

Party-Lines Newsletter for April 2003

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| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
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**To make reservations, you should call 650-965-4499 or go to
www.backdrop.net/calendar.html**

Event pricing for singles/couples

• Open Dinner Parties

\$25/\$45

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- Slave Auctions \$25/\$25
- Workshops \$15/\$25
- Movie nights \$5/\$10
- Valentines Day Play party \$25/45
- Open House Free

Event Times

Unless otherwise specified, the following times will be recognized for BackDrop events. Please note: these are event *beginning* times, and it is advisable to be a little early to socialize and make yourself comfortable.

- 8pm – Parties, Dinners, etc. Mon.-Sat.
- 2pm – Sunday Classes / Workshops
- 11am – 11am Brunch

Events (and the clubhouse) are now open to members only. To facilitate this, we have established a new class of membership called "Associate Member". Dues will be \$10 for thirty days. Your personal information will not be added to our permanent membership roster or our mailing lists.

You will be given a membership card with a unique number printed on it. You will have to show your membership card each time you attend an event. If you lose your membership card, you will have to purchase a new one.

We have new events coming in all the time! We're still in the process of rebuilding. The library, though not entirely unpacked, is operational again, and we should have a new cross up within the month. Come check out all the changes. We look forward, as always, to serving you, and being served!

What is a Dominant? Well, I would say that the following are CERTAINLY not that. ~eyes beginning to twinkle lightly~ However, obviously someone likes this type of Dominant, else... They would not exist, MmmMmm? Enjoy the list, I am sure you will recognize at least... One, aye?

1. The 'I Am Dom Hear Me Roar' Dom: All shiny new leather wear, with a belt full of toys just bought at Jack's Whip-O-Rama). Of *course* he knows what to do! He read SM101... and even watched Exit To Eden three whole times!

2. The 'I Just Wanna Get Laid' Dom: Roams the halls sending IMs to the ladies telling them "On your knees! I am a Dom and U R my slave!". When he gets irate IMs back from the Domme he just sent to by mistake he quickly changes his tune to "R U a FDom? I am your slave! May I lick your boots?".

3. The 'Dungeon Slut' Dom: Has a new 'lady love' each day (sometimes 2 or 3 a day). He swears each time that *this* one is his 'eternal true love'.... at least for the next two hours.

4. The 'Psycho-Stalker' Dom: Wants to know *exactly* what you do...every minute of he day and night. Insists on BCCs of all sent mail, and Forwards of all read mail, plus access to your account to check up on you. Do you get the feeling that someone is watching you? With this one, you're probably right.

5. The 'I Just Wanna Be Your *Friend*' Dom: Offers to guide you and protect you.... you innocent sweet thing you. Oh, those other 10 subs? Just friends. Really.

6. The 'Of Course I'm Dom... Uh Oh My Wife Is Home Gotta Run' Dom: Warning signs: "No honey you can't call me at home...call my voice mail instead". Often disappears in the middle of a hot and heavy cyber session...uses an excuse like 'my power went out' when asked about it. "Of *course* I'm not married!"

7. The 'I'm Not *That* Type Of Dom' Dom: Squeaky-clean image. The type of Dom that everyone *knows* is a good guy. He would never do something less than up-front and honorable. Uh-huh.

8. The 'Tom Cruise' Dom: He's young, rich, handsome and perfect.... until you meet him in person. Then you find out that the 'Tom Cruise look-alike' you've been subbing to is 5'4", 400 lbs, bald, 48 years old, and living with his elderly mother. (Oh yeah... and he works as a clerk at 7-11...not as a CEO of a 'major corp'.)

9. The 'Alex I'd Like to Buy a Clue For \$200' Dom: Ok, now you've got a sub.... now what?

10. The 'I Don't Have A Sub Bone In My Body' Dom: Really a bottom at heart, just refuses to admit it...even to himself.

Dominant?

Author Unknown

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11. The "I have 10 years of r/l experience" Dom: Often found pontificating endlessly and regurgitating articles and sayings he found at castle realm while passing them off as his very own original ideas. (NOTE: now where have I seen/heard this?)

Favorite IM to send: suspend you 3 feet off the ground with metal cuffs, and you cry out in agony as I place a clothespin on your nipple.

Favorite IM to get: Teach and protect me oh great and wise one!

