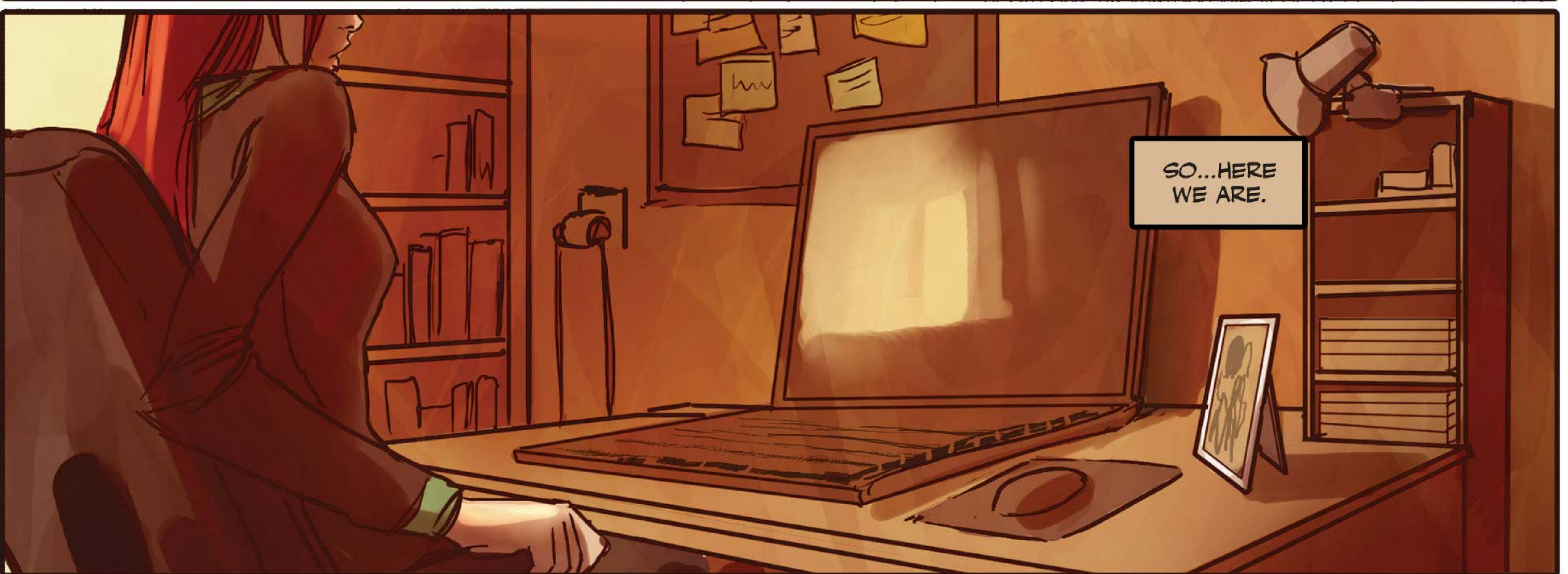


OKAY, I REALLY SHOULD STOP DOING THAT...



SO...HERE WE ARE.



"JUST WRITE THE DAMN THING," THEY SAID...

YOU CAN DO IT...



HM...FANTASY IS EASY.

YOU START WITH SOME WAR OR A PROPHECY...AND YOU'RE OFF. HOW THE HELL DO I START THIS?



THEY ALL AGREED I SHOULD WRITE IT. HELL, THEY PESTERED ME TO NO END WITH RETELLING THEIR OWN VERSIONS OF EVENTS.

METICULOUSLY FILLING IN THE GAPS OF EACH OTHER'S STORIES. THEY WERE EVEN FINE WITH ME USING THEIR REAL NAMES. YEAH, I'LL PROBABLY CHANGE THAT BIT THOUGH.



SO...START. THIS IS A LOVE STORY ABOUT TWO BDSM-LOVING GIRLS...



OH YEAH, THAT WILL BRING IN A CERTAIN KIND OF CROWD...

