off my Skype, because I really don't have an answer to this. I am even a little angry with myself. Do I really have no imagination or am I just kidding myself?

All kinds of thoughts fly through my head. It must be because of the stress of my business. The busyness. Stupid unimaginative bitch that I am. Do I really have no imagination? Or am I afraid to expose myself to this unknown man?

With that thought the penny dropped for me. I do have imagination. But I feel diffidence. Describing my fantasy to a complete stranger feels very exposed. Wimp.

Fine those dialogues in my head. Why am I never kinder to myself? Would every person talk to themselves like that? Or am I the only unsympathetic "me-with-me" speaker? It doesn't matter to me at the moment. I look at myself in the mirror. See a few bags under my eyes. I think it's time to go to bed. Staying up longer probably won't make it any better. After 40, it's a bit harder to make something out of it. Every day you need a little more time for a diminishing result. Not to mention the extra costs. Nail and hairdresser every three weeks, pedicure every five weeks and of course the weekly tanning salon. By the way, did I mention gym three times a week? That's why I don't get around to fantasizing! I'm far too busy with superficial as-is-possible-stay-at-home appointments.

Now puffiness reduction, so off to bed. Maybe another nice fantasy will pop into my head, at least I can sleep on it.

Two days later, having gathered courage, I open my Skype again and bare my bottom. No, I don't tell him that I do have fantasies. Nor do I tell him that I dare not share my fantasies with him. I just, very cowardly, blame my silence on my busy work for my company. Partly truth because I had indeed thrown myself into that in an attempt to escape, but partly, of course, it is pure cowardice on my part. I don't want to expose myself at all. Not right now anyway. In addition to my feeble excuse surrounding my inaction, I write again clearly that I am only a novice. A novice with no imagination, that too. Not completely lied about, then. Well, at most a little.

I startle when I read his response.

'... I'll make an obedient sub of you...'

"What the fuck! Suddenly I realize which way this could go. Me a sub? I know one thing for sure, I am not a sub! There really is no one in this world who could manage to tie me up! And

certainly not this unknown man. No matter how horny I find him, because I still do. If I have even a tiny bit of submission in me, it is limited to a few minutes at the most during a vigorous lovemaking session. I may have no imagination, but I am still an unimaginative **dominant**! Does everyone hear it?

I smile. Look in the mirror and smile again, but this time at myself.

"I'm dominant. You're surprised at that, aren't you? You've tried to put it away for years, but you really are dominant!"

I look at myself again. Everything looks the same as it did an hour ago. And yet I feel different. Happier. More complete. More confident. Happier...

Only then do I Skype back. In resolute words of which there can be no misunderstanding, I let him know that I am not submissive, that he undoubtedly has more experience in this area than I do, but that I cannot possibly pull the strings.

"Why does he actually approach me from his dominance and not from his submissiveness?", I ask myself for a moment, but I don't have long to think about it, because the next question is already appearing on my screen.

"What attracts you to BDSM?"

I ponder his question. Good question. What attracts me? Trust, surrender, exploring and pushing boundaries, responding to the other person and being able to empathize with them. I press reply and send these words back to him.

"How far into that could you go?"

No idea. I have no idea how far I could go in that. How would I know? When I think about that, it feels like I am looking into a very deep well, so deep that I cannot see the bottom. I really have no idea how deep I could go with that, but I do know, very deep.

It's starting to tickle me. Am I really a dominant? Isn't dominance wrong then? Something you have put away for so long, but which is inseparable from you, you don't just let it back into your life. And yet, now that I really think about it, it seems as if a huge weight is falling off my shoulders. I am dominant! I am dominant! In fact, I am dominant and there are people who even appreciate it! It seems as if my blood is racing through my body at full speed.

I still feel euphoric when a new question is sent with Skype.

"How do you feel about a cb?"

A cb? What the hell is a cb? I open a Google screen and type in the keywords cb and BDSM. Fortunately, I get a quick answer, with images. Also helpful. Now that I know what it is, I have yet to figure out what I think of it. Before five minutes ago, I didn't even know these

things existed and now I have to give my opinion on them. What do I actually think of it? The first words that pop into my head: horny, safe, control, power, domination. I feel my body react immediately. Heat. Jitters. In a positive way. The idea alone turns me on. Safe idea too, cheating is no longer an option with such a cage around his cock. Also a good thing. No need to think about that for a second and I can spend my precious time on, well let's say, an extra visit to the tanning salon. Or something like that. But it's not just protection, you can also, of course, completely control someone's arousal. Determining when someone has an orgasm is already very intense, but determining when someone may have an erection gives even more power. And where there is power, there is also dependence. Inseparable. If I had heard about it earlier, all my exes probably would have been put on a cb. Assuming they had been submissive. Which they weren't.

My answer to this unknown man, is now clear.

"Of course my sub gets to wear a cb! But he should also listen to me without needing resources, out of respect for his Mistress."

I just typed in the answer and it appears:

"looking up cb?"

Damn, he got through to me. But I was just a fraction ahead of him! Of course, I'm really not going to tell him that I indeed did. Imagine that. Everyone knows what a cb is, right? I don't have to expose myself like that. I already feel so blond.

"Would you like a SM space to play together?"

Stupid question. Yes! Of course I want to! Who doesn't? If you love that, you just want to be able to do that at any time of the day, right? Just whenever you feel like it. As a part of normal life, not as a game. Besides, I like to be independent, so I don't want to be dependent on a location elsewhere for a nice experience. That seems like a sad story to me. A space of my own, furnished exactly as I would like it. With all those fun exciting toys around me! Duh! Who doesn't?

"Of course I am open to that, to eventually set it up so that all fantasies can become reality."

I could just barely restrain myself from typing after it "who wouldn't want that? Because really, it was asking for the obvious. But there is a more important question in my head that I wanted answered. One that is far more decisive for the continuation of our contact. For how submissive is this dom himself really? He began his contact from his dominance, but by now the roles seem to be reversing. Will he be able to do that? Even if he has indicated switch, still. 'Switch' sounds to me like 'wanting to take advantage of both sides, not wanting to make a choice'. How submissive can you be as a switch? I would like to know that.

"Could you submit completely 24/7, like a true slave and want to be fully owned by your Mistress? Without restrictions? So performing tasks, pleasing your Mistress, carrying out her

*orders, completing her tasks and humbly awaiting her affection or attention?
And when this is not done properly, being punished with appropriate punitive measures, like
humiliation and pain? And
be allowed to have a boner only when she gives you permission to do so?"*

"Yes..."

That's the answer I was hoping for, of course. 'That little word has quite an impact on me. His simple 'Yes' makes fire burn through my body. Wow! I can almost feel it crackling inside. What is happening here? Pure passion I feel coursing through my veins. Those two letters come to me so hard that my head spins. Apparently my body understands who and what I am much better than I do. This intense feeling, I have never felt in my body before. That little word provides a recognition and acknowledgement of a part of myself. I am dominant and there was nothing wrong with that. I am a Domina. A born Domina. Risen after a time of rest and denial. It feels like a warm homecoming, a fierce welcome, a merging with myself. A fierce reunion with a side of myself that I had lost long ago.

For years I had denied a part of myself, found it not good enough, put it away. And through his simple "Yes," that side comes back in all its intensity. It feels like all the energy of all existence shoots through my body like in a flash. A combination of all the intense emotions a human being can experience. The feeling is best described as a "mental orgasm.

Of course I don't let him enjoy this intense moment with myself. I write alone:

"Mmm... sounds interesting..."