Most hated IM to get: I live were you do and go out to the local clubs all the time, been in the scene for years and I haven't ever seen you or heard of you before...

Happy Hunting!

I Do

By Gurl In The Box

Within six months of their first meeting, Duke married Kelly. She had turned out to be more than promised. She was truly a beauty, possessing soft pale skin, shiny straight light brown hair, and hypnotic hazel green eyes. What was even more important to Duke, however, was how she behaved. Over the past six months he had come to realize how deeply submissive she was. Yet, she had a playful rebelliousness to her that was, for the most part, charming. There were those times, however, that she was just plain difficult. At such times, Kelly knew what to expect. Duke was strict, but he was predictable. She was never punished unless she asked for it by her conduct.

Kelly was to wear a simple white wedding dress. The morning of the wedding, Duke tied a tight crotch rope in place after Kelly showered. She was to wear it all day until their wedding night, when he would remove it. "Remember everything I do to you today. Every anniversary, we will repeat these rituals," he said to her as he secured the crotch rope and tested its tightness. Kelly was instructed not to speak one word all day, with the exception of "I do" at the wedding. Any other words by her would result in SEVERE punishment.

Duke presented a pink rectangular box to Kelly as she stood in front of the mirror brushing her hair that morning. She was naked except for the crotch rope. Her hair fell down to just above the round cheeks of her bottom, where a blush was still visible from her spanking the night before.

Kelly opened the box to find white seamed stockings and a white lace garter belt. "You will wear only these under your wedding dress," he instructed. Kelly smiled.

As Kelly put on her wedding dress, buttoning up the back as well as she could without help, Duke stood and watched her from across the bedroom. She had such a

little girl face and smile, yet she had a woman's body. Almost 5'10" with beautiful breasts, a soft round stomach, and dancer's legs that went on forever. The wedding dress was full length, perhaps even a bit too long. She would have to lift it slightly when she walked. When Duke could see that she had all but given up on the buttons, he walked over and finished buttoning them for her.

"Sit down on the bed with your feet about 12" apart and lift your dress," he said after he had finished the buttons. Kelly obeyed without question. Duke opened the nightstand drawer and pulled out a long piece of rope, which he doubled. Kneeling in front of Kelly's legs, Duke wrapped the looped end around her right ankle and ran the two loose ends through it. Then he ran the two loose ends over to her left ankle, around it and back again to her right ankle. Then once more he wrapped the rope around her right ankle and then back around the left, leaving the twelve inches between her feet. At that point Duke began wrapping the rope, in noose fashion, tightly around the ropes between her ankles, creating a stiff hobble. When he had finished, the rope ends knotted several times, he moved away from her. "Stand up," he said.

Kelly tried to stand, but the combined effect of her white stilettos with the rope hobble took her off guard, and she fell back onto the bed. Tears began to form in her eyes. She was sure she would appear awkward and clumsy at her wedding. "You will have half an hour to practice your walking before the limo comes for us," Duke said. He kissed her passionately and added, "Don't worry so much, I will be by your side the whole time." Kelly smiled.

Duke left her alone while he dressed and finished their packing. Immediately after the wedding, they would drive down the coast to the beach house he had rented.

Duke knew Kelly was practicing walking with the hobble, because he heard the rustle of her crinolines and her whimperings as she would fall against a wall on onto the floor. The thought of her situation made him smile. All such young brides should have to endure such humiliation, he thought, it would keep their minds off of being nervous about the wedding itself.

When Duke had finished dressing and packing, he joined Kelly in the bedroom. She was leaning up against the far wall, with her skirt lifted up in front, and staring down at the hobble. As she bent forward, her bare breasts were visible inside the sleeveless top of the dress. She had put on her white opera gloves, and appeared ready to leave, although visibly uncomfortable with her situation. "We must leave soon my bride-to-be. I want us to have plenty of time," he said in a playful tone as he approached her. "But first we must make sure you're in a proper state of

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excitement." Duke picked her up into his arms and carried her to the foot of the bed, leaning her up against the bottom right post. Kelly looked dismayed, as if she didn't have enough to deal with the morning of her wedding, but she did not speak. She knew that would not be acceptable.