BUT THAT REALLY IS THE PROBLEM. HOW DO I EVEN WRITE THIS? I MEAN, ON SOME LEVEL, IT IS A SEXUALLY-CHARGED STORY, BUT IT IS ALSO A STORY OF HUMAN NATURE...

WE ARE ALL TO SOME EXTENT WEIRD, UNBALANCED, A LITTLE BIT INSANE. AND STUPID. WOO-BOY, ARE WE ALL CAPABLE OF BEING MIND-NUMBINGLY STUPID...

IN SHORT, ALL THE TRAITS THAT WE TRY TO KEEP HIDDEN BEHIND OUR EVERYDAY SMILES. SO... WHAT IS THIS ABOUT THEN?

I MEAN, TECHNICALLY IT'S NOT EVEN A STORY. THERE IS NO PLOT TO IT... JUST STUFF WE DID. HEH. MAYBE IF I INVENTED A VILLAIN? PROFESSOR SHACKLES! COUNTLESS MELISSA WHIPLASH!

BUT THAT IS JUST IT. THERE ARE NO VILLAINS...VERY FEW TWISTS...

IT'S JUST MY LIFE...A STORY OF HOW I CHANGED.

AND...THE HARDEST THING IS TO START. WHERE DO I EVEN BEGIN?

NO! YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD WRITE IT. THEY SPENT HOURS UPON HOURS FILLING YOU IN ON ALL THE DETAILS... NOT THAT I ACTUALLY ASKED THEM...BUT STILL. A PROMISE IS A PROMISE.

IT'S TIME! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS...

BAH, FUCK IT! PROCRASTINATION TIME...

AND FIX THE TENSES...

AND TWEAK THE SENTENCE STRUCTURE.

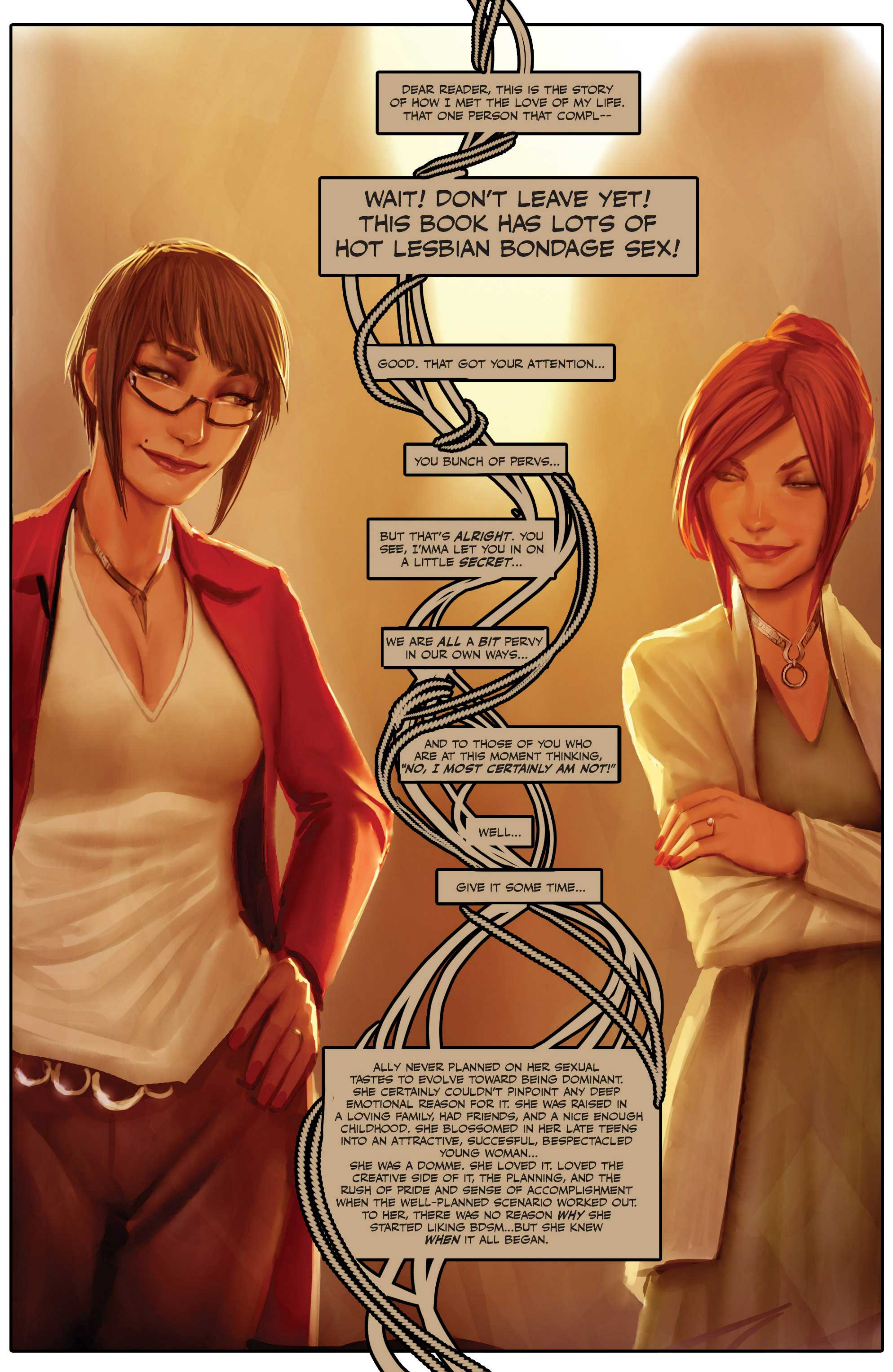
BUT FOR NOW...

OKAY...

JUST LET IT FLOW...

YOU CAN SWITCH THE NAMES LATER...

JUST WRITE.



DEAR READER, THIS IS THE STORY
OF HOW I MET THE LOVE OF MY LIFE.
THAT ONE PERSON THAT COMPL--

WAIT! DON'T LEAVE YET!
THIS BOOK HAS LOTS OF
HOT LESBIAN BONDAGE SEX!

GOOD. THAT GOT YOUR ATTENTION...

YOU BUNCH OF PERVS...

BUT THAT'S *ALRIGHT*. YOU
SEE, I'MMA LET YOU IN ON
A LITTLE *SECRET*...

WE ARE *ALL A BIT* PERVY
IN OUR OWN WAYS...

AND TO THOSE OF YOU WHO
ARE AT THIS MOMENT THINKING,
"*NO, I MOST CERTAINLY AM NOT!*"

WELL...

GIVE IT SOME TIME...

ALLY NEVER PLANNED ON HER SEXUAL
TASTES TO EVOLVE TOWARD BEING DOMINANT.
SHE CERTAINLY COULDN'T PINPOINT ANY DEEP
EMOTIONAL REASON FOR IT. SHE WAS RAISED IN
A LOVING FAMILY, HAD FRIENDS, AND A NICE ENOUGH
CHILDHOOD. SHE BLOSSOMED IN HER LATE TEENS
INTO AN ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, BESPECTACLED
YOUNG WOMAN...

SHE WAS A DOMME. SHE LOVED IT. LOVED THE
CREATIVE SIDE OF IT, THE PLANNING, AND THE
RUSH OF PRIDE AND SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT
WHEN THE WELL-PLANNED SCENARIO WORKED OUT.
TO HER, THERE WAS NO REASON *WHY* SHE
STARTED LIKING BDSM...BUT SHE KNEW
WHEN IT ALL BEGAN.



FOR ALLY, IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT SHE CRACKED THE CABLE PARENTAL CONTROL.



SHE SAW A BDSM MOVIE THAT NIGHT. MOST OF IT FREAKED HER OUT, BUT BETWEEN THE CREEP-OUTS, IT WAS THE IMAGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND POWERFUL DOMINATRIX THAT STUCK WITH HER TO THE POINT THAT SHE EVEN STARTED GETTING HER HAIR CUT LIKE THE DOMME FROM THAT MOVIE. FOR THE LONGEST TIME HER FASCINATION WAS A SECRET SHARED WITH NO ONE...