Duke placed one of the suitcases that he had packed for the wedding onto the bed and opened it. He took out two short pieces of rope. With one of the ropes, he bound Kelly's wrists together securely. Kelly looked up at Duke, pleading with her big hazel eyes, but to no avail. There would be no use in protesting, she thought. She would be just be punished and then more flustered at the wedding. Duke stuffed the large red ball into her mouth and fastened the clip at the back of Kelly's head. "I'm please that you aren't planning on acting up so early. This is just a reminder that you are not permitted to speak all day, except during the ceremony when you agree to marry me. Do you understand?" Kelly nodded, tears again forming in her eyes.

"Lift your arms above your head," he commanded in his most stern voice. Duke then gathered up her skirt and its crinolines and pulled them all up over Kelly's head. With the second short piece of rope, Duke wrapped the skirt tightly around Kelly's wrists and then the bedpost, so that all were secured above her head. Kelly made a few muffled protests from within the bubble of her dress, and she even managed to squirm a little atop her stilettos and hobble. Duke stood back, admiring her flawless skin, and he did so love those white lace top stockings. He particularly enjoyed watching the way the crotch rope buried itself between her legs and the way it rubbed her when she tried to squirm.

"Turn around for me" Duke commanded, "I want to see your bottom." Kelly tried to move around, but lost her balance and fell back against the post. "You are very clumsy, mon cherie", but that's no excuse for disobeying. Now try again." Kelly regained her balance and attempted to turn around again. This time, she tried rolling her body against the post so as not to fall against it. Again she failed. Having her arms up above her head was bad enough, but she was so nervous that she couldn't concentrate on balancing. This time though, she didn't wait to be told to try again. Almost immediately she regained her balance and continued moving her body around.

Kelly's bottom was bare except for the crotch rope coming out from between its cheeks. The flush from the spanking she had received had all but vanished. "That's a good girl," Duke said, returning to his playful tone of voice. "Now turn back around again." Kelly sighed but began the process of slowly turning back around. This time she only fell once. "Very good."

Duke took a battery-operated vibrator out the suitcase and held it against the crotch rope. Before he even turned it on, Kelly squirmed in protest. Duke wrapped his left arm around the post and her stomach while he held the toy in place with his right hand. "Don't worry, my pet, this is just a prelude. I promise not to exhaust you before the honeymoon." As he turned the vibe on, she bucked against the post, but there was nowhere for her to move to that would permit escape. Duke continued teasing her with the vibrator until her legs began to tremble. He knew this was the point when she would give in to it, so he stopped. "Not yet, my pet. Remember, we don't want you spent before the honeymoon. You will have to earn your satisfaction by being a submissive little bride." Kelly made a few inaudible mumblings as Duke untied her skirt and let it fall back to the floor.

As Duke removed the ball gag, he noticed on his watch that it was time for them to be leaving. The limo would be waiting downstairs by now, and he still had a few last things to pack. "Finish preparing yourself, little one," Duke said, giving Kelly a kiss. "We will be leaving in a few minutes. Have you finished packing your personal belongings?" Kelly nodded, appearing still dazed from being brought to such a state of excitement, and then untied. She pointed to one small suitcase. Kelly had

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arrived from Cleveland in the middle of the night with only the clothes on her back and her purse. Since then, they'd had little time to go shopping for much more. "We'll buy you some nice dresses when we reach our destination," Duke said as he picked up the small suitcase.

Duke finished packing and locking all of the other suitcases, which he placed along with Kelly's suitcase, in the entranceway. Kelly was again standing in front of the mirror brushing her silky hair and fastening the veil on top of her head. She looked slightly flushed. Duke checked his pocket to see if he had the wedding rings. He was surprised to find that he was completely calm and looking forward to the wedding.

He came up behind Kelly as she stood there, moved the veil aside, and kissed her hungrily on her neck. "Its time to go," he said as he picked her up in his arms. Duke carried Kelly down to the waiting limo, not wanting to chance her falling down the stairs leading out to the street. The driver was standing outside the car, with the passenger door open. Duke instructed him to bring all of the bags down and load them into the trunk. "Make sure the door is locked behind you please," Duke said as the driver walked back towards the house. "Yes, Sir," he responded.