I ALWAYS LIKED BEING TIED UP. "ALWAYS," OF COURSE, WOULD BE AN OVERSTATEMENT, BUT MY FASCINATION DID MANIFEST ITSELF RELATIVELY EARLY IN MY TEENS...



IN THE RARE PRIVATE MOMENTS, WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND, I OFTEN PRACTICED SELF-BONDAGE.

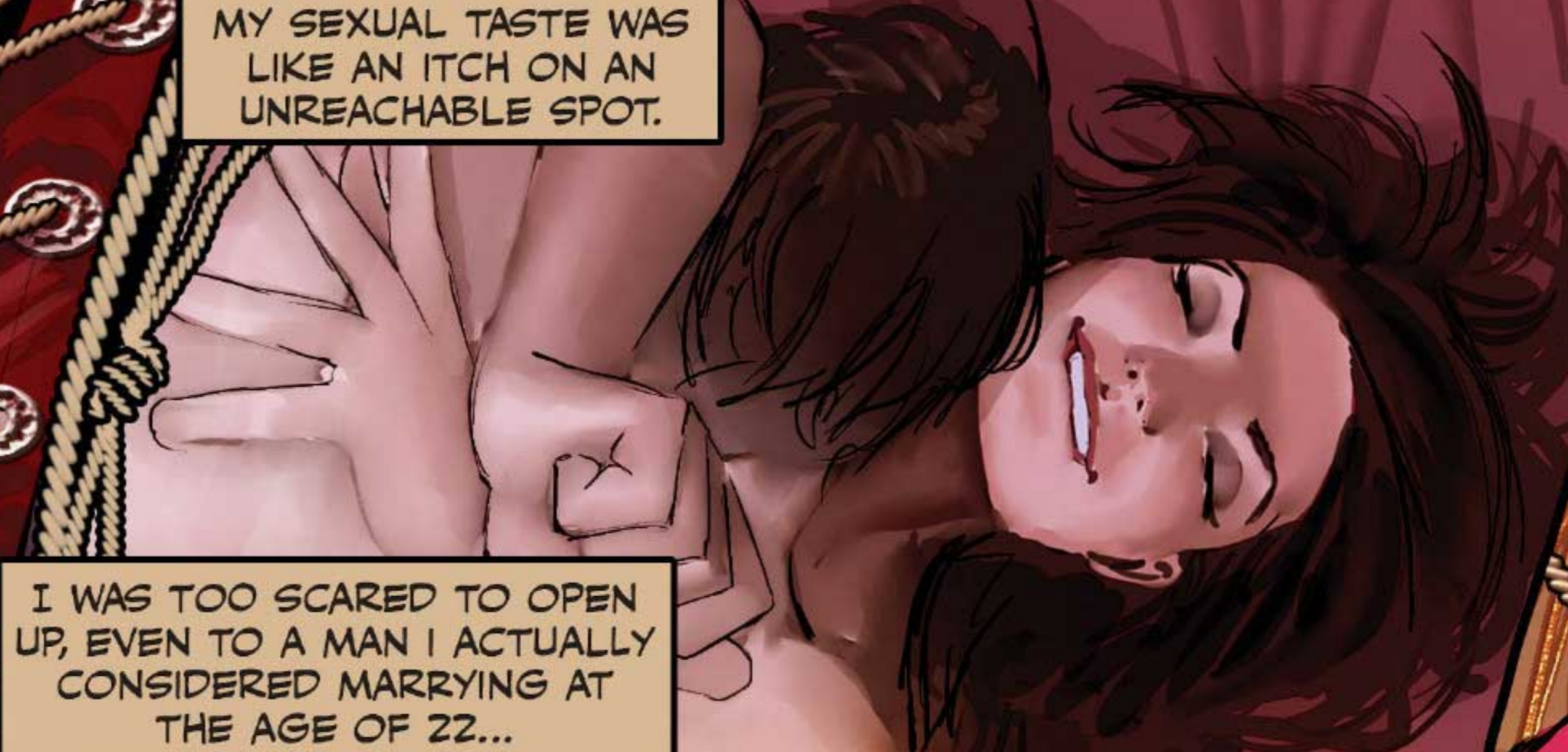
THAT SENSE OF EMBARRASSMENT AND THE FEAR OF BEING FOUND OUT WAS A RUSH THAT WAS MINE ALONE. IT WAS A SECRET I COULDN'T SHARE WITH ANYONE.