Meanwhile, Duke helped Kelly into the back of the limo. She sat on the far side of the upholstered bench seat. Duke sat down next to her and lowered her onto her knees on the floor of the car. "I want you in front of me where I can watch you," he told her, drawing out several lengths of very fine cotton cord from inside his jacket pocket. "Bend over with your hands behind your back," he said. "Please, Sir..." Kelly started to beg. Without a moment's hesitation, Duke shoved her head onto the floor of the limo. "I see you have forgotten your place already!" he said. "You are NOT permitted to speak," he said, stuffing his handkerchief into her mouth. He then took a short piece of cord and wrapped it between her lips and around her head several times to make sure she could not push the gag out. "Now, put your hands behind your back." Kelly hesitated. IT was only a momentary hesitation, but Duke noticed it. He pulled her wrists together behind her back and tied them tightly with another short piece of cord.

Duke picked up the last piece of cord, a longer one, and doubled it. He wrapped the center loop around her wrist rope, and ran the loose ends back through the loop. The loose ends were then separated and run on either side of her head, then together again and under her neck. Duke pushed Kelly farther onto her knees and pulled the rope ends under her legs, tying them off at the center of her hobble. This last rope kept Kelly's arms pulled as high up onto her backside as she could manage, leaving her

bottom completely vulnerable. "I planned on just admiring you as you sat on the floor in front of me, and perhaps tying your wrists for fun. But as usual, you disobey at the wrong time." Duke pulled her skirt and crinoline over her arms and head, exposing her bare bottom. "You shall stay this way until we are outside the chapel!"

The driver finished loading the luggage and got into the drivers seat. "Take the long route," Duke said, "My bride needs some time to collect herself."

"Yes, Sir," the driver responded. Duke pushed the button that raised the partition between them and the driver. After a sound spanking and some time on the floor of the limousine, Kelly had regained her composure. Duke untied the long rope that bound her wrists up onto her back, and he lifted her onto his lap. "Now, are you feeling better?" he asked. Kelly nodded her head. "And you understand the rules?" Again Kelly nodded. "Good, then we shouldn't have any more interruptions.... enjoyable as they may be."

The limousine was making its final approach to the chapel. "One last thing," Duke said as he removed the last visible rope and handkerchief gag. "And I demand an honest response. Do you really want to marry me today and become my wife, knowing what your life will be like with me?" For the first time, Duke looked unsure of himself. Kelly smiled, threw her arms around his neck, and into his ear whispered, "I do."

Unrealistic Expectations as a Result of Pro Femdom Sessions

By: Akasha

This is based on my own experiences completely. I have met and played with many submissives that come to me with a lot of "real life experience" (which is good) -- all from professionals (which can be bad, if they develop some unrealistic expectations).

The point of this article is not to condemn pro dommes or the submissives that visit them. I think professionals provide an excellent service and an outlet that is much needed (you have to remember, this is a femdom with a fetish for paying men to submit to ME - I like the idea of pay for play). I also think it's a fantastic way for a submissive to test the waters, try new things, or have a good outlet for his play energy if he is not in a relationship.

However, I think unrealistic expectations are developed and enforced, and a submissive might come to a non-pro domme with behaviors that interfere with her play style. The non-professional dominant is faced with "un-training" the submissive, or else they may never "click"

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when they are playing.

Here are a few of the habits I find myself wishing submissives had not developed from their visits to professionals:

1. Impatience

Submissives that are used to paying for play have a great advantage. They have an advantage I wish I had. That is, they can wake up one day and decide, "I want to be dominated today." There are days I wake up and decide "I want to dominate someone today," but I do not have the luxury to browse listings, hand pick my partner and make an appointment. Granted, you never know what you may get, but the instant gratification is a nice touch. Instant gratification isn't the real world, however. When you are dealing with another human being who is not being paid for her services, you have to understand that her desire (and energy level) does not always jive with your submissive needs. More importantly, often pushing or prodding or demanding makes things worse. Trust me on this.

In the real world, you get less choice about when it is going to happen.

2. Agendas

Many submissives complain that they don't get much out of pro sessions because what they really want to experience is a woman using him for her pleasure, not his. So during a pre-interview, or during a session, a pro might ask what the submissive is into, and then he ends up listing out things and she does them. He feels unfulfilled to some degree because he just told her what he wanted and she did it.

In reality, subs, if you told a pro domme she should do whatever she wanted and you only wanted to please her, don't be surprised if she asks you to hand over your money and go home. This is not a slight against you or any submissive; the reality is that a total stranger does not have the same connection that two people in a relationship have (whether it be a budding flirtation/lust attraction or a full blown marriage). This is a woman who has defined and developed her skills, she is a businesswoman, and her goal is to provide a fantasy for you in exchange for money.

I don't deny that many femdoms get off on what they do. They get off on the energy and the control aspects of it, but when you are sitting with a complete stranger and know nothing about their limits, fears, or turn-ons, you have to get right to the point because you can't spend hours, days, and weeks getting to know their buttons at your own pace. Non-pro femdoms can do that -- there is no clock ticking.

So whether you like it or not, you end up having to toss over some sort of laundry list. Which is ok. Many pros take this list and mold it in their own way, leaving some

degree of unknown to things, making the sub feel a little more fulfilled perhaps.

But in reality, a submissive will get exactly what he pays for in a session - if she is aiming to get repeat business and develop a positive relationship. After a series of sessions you may see the tables turning a little, but keep in mind, she risks losing a customer (and food on the table) if she accidentally pulls the reins in so far that you lose all interest. If her "kink" is watching you do needlepoint, she doesn't need to be a rocket scientist to know that a few sessions of paying \$300 an hour doing needlepoint while she watches you is a sure-fire way to lose your interest. She must always keep in mind that you need to walk out of that place invigorated and entranced.

Now, non-pro domination is not entirely different. If my kink was watching a guy do needlepoint, I also would need to consider a way to keep his interest if I was going to get to play again with him. While the pro femdom has an interest in financial gain (after all, this is her job), the non-pro femdom has an interest in getting HER play "fix", and in maintaining a relationship with someone where mutual lust, adoration, affection or even love is present. The risks are much higher, in many cases, so you still see non-pro femdoms bending their wills to please their mate. But still, mark my words, the non-pro femdom will almost always take more control of the situation and do it their way.

So when a submissive comes our way, used to presenting his fetishes and having them satisfied, we end up facing a ton of expectations.

Many submissives that have seen pros for a long time end up disappointed after a real life session the first time around, especially if they have developed a long-term relationship with a pro who knows him inside and out. Because he is used to walking out of that room having his fantasy played out to a T- complete with the best toys, best costumes, and a woman who he just thinks is the cat's meow.

Early sessions with non-pro femdoms tend to be bumpier, full of more ups and downs, and emotionally more risky. You deal with insecurities and issues that are not present in a professional setting. You deal with issues of possible rejection (both people worrying they won't perform adequately), possible judgment ("I know this person is kinky, but what if what I am into is TOO kinky?") and more.

However, the payback in a non-pro sessions are so far beyond what you get in a pro session, once the "kinks" (no pun intended) are worked out, because you are dealing with an emotional bond that comes out of a much deeper connection than a financial exchange.

And when trust is established and the minutia is worked out, you get a true sense that the femdom is doing it for her - on her terms - and while it may scare the hell out of

you, it's what you have always dreamed of.

3. Really Stereotypical Protocol

The professional femdoms take much of what has been established in femdom "lit" and adopted it into their scenes. They do this because this is usually what their clients based their desire on - Most of the clients have read all the bad porn, seen the bad movies and drooled over the women in fetish gear. Even if this isn't "you", you have to realize that there are thousands of other subs out there seeing pros, and a huge chunk of them really don't know what a femdom is like in real life.

But in reality, understand, femdoms do not, for the most part, behave that way or want their men to behave that way. I am making a pretty bold statement here, but I believe it to be true. I can list several "protocol" items that are tried and true in femdom fantasy world, and when I talk to my femdom friends we almost always give them a thumbs down. If anything, we do expect the right to pick and choose what protocol makes US tick, not have a submissive come to us already behaving in ways that we don't really find interesting (submissives, you call this "being trained already" - we call this "being trained by someone else". Trust me - we want to set our own rules, and most often end up telling you to unlearn all of those rituals. After all, what bond is there between us when you are following rituals a professional set up for you?).

Here are some examples:

a. The whole "yes Mistress, no Mistress" thing. Please, enough already. We have heard that a million times. In my most recent poll of non-pro femdom friends, more than 85% of us don't even like that term, and when we do, it's both a) very infrequently and b) when we tell you to start using it. And even less of us like it when you tack it onto EVERY SINGLE SENTENCE. Please, do your non-pro femdom a favor and let her tell you how she wants to be addressed. When that pro told you in a session last year "You must always address me as Mistress and you must address ALL SUPERIOR WOMEN as Mistress" she was not giving you a command to stick to for life; she was giving you a command that she knew would turn you on, because so much of the femdom lit that subs cut their teeth on is full of these rituals.

b. Eyes down, kneeling automatically, special poses Again, these are little rituals that have been pounded into submissive brains from the fantasy fodder they read, but in the real world they carry no weight to a non-pro femdom unless she is the one to set the rules. Think about it - what special connection is there behind a man following rules given to him by another woman?

3. Chastity rules and asking "leading" questions Many subs automatically think that all submissive rules

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(or the ones they embrace) apply across the board. Things like chastity - telling a femdom you are just getting to know that you are not coming without her permission. Well, while a nice gesture, she doesn't get much empowerment by being given an "FYI" and having you carry on with a behavior you picked.

A bad habit I have seen "in play" is the tendency to ask leading questions. I think there is a sense of impatience (probably because these subs are used to knowing a clock is ticking somewhere in the room and they really want to get certain needs met, deep down) and feeling like he must 'hint' to the femdom what he wants. Typical leading questions are an expectant, "What do you want me to do next?" (Which in reality is prodding the dominant to act or move forward, when she may be quite content where she is. It hints that the submissive is ready to move on and is pushing the femdom forward.) or "Do you want me put on the nipple clamps?" I think that the level to which femdoms might accept or encourage this kind of behavior varies; I don't doubt that there are some femdoms that find this kind of initiative to be convenient or admirable. But I think a good rule of thumb is to let the femdom direct the speed and tempo of the scene until she indicates otherwise, because when you start asking leading questions it comes across as pushy and dissatisfied, and can be horribly distracting to a dominant mindset.

In reality, what all of these rituals and protocols do is create a vicious circle of unrealistic expectations and fantasies for submissive men. I contend that a great deal of the literature written about female domination was written by men, and thus weighted toward their fantasies. Which is fine. But when submissive men look for "real life" femdoms, they have to realize that these women are not cardboard cutouts of the women they fantasize about. Our styles of domination, first of all, have a pretty different flavor than what many subs expect.

Meanwhile, the "pro femdom" scene flourishes, but at the same time reinforces a lot of these unrealistic fantasies. After all, you are paying for it; you should get what you really want. But a non-pro isn't going to conform so eagerly to what you consider hot fantasy; she is going to be - after all - into it for herself as much (if not more, in many cases) as she is doing it for you. So you can't expect it to play out like it does in the femdom lit written by men. No matter how many times your sessions with a pro come close to the mark and make you go "wow" -- when you walk out of there, consider not that "she was the most exceptional femdom I have ever met", consider the financial transaction that happened and what your real interpretation should be: "Wow, she was the most effective sales person I have ever met." She was selling you a service - and the better job she does at

it, the more effective a businesswoman she is - and the more her business will prosper.

And god bless 'em - those pros provide an awesome service for submissive men, but they better they are at their jobs, it would appear, the more submissives end up having expectations about female domination that are more fantasy-driven than reality-based.

In the real world, your fantasy doesn't always come out exactly the way you want it. It comes out the way she wants it to - flavored with the pleasure and arousal she chooses to give to you. Hell, sometimes it comes out just plain bad, or wrong, for one or both people. At least, until they grow into it together and find their pace. But, it is more intense because the relationship is based on more powerful emotions and not just financial interest.

If you have been seeing pros and think it's the most amazing thing in the world but are also looking to meet a non-professional femdom, please keep the above things in mind before you start playing with her. Most importantly, control your expectations and understand that you may not get everything you want, and understand that it is a building process that takes time. And while a professional may effectively wrap you and your fantasy up in two hours and leave your head spinning for a week, consider the countless hours and emotional bonding that go into a non-pro relationship, and how that will one day translate to a more intense and gratifying emotional experience for both of you.

A Dom gets on an airplane and sits down in the first class section. The stewardess tells him he must move to coach because he doesn't have a first class ticket. The Dom replies, "Hey.I'm a Dom, I'm smart, I have a good job and I'm staying in first class until we reach Jamaica." The stewardesses don't know what to do because they have to get the rest of the passengers seated to take off, so they get the copilot. The copilot goes up to the Dom and whispers in his ear. He immediately gets up and goes to his seat in the coach section. The head stewardess asks the copilot what he said to get him to move. The copilot replies.... I told him the front half of the airplane wasn't going to Jamaica.