THAT IS...TIL COLLEGE. THERE SHE FOUND ALAN, A KINDRED SPIRIT AS FAR AS TASTES WERE CONCERNED. TOO KINDRED AS IT TURNED OUT, AS THEY BOTH PREFERRED DOMINATING.



MY SEXUAL TASTE WAS LIKE AN ITCH ON AN UNREACHABLE SPOT.

I WAS TOO SCARED TO OPEN UP, EVEN TO A MAN I ACTUALLY CONSIDERED MARRYING AT THE AGE OF 22...



THAT WHOLE THING EVENTUALLY WENT UP IN FLAMES...BUT FROM THE ASHES OF A FAILED RELATIONSHIP THEY SALVAGED AN AMAZING FRIENDSHIP.

AFTER COLLEGE ALLY DEVOTED TIME TO HER CAREER, AND BUSINESS WAS BOOMING.



HER LOVE LIFE ON THE OTHER HAND...WASN'T.

THAT'S THE CATCH-22 OF BDSM. IT'S BASED ON TRUST, AND IT REQUIRES TRUST TO EVEN ADMIT HAVING THOSE TASTES.

IT'S HARD FINDING THE COURAGE TO TAKE THAT LEAP OF FAITH TO ADMIT TO ANYONE, "HEY, I'M REALLY INTO BDSM. I HAVE DIFFERENT TASTES. I AM A FETISHIST." PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS ARE A BITCH.

FRIENDLY ADVICE HERE...*SHARE* YOUR DESIRES WITH YOUR PARTNER. I DIDN'T. I HINTED, I SIGNALLED...AND SIGNALS JUST DON'T MEASURE TO AN HONEST CONVERSATION.

MY HINTS AT TRYING SOMETHING DIFFERENT WOULD MOSTLY CULMINATE WITH SOME FROM-BEHIND ACTION. IT WASN'T BAD. IT'S JUST, WHEN YOU ARE IN THE MOOD FOR SOMETHING SPICY, THE CRAVING WON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SCOOP OF ICE CREAM.

ALLY FOUND VENTS FOR HER STOCKPILING FRUSTRATION...MOSTLY READING, GAMING, AND LOTS AND LOTS OF PLANNING...

SHE HAD IDEAS, AND SHE WASTED A LOT OF MONEY HOARDING GEAR AND TOYS. PROBLEM WAS FINDING A PLAYMATE.

I WAS SINGLE FOR TWO YEARS AFTER DAVID. YES, SOME OF YOU MIGHT BE ROLLING YOUR EYES NOW THINKING, "IT'S NOT THAT HARD TO FIND A GUY WHO WOULD DOMINATE YOU!" SURE, BUT THERE IS THAT SMALL THING AT THE FOUNDATION OF BDSM...TRUST.

THANKFULLY, IN THE END SHE FOUND HER COURAGE IN THE ANONYMITY OF INTERNET MESSAGE BOARDS AND CHATROOMS.

FOR A SEXUAL-SUBMISSIVE, THE RISK IS IMMENSE. TRUST MEANS ALLOWING ANOTHER PERSON TO TIE YOU UP WITH FAITH IN THEIR WILLINGNESS TO HONOR THE *SANCTITY* OF THE *SAFWORD*. TRUTH WAS...I WANTED IT...AND I WAS SCARED.

THAT WAS HOW WE MET EACH OTHER.



TWO MONTHS OF CHATTING, WEBCAMS, AND YES, VIRTUAL SEX--WHAT? I WAS HORNY, AND SHE WAS IMAGINATIVE. I COULD SHARE MY EVERY FANTASY WITH HER, AND ULTIMATELY...

THAT FEAR KEPT MY FANTASIES BURIED WITHIN THE PAGES OF MY STORIES...STORIES WHICH I POSTED ONLINE. STORIES THAT ALLY STUMBLED UPON.

Lisa: I...would like to meet